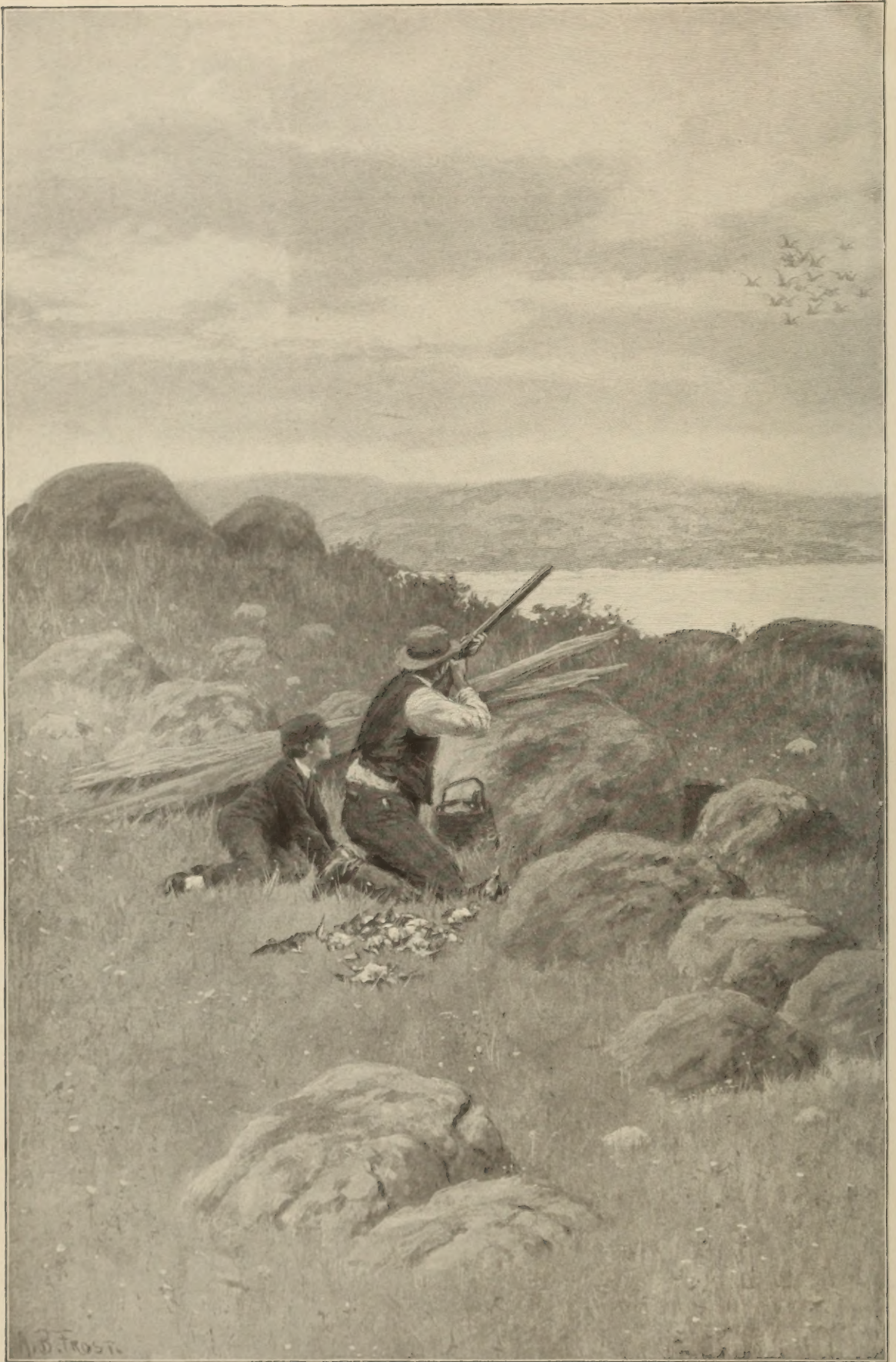


Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2011 with funding from
University of Toronto



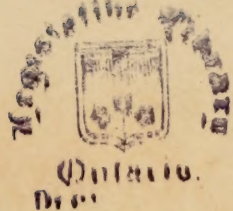
Drawn by A. B. Frost.

SPORT WAS FINE.

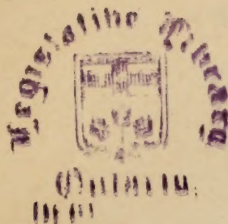
—“Uncle David,” page 40.

65876

SCRIBNER'S



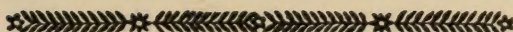
70719



MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

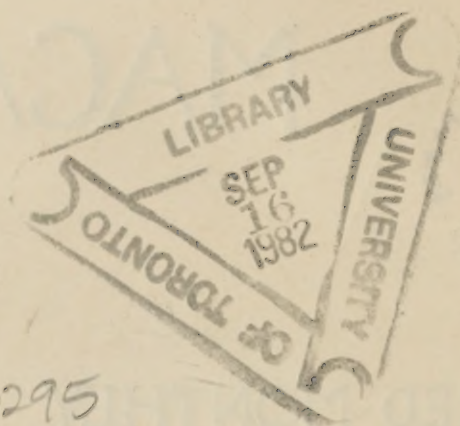
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS



VOLUME XXX JULY - DECEMBER

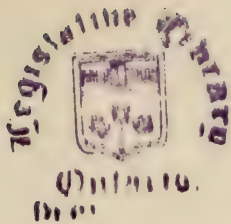


• CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS NEW YORK •
SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON & Co. LIMITED LONDON



AP
2
S3295
v. 30

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS.



CONTENTS

OF

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXX

JULY-DECEMBER, 1901

	PAGE
ADIRONDACKS, WHEN THE SNOW FALLS IN THE, JOHN R. SPEARS,	737
Illustrations drawn by Jules Guérin from photo- graphs ; reproduced in tints.	
ALASKA, THE DELTA COUNTRY OF, G. R. PUTNAM,	83
Illustrations from photographs by the author.	
AMATEUR CRACKSMAN. See <i>Wrong House, The</i> .	
ANDREWS, WILLIAM LORING. <i>Paul Revere and his Engraving</i> ,	333
ARCHITECTURAL DECORATION, CONCERN- ING. A MURAL PAINTER'S LETTER TO HIS PUPILS (Frederic Crowninshield). Field of Art,	381
ARNOLD, MATTHEW, W. C. BROWNELL,	105
ART SOCIETIES AND SOCIETIES OF ARTISTS (R. S.). Field of Art,	765
BATES, KATHERINE LEE. <i>The Pink of Courtesy</i> ,	355
BEARS, THE BEGUILING OF THE, FREDERIC IRLAND,	313
Illustrations from photographs by the author.	
BENJAMIN PARROT'S FANCY, ZACK,	153
BISHOP, WILLIAM HENRY. <i>The Last of the Fairy Wands</i> ,	697
BOHEMIA, THE OLD. Point of View,	123
BRADY, CYRUS TOWNSEND. <i>A Vaudeville Turn</i> ,	351
BRISCOE, MARGARET SUTTON. <i>Oscar and Louise</i> ,	436
BROWNELL, W. C. { <i>Matthew Arnold</i> , 105 { <i>Thomas Carlyle</i> , 401	
"BURRO-PUNCHER, A," WALTER A. WYCKOFF,	278
CABLE, GEORGE W. <i>The Clock in the Sky</i> ,	327
CARLYLE, THOMAS, W. C. BROWNELL,	401

	PAGE
CHILDREN, AMERICAN PORTRAITURE OF, . . . HARRISON S. MORRIS,	641
Illustrations reproduced from paintings by John S. Sargent, Cecilia Beaux, Sergeant Kendall, John W. Alexander, William M. Chase, Mary Cassatt, Abbott H. Thayer, George de Forest Brush, Wilton Lockwood, Charles Hopkinson, Benjamin Curtis Porter, and from miniatures by Margaret Kendall, Lucia F. Fuller, and Laura C. Hills.	
CLOCK IN THE SKY, THE, GEORGE W. CABLE,	327
Illustration by Howard Chandler Christy.	
COLLEGE AND BUSINESS. Point of View,	378
CONNOLLY, JAMES B. <i>From Reykjavik to Gloucester</i> ,	216
COUGAR HOUNDS, WITH THE. I.-II., . . . THEODORE ROOSEVELT, . . .	417, 545
Illustrations from photographs by Philip K. Stewart.	
DAUMIER TO FORAIN (Edward Cary). Field of Art,	125
DAVIS, RICHARD HARDING. <i>A Derelict</i> ,	131
DERELICT, A, RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, . . .	131
Illustrations by Walter Appleton Clark.	
DUNKERS, AMONG THE, NELSON LLOYD,	513
Illustrations by G. W. Peters.	
ETHICS, FUTURE INTERNATIONAL. Point of View,	508
FAIRY WANDS, THE LAST OF THE, . . . WILLIAM HENRY BISHOP, . . .	697
Illustrations by Jessie Willcox Smith, reproduced in colors.	
FIELD OF ART.	
Architectural Decoration, Concerning. A Mural Painter's Letter to his Pupils (Frederic Crowninshield)., Illustrated, 381.	Painting of the Nineteenth Century, The New Heritage of (Frank Fowler), 253.
Art Societies and Societies of Artists (R. S.), 765.	Salon, An Ideal (André Saglio, Guy Wetmore Carryl, R. S.), 637.
Daumier to Forain (Edward Cary). Illustrated, 125.	Sculpture of Expression and Albert Bartholomé (Russell Sturgis). Illustrated, 509.
FORD, SEWELL. { <i>When Gitchigamme Warned the Muscovite</i> , 51	
{ <i>Without Law or License</i> , 566	
FORGOTTEN PILGRIMAGE, A, ERNEST C. PEIXOTTO, . . .	691
With the author's drawings.	
FORTUNES OF OLIVER HORN, THE. CHAPS. I.-V. (<i>To be continued</i>), F. HOPKINSON SMITH, . . .	529, 709
Illustrations by Walter Appleton Clark.	
FOUNTAINS IN MODERN CITIES. Point of View,	251
GIBSON, WILLIS. <i>The Memphis Packet</i> ,	228
GITCHIGAMME WARNED THE MUSCOVITE, WHEN, SEWELL FORD,	51
Illustrations by Thomas Fogarty. Author of "Skipper."	
GOOD-WILL TO MEN. Point of View,	762
GOOSE-GIRL, THE DIARY OF A. CHAPS. IX.-XI. (<i>Concluded</i>), KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN, . . .	93
Illustrations by Claude A. Shepperson.	
GREENE, FRANCIS V. <i>The United States Army</i> ,	286, 446, 593
HOAR, GEORGE F. <i>Some Famous Orators I Have Heard</i> ,	61
HORNUNG, E. W. <i>The Wrong House</i> ,	343

CONTENTS

V

	PAGE
HORSE-FAIR PILGRIMAGE, A, E. S. NADAL,	387
Illustrations by W. R. Leigh, Denman Fink, and from photographs.	
HUMANITIES, THE QUESTION OF THE.	
Point of View,	507
HUMOR, THE DISTRUST OF. Point of View,	763
IRLAND, FREDERIC. <i>The Beguiling of the Bears</i> ,	313
ITO, MARQUIS, THE GREAT MAN OF JAPAN, FREDERICK PALMER,	613
Illustrations from special photographs.	
KRAG, THE KOOTENAY RAM. (<i>Concluded.</i>)	48
Illustrations by the author.	ERNEST SETON-THOMPSON,
	Author of "Wild Animals I Have Known."
LA FARGE, JOHN. <i>Passages from a Diary in the Pacific</i> ,	69
LAKE GEORGE, PARKMAN AT, FRANCIS PARKMAN,	22
Introductory note by Charles H. Farnham.	
LITTLE SAVAGE GENTLEMAN, A, ISOBEL STRONG,	196
With an illustration drawn by T. V. Chominski from a photograph.	
LLOYD, NELSON. <i>Among the Dunkers</i> ,	513
MEMORY AND THE LACK OF IT. Point of View,	635
MEMPHIS PACKET, THE—A MISSISSIPPI RIVER STORY, WILLIS GIBSON,	228
Illustrations by F. C. Yohn.	
MITCHELL, J. A. <i>The Pines of Lory</i> ,	202, 365, 492, 577
MORRIS, HARRISON S. <i>American Portraiture of Children</i> ,	641
NADAL, E. S. <i>A Horse-Fair Pilgrimage</i> ,	387
"NATURAL" SITUATIONS IN FICTION. Point of View,	121
NEW YORK CITY, RURAL, JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS,	178
Illustrations by Edwin B. Child, Henry McCarter, W. Glackens, Everett Shinn, and others.	
NORMAN, HENRY, M.P. <i>Russia and the Nations</i> ,	621
OBJECT OF THE FEDERATION, THE, OCTAVE THANET,	239
Illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy.	
ORATORS, SOME FAMOUS, I HAVE HEARD, GEORGE F. HOAR,	61
	Senior Senator from Massachusetts.
OSCAR AND LOUISE, MARGARET SUTTON BRISCOE,	436
Illustrations by Louise L. Heustis.	
OVER SUNDAY, CAROLYN WELLS,	476
Illustrations by Henry Hutt.	
PACIFIC, PASSAGES FROM A DIARY IN THE.	
—TAHITI, JOHN LA FARGE,	69
Illustrations from sketches by the author.	
PAGE, THOMAS NELSON. <i>An Old Virginia Sunday</i> ,	727
PAINING OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, THE NEW HERITAGE OF (Frank Fowler).	
Field of Art,	253
PALMER, FREDERICK. <i>Marquis Ito</i> ,	613
PARKMAN, FRANCIS. <i>At Lake George</i> ,	22



	PAGE
PEIXOTTO, ERNEST C. <i>A Forgotten Pilgrimage</i> ,	691
PHŒBUS ON HALZAPHRON, A. T. QUILLER-COUCH (Q),	163
Illustrations in colors by Maxfield Parrish.	
PHYSIOGNOMY IN PLACES AND INDIVIDU-	
ALS. Point of View,	634
PILOT, THE MAKING OF A, ALBERT WHITE VORSE,	661
Illustrations by Henry Reuterdaahl.	
PINES OF LORY, THE, J. A. MITCHELL,	202, 365, 492, 577
Decorations by Albert D. Blashfield.	Author of "Amos Judd."
PINK OF COURTESY, THE, KATHERINE LEE BATES,	355
Illustrations by H. G. Fangel.	
POETRY AND FOREIGN LANGUAGES. Point of	
View,	122
POINT OF VIEW.	
Bohemia, the Old, 123.	Memory and the Lack of It, 635.
College and Business, 378.	"Natural" Situations in Fiction, 121.
Ethics, Future International, 508.	Physiognomy in Places and Individuals, 634.
Fountains in Modern Cities, 251.	Poetry and Foreign Languages, 122.
Good-Will to Men, 762.	Practical Education and Romanticism, 379.
Humanities, the Question of the, 507.	Scholarship and Poetry, 252.
Humor, the Distrust of, 763.	
POOR IN SUMMER, THE, ROBERT ALSTON STEVENSON,	259
Illustrations by Henry McCarter, Otto H. Bacher, Denman Fink, C. S. Chapman, C. W. Hawthorne, and H. L. Brown.	
PRACTICAL EDUCATION AND ROMANTICISM.	
Point of View,	379
PUTNAM, G. R. <i>The Delta Country of Alaska</i> ,	83
QUILLER-COUCH, A. T. <i>Phæbus on Halzaphron</i> ,	163
REYKJAVIK TO GLOUCESTER, JAMES B. CONNOLLY,	216
Illustrations by M. J. Burns.	Author of "A Chase Overnight."
REVERE, PAUL, AND HIS ENGRAVING, WILLIAM LORING ANDREWS,	333
Illustrations reproduced from engravings by Paul Revere.	
RICHARDSON, RUFUS B. <i>A Tour in Sicily</i> ,	3
ROOSEVELT, THEODORE. <i>With the Cougar Hounds</i> ,	417, 545
RUSSIA OF TO-DAY. VII. RUSSIA AND THE NA-	
TIONS, HENRY NORMAN, M.P.,	621
SALON, AN IDEAL (André Saglio, Guy Wetmore Carryl, R. S.). Field of Art,	637
SCHOLARSHIP AND POETRY. Point of View,	252
SCULPTURE OF EXPRESSION AND ALBERT BARTHOLOMÉ (Russell Sturgis). Field of Art,	509
SETON-THOMPSON, ERNEST. <i>Krag, the Kootenay Ram. (Concluded)</i> ,	43
SICILY, A TOUR IN, RUFUS B. RICHARDSON,	3
Illustrations from photographs.	Director of the American School at Athens.
SLUMS, INCIDENTS OF THE, WALTER A. WYCKOFF,	486
	Author of "The Workers."
SMITH, ARTHUR COSSLETT. <i>The Turquoise Cup</i> ,	671
SMITH, F. HOPKINSON. <i>The Fortunes of Oliver Horn</i> ,	529, 709

CONTENTS

vii

PAGE

SPEARS, JOHN R. <i>When the Snow Falls in the Adirondacks,</i>	737
STEVENSON, ROBERT ALSTON. <i>The Poor in Summer,</i>	259
STRANGER WITHIN THEIR GATES, THE, ELEANOR STUART,	750
Illustrations by W. Glackens.	
STRONG, ISOBEL. <i>A Little Savage Gentleman,</i>	196
STUART, ELEANOR. <i>The Stranger within their Gates,</i>	750
THANET, OCTAVE. <i>The Object of the Federation,</i>	239
"TRIUMPH'S EVIDENCE, A," WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE,	463
TURQUOISE CUP, THE, ARTHUR COSSLETT SMITH,	671
Illustrations by Maxfield Parrish.	
UNCLE DAVID, LEROY MILTON YALE,	31
Illustrations by A. B. Frost.	
UNITED STATES ARMY, THE— FRANCIS V. GREENE. Late Major-General, U.S.V.	
Illustrations by Howard Pyle, Frederic Remington, R. F. Zogbaum, F. C. Yohn, Louis Betts, and others, and from photographs and documents.	
I.,	286
II.,	446
III.,	593
VAUDEVILLE TURN, A CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY,	351
Illustrations by W. Glackens.	
VIRGINIA SUNDAY, AN OLD, THOMAS NELSON PAGE,	727
Illustrations by B. West Clinedinst.	
VORSE, ALBERT WHITE. <i>The Making of a Pilot,</i>	661
WELLS, CAROLYN. <i>Over Sunday,</i>	476
WHITE, WILLIAM ALLEN. <i>A Triumph's Evidence,</i>	463
WIGGIN, KATE DOUGLAS. <i>The Diary of a Goose-Girl. (Conclusion),</i>	93
WILLIAMS, JESSE LYNCH. <i>Rural New York City,</i>	178
WITHOUT LAW OR LICENSE, SEWELL FORD,	566
Illustrations by Fletcher C. Ransom.	
Author of "Skipper."	
WRONG HOUSE, THE—MORE ADVENTURES OF THE AMATEUR CRACKSMAN, E. W. HORNUNG,	343
Illustration by F. C. Yohn.	
WYCKOFF, WALTER A. { "A Burro-Puncher," 278 { <i>Incidents of the Slums,</i> 486	
YALE, LEROY MILTON. <i>Uncle David,</i>	31
ZACK. <i>Benjamin Parrot's Fancy,</i>	153

POETRY

AFTER-WORD,	GRACE GOODALE,	162
ANTÆUS,	FULLERTON L. WALDO,	350
FORBEARANCE. Quatrain,	EDITH M. THOMAS,	332
HIDDEN BIRD, THE,	JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY,	661

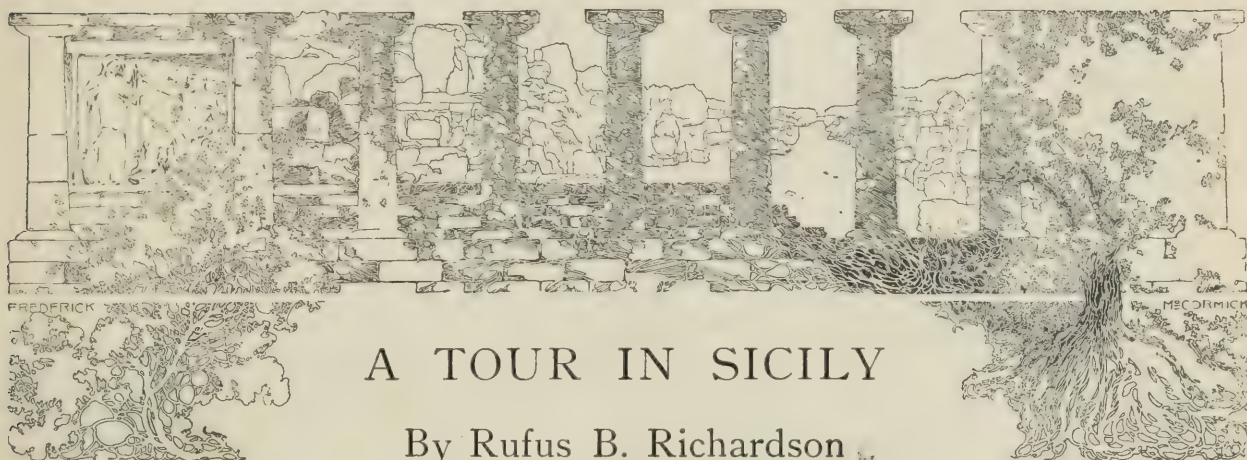
	PAGE
HOMESICK, JULIA C. R. DORR,	90
Illustrations by Mrs. Z. DeL. Steele.	
JANNIK AND GENEVIEVE, FLORENCE WILKINSON,	193
Illustrations by Henry McCarter.	
LOVE. Sonnet, MARGUERITE MERINGTON,	277
MEMORY, A, MARGUERITE MERINGTON,	31
MOTHERHOOD, JOSEPHINE DODGE DASKAM,	565
OUR NEW BELL-BUOY, CHARLES HENRY WEBB,	445
Illustrated.	
OUTWARD! GEORGE CABOT LODGE,	177
PRELUDE, ROSAMUND MARRIOTT WATSON,	400
Illustration by Elenore Plaisted Abbott. Decora- tion by G. Alden Peirson.	
SEA-FOG. Sonnet,	726
SUSPENSE, ROSINA HUBLEY EMMET,	312
THYREUS, BENJ. PAUL BLOOD,	657
Illustrations by A. Castaigne, reproduced in colors.	
VENICE, DAWN AT, MARTHA GILBERT DICKINSON,	120
VOICE OF THE SEA, THE, THOMAS NELSON PAGE,	363
Decorations by I. W. Taber.	
WINGED VICTORY, THE, JULIA LARNED,	576

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XXX

JULY, 1901

NO. 1



A TOUR IN SICILY

By Rufus B. Richardson

IT was with an appetite whetted by long waiting that I landed in Sicily on the last day of May. *Anybody* might enjoy travel in Sicily. Its scenery is magnificent. A mountainous country with a coast-line of rugged headlands, and here and there a river breaking through to the sea, opening up vistas into the interior and forming a fertile plain at its mouth; above all snow-capped and smoking *Ætna* with its nearly 11,000 feet towering so high as to be seen from every part of the island except the valleys, form a combination attractive even to one who has left history and art out of his travelling outfit. The student of history, however, gets a keener enjoyment in this land where so much history—ancient, mediæval, and modern—has been enacted. Not only was it the apple of discord between Rome and Carthage, but, to say nothing of Sikans, Elymi, and Sikels, because their movements are wrapped in the mist of a prehistoric past, Phœnicians, Greeks, Carthaginians, Romans, Franks, Vandals, Goths, Byzantines, Saracens, Normans, Germans, French, and Spaniards successively shaped its destinies until Garibaldi at last brought it to rest in the bosom of the kingdom of Italy. But Sicily has an especial interest for the student of the history and art of ancient Greece. He who studies the coun-

try now known as Greece and neglects the greater Hellas in the west makes a great mistake. Akragas and Selinus have left more imposing ruins than Athens, Olympia, and Delphi; and Syracuse was the most populous and the most powerful of all Greek cities.

It was this especial claim which drew me and my two companions, members of the American School at Athens, to Catania. We desired to become as familiar with western Hellas as we had already become with eastern Hellas. We came rather too late in the year; not that physical comfort is an element for great consideration in such a land; it is rather the psychological aspect which I have in mind. Theocritus has thrown such associations of spring over Sicily that the traveller feels that he ought to be there with "pulses thronged with the fulness of the spring," which can hardly be the case in the great heat of June. Perhaps our bicycles might seem to some out of time with Theocritus and Pindar, and we did not try to throw any glamour of poetry over them. But they were vastly convenient. We had sent forward our heavy luggage to Palermo, and they carried all that we needed for two weeks. While they were not a substitute for trains, they freed us from servile dependence on trains.

If a train went our way at our time, as it did from Syracuse to Girgenti, we took it. But finding no railroad connection between Girgenti and Selinus, except such as took us across to the north side of the island and then back again to the south side, we passed the intervening space in a direct line along the southern shore, saving both time and money. When we were at Syracuse we wished to visit the river

chapter of small accidents on the lava-paved streets of Catania kept us hovering around a shop presided over by a woman in which sewing-machines and a few other miscellaneous machines, including bicycles, were repaired. Here, in a subordinate position, was one of those mechanics who know how to do things as if by instinct, a not unworthy successor of Hephæstos, who used to do business on



Rocks of Cyclops.*

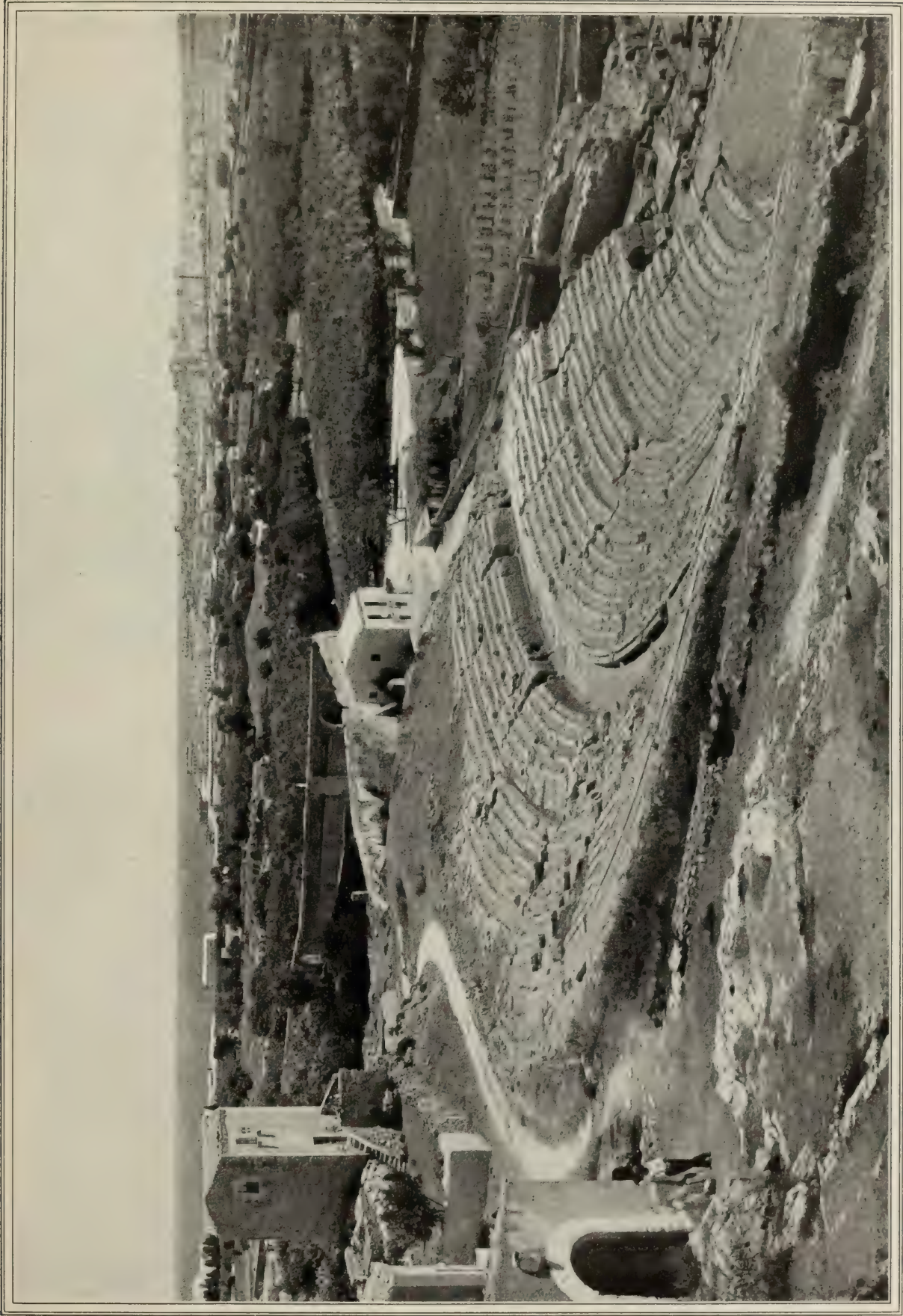
Asinarus, where the fugitive Athenian army was brought to bay and slaughtered and captured. The five o'clock train was too early. Who likes to take a morning meal at half-past four with the fear of losing a train before his eyes? Discomfort if not dyspepsia hovers over him. The alternative of a later train involved giving up the day to this excursion, and we needed that day for something else. We took a comfortable meal, and, starting at six o'clock, at a quarter past eight were on the banks of the Asinarus, and by the aid of a train were back in Syracuse at ten o'clock, ready for a good day's work.

Our beginning was inauspicious. A

a grander scale hard by, with Ætna for his forge. Your real mechanic, from Jubal Cain down, is always the right man in the right place. A deft-handed New Hampshire mechanic once said to me, after putting some dislocated object to rights in less than five minutes, "I shall have to charge you ten cents for doing the job and fifteen cents for knowing how." It struck me as a good expression of the claims of the guild.

When we got off it was nearly eleven o'clock, and the flower of the day was gone; but we had vowed to see the sunrise from the theatre of Taormina the next morning; and so we sped off in the heat over roads so bad as to make us repent of all the hard things we had said of the

* This and the following illustrations are from photographs by Giacomo Brogi, Naples.



Syracuse from the Greek Theatre.

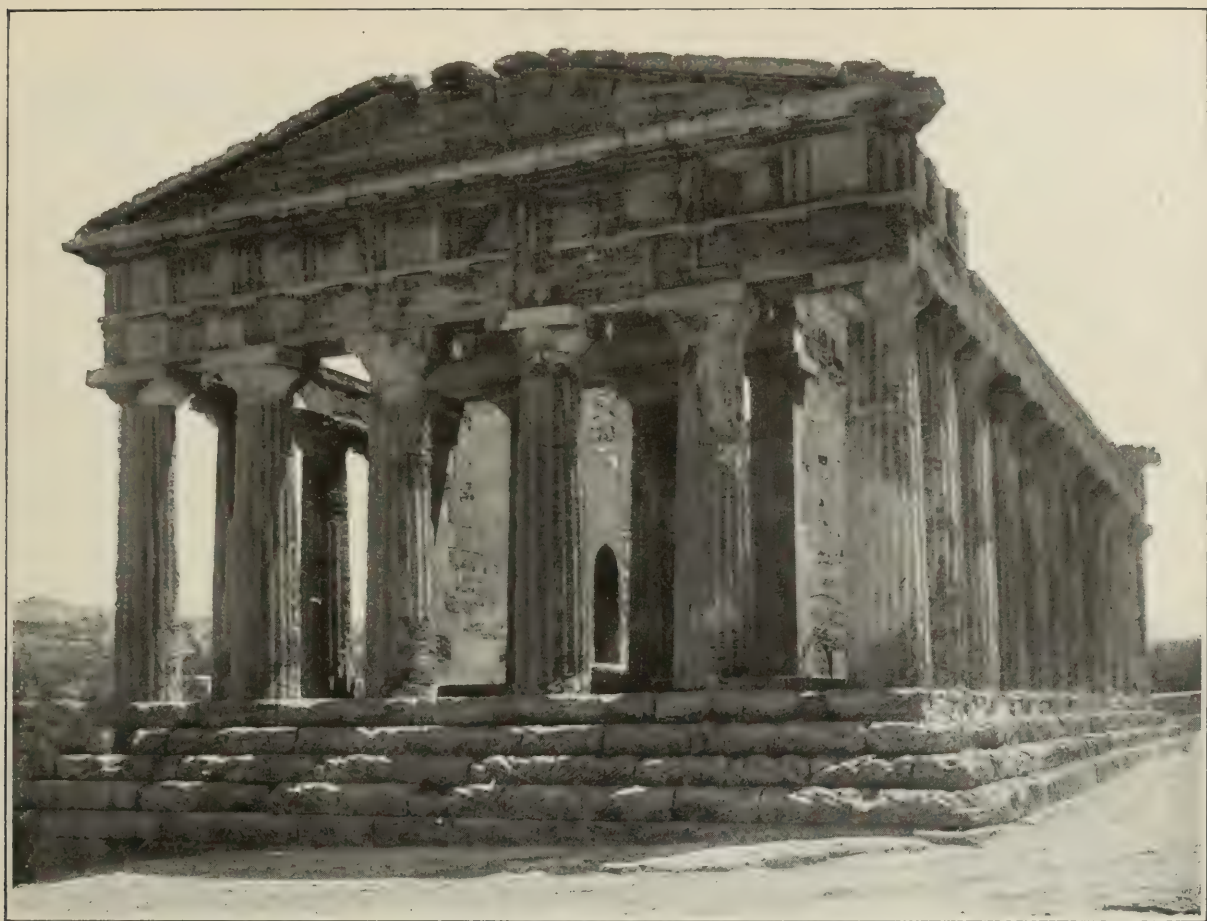


General View of Girgenti.

roads of Greece. A good deal of the way lay between Ætna and the sea over lava-beds of various ages, among them the identical stream which, coming down fresh and hot, turned Himilco from proceeding straight against Dionysius and Syracuse after the destruction of Messina, and obliged him to make the circuit of the awful mountain. Shortly after noon we passed, on the highest of these lava-beds, Acireale, the most important of several Acis, all of which commemorate Acis, who here, to his grief, associated with Galatea and Polyphemus. Near by are several jagged islands pointed out by tradition as the very rocks which the latter hurled at Ulysses with such poor results. From this point on Taormina lay clear before us in the distance, high up above the sea, though but a short horizontal distance from it. When we reached Giardini, the village on the seashore which serves as a railroad station for Taormina, parched with heat and thirst, we were reminded of the verse of Euripides, "The sea washes away all human ills," and we here began a series of

baths with which we encircled the island. Nemesis marked me when, in exuberance of spirit, I made the understatement, "This bath is worth a dollar," and made it cost me just that amount. Between the road and the shore was a railroad with a cactus hedge on each side of it. In passing this I hardly noticed that my wheel had lightly brushed against a cactus-plant. But we had hardly begun the ascent to Taormina before my wheel was in a state of collapse.

Well, the morrow must take thought for the things of itself. Here was Taormina for us to enjoy. We had planned to spend one night only here, because there was little material for archæological study except the famous theatre, which, in its present state, is Roman. It was indeed refreshing to see near the upper rim of the theatre, and partly covered by its massive but cheap-looking walls of brick, the foundations of a Greek temple in four courses with its perfect joints of stone. But while Syracuse and Girgenti and Selinus were our proper fields for study, Taor-



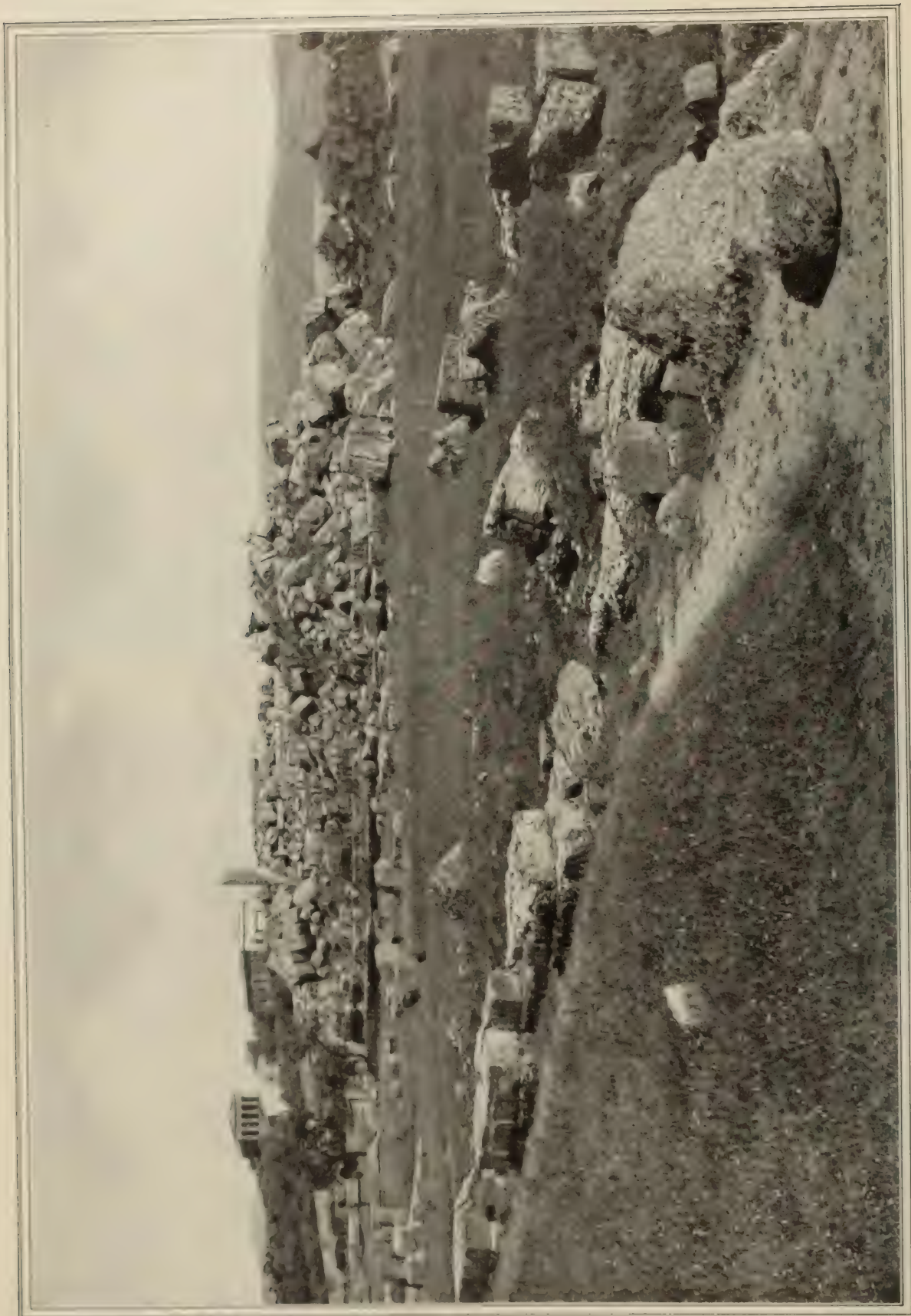
Concordia Temple, Girgenti.
The most perfectly preserved Greek Temple.

mina was for pleasure. From this eyrie Ætna, which from Catania is in some degree disappointing, as is even Mont Blanc when seen from Chamonix, rises as grandly as does Mont Blanc when seen from the heights across the valley, Flégère or Brévent ; and when the sun, rising over Calabria, gives a rosy color to the slope up to the snow-line, one gazes, forgetting the theatre in the glory of the mountain.

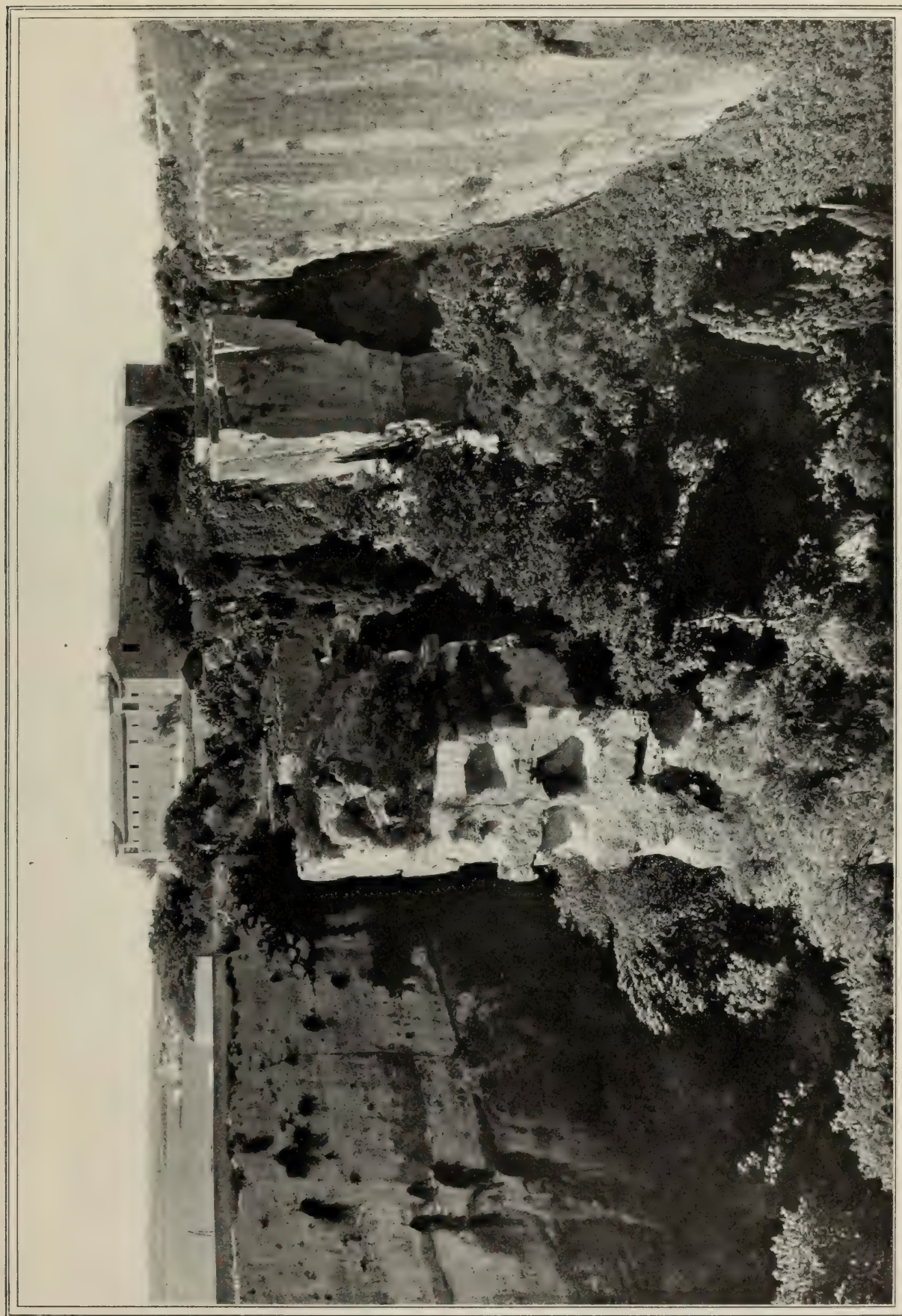
Although we had studied the theatre adequately on the first day, we were caught by the charm of the place ; and a second sunrise in the theatre seemed so desirable that we broke our carefully drawn up itinerary at the very outset, the necessary two-thirds vote being easily obtained. About 1,000 feet above Taormina rises a height which once served as an acropolis to ancient Tauromenium, crowned with a village and castle called Mola. Having climbed this in the hot afternoon we saw, about another thousand feet above us, a point called Monte Venere, which seemed to dominate the whole region. We subsequently read in

Frances Elliot's "Travels in Sicily," "Certain misguided travellers have even been known to attempt Monte Venere." But not suspecting at the time that we were misguided, but only questioning whether the scaling of Monte Venere would cost us our table d'hôte dinner at the Hôtel Timeo we decided, by a rather doubtful two-thirds vote, to try it. We stormed it at a pace such as the Bavarian division struck at Speicheren when told that a fresh keg of beer was to be broached up there at ten o'clock, and that they must be on hand. As the result of our toil we got a superb view into the interior, including a peep in behind Ætna, which from this point seemed even grander than from Taormina. It was labor well spent.

During our whole stay at Taormina there was no spot on which my eye and my thoughts so frequently rested as on the little tongue of land just below us to the south, which we had passed in coming from Catania. On this vine-covered plain once lay Naxos, settled by men from Chalkis in 734 B.C. What a chain of con-



Ruins of the Temple of Zeus, Girgenti.



Marble Quarries, Syracuse.
(Latomia dei Cappuccini.)



Temple of Hera Lacinia, Girgenti.

sequences followed upon this small beginning ! Leontini and Catania were founded from Naxos itself almost immediately afterward. Dorian Corinth, following hard after Ionian Chalkis, founded Syracuse, and with the birth of western Hellas the strife of Dorian and Ionian was made a part of its life. But before this strife brought ruin a period of expansion and prosperity followed which finds its only parallel in the two centuries and a half of the history of our own country.

Having no desire to traverse again a bad road, we took an early train, which brought us back to Catania at eight o'clock. Our first visit there was to the "divine artificer," who found eight punctures impartially distributed over my two tires. We thus learned to know the cactus in a new light. Hereafter we avoided even a dry piece of it lying in the road as cavalry would avoid caltrops. We took advantage of the necessary delay to visit the most interesting monument of Greek Catania, the theatre, covered by lava, on which rest the houses of the modern city. Enough underground excavation has been done to enable one to realize the appear-

ance of the place when Alcibiades here harangued the Catanians to bring them over to the Athenian alliance, and had such drastic force lent to his lispings oratory by a body of Athenian hoplites, who, coming from their camp outside the city, broke down a weak spot in the wall and entered the city before he got to his peroration.

Again it was about noon when we mounted with intention to ride to Lentini, somewhat over a third of the way to Syracuse, across a level plain, and then take a train across the hill-country to within ten miles of Syracuse, there to resume our ride. For an hour or more we were passing through the famous "Campi Læstrygonii, which Cicero calls "*uberrima pars Siciliae*," now known as the plain of Catania, the most extensive plain in Sicily. Then we crossed the Symæthus, and soon began a gentle climb, with the sun almost in the zenith. Now and then a turn in the road, or if not that, a look over the shoulder, gave us a fine view of Ætna, which kept increasing in majesty as we receded from it. I was thankful that we had not climbed it. That would have in



The Greek Temple at Segesta.

some measure vulgarized it. A geologist might do it in the line of his profession. But one who wishes to keep the *Ætna* of *Æschylus* and *Pindar* may do better to gaze with awe from the hill of *Syracuse*, as they did upon this Greek *Sinai*. I do not want to overpower a mountain like that. I want it to overpower me. One may doubt whether *Coleridge* would or could have written his hymn to *Mont Blanc* if he had "conquered" it as tourists express it.

Just as the train for *Syracuse* was coming in we reached *Lentini* station, and this time the sea that "washes away all human ills" was not available. We here made a resolve to do our work in the future when the sun was nearer to the horizon. There was nothing of interest for us to investigate in the city of *Gorgias*, the sophist and orator, whose silver tongue, combined with a bold and transparent trick of the *Segestans*, duped the *Athenians*, who thought themselves the wisest of men, into the *Sicilian expedition*. We were accordingly glad to speed along to *Priolo*, a station between the ruins of *Megara* and the flat peninsula, *Thapsus*. Just be-

yond the latter, having ridden long enough to get up steam, we washed away our ills for that day with the hill of *Syracuse* looking down upon us, and then as renewed men passed, when the sun was approaching the horizon, over that historic hill, and looked down on the historic harbor and on little *Ortygia*, large enough to hold the modern city as it held the first *Corinthian* colony. What a tide of associations rush over one at this sight. In a sense we were at our goal. Had we closed our journey with that nightfall we should at least have read our *Thucydides* for the future with different eyes.

In an exaltation of spirit we came to the *Casa Politi*, almost at the point of *Ortygia*, looking out upon the sea, where we found a German host and hostess. After our strenuous and partially successful wrestling with Italian, which had generally ended by our falling back on the member who had taken Italian at *Harvard* to straighten out for us the tangled web of the dialogue, how welcome it was when we asked the question, "*Haben Sie vielleicht gutes Bier?*" to get straight from the shoulder the honest an-

swer, "*Jawohl, gewiss,*" and the more tangible answer of three foaming mugs from a cool cellar. We had lived in the spirit a good deal that day, enjoying the beauty of Taormina, Ætna, and Syracuse, and holding converse with Alcibiades and Gorgias and Thucydides. Now we hobnobbed with Gambrinus and enjoyed "the warmest welcome in an inn."

the long sides, which one is apt to look for as going with a six-column front, here are eighteen or nineteen, it is not yet quite certain which. The columns stand less than their diameter apart, and the abaci are so broad that they nearly touch. So small is the intercolumnar space that archæologists incline to the belief that in this one Doric temple there were triglyphs



Metope from Temple C at Selinus.
(Perseus cutting off the head of Medusa.)

I have never had more full and exhilarating days than those four days in Syracuse, days full of revelation, recollection, reverie, or, to put it more prosaically, days devoted to study in history and topography. The ruins of Syracuse are not to the casual observer very imposing. One might almost say of them, "*periere etiamque ruinæ.*" But even these ruins have great interest for the archæologist. There is, for example, an old temple near the northern end of Ortygia, for the most part imbedded in the buildings of the modern city, yet with its east end cleared and showing several entire columns with a part of the architrave upon them. And what a surprise here awaits one who thinks of a Doric temple as built on a stereotyped plan. Instead of the thirteen columns on

only over the columns, and not also between them as in all other known cases. Everything about this temple stamps it as the oldest in Sicily. An inscription on the top step, in very archaic letters, much worn and difficult to read, contains the name of Apollo in the ancient form, '*Ἀπέλωνι*. The inscription may, of course, be later than the temple; but it is in itself old enough to warrant the supposition that the temple was erected soon after the first Corinthian colonists established themselves in the island. While the inscription makes it reasonably certain that the temple belonged to Apollo, the god under whose guiding hand all these Dorians went out into these western seas, tradition, with strange perversity, has given it the name of "Temple of Diana." But it is all in



Taormina—View from the Ancient Theatre.

the family. Whether tradition has also erred in naming the temple on the highest part of the island, into which the cathedral has been so immured that the old temple columns protrude on each side of the church, the "Temple of Minerva," is a question to which archæologists have not yet returned a unanimous answer. Indications point rather to Zeus. This temple owes its preservation, such as it is, to this immuring of the cathedral in it. In fact the temple is nearly all present, although one might almost pass it by in the daytime without seeing it. Another temple-ruin on the edge of the plateau, which begins about two miles south of the city across the Anapos, one might also easily overlook in a casual survey of the city, because it consists only of two columns without capitals and a broad extent of the foundations from which the accumulated earth has been only partially removed. This was the famous temple of Olympian Zeus, built probably in the days of Hiero I., soon after the Persian War, but on the site of a temple still more venerable. One seeks a reason for the location of

this holy place at such a distance from the city. Holm, the German historian of Sicily, argues with some plausibility that this was no mere suburb of Syracuse, but the original Syracuse itself. In the first place the list of the citizens of Syracuse was kept here down at least to the time of the Athenian invasion. In the second place tradition, which when rightly consulted tells so much, says that Archias, the founder of Syracuse, had two daughters, Ortygia and Syracusa, which may point to two co-ordinate settlements, Ortygia and Syracuse; the latter, which was on this temple plateau, being subsequently merged in the former, but, as sometimes happens in such cases, giving its name to the combined result.

Besides these temple-ruins there are many more foundations that tell a more or less interesting story. Then there are remains of the ancient city that can never be ruined, for instance the great stone quarries, pits over a hundred feet deep and acres broad, in some of which the Athenian prisoners were penned up to waste away under the gaze of the pit-



Ruins of Temple C at Selinus.

iless captors ; the Greek theatre, cut out of the solid rock ; the great altar of Hiero II., six hundred feet long and about half as broad, also of solid rock. Then there is the mighty Hexapylon, which closed the fortifications of Dionysius at the northwest at the point where they challenged attack from the land side. With its sally - ports and rock - hewn passages, some capacious enough to quarter regiments of cavalry, showing holes cut in the projecting corners of rock, through which the hitch-reins of the horses were wont to be passed, and its great magazines, it stands a lasting memorial to the energy of a tyrant. But while this fortress is practically indestructible, an impregnable fortress is a dream incapable of realization. Marcellus and his stout Romans came in through these fortifications, not entirely, it is true, by their own might, but by the aid of traitors, against whom no walls are proof.

One of the stone quarries, the *Latomia del Paradiso*, has an added interest from its association with the tyrant who made himself hated as well as feared, while

Gelon was only feared without being hated. An inner recess of the quarry is called the "Ear of Dionysius," and tradition says that at the inner end of this recess either he or his creatures sat and listened to the murmurs that the people uttered against him, and that these murmurs were requited with swift and fatal punishment. Certain it is that a whisper in this cave produces a wonderful resonance, and a pistol-shot is like the roar of a cannon ; but that people who had anything to say against the butcher should come up within ear-shot of him to utter it is not very likely. Historians are not quite sure that the connection of Dionysius with this recess is altogether mythical, but that he shaped it with the fell purpose above mentioned is not to be thought of, as the whole quarry is older than his time, and was probably, with the *Latomia dei Cappuccini*, a prison for the Athenians.

No object is more frequently mentioned in connection with Syracuse than Arethusa, the nymph changed into a fountain when pursued across the sea by the river Al-



Ruins of Temple G at Selinus.

pheius. The water of this fountain, much praised in antiquity, has in recent times become brackish by the letting in of salt water through earthquakes. But what it has lost in real excellence it has gained in stylish appearance. For the sake of its ancient renown washwomen have recently been excluded from it, a fine wall put about it, and papyrus plants added to make it look picturesque. Enveloped in a more natural beauty lies the rival fountain Kyane, the source of the southern branch of the Anapos some distance south of the Olympieum. The nymph Cyane was turned into a fountain by Pluto because she told Demeter of the rape of Persephone. We gave half a day to Cyane, and had ourselves pushed up a stream lined with reeds and papyrus, the latter a reminder of Saracen occupation, to this spring, from which the stream comes forth with a rush. It is difficult to decide which is more beautiful, the clear, deep, broad spring or the stream through which one approaches it. The whole journey is like an excursion into fairyland, the outside

world being shut out by the reeds and papyrus.

But if the monuments of Syracuse are on the whole comparatively unimpressive, what a history is crowded into the less than three centuries between Gelon, the second founder of the city, in that he made it great, and Marcellus.

This history is far from being a mere record of slaughter and sieges and sack of cities. The time of Hiero I. is memorable for the appearance at Syracuse, in familiar if not always friendly converse, of Pindar, Simonides, Bacchylides, Æschylus, Epicharmus and Xenophanes. One must not think of the poetry of this Hieronian circle as exotic because most of the poets were transplanted: to the Greek poets any place in the Greek world where they were appreciated and cared for was home. Anacreon sang as well and as naturally at Samos and Athens as at his native Teos; Simonides's muse was apparently equally happy in Athens, Thessaly, and Sicily; and even the Theban eagle suffered no relaxation of his wings at the Syracusan

court ; nay, he appears to have made his loftiest flights there. Over one-third of his epinician odes are for Sicilian victors. Of the Titan Æschylus alone of that company one may suspect that, although he did not always get on well at home, yet the sojourn so far from Eleusis and Marathon found him homesick and heartsick. It is only rarely in the world's history that such a lot of stars gather around a court. It is a good deal that Syracuse was again visited by the muses in the time of Hiero II., when Theocritus took up his abode there.

The afternoon before we left Syracuse we got a reminder that its greatness did not all pass away with the Roman occupation. The enormous catacombs from Christian times speak of new and better days. But what stirs one more is one particular spot in the crypt of St. Marcian, a church partly made out of a temple of Bacchus. Here, in front of an old altar, a block of stone is pointed out as the stone on which St. Paul stood when he preached at Syracuse. One gets impatiently sceptical about traces of the saints in Italy ; but why not accept the report that in his three days' stay at Syracuse, recorded in the Acts of the Apostles, St. Paul preached here ? What is more fitting than that, by the very altar of the god of revelry, the great apostle should speak as he spoke at Athens ? At any rate I add this spot to Appii Forum and Tres Tabernæ as a place where I trod in the footsteps of a man beside whom Gelon, Pyrrhus, and Hannibal were pygmies.

II

ON the journey from Syracuse to Girgenti by rail through the heart of Sicily, the most interesting point is Castrogiovanni, the ancient Enna, called the navel of Sicily, a height from which one sees mountains diverging in every direction, a real *knotenpunkt*. The railroad affords a view of Enna only from some distance as it plunges into a long tunnel under the ridge joining this height to another almost as high, on which stands Calascibetta. The surroundings of the old Sikel town Enna, which, being early colonized by Syracuse, became a lasting monument of Greek domination over the Sikel, were

probably much more beautiful in ancient times. On these rather bare heights there was once such luxuriant growth of woods and flowers that hunting-dogs lost the scent of the game. In this flower-garden the Sicilian legend placed the rape of Persephone.

As the train approached Girgenti it passed through the great sulphur region of the world. Here thousands of boys, many of them under ten years of age, carry the sulphur up to the surface. These boys are bound over by their parents to the overseers of the mines for a sum of two hundred francs, more or less, which they are expected to work off. But it takes years to do it, and many die before they succeed. The parents spend the purchase money and the children live on in despair. Our informant, a German-American, who had come over to study the sulphur industry, and who was not a sentimentalist, said that the sight of these boys going up and down the ladders with tears rolling down their cheeks had made him join in their sighs and carry a heavy heart all the way to Palermo.

The case of Girgenti is that of Syracuse reversed. Its history is not so very important, but its ruins are impressive. Even at Himera, where Theron and Akragas stood by Gelon and Syracuse, it was in a second rôle. On that occasion, when the larger part of the Carthaginian prisoners fell to Akragas, apparently because they strayed into Akragantine territory after the battle, some of the citizens are said to have got five hundred slaves apiece. From this time Akragas gave itself up to the amassing of wealth. As a consequence it became the least martial and most luxurious of Greek cities, showing, like Corinth, that a Dorian city, when once given over to pleasure, could outdo the Ionians in that direction. While Syracuse battled with Athens Akragas remained neutral. About the only form of strenuous activity to which it arose was athletics ; and even then a victory was made an occasion for a display of wealth. When Exænetus won in the stadion at Olympia, three hundred span of milk-white horses accompanied him into the city.

The luxury of Akragas took on a peculiarly showy and almost gross type. The men loaded themselves with gold

ornaments. They erected tombs to horses which had won Olympic victories and to other favorite animals. A typical Akragantine was Gellias, who used to have slaves stand at his door and invite every passing stranger to come in; and once, when five hundred knights from Gela made a visit to Akragas in the winter, he took them all in, entertained them, and gave each of them a new chiton and himation. That the means of entertainment did not fail him is shown by the statement that he had three hundred rock-hewn wine barrels, holding each a hundred amphoræ, and a big vat holding a thousand amphoræ, out of which these were filled; and this was *private* hospitality.

One could hardly expect moderation when such bountiful provision for carousal was at hand. Athenæus tells a story showing how well the young men lived up to their privileges. Some of these, drinking themselves dizzy at a banquet, declared that the house rocked like a ship, and, as if to avert impending shipwreck, began to lighten ship by pitching the furniture out of the windows, to the danger, and then to the hilarious delight, of the passers-by. But as a crowd and some disorder resulted, the generals went to the house to investigate the matter. The young bloods were equal to the emergency. They accosted the gray-beards as Tritons, thanked them for deliverance from the storm, and vowed to sacrifice to them so soon as they had got over their sea-sickness and fright. The old men, being carried away with the humor of the thing, entered into the spirit of the joke; and that house was ever after known as "the ship."

Such a joke might have been played in a good many other towns, but the following bit of gossip, if not true, is *ben trovato*, and has a peculiarly Akragantine flavor. It is related that at the fatal siege of the city by the Carthaginians, when all was at stake, a law was passed restricting the guards when at their posts to one under-mattress and one over-mattress, one blanket, and two pillows. If these things were done in a green tree what was done in a dry? Empedocles, the most eminent citizen of Akragas, said of his fellow-citizens that

they indulged in high living as if they were going to die to-morrow, but built as if they were going to live forever. The first half of this statement we have to judge by gossip, which, as it is very bulky and all to the same point, may well make us believe that when there is so much smoke there must be some fire. For the corroboration of the latter half go to Girgenti and *circumspice*.

What a moment was that when, toward the end of the afternoon, after toiling up from the station on the north side of Girgenti to the city itself, which occupied the site of the acropolis of Akragas, we looked down on the plateau sloping southward toward the sea, and dotted with the famous ruins long known to us by photographs. About a mile below us, in the direction of the ruins was the Hôtel des Temples, which we have been told in Syracuse was to close for the summer the day before. But as "the Greeks got into Troy by trying," we thought we would try to get into this hotel, and be near our goal. At the door a boy declared that the house was closed; but at our request he said he would call the padrone. In ten minutes there appeared in riding clothes, and leading a horse, the most charming landlord of Sicily, with a bewitching smile and the manners of a gentleman. He said that although his house was closed and his cook gone, he had not the heart to send us back up into the city. We could have, he said, eight or nine beds apiece, and as he had a hunting comrade with him for the night he could give us some soup and meat.

More than satisfied to have established a base of operations, without a delay of five minutes we were at the Concordia Temple, the most perfectly preserved Greek temple, unless we except perhaps the Theseum. Having an hour and a half of daylight, we used it in getting a first view of nearly everything on the plateau, and then returned to what we supposed was to be a frugal meal. But the dinner was an Akragantine feast, the best of the whole journey, with the possible exception of the next one at the same table. We wondered what sort of a dinner the regular cook would have produced if this was

done by a novice ; and when the padrone made apologies for his dinner, we searched his smiling face for traces of sarcasm.

The next day we enjoyed in detail what we had already enjoyed in the lump, that row of temples lined up along the southern edge of the plateau which here ends in a rocky precipice. These temples when new, with the city of half a million inhabitants behind it, and the acropolis above it with still more temples, must have been a very effective sight to one coming up from the sea five miles away.

Although the material of the temples is a friable yellow sandstone, quarried near by, we must not in reconstructing our picture think of them as yellow temples. They doubtless had stucco and paint enough to hide this core. The stone is so porous that it is not surprising to find the columns on the south side—*i.e.*, the side most exposed to the sirocco—badly eaten away. The whole line dates from the fifth century, and was doubtless planned and begun by Theron, who had armies of slaves from Himera.

What Greek name the Concordia Temple had is unknown. Holm suspects that it is the temple of Demeter, although the substructure under a church farther up the hill has generally been assigned to her. It owes its excellent preservation to the fact that in the Middle Ages it was turned into a church of St. Gregory of the turnips, whoever he was, when the cella walls were perforated with a series of arches on each side, to let in the light.

The next best preserved is the temple of Hera Lacinia, in the most commanding situation of all, having the precipice, which is here higher and more abrupt, on its east front, as well as on its south side. It is also considerably the highest of the line. Its present name is surely wrong. It is quite likely to have been a temple of Poseidon, a divinity held in honor at Akragas, a horse-rearing as well as a maritime city. The temple of Herakles is more interesting than either of these, although only one column stands upright ; the rest lie as they were thrown down by an earthquake, in such good order that it would be easy to set them up again ; and the result would be much more important than Cavalari's so-called temple of Castor and Pollux, which, being a corner of a temple put to-

gether out of two different temples, should be properly called "Cavalari's folly." The temple of Herakles is rightly named. It was identified as being at the sacred gate and near the agora. It is much larger than the two temples already described and shows, like them, traces of a great conflagration which reddened the yellow stone in places. Its ground plan is very clear but peculiar, and so extremely interesting. Sicily is the place of all others to study the construction of the Greek temple.

But the object of greatest interest is the Zeus Temple, still farther west in the line. This justifies the saying of Empedocles above quoted, being so large that the Parthenon could be lost in one corner of it, as the wooden ladle was lost in Lady Wouter Van Twiller's pocket. It is the most massive of Greek temples, in the sense in which the temple of Zeus at Olympia is more massive than the Parthenon—*i.e.*, its columns and all its members are larger. So enormous were its dimensions that the architect readily saw that he must deviate from the ordinary rules of construction. Columns of friable stone, fifty-five feet high, supporting an unusually heavy entablature needed support themselves. Accordingly they were embedded in a continuous wall. What one here saw was not a line of graceful columns between which and the cella one could walk about, but only a great wall with half columns protruding from it. These half columns were not really independent members. The small blocks composing them run over into the wall to the right and left. They simply serve to break up a monotonous wall, and to present the appearance of columns. This contour, which is a little over a semi-circumference, averages about twenty feet, being, of course, greater at the bottom. A man's back, as was remarked by Diodorus Siculus, easily fits into the flutings. The clearest idea, however, of the large proportions of the temple I got by noting that the grooves in a triglyph lying on the ground measured fifteen feet in length. It would also be no exaggeration to say that a company could dance on the top of one of the capitals lying about.

The inside of this temple must have been as peculiar as the outside. The great question here is where to place the gigantic fig-

ures called Atlantes or Telamones, male figures corresponding to the female figures on the Erechtheum, but unlike them showing exertion, like Atlas in the Olympia metope. Probably they stood on the lateral walls of the cella, and with their twenty-five feet they would reach up to the roof, like the second row of columns at Pæstum. The cella probably ran clear through from one end of the temple to the other, and while the two divisions of the temple to the right and left of it, which were as much closed as the cella itself, had entrances from the east, the cella was probably entered from the west. One has to say "probably" very often in speaking of the interior, because the temple has been nearly all carried away to make the pier at Porto Empedocle, the harbor of the modern city. As late as 1401 three columns were still standing and carrying a piece of the architrave. But the temple entered very early on the stage of dilapidation, for the reason that the roof was never put upon it. For more than half a century, even from the time of Theron, Akragas had wrought upon this monster building, and had not finished it when the Carthaginian fury broke upon her. Although the city rose again, and even prospered, it never saw a day for taking up again such a gigantic enterprise.

Besides this temple of Olympian Zeus there was an older temple of Zeus Polieus on the acropolis, to which an unusual interest attaches, because it was built by Phalaris of execrable memory, who, having attached to himself a band of laborers for the construction of the temple, by their help seized the sovereign power and subverted the democracy. Down in the crypt of the church of Santa Maria dei Greci we were shown a regular stylobate of three steps, and on the top step eight columns, the upper parts of which run up into the church, which shows also columns of the other long side of the temple. Tradition claims this as the identical temple built by Phalaris. But as the forms of the columns forbid putting them back into the sixth century, we do better to identify them with the temple of Athena on the acropolis. The temple built by Phalaris is to be sought, then, on the ground occupied by the modern cathedral. Jove gave place to Jesus, and the

virgin goddess, as at Athens, to the Virgin Mother.

When we told our smiling host that we intended to ride in one day from his hotel to Castelvetro, the point of departure for Selinus, he said the thing was impossible. We told him that while we admitted his judgment in all that pertained to horses, we were going to make the sixty-two miles, which according to Baedeker lay between us and our goal, between sunrise and sunset, however bad the road might be. He then, like a true sportsman, got interested, offered to bet, and, when we declined, begged us to telegraph back to him if we really did it.

As we had to wake up the cook the next morning, after waking up ourselves, the sun was well up in the heavens before we got off. But the coffee which cost us so much time must have told on our gait; for a fellow-countryman, whom we first met two days later at Palermo, seemed impressed by it, and rather proud of it. He asked, "Didn't I see you go through Porto Empedocle the day before yesterday morning on bicycles?" When we assented he said: "Well, I told the American Consul who was with me, 'I bet dose vas American boys.'" And the next day he repeated, as if pleased with his own sagacity, "I told the Consul, 'I bet dose vas American boys.'"

As we started the next morning toward Selinus, after passing the night at Castelvetro, I realized that this, more even than Syracuse, was my chief object of interest in this long-delayed Sicilian journey.

The history of this short-lived colony of a colony is invested with a pathetic interest. Planted by Sicilian Megara in 628 B.C., as an outpost of Hellas toward the west, it was a standing challenge to the Phœnicians. But there was not always war between Hellas and Canaan. The Phœnicians, who had long been in possession of the west end of the island, were bent on gain, while the Greek sought rather for a free unfolding of his civic life; and so Selinus, with a little temporizing, got on with its neighbors.

There were some strange vicissitudes in Sicilian politics. From the time when Carthage appeared in Sicily as a protector of the older Phœnician settlements, Selinus saw its advantage in siding with her against

other rivals. On the great day of Himera, Gelon and Theron had to contend against Selinus as well as against Carthage. This off side play was not, however, regarded by the other Sicilian cities as sufficient cause for shutting Selinus out of the sisterhood of states.

But while Selinus had an eye to profit, it did not, like Akragas, forget the art of war. That she was a power in western Sicily in the days when Carthage was so strangely inactive for seventy years after Himera, is shown by an inscription of this time, which mentions a victory won by the Silinuntians "with the aid of Zeus and Phobos and Herakles and Apollo and Poseidon and the Tyndaridæ and Athena and Malophoros and Pasikrateia and the other gods, but especially Zeus." This drawing in of so large a part of the pantheon implies that it was a great victory. Probably it was won from Segesta, that most-hated Elymian neighbor. But Segesta knew how to help herself. After she had lured Athens to destruction in this same quarrel, she invoked the Carthaginian on a mission of destruction. For the Carthaginian was not subdued, but was biding his time, and when he again fell upon Sicily it was his old ally Selinus that first felt the weight of his arm. Then Zeus and Phobos seemed to forsake her. But her conduct was such in that awful visitation that Hellas had no reason to blush for this daughter.

The force which Hannibal led against her was, at the lowest estimate, 100,000, which was more than the total population of the city. The first attack on the land side, where the walls were weak and out of repair, because no danger had threatened for years, was repulsed. A call for help was sent to both Akragas and Syracuse. The former might have had its contingent before the walls in three days, allowing one for the messenger. But Akragas waited for the Syracusans, who were two days farther off, to come and take them on the way. She paid the penalty for this delay three years later. She, as well as Syracuse, ought to have known that at Selinus they would be fighting for their own life. Syracuse was, moreover, an ally of Selinus in the war against Athens, which was finished only three years before with such *clat* as to make

Syracuse a proper champion of the Greek cities against the great enemy.

It is probable that the call for help was sent out before the enemy actually made its assault, but so speedy were the movements of the Carthaginians that one might have expected even prompt aid to come too late. But Selinus held out with such tenacity as to frustrate all calculation. For nine days, in the consciousness that she stood as a vanguard of Hellas, while the eastern hills were eagerly scanned for the succor that was hourly expected, Selinus conducted a defence rarely equalled in history.

There were not men enough to allow reliefs in defending the wall. The same men stood at their posts day and night. The old men brought new weapons, and sharpened those that were dull. The women carried food and water. Even on the ninth day, when the fierce Iberian mercenaries broke through the wall and the weary defenders, and got inside the city, the defence did not cease. The city had to be taken house by house, men and women hurling down stones from the house-tops until the supply was exhausted. And now house after house was pillaged by men spurred on by the promise of free plunder given by Hannibal; and delicate women fell into hands compared with which the claws of wild beasts were tender. Soldiers paraded the streets with heads on the points of their spears and strings of hands slung over their shoulders. Only 2,600 survivors somehow found their way to Akragas.

On this very day a large force started from Syracuse; but when, united with the contingent of Akragas, it confronted the Carthaginians, the woe of Selinus was accomplished. Hannibal told these belated allies that he had dealt Selinus only its deserts, and that even its gods had pronounced against it. What a theme for a Jeremiah!

The six large temples of Selinus lie in a worse condition than that in which the Carthaginians left them. Earthquakes have been more active here than at Akragas. But these ruins, in two large groups, one on the acropolis and one on a plateau to the east, are the most interesting as well as the most impressive ruins in Europe. Their interest lies in the fact that they present us in

tangible form the history of Greek architecture as it unfolded itself in a provincial town. There is Temple C (probably a Herakles temple ; but archæologists have refrained from giving doubtful names, and designated the temples by letters. Perhaps the names given at Syracuse and Girgenti, though false, are better pegs to serve the memory than letters) with "shapeless sculpture," the well-known metope representing Perseus cutting off the head of Medusa, and another with Herakles carrying the mischievous Kerkopes flung over his shoulder. These grotesque attempts at sculpture as well as the general consideration that the first thought of a colony was to erect a temple, allow us to date this oldest temple of Selinus as early as 600 B.C. The architecture is vastly better than the sculpture, a complete Doric style with something of the clumsiness which marks the venerable ruin at Corinth. Then we may notice Temple E, probably a Hera temple, the southernmost of the three on the eastern plateau, a large and beautiful temple, once most gorgeously painted, and giving us perhaps more light than any other temple on the subject of polychromy in Doric architecture. The metopes, the best of which is Zeus receiving Hera on Mount Ida, mark this temple as a product of the early part of the fifth century, about the time of the temple of Zeus at Olympia. Then, at the other end of this line, on the eastern plateau, is Temple G, so enormous that it is supposed, like its brother at Akragas, to have been meant for none other than Zeus, the King of the gods. It is a few feet longer and a few feet wider than the great Akragas temple. Its date is given with a melancholy certainty ; for it, as well as the Akragas temple, was never finished. It may well have taken a small community like this as much as the "forty and six years," which the temple of Jerusalem required, to put up such a colossal building. An especial interest attaches to it, because we see it, as it were, stopped midway in a lively process of coming into being. Some of the huge drums are combined into columns, a few of which are fluted from top to bottom, while others have a little start of fluting at the top and bottom, and still

others are only cut in the form of a twenty-sided polygon. But one must go to Campo Bello, about five miles distant, to feel in a still more lively manner the interruption of the building process. Here one sees a cliff, where in one case workmen had just marked out, with a circular groove, a column-drum to be detached from its bed. In another place is one around which workmen have hewn for months, so that it is almost ready to be detached. Hard by are some already detached and rolled a little distance toward Selinus ; still others are found transported half way or more to the temple. The people of the country are filled with wonder at the sight. They recognize the fact that all these blocks were meant for the great temple ; and some of them told an early traveller that the women of Selinus used to carry these stones on their heads from the quarry to the temple, spinning flax all the way as they went, adding, with naïveté, "But you know it was a race of women much larger than ours."

These interesting temples show, as they stand side by side, great freedom in the application of the rules of Doric style. For instance, the number of columns on the side of a hexastyle temple varies from thirteen to seventeen. The number of steps also varies from two to six, instead of the canonical three.

When we visited Segesta the next day, and saw its temple, also unfinished, as it was when the city was stricken down by the Greek Agathocles, we felt little pity for this city, which had stirred up so much mischief for its foe, Selinus, and for its friend, Athens. But perhaps, after all, this Elymian city's greatest crime was saying, "I must live." If Selinus refused to accept this proposition, Segesta called in Athens or Carthage, regardless of the woes that might in consequence come upon those who disputed her right to live.

In shooting down from Segesta to the northern shore, without further exploration of what may be called the country of Æneas, we got glimpses of Mount Eryx, the favorite haunt of Venus ; and later in the day, the train brought us to Palermo, "that wonderful cross section of history." But as it was not rich in Greek history our tour in western Hellas was at an end.

PARKMAN AT LAKE GEORGE



O the imaginative visitor Lake George is an ideal region for the pictures by Cooper and Parkman. He sees the surrounding summits flushed with the glory of romance and history as richly as with the colors of a summer sunset. As an artist's sketch is often quite as interesting as his finished picture, Parkman's preliminary study of Lake George is a document of some value. The following pages from his diary of 1842 are his first sketch of a historic locality. They are interesting also when viewed as the unstudied production of the boy of eighteen, and as additional touches to the character portrayed in my biography of the historian. This cruise on Lake George was the beginning of the journey that ended with his "Exploring the Magalloway," which was published in *Harper's Monthly* for November, 1864.

CHARLES H. FARNHAM.

July 15, 1842. *Albany*.—Left Boston this morning at half-past six for this place, where I am now happily arrived, it being the longest day's journey I ever made. For all that, I would rather have come thirty miles by stage than the whole distance by railroad, for of all methods of progressing, that by steam is incomparably the most disgusting. We were whisked by Worcester and all the other intermediate towns, and reached Springfield by noon, where White ran off to see his sister, and I stayed and took "refreshment" in a little room at the end of the car-house, where about thirty people were standing around a table in the shape of a horse-shoe, eating and drinking in luxurious silence. The train got in motion again, and passed the Connecticut. Its shores made a perspective of high, woody hills, closed in the distance by the haughty outline of Mount Tom. The view from the railroad-bridge was noble, or rather would have been so, had not the Company taken care to erect a parapet on both sides, which served the double purpose of intercepting the view and driving all the sparks into the eyes of the passengers. A few miles farther, and we came upon the little river Agawam, and an hour after high mountains began to rise before us. We dashed by them, dodged under their cliffs, whirled round their bases, only seeing so much as to make us wish to see more, and more than half blinded meanwhile by showers of red-hot sparks which poured in at the open windows like a hail-storm. I have scarcely ever seen a wilder

and more picturesque country. We caught tantalizing glimpses of glittering streams and waterfalls, rocks and mountains, woods and lakes, and before we could rub our scorched eyes to look again the scene was left miles behind. A place called Chester Factory, where we stopped five minutes, is beautifully situated among encircling mountains, which rise like an amphitheatre around it, to the height of many hundred feet, wooded to the summit. It almost resembled New Hampshire scenery. I learned the names of some of the mountains—Pontoosac, Bear, Becket, The Summit, the last being the highest. The road here is ascending for a considerable distance, through the townships of North Becket, Hinsdale, etc. The whole is a succession of beautiful scenes. The Irishmen who worked on the road made a most praiseworthy selection of places for their shanties, which many of them are wise enough to occupy still. Three or four of these outlandish cabins, ranged along the banks of a stream flowing through a woody glen extending back among the hills, made with their turf walls and slant roofs a most picturesque addition to the scene. We crossed the boundary line to Chatham, the first New York village. The country was as level as that about Boston. We passed through Kinderhook and Schodack—or however else it is spelled—and at half-past six saw the Hudson moping dismally between its banks under a cloudy sky, with a steamboat solemnly digging its way through the leaden waters. In five

minutes the spires and dirt of Albany rose in sight on the opposite shore. We crossed in a steamboat and entered the old city, which, indeed, impressed us at once with its antiquity by the most ancient and fish-like smell which saluted our shrinking nostrils the instant we set foot on the wharf. We have put up at the Eagle Hotel—a good house. Nevertheless, we are both eager to leave cities behind us.

July 16th. *Caldwell*.—This morning we left Albany—which I devoutly hope I may never see again—in the cars for Saratoga. My plan of going up the river to Fort Edward I had to abandon, for it was impracticable—no boat beyond Troy. Railroad the worst I was ever on; the country flat and dull; the weather dismal. The Catskills appeared in the distance. After passing the inclined plane and riding a couple of hours, we reached the valley of the Mohawk and Schenectady. I was prepared for something filthy in the last-mentioned, venerable town, but for nothing quite so disgusting as the reality. Canal docks, full of stinking water, superannuated, rotten canal-boats, and dirty children and pigs paddling about, formed the delicious picture, while in the rear was a mass of tumbling houses and sheds, bursting open in all directions; green with antiquity, dampness, and lack of paint. Each house had its peculiar dunghill, with the group of reposing hogs. In short, London itself could exhibit nothing much nastier. In crossing the main street, indeed, things wore an appearance which might be called decent. The car-house here is enormous. Five or six trains were on the point of starting for the North, South, East, and West; and the brood of railroads and taverns swarmed about the place like bees. We cleared the babel at last, passed Union College, another tract of monotonous country, Balston, and finally reached Saratoga, having travelled latterly at the astonishing rate of seven miles an hour. “Caldwell stage ready.” We got our baggage on board, and I found time to enter one or two of the huge hotels. After perambulating the entries, filled with sleek waiters and sneaking fops, dashing through the columned porticos and enclosures, drinking some of the water and spitting it out again in high disgust, I

sprang onto the stage, cursing Saratoga and all New York. With an unmitigated temper, I journeyed to Glens Falls, and here my wrath mounted higher yet at the sight of that noble cataract almost concealed under a huge, awkward bridge, thrown directly across it, with the addition of a dam above, and about twenty mills of various kinds. Add to all, that the current was choked by masses of drift logs above and below, and that a dirty village lined the banks of the river on both sides, and some idea may possibly be formed of the way in which the New Yorkers have bedevilled Glens. Still the water comes down over the marble ledges in foam and fury, and the roar completely drowns the clatter of the machinery. I left the stage and ran down to the bed of the river, to the rocks at the foot of the falls. Two little boys volunteered to show me the “caverns,” which may be reached dry-shod when the stream is low. I followed them down, amid the din and spray, to a little hole in the rock, which led to a place a good deal like the “Swallow’s Cave,” and squeezed in after them. “This is Cooper’s Cave, sir; where he went and hid the two ladies.” They evidently took the story in “The Last of the Mohicans” for gospel. They led the way to the larger cave, and one of them ran down to the edge of the water, which boiled most savagely past the opening. “This is Hawley’s Cave: here’s where he shot an Indian.” “No, he didn’t, either,” squalled the other, “it was higher up on the rocks.” “I tell you it wasn’t.” “I tell you it was.” I put an end to the controversy with two cents.

Dined at the tavern and rode on. Country dreary as before; the driver one of the best of his genus I ever met. He regaled me, as we rode on, with stories of his adventures with deer, skunks, and passengers. A mountain heaved up against the sky some distance before us, with a number of smaller hills stretching away on each hand, all wood-crowned to the top. Away on the right rose the Green Mountains, dimly seen through the haze, and scarcely distinguishable from the blue clouds that lay upon them. Between was a country of half-cultivated fields, tottering houses, and forests of dwarf pines and scrub oaks. But as we drew near, the

mountain in front assumed a wilder and loftier aspect. Crags started from its woody sides and leaned over a deep valley below. "What mountain is that?" "That ere is French Mounting"—the scene of one of the most desperate and memorable battles in the old French War. As we passed down the valley, the mountain rose above the forest half a mile on our right, while a hill on the left, close to the road, formed the other side. The trees flanked the road on both sides. In a little opening in the woods, a cavity in the ground, with a pile of stones at each end, marked the spot where was buried that accomplished warrior and gentleman, Colonel Williams, whose bones, however, have since been removed. Farther on is the rock on the right, where he was shot, having mounted it on the lookout—an event which decided the day; the Indians and English broke and fled at once. Still farther on, is the scene of the third tragedy of that day, when the victorious French, having been, in their turn, by a piece of great good luck, beaten by the valorous Johnson at his entrenchment by the lake, were met at this place on their retreat by McGinnis, and almost cut to pieces. Bloody Pond, a little dark, slimy sheet of stagnant water, covered with weeds and pond-lilies, and shadowed by the gloomy forest around it, is the place where hundreds of dead bodies were flung after the battle, and where the bones still lie. A few miles farther, and Lake George lay before us, the mountains and water confused and indistinct in the mist. We rode into Caldwell, took supper—a boat—and then a bed.

July 17th. *Caldwell*.—The tavern is full of fashionable New Yorkers—all of a piece. Henry (White) and myself both look like the Old Nick, and are evidently looked upon in a manner corresponding. I went this morning to see William Henry. The old fort is much larger than I had thought; the earthen mounds cover many acres. It stood on the southwest extremity of the lake close by the water. The enterprising genius of the inhabitants has made a road directly through the ruins, and turned bastion, moat, and glacis into a flourishing cornfield, so that the spot so celebrated in our colonial history is now scarcely to be distinguished. Large trees

are growing on the untouched parts, especially on the embankment along the lake shore. In the rear, a hundred or two yards distant, is a gloomy wood of pines, where the lines of Montcalm can easily be traced. A little behind these lines is the burying-place of the French who fell during that memorable siege. The marks of a thousand graves can be seen among the trees, which, of course, have sprung up since. Most of them have been opened, and bones and skulls dug up in great numbers. A range of mountains tower above this pine forest—Cobble Mount—The Prospect, etc., the haunt of bears and rattlesnakes. The ruins of Fort George are on a low hill of limestone, a short distance southeast of William Henry—of stone and in much better preservation than the other, for they are under the special protection of Mr. Caldwell, the owner of the village; but they have no historical associations connected with them. I noticed some curious marks of recent digging in William Henry, and asked an explanation of an old fellow who was hoeing corn in a field close by. He said that some fools had come up the lake with a wizard and a divining rod to dig for money in the ruins. They went at midnight for many successive nights and dug till daylight. I undertook to climb the Prospect—three miles high, without a path. I guided myself by the sun and the summits of the mountains, and got to the top almost suffocated with heat and thirst. The view embraced the whole lake as far as Ty. All was hazy and indistinct, only the general features of the scene could be distinguished in the dull atmosphere. The lake seemed like a huge river, winding among mountains. Came down, dined, and went to church. The church is a minute edifice, with belfry and bell exactly like a little school-house. It might hold easily about sixty. About thirty were present—countrymen; cute, sly, sunburnt slaves of Mammon; maidens of sixty and of sixteen; the former desperately ugly, with black bonnets, frilled caps, peaked noses and chins, and an aspect diabolically prim and saturnine; the latter for the most part remarkably pretty and delicate. For a long time the numerous congregation sat in a pious silence, waiting for the minister. At last he came, dodged into a

door behind the pulpit, and presently reappeared and took his place, arrayed in a white surplice with black facing. He was very young, and *Yankee ploughboy* was stamped on every feature. Judge of my astonishment when he began to read the Episcopal service in voice so clear and manner so appropriate that I have never heard better in Boston. He read the passage in Exodus quite appropriate to the place, beginning "The Lord is a Man of war." In his sermon, which was polished and even elegant, every figure was taken from warfare.

One of Montcalm's lines ran northwest of the tavern toward the mountains. Two or three years ago, in digging for some purpose, a great quantity of deer, bear, and moose bones were found here, with arrows and hatchets, which the tavern-keeper thinks mark the place of some Indian feast. The spikes and timbers of sunken vessels may be seen in strong sunlight, when the water is still, at the bottom of the lake, along the southern beach. Abercrombie sunk his boats here. There are remains of batteries on French Mount, and the mountain north of it, I suppose to command the road from Fort Edward. This evening visited the French graves. I wrote this at camp, July 18th. Just turned over my ink-bottle and spilt all the ink.

July 18th. *Camp at Diamond Island.*—Set out this morning in an excellent boat, hired at Caldwell. The sun rose over the mountains like a fiery ball of copper—portending direful heat. The lake was still as glass, the air to the last degree sultry and oppressive. Rowed to the western side and kept to the banks, which were rocky and covered with birch, spruce, cypress, and other trees. We landed occasionally, and fished as we went along. About ten o'clock stretched across Middle Bay, and got bread, pork, and potatoes at a farmhouse, with which and our fish we regaled ourselves at a place halfway down the bay. Here I wrote my journal for yesterday; we slept an hour or two on the ground, bathed, and read Goldsmith, which Henry brought in his knapsack. At three we proceeded to explore the bay to its bottom, returned, made for Diamond Island, which is now uninhabited, prepared our camp, and went to sleep.

Wednesday, July 20th. Entered the nar-

rows this morning and rowed among all the islands and all along the shores. White trailed a line behind the boat, by which means he caught a large bass. Scenery noble, but mists still on the mountains. Passed along the rocky and precipitous shore of Tongue Mount, stopped and fished and caught so many that we flung several dozen away. About eleven o'clock landed on a little island, built a fire and prepared dinner, White officiating as cook with considerable skill. We rowed down the lake again and soon cleared the narrows. On our right rose the ridges of Black Mount, the loftiest summit on the lake. We stopped at a log cabin at its base, where an old man of eighty was splitting shingles under a shed, surrounded by a group of women and children, who, with becoming modesty, fled at our approach. The old man lost no time in informing us that he did not belong there, but had only come to work for the family. We went up to the house—one of the most wretched cabins I ever saw—inhabited by two families, French and American. We left and kept down the lake, with a fierce wind sweeping down after us and driving the mists before it. The water was a dark glistening blue, with lines of foam on the crests of the waves; huge shadows of clouds coursed along the mountains. The little islands would be lighted up at one instant by a stream of sunshine falling on them, and almost making their black pines transparent, and the next moment they would be suddenly darkened, and all around be glittering with a sudden burst of light from the opening clouds. We passed under Black Mount, whose precipices and shaggy woods wore a very savage and impressive aspect in that peculiar weather, and kept down the lake seven miles to Sabbath Day Point. High and steep mountains flanked the lake the whole way. In front, at some distance, they seemed to slope gradually away, and a low green point, with an ancient dingy house upon it, closed the perspective. This was Sabbath Day Point, the famous landing-place of many a huge army. We noticed two abrupt mountains on our left, and steering under them, found the most savage and warlike precipices we had yet seen. One impended over the lake like the stooping wall of an old castle. Its

top was fringed with trees, which seemed bushes from the height, and great fragments of broken rock were piled around its base. We ran our boat on the beach of Sabbath Day Point and asked lodgings at the house. An old woman, after a multitude of guesses and calculations, guessed as how she could accommodate us with a supper and bed, though she couldn't say nohow how we should like it, seeing as how she warn't used to visitors. The house was an old, rickety, dingy shingle palace, with a potato garden in front, hogs perambulating the outhouses, and a group of old men and women engaged in earnest conversation in the tumble-down portico. The chief figure was an old gray-haired man, tall and spare as a skeleton, who was giving some advice to a chubby old lady about her corns.

"Well, now," said the old lady, "I declare they hurt me mighty bad."

"I'll give you something to cure them right off."

"What is it? I hope it ain't snails. I always hated snails since I was a baby, but I've heard say they are better for corns nor nothing else at all," etc., etc.

The old man was a revolutionary pensioner, Captain Patchin by name, and stout-hearted, hale, and clever by nature. He is the owner of the place, but the house is occupied by another family—old man, old woman, and a numerous progeny of youthful giants and ogresses, but the whole "calculated on" removing to Illinois in the fall. There were visitors of the family also, the most conspicuous of whom was a little Canadian Frenchman, with his family, who professed himself a mighty adept at angling, but whose pretensions were found on trial to be greatly above his merits. The whole household presently gathered under the old portico, where stories of revolutionary campaigns, rattlesnakes, deadly beasts, and deadly diseases flew from mouth to mouth with awful rapidity. After a few rifle trials with the aforesaid youthful giants we took supper, and went on the lake after bass, with the Frenchman in our boat, and the young men following in their own. We had good success—Henry and I caught a dozen apiece, some of very large size, while the vainglorious Frenchman had to be content with one wretched perch. The

Captain to-night sent his dogs to the mountains in the care of a neighbor of his in hopes that a deer may be roused and driven to the lake in the morning. One of the children is playing with the tail of a rattlesnake, killed last night by one of the men in the middle of the road.

Friday, 22d. Left old Patchin's this morning, he having previously exhorted me to come and buy his place, which he says I may have for \$5,000. A strong south wind compelled us to run toward Ty. We rowed six miles down the lake—mountains less high than before, lake broad. In front lay a confused mass of precipitous mountains, apparently stretching across and barring the passage. On the left was a hamlet at the foot of a range of hills, for which we steered, in order to put a letter into the post-office, which we knew to be there. We broke an oar when within about half a mile, and paddled to shore with great difficulty through a great surf which was dashing against the beach like the waves of the ocean. We found the post-office a neat little tavern, kept by one Garfield, entitled the Judge. He referred us to a carpenter who promised to make an oar forthwith, and worked six hours upon it, an interval which I spent chiefly in wandering about the country. I followed the course of a rocky brook, which came down a valley, with a little road running along its side, with an occasional cabin or mill, or narrow clearing breaking upon the forest. One old mill stood by the roadside where the stream tumbled in a broken line of foam over a mass of rock into a basin beneath, above which the building stood. Fantastic rocks, crowned with trees and shrubs, leaned above the basin and darkened the whirling waters below, while the dripping logs and walls of the mill on the other side, and the high rocks and waterfall in front, gave a sort of picturesque aspect to the place that I never hoped to see the companion of any Yankee edifice. Going on farther, I found other mills in abundance, and at last one which stood on the top of a deep descent of rock, flanked by the woods, down the surface of which the water came gliding in a thread so small that I wondered what had become of the stream I

had seen so large before. Listening, I heard the heavy plunging of water, apparently from under ground. I looked all about, and could see no channel; but the noise grew louder as I approached the woods on the left. I forced my way among the trees and came to the edge of a ravine not ten feet wide, but so deep that, leaning over, I could distinguish nothing but dark moss-grown rocks, while the noise of the water came up from the gulf with an appalling din. I went to the foot of the rocks and found the place where the water came glancing furiously out from the shelter of rocks and bushes, and following this guide by means of fallen logs and timbers, entered what seemed to be the mouth of a damp, gloomy cavern. The rocky walls of the ravine rose on each side some sixty or seventy feet, dripping with continual moisture. When I had got a little farther on, I could see a mass of rocks piled up in front, with the water tumbling over it in a sheet of foam. The cliffs leaning toward each other overhead, and the bushes that projected from them, rendered the place almost dark, though here and there the jagged rocks were illumined by a faint stream of sunshine. Just above the cataract could be seen the old green timbers and wheels of a mill, built across the ravine. The whole very much resembled the Flume at Franconia.

Returned to Garfield's, and found there Mr. Gibbs, with his wife, the "vocalist." Presently the man appeared with the oar finished. White undertook to pay him with a Naumkeag Bank bill, the only bills he had.

"Don't know nothing about that money. Wait till Garfield comes, and he'll tell whether it's genuine or not."

"There's the paper," said I. "Look and see." He looked; all was right. "Well, are you satisfied?"

"How do I know but what that ere bill is counterfeit? It has a sort of counterfeit look about it to my eyes. Deacon, what do you say to it?"

The Deacon put on his spectacles, held the bill to the light, turned it this way and that, tasted of it, and finally pronounced that, according to his calculation, it was good. But the carpenter was not contented.

"'Bijah, you're a judge of bills. What do you think?"

'Bijah, after a long examination, gave his opinion that it was counterfeit. All parties were beginning to wax wroth, when the Judge entered and decided that the bill was good.

We pushed from the beach and steered down the lake, passed some islands, and beheld in front of us two green mountains, standing guard over a narrow strait of dark waters between. Both were of solid granite, rising sheer from the lake, with a few stunted trees thinly clothing their nakedness. Behind each stretched away a long train of inferior mountains, like satellites of some gloomy despot. One of these mountains was the noted Roger's Slide, the other, almost as famous, Anthony's Nose, Jr. Both had witnessed in their day the passage of twenty vast armies in the strait between, and there was not an echo on either but had answered to the crack of rifles and screams of dying men. We skirted the base of the Nose—for which sentimental designation I could find no manner of reason—till we arrived opposite the perpendicular front of his savage neighbor. About a mile of water was between. We ran the boat ashore on a shelving rock, and looked for a camping-place among the precipices. We found, to our surprise, at the side of a steep rock, amid a growth of cedars and hemlocks, a little enclosure of logs, like a diminutive cabin without a roof. We made beds in it of hemlock boughs—there was just space enough—brought up our baggage and guns, ate what supper we had, and essayed to sleep. But we might as well have slept under a shower-bath of melted iron. In that deep sheltered spot, bugs, mosquitoes and "no-seems" swarmed innumerable. Our nets protected us from mosquitoes only. A million red-hot needles were gouged into hands, faces—everywhere. White cursed the woods and me for leading him into such a scrape. I laughed at him and the bugs as long as I could, but at last my philosophy gave way, and the utmost point of my self-command was to suffer in silence. It grew dark, and the wind came rushing along the side of the mountain, and stirring the trees over our heads with a lulling sound, and we were well

tired with the labor of the day, so we fell at last into a sort of unquiet and half-conscious doze, ever and anon interrupted by a muttered grumble or a motion to scratch some severely affected part. Late in the night I was awaked from this blissful state by sounds rather startling in that solitude—the loud voices and shouts of men close by. I sat up and listened, but the moaning of the wind and the dash of the water against the shore prevented my distinguishing a syllable, until there came, louder than the rest, “Now then,—damn it, pull for your lives; every stroke helps.” In an instant it flashed across my bewildered brain that some scoundrels were making off with our boat, and I got clear of my blanket and ran down to the shore, first shaking White to wake him. All I could see through the darkness was that our boat was safe, and that another was drawn up beside it, when a man sprung up suddenly from the grass, with a muttered curse, and demanded who I was. We made mutual explanations. He had tried to run up the lake from Ty, with a companion in another boat, but his strength had failed against a strong contrary wind, and he had landed, leaving his friend, who had a long distance to go, to keep on.

The wind drove the bugs from the shore and made it a much more comfortable resting-place; so thither we adjourned and spread our blankets near the ragamuffin boatman. We built a little fire, and our new friend and White enjoyed a social pipe together. As the light fell on his matted hair; his grisly, unshorn countenance, haggard with drinking; and his battered and patched clothes, and then again flared high upon the cliffs and savage trees, and streamed across the water, I thought that even that shore had seldom seen a more outlandish group—we in our blankets, he in his rags. He told us that the camp where we had been sleeping was made by a man last summer who lived here for the purpose of fishing. “He was a sort of a villain-like character,” said our acquaintance; “he went and stole fish off my ground, damn him; and then again he killed his own son right down here in this place. The old man got drunk, and said he *would* have the boy over to this camp, and so he got him

in his old boat with him, though the boy’s mother cried about it, and said she’d keep him at home, and the boy himself felt afraid to go. Well, the old fellow was so far gone that when he got to the landing-place—there, just where your boat is drawn up on the rock—he forgot he had his son with him, and ran his boat again the rock and tumbled himself out of it in such style that she overset, and pitched the boy into the deep water. The instant the old man heard his son holler, it sobered him up in no time, but he nor the boy neither couldn’t swim a mite, and so he stood on the rock and seed him down, and then came over and telled the folks of it in the morning. That ere cured him of his tricks for one while, but within a week or two he has been up to them agin, and I ketched him on my fish grounds last Sunday—may I be d——d if I didn’t dress him.”

With this dismal legend did our new friend beguile the hours of the night-watch. At length we all fell asleep and did not wake till day. The ragamuffin said he was hungry, on which we gave him a piece of bread, got all things on board our boat, and set out again for Patchin’s, where we had left some linen to be washed. That morning was the most toilsome we have passed. The wind was dead against us; the waves ran with a violence I had never seen before except on the ocean. It required the full force of both arms to hold the boat on her course. If we slackened our efforts for a single moment, she would spin round and drive backward. We had about twelve miles to row under these agreeable auspices. “Well,” said White, “you call this fun, do you? To be eaten by bugs all night, and work against head winds all day isn’t according to my taste, whatever you may think of it.”

“Are you going to back out?” said I. “Back out, yes; when I get into a bad scrape I back out of it as quickly as I can”—and so he went on with marvellous volubility to recount his grievances. Lake George, he called a “scrubby-looking place”—said there was no fishing in it—he hated camping, and would have no more of it—and he wouldn’t live so for another week to save his life, etc. Verily what is one man’s meat is another man’s poison. What troubles me more than his treachery to our plans is his want of cash,

which will make it absolutely necessary to abandon our plan of descending through Maine. His scruples I trust to overcome in time.

We reached Patchin's at last, and were welcomed by the noble old veteran as cordially as if we were his children. We dined, and sat in his portico, listening to his stories. He is eighty-six. Three years ago he danced with great applause at a country party, and still his activity and muscular strength are fully equal to those of most men in the prime of life. He must once have been extremely handsome; even now his features are full and regular, and when he tells his stories he always sets his hat on one side of his head, and looks the very picture of an old warrior. He was several times prisoner. Once, when in Quebec, an English officer asked him, as he tells the story, "What's your name?" "Patchin." "What, Hell-Hound Patchin?" says he.

At another time an officer struck him without any provocation but that of his being a rebel. Patchin sprang on him and choked him till he fainted, in the streets of Quebec. He served in the Indian campaigns of Butler and Brant about Fort Stanwix; at the recovery of Fort Ann, after it was taken by Burgoyne; was present when Sir John Johnson fled from the Mohawk with his property, and tells how narrowly that Tory made his escape from the pursuing party on Champlain. He wants us to come back and hear more of his stories.

We left him and his family and ran down the lake again, bathed at an island, and, White still continuing contumacious, I left him at Garfield's, and proceeded to camp by myself at an island two or three miles off. I hauled the boat on shore, and prepared to wash my pantaloons, an operation I could commit to no one else, since I should have to wander breechless in the interim. I put the breeks in the water to the windward of the island, and, having suitably pounded them down with stones, left them to the operation of the waves while I made ready my camp. Presently, taking them out and wringing them, I strung them on a tree hard by to dry, wrapped myself in my blanket and laid down. I read a book of White's as long as I could see. Two boats passed by me

as I lay, and the occupants turned a wondering gaze upon me, especially an old lady in green spectacles, whom her son was rowing down the lake. I slept comfortably and in the morning went back to Garfield's, where I found White, Gibbs, and his wife. The Judge was hospitable and kind, and we instantly planned a fishing party for the next day. To-day, being Sunday, I have stayed at home for the most part, written letters, journals, etc. The family are essentially "genteel" in the true sense of the word, the Judge a gentleman, his wife a lady, both polite by nature. The lady has a pretty flower garden—with no sunflowers in it. There is an old Irish gardener, whose department is managed in a most exemplary manner, and who has spent half the afternoon in expounding the superiority of the shamrock over the rose and the thistle. In short, the whole establishment is to the dwellings around it what Mr. Cushing's place is to a common farm.

Monday, July 25th. Breakfasted at nine, and went shooting with Gibbs—the ostensible object being a robin pie, the true one our own amusement. We made a great destruction among the small birds. The weapon I carried was used in the Revolution by Garfield's father. It was six feet long, slender, small bore, light breech of polished oak, flint lock. It had sent many a fatal charge of buckshot. In the afternoon went fishing with Gibbs and White, and witnessed the arrival of the great Nabob, Mr. Caldwell, the founder and owner of the village of that name, who comes here on a long-promised visit in a little barge of his own, with flags at prow and stern, and a huge box of wines for his private refreshment. To-night, the report of a piece from his boat gave the signal of his approach. Patrick, the Irishman, stood on the beach with the Judge's best gun and answered with a salute, for so it must be, or the great man would be displeased.

We were to have gone toward Ticonderoga to-night, but an easterly storm with rain prevents us, and compels us to remain here and sleep under a roof.

Tuesday, July 26th. The great man and his retinue occupied every nook and corner of the little tavern. Two of his satellites were quartered in the same room

with us and entertained us all night with snorings so diversified and so powerful that I wished myself at camp in spite of the storm. Garfield has a very good rifle, which he wanted to "swap" for mine. As his has some important advantages over mine, in size of bore, and is only inferior to it in roughness of mounting and in being rather worn by use, I agreed to make a trial with him, which occupied half the morning, and showed no marked superiority in either gun. I therefore declined the "swap." Left Garfield's at noon, and rowed down to Ticonderoga. Passed close under Roger's Slide, whose bare perpendicular sheets of granite, with their deep gullies and weather stains, and stunted shrubs in their crevices, present as dismal and savage an aspect as ever I saw, except at the White Mountains. Found the steamboat at the wharf at the outlet of the lake, and were welcomed on board by old Dick, whose acquaintance we made at Caldwell, who now composed her whole crew, the rest being seated under a tree on shore. Dick showed us his rattlesnakes again, and told us how a fellow once stole them, shut up in their box, mistaking the rattling for the sound of some valuable piece of machinery; but when he examined his prize and found the truth of the case, he dropped the box in the woods and ran for his life. We consigned our boat to the Captain to be carried back to Caldwell and got on a stage we found at the wharf, which carried us to the village of Ty. It is a despicable manufacturing place, straggling and irregular—mills, houses, and heaps of lumber—situated in a broad valley with the outlet of Lake George running through the middle—a succession of fierce rapids, with each its sawmill. I bespake me here a pair of

breeches of a paddy tailor, who asked me if I did not work on board the steamboat, a question which aggravated me not a little. I asked a fellow the way to the fort. "Well," said he, "I've heerd of such a place, seems to me, but I never seen it, and couldn't tell ye where it be." "You must be an idiot," thought I; but I found his case by no means singular. At last, I got the direction and walked about two miles before I saw the remains of a high earthen parapet with a ditch running through a piece of wood for a great distance. This, I suppose, was the place where the French beat off Abercrombie's army. Farther on, in a great plain scantily covered with wood, were breastworks and ditches in abundance, running in all directions, which I took for the work of Amherst's besieging armies. Still farther, were two or three square redoubts. At length, mounting a little hill, a cluster of gray, ruined walls, like an old château, with mounds of earth and heaps of stones about them, appeared crowning an eminence in front. When I reached them, I was astonished at the extent of the ruins. Thousands of men might have encamped in the area. All around were ditches of such depth, that it would be death to jump down, with walls of masonry sixty feet high. Ty stands on a promontory, with Champlain on one side and the outlet of Lake George on the other; his cannon commanded the passage completely. At the very extremity is the oldest part of the fortress—a huge mass of masonry with walls sinking sheer down to the two lakes. All kinds of weeds and vines are clambering over them. The senseless blockheads in the neighborhood have stolen tons and tons of the stone to build their walls and houses of—may they meet their reward.

A MEMORY

By Marguerite Merington

INTO the slant of evening sun and shadow
Went one when first the gold lay on the leaf,
Yet I, to whom his being meant rejoicing,
I have no grief!

So beautiful his passing and prophetic,
As by it earth and spirit there were wed,
That I, to whom his life of all meant living,
Count not him dead!

UNCLE DAVID

By Leroy Milton Yale

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. B. FROST



THROUGH the clear water showed the bright gravelly bottom between patches of streaming weeds. Overhead the alders, maples, and beeches reached out horizontal branches so low that we threaded our way oftener crouching than standing, guiding our baits—the fly was impossible—as best we might. The boughs lifted and we raised our heads in freer space, a shaded steep bank on one side and a quick pool beneath. “This,” said the Doctor “is ‘Enoch’s Garden,’ a favorite place of Uncle David’s.” It was a pretty nook, but Uncle David’s name gave it a charm not its own.

To neither the Doctor nor to me was David an uncle after the flesh. As a lad he had come into the family of my grandmother and there remained as long as she lived. Naturally he was “uncle” to me. But the avuncular element was so essential a part of his nature that, as years passed, he became the titular uncle of nearly every well-meaning boy or young man in the village. But to those of us who had a strain of sportsmanship in us he was more than that. Never have I known so keen a sportsman, who would take such pains to teach a child the craft of the fields and the

streams. It is not strange, then, that those boys, gray-haired themselves to-day, still see him before them with his gun or beside them stealing through the alders to the brookside.

My own first memory of Uncle David comes from sad days. Severe illness entered my father’s house: my elder sister died and I was badly hurt. David’s faithful arms comforted my pains, and upon his shoulder I convalesced, soothed by the motion of his easy stride as he carried me to and fro. From that day we were friends.

That was a queer little seaside village in which we lived. Stretched along the water and climbing the hills behind, backed by woods and flanked by beaches and headlands, it was picturesque enough. The life of any New England village of that day seems quaint to us now, but this one had even then a repute for out-of-the-way-ness. That is all gone. It resisted innovation well, even after it had come nigh. But fire on the one hand and the villas and improvements of “summer people” on the other have made old land-marks hard to find. Asphalt replaces sand, and trolley-cars run in streets thrown up by the waves over places where I used to sail my little boats. But in that day—when Tyler was

President—things were different. The sea was the high-road of the people. They were in touch with all the earth, and had less need, perhaps, to feel the influence of what was near.

The house in which I was born, and in which I came to know Uncle David, was built just at the end of the Revolution, and had been rather a considerable one as things went there and then. It stood at a sharp curve of the village main street where it gave off a short branch, and not far from the convergence of the roads coming from several other villages and the country beyond. Its position gave it a view down quite a stretch of this village street, which, indeed, differed but little from the county road save in dustiness. This peculiarity in no wise deterred the villagers from placing their houses as closely as possible to the thoroughfare. This situation and the needless crowding of the houses were traditional. They have been explained as arising from the need of nearness for mutual protection in the early settling, which can hardly be the true explanation, since this village was not the earliest settlement of the region, and thereabouts whites and Indians had from the first lived in such amity that the latter refused to join Philip in his great uprising. Doubtless, it was an expression of the same desire for nearness which lines old country village streets with elbowing cottages. The demand may have been more intense in a community, most of whose strong men went down to the sea in ships, leaving the homes with only the safeguard of an orderly neighborhood.

In those palmy days of the whale-fishery, nearly every comfortable house bore evidence to the profitableness of the industry. Early years of voluntary exile and danger usually gave assurance of a middle life and age without undue toil. Besides the "blue-water sailors," many more, coasters, pilots, fishermen, got their living from the sea; and the whole atmosphere, physical and mental, smelt of the brine.

All this gave picturesqueness to the "properties" and a certain breadth of life in some directions. In the old houses local antiquities mingled with the spoils of the sea. In the hall—"front entry" it was called—hung side by side for decoration the spears and bows of the South Sea

and the disused staff of the tithing-man, war clubs and paddles ornate with Polynesian carving, and the speaking trumpet; and over all, in solemn state, the line of leathern fire-buckets emblazoned with gilding and the owner's name. Beyond, in the keeping-room, were strange Spanish-American things from "'t'other side o' land" and perhaps, as a patent of nobility, the grandfather's pilot branch, signed by John Hancock. Even the garret had this mixture of near and far. For amid its usual treasures, the sage and the summer savory, the festoons of dried apples hanging from the powder-post beams, were chart-boxes, sextants, and quadrants; old bibles and high-shouldered gin bottles from Amsterdam, paints and toys from Canton. My cross-bow was made of the black bone of a Greenland whale, my long bow came from Roratonga and the pet goat from Pitcairn's Island. In the netted bag which swung beside the hammock one might find tapa of gay colors, corals and shells from the tropics, and great halibut hooks of wood and bone from the Northwest Coast, which we now call Alaska. The garret by itself was a course in geography.

Things moved more slowly then and we had traditional or actual touch with things which are now but history. We still cooked with the swinging crane over the open fire. Our meats were still roasted rather than baked. We planked our fish, and the great oven was solemnly heated for the weekly baking. One of my grandmothers could remember before the Revolution, and told me tales of happenings when she lived "on the frontier," at Buffalo. Many of my elder acquaintances had fought in "the war of '12" and several had suffered the hardships of Dartmoor. An aged relative still won shooting-matches with his old long gun, "Commodore," which in its earlier, flint-lock days had done duty against British marauders. Nay, was not the mother of my other grandmother one of the three girls who in the night with auger and powder-horn blew up the village Liberty-pole to prevent its replacing a damaged spar upon a British war-vessel?

But we have gone a long way from Uncle David. "Enoch's Garden" would never have recalled him; perhaps I may



The line of leathern fire-buckets.—Page 32.

have never even been an angler had not my grandmother removed with all her household to a still smaller and more rural village. Away from the sea, in a sense, it was, but not out of sight of it. Its men were in the main those who had beaten their cutting-in spades into ploughshares and their harpoons into scythe-blades; and among them amusing reversions in type would occasionally occur, as when two farmers spied a whale and killed him with weapons made from the fire-irons. Yet it was "a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills." The village itself stood upon the rolling plain where the hills fell off toward the great enclosed bodies of brackish water which were separated from the sea only by the beach. The greater part of its houses lay between two

fine brooks which converged toward this basin, which had been their estuary when, in larger volume, they flowed from the wooded hills which the early settlers denuded with such restless and thoughtless energy.

Among these houses were some, my especial haunts, which were survivals of much earlier times. Houses from whose low ceilings the summer beams projected, in whose sitting-rooms the glass and china shone in the old corner buffet (*bowfat* it was pronounced), and in whose kitchens the tall spinning-wheel and knotting-reel stood ready for use and the click of the knitting-needle accentuated conversation. I well recall the acrobatic devices by which, on a visit to one of these houses, my cousin and I reached the summit of the dome of the feather-bed which sur-

mounted the four-post bedstead. In the same house was an example of home industry quite strange to a boy bred in such a world-searching village as I have described. It was the valance to another four-poster, made of stout cream or Isabella colored linen embroidered in wools with flowers and sprigs of red and green and yellow. My aged relative, its owner, assured me, with evident pride, that the flax had been grown, rotted, hatchelled, spun, woven, bleached, and embroidered in the house or on the place, while the wool had been—growing, spinning, and dyeing—equally a home product.

What better landfall could a boy desire than a grandmother's house in a land of brooks which harbored great trout and where it had not yet entered into the heart of man to refuse the freedom of fishing to anyone who respected the growing crops and did not trample the math? Best of all to have the guidance of Uncle David, who was a sportsman where sportsmen were few. A writer on angling—in "the thirties"—speaks of the trout in these very brooks: "In no place," he says, "however, do we remember to have seen them in such abundance, . . . and it is perhaps from this very circumstance that they are held in so little estimation; . . . neither has the pleasure of taking them ever entered into the minds of the people."

But before the brook was to me more than a place for childish sports, the sportsman's gear was familiar, we children being allowed to play with the various implements standing within reach. The angler's outfit was simple then. A rod of solid cane or of jointed hazel, a line without a reel, split shot or a bit of lead, and a hook. If the latter were a Limerick and snooded with gut it was a luxury. In fact we had the tackle of Father Izaak, save

that the gut had replaced the horse-hair. As toys the guns were far more attractive. No arms were then made for small boys. They inherited the discarded flint-locks of their elders. But even these had their charms, and I learned to load, to prime, to pick the flint, and, when bigger, to hold the heavy old musket steady on the fence rail when it had flashed in the pan, while

the by-standing boys kept up illusive hope by exclaiming, "Hold her! hold her! she's a-goin'."

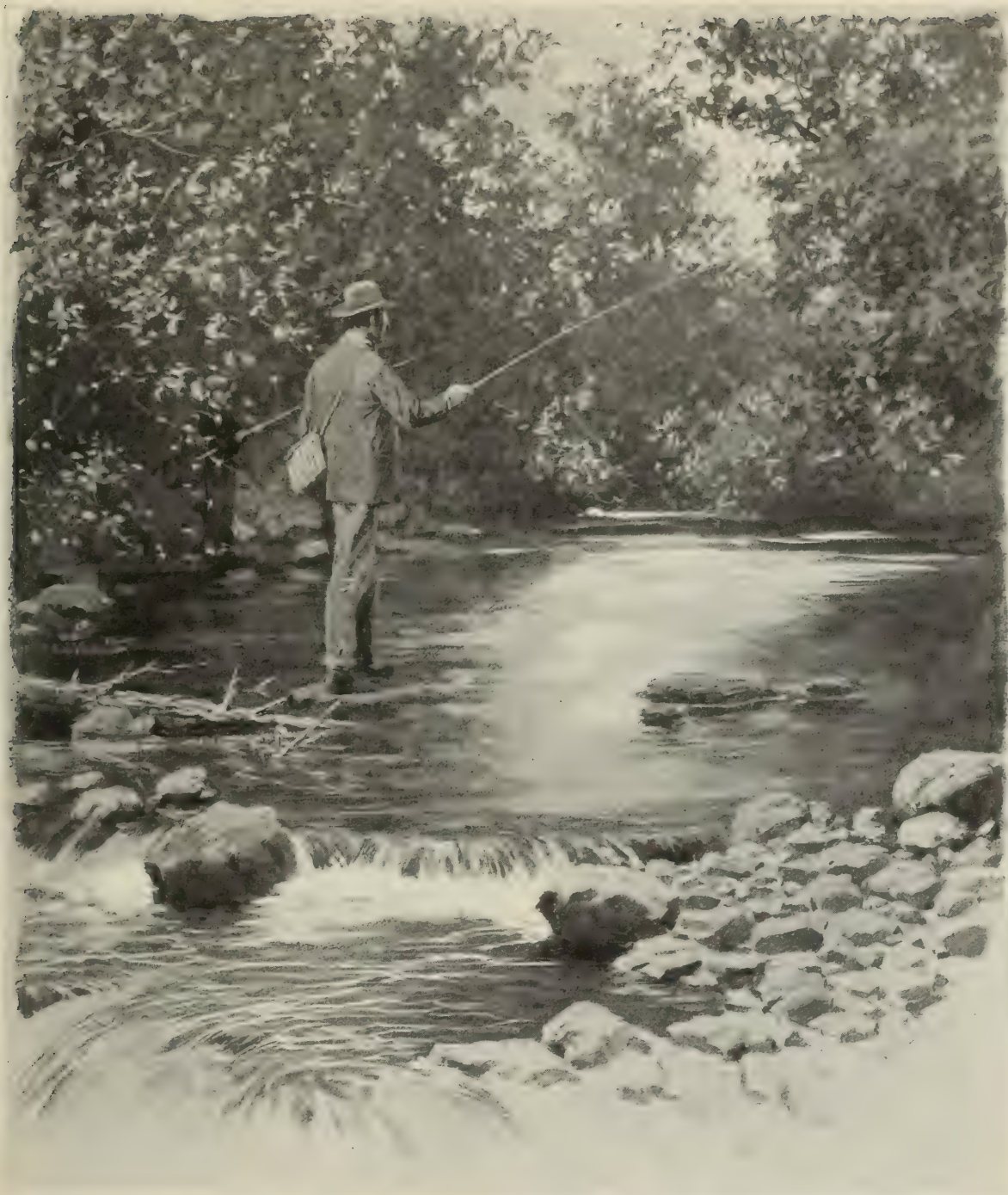
But I was not allowed to play with Uncle David's double-barrelled gun of all work. In fact its eleven pounds of weight moderated my desire. My first practical experience was with an old-fashioned, light-butted rifle with heavy octagonal barrel. No breech-loading, metallic-cartridge affair, that. In the kitchen skillet or an iron ladle the lead was melted. Each filling of the mould gave a round ball and a conical one—slug, we called it. The necks and inequalities were trimmed off by hand with a jack-knife. One of these balls was



A Corner "Bowfat."—Page 33.

patched with an oiled rag and driven hard home upon the powder. David showed me a safe place by the mill-pond to fire. I was not proud of my target, but I was not gun-shy.

Another early attempt I remember; this time with a light double-barrelled gun, but still with the fence-rail accompaniment. The little bird hopped about faster than I could adjust my aim. The report of the gun seemed to alarm him, but it brought to us two friends, and a walk begun with murderous intent was changed to one still sweet in memory. They were the doctor—father of him whom we left in Enoch's Garden—tall, erect, alert, handsome with the beauty of mature years, and his father, already bowed with age. The chat was of sports, the old man telling



Enoch's Garden.—Page 31.

of his early skill with the gun ; the son, smilingly checking him lest he should seem to indulge in undignified boasting ; David adding occasional humorous remarks, and the boy absorbing it all. Yes, and much more. For he then for the first time recognized the mysterious power of spring-time. The brown slopes across the broad basin of the brook were showing tints of green ; on our bank the twigs were full of sap and the buds were swelling with impending foliage ; the black birch-bark shone with better gloss and its taste was more pungent. In the basin itself, no longer flooded, the

brook wandered sometimes in several streams, sometimes in one, through swampy flats, over which hints of living things were shooting up, among which only the skunk-cabbage could be recognized, a harbinger of spring, which, despite its smell and repellent name, I have never since been able to see without a fullness in the throat.

In those days nearly every brook was well utilized for power, and each of the two streams flowing through the village had its chain of mill-ponds. The particular pond where the rifle-shooting occurred



Two farmers spied a whale. —Page 33.

was the last of the chain on our home brook. In contained no fish large enough to attract attention save trout and, of course, the eel. How I hated the squirming thing when he had poked my hook—probably my only one. Good fish were in the pond, but it was little fished, having few good, accessible “holes” as compared with other ponds. The chief amusement which I got from it was in watching the muskrats as they came and went to and from their home in the bank near the dam. When their cold-weather coat was on they were in danger from grown-up boys, to whom the New England “two-and-threepence,” which they hoped to get from the skin, was a great inducement to slaughter. Many of the skins, stretched upon hoops made from stout twigs, adorned the country store and diffused their musky odor around.

The shallow ford below the dam was the boys’ playing place. Below this the trout again had exclusive occupancy, save when the smelts came up or during the

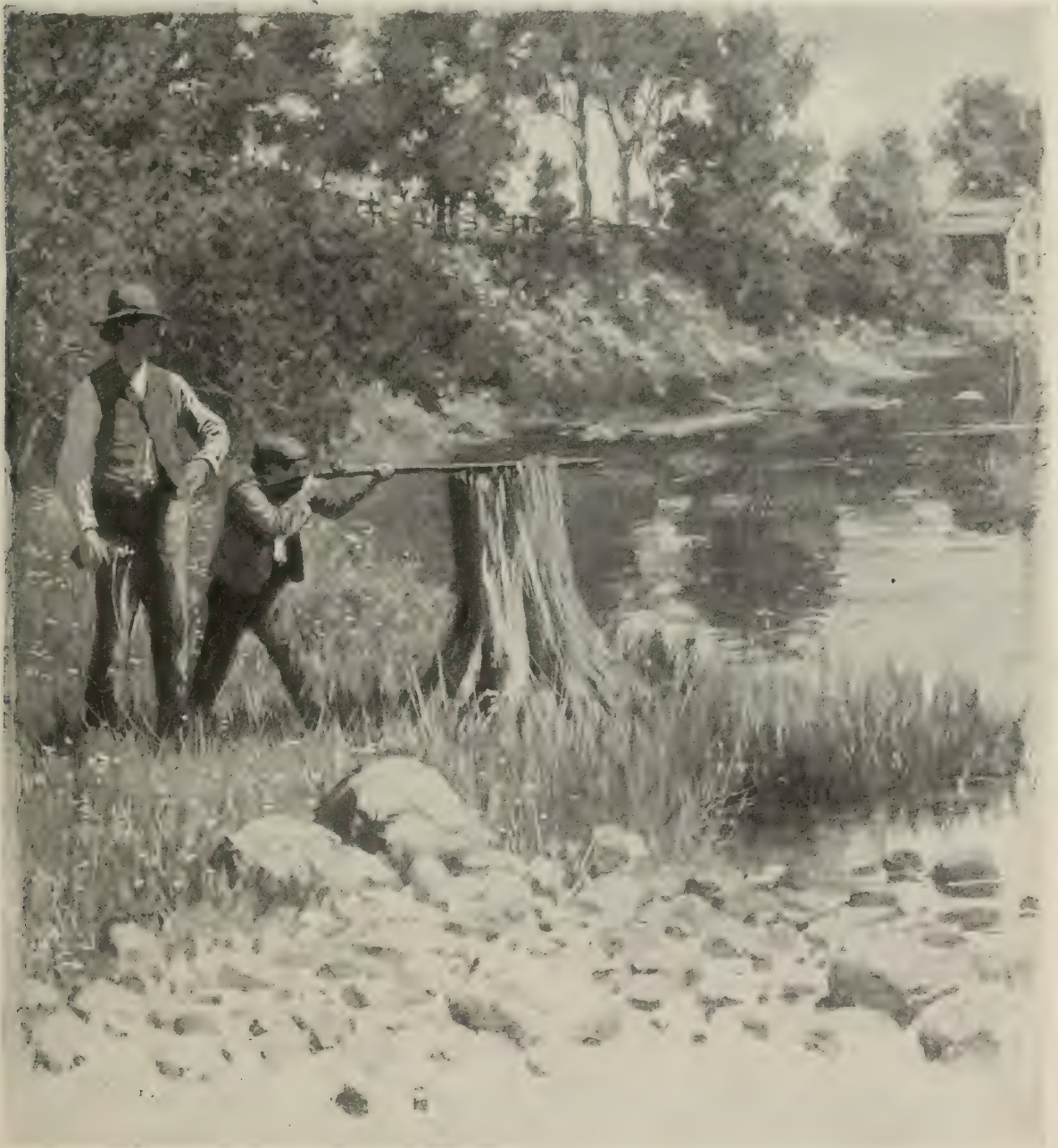
spring run of alewives. The smelt nets destroyed many a big trout, and I have had there the odd experience of bringing home from a spring day’s fishing, herring and trout in the same creel. Down this stretch of brook, Uncle David took me for my first experience in trout fishing. With eager expectations I ran beside him across the lot to the place he had selected, and knelt with him behind the alders while he showed me how to bait the worm. Almost immediately I had a trout; presently another. But with this one I learned the restraints of the art. It was small, not more than seven inches long, and I was told “to put it back to grow.” It seemed to me like “flying in the face of Providence,” but I was rewarded by being allowed to keep the third. “That is enough for to-day,” from David, closed the lesson.

Soon he took me farther a-field, whenever business or sport, or both combined, might take him. The prime object might be something to partly satisfy a bad debt, but the rod and creel, or the gun and

game-bag pretty surely went into the wagon if the way took us where they could be used. We might bring back a pig or a contribution of potatoes, but just as likely the only toll was what the gun or rod had collected. Whatever the errand or its result, joy was sure to be mine, for the journey would be to the splendid headlands, to the hills whence came the streams, to the plains where the goats ran wild, or to the broad levels by the sea where the game birds congregated. As we went every house brought out an anecdote, generally humorous, from David. Often he warned me in advance of the method by which

the cross-grained owner of a water in which good trout lay was to be propitiated, and the success of these wiles was almost as enjoyable as that of the bait afterward.

Ah, those hills, those picturesque hills. Not mighty ones, but full of subtle beauty which test the artist's insight. Bald summits, nestling between them dark woods; woods which are rich in the sunshine and in the twilight gloom out at one as if their darkness were more than absence of light. Through the cleft shows the quick water, the highway of ships, or across plains as blue as itself, the far-away ocean.



I was not proud of my target.—Page 34.

What calm broods over them. Involuntarily one repeats

And the mountains shall bring peace to the people,
And the hills, in righteousness.

In them long ago was done such a real work of Christianizing, by love and not by gunpowder, that white and red men ever were friends. That kindly spirit still lingered there in later days. On one of these hills dwelt my great-grandfather, who never allowed his door to be fastened at night, "for fear that some poor creature might come in the night and not be able to get in."

By whatever way one might come out of these hills he could hardly miss following a brook: brooks that babbled through stony places, whose yellow-bellied trout darted over sandy rapids; brooks that slipped quietly through swamps giving the fish a weight ill bought at the price of their dark skin; brooks that wound their way through boulders and tree-trunks or moved with dignity as they widened into estuaries; brooks which half lost themselves as they went down the beach to meet the tide, and brooks which fell down the steep into the embrace of the breakers.

To all these, Uncle David took me, rod in hand, at the risk of spoiling his own sport, diligently explaining the secrets of the craft. Perhaps one brook will always take precedence—for what right-minded boy can forget his first big trout? There were three of us together. The third, a big young man, had endeared himself to me for all time by asking Uncle David, in my hearing, "Why he wanted to take boys along?" But he did not spoil my sport, for at the first halt David straightway placed me at a convenient break in the bushes where the water fell between two smooth boulders into a little pool where he thought me likely to find "a good one." Giving me instructions he moved toward his own place. At once I was struggling with "a good one," indeed. The contest became a question of strength, for the tackle was equal to the emergency, and presently a good trout of three-quarters of a pound flew over my head into the meadow behind me. Laughing and shouting to quiet my excitement lest I should spoil my own sport, David ran to

me and set me to try again in the same place, whence, by the same strenuous method I extracted the mate of my first fish. Then he turned to his own sport. Without his guidance my success was different, and I presently gave my attention to the charms of the meadow, quite content that I saw in the creels no other fish that matched my own pair.

In all my fishing my success was a source of almost paternal pleasure to my teacher. I have since fished with sportsmen whose eagerness outran their courtesy, and who could not conceal their envy of the success of others, even their own guests. Once only I feared from a passing look of seriousness on the face of Uncle David, when he saw my string, that I had been wanting in consideration of him, but he gave no word of rebuke or envy. After my grandmother's death, when I was, perhaps, a dozen years old, I was visiting Uncle David in the old village.

One day when he was busy about some matters which did not interest me, for want of occupation I wandered down to the brook, up the pleasant lane to the mill, and along the dam to a wasteway, a favorite idling place of mine. Sitting beside the little pool, into which the over-flow fell, I noticed a number of good-sized fish in it in plain sight. Doubtless, they were shotten herring, but to my eager and inexperienced eyes they could be only trout. To run home for the canerod, which stood with stout tackle already upon it, and to dig a few worms took but a little while. Had the fish I had seen really been trout my precipitancy and my want of concealment would have surely defeated my purpose. But fortune favored me. Into the water, upon the near side of the pool had fallen a number of boards, making a sort of sunken roof. Beyond this, and toward the fish in the middle of the pool, I threw my bait. Instantly, from beneath the boards dashed a good trout, and took it. He was presently upon the bank, and within, perhaps, as many minutes there lay together seven fish, averaging not less than half-a-pound. By this time my nerves were a little unsteady, and when the patriarch of the pool, a pound fish, seized the bait, in my excitement I tore it away from his mouth



The only toll was what the gun or rod had collected.—Page 37.

as I half lifted him out of the water. I had too little skill, and too little patience, and, above all, was too eager to show my catch to wait for this big fellow to recover from his fright. Time heals sorrows and softens disappointments, but forty-five years have not quite reconciled me to the loss of that trout.

The taking of one trout differs little from that of another. The plover or curlew stopped in its circling flight, the duck or goose clean killed are alike abandoned to the law of gravitation, and come to earth in much the same way. But how do the haunts of the trout differ from one another, and what wonderful visions he sees

who waits for the flight of the birds. It is the recognition of these things which distinguishes the sportsman from the pot-hunter or fisher. The distinction goes far back. It must have been in the mind of that Indian who named the great northern river Asawâbimoswân, "Where the hunters watch for the moose." No "Moose River," no river name commemorative of slaughter touches the same chord as that.

In our immediate region was no furred game worthy of the sportsman, and little of our feathered game was permanently with us. Only poachers killed the heath hen, save on those rare days voted open for resident shooters only. Few knew the haunts of the woodcock. But when the season brought the flight birds, sport was fine. Tradition said that the plover would keep tryst with us on September 1st. In the late August days, therefore, guns and ammunition were made ready, and decoys put in order. Although I was too little to handle a gun, I was taken because I was docile, and would lie as close as a well-broken dog all day long in the "stand" (a rudimentary blind of a fence-rail or two, or a few small bowlders, among which I could cuddle down) and never spoil a shot. Commonly our station was in the rolling hills between large waters, sometimes by the margins of the waters themselves when there was a chance at curlew, pill-pill, or yellow-legs.

I cannot deny that I enjoyed the success of David's gun, or that I desired his score to be better than his neighbor's. I liked to run for the birds as they fell, and to share in their eating afterward. But the memories that remain are of the broad sky above, its blue streaked with mare's tails; the close-cropped grass, brown from the summer's heat; the ceaseless circling flight of the birds, swerving suddenly at the sound of the sportsman's call; the fatal moment of poise over the decoys; the lapping of the nearer water in the sedges, and the boom of the sea farther away. Now and then a less contemplative recollection comes. There is the old sorrel, restless from too long watching the gun-flashes, venting her nerves upon the orchard fence to which she has been tied; the noon-day wading, hip deep with gun and garments held high aloft, as we changed from the shooting ground in the

hills to one in the lowland; and, I believe that the name of curlew will always recall the figure of old Mr. L——. As we came upon him he stood, his lean frame in old-fashioned swallow-tailed coat, his head covered with a bell-crowned beaver—the very picture of Uncle Sam himself—speechless and trembling with excitement. While watching for curlew and their like he saw a good bunch of teal go by. Eagerly he had rammed a charge into his long-barrelled, converted king's arm, and then had fired all, ramrod included, at the teal. No ramrod which any of our party could offer was long enough by a foot, and the old man was helpless in the midst of abundant game. And then the ride home, the lengthening shadows bluing the recesses, while the hill-tops glowed in the yellow light, the cows standing around the milking-pens, and lamps lighting in the homes.

After these birds had all gone southward came the ducks and the geese. Shooting them gave no long pleasant days on the hill-side. The best opportunities came with the movement of the game in the dawn, and at closing day. It was pleasant to watch the sunset, but when the sun had gone the air grew suddenly chilly. I recall the solicitude of Uncle David and a fellow-sportsman, who had lingered into the twilight in hopes of a shot, lest the boy had been chilled by the exposure. What signs of harm I showed I cannot guess, but old "Rosy" was pulled up beside the half-hogshead watering-trough, some of the sweet spring water caught in the leathern drinking-cup, and a dose of brandy, suitable to my tender years, administered to me. Then I was slid under the buffalo robe for protection, and did not wake until I was taken out at my grandmother's door.

I cannot but wonder at the devotion which made David ever ready to take a boy on his sporting excursions at any cost of trouble to himself. I remember opening my eyes one morning to find him standing beside my bed with a lamp in one hand, while the other aroused me with a shaking. Half awake, I quickly accepted his invitation to go with him to the beach for a chance at a goose or a duck. He set down his lamp and helped me to dress, doubtless fearing the over-



He could hardly miss following a brook.—Page 38.

mastering sleep of boyhood if I were left alone. Soon we were on our way by the starlight. Leaving the high road as soon as we were clear of the village, our way led us through gates and bars to a remote farm-house, near which we left the wagon, and walked on through the fields and black-grass marshes until we reached the beach, whose sand-dunes lay between the great enclosed pond and the sea. An odd place for a boy at such an hour, but it gave him sights he can never forget.

No sign of day had come. East and west ran the beach. Moving eastward until we reached a favorable point, we seated ourselves in the sand to wait, still

facing the morning. On our left and onward lay the broad pond, beyond it the low-lying land silhouetted against the faintly luminous sky, and mingled below with its own reflections, these again shading off into the ripples that broke the surface which returned the light from above. Away in the dark reflex a narrow ribbon, darker still. From it came a confused rustle, and presently the call of an old black duck or blue-bill drake, and a solemn "honk" told that the ribbon was not a shadow. Under the starlight the beach-sand glimmered gray against the darker beach hummocks. To the right lay the ocean, dark with a great dark-

ness which is not blackness—rather the potentiality of all color—broken only by the whitening gleam of the breakers which came with the rhythm of the breathing of a very heavy sleeper.

Minute by minute the light increases. A louder sound, as of a commotion, comes from the raft of ducks. Out of the shadow comes a dark spot moving with wonderful speed. It passes seaward, a black duck out of range. The eye following it sees that the ocean hue is less dark, it is purple. Into the purple come every moment more and more hints of rose and along the horizon spreads the gleam of dawn. More and more frequently come birds from the raft now evident in the far shallows. Each in its flight carries the eye back again to that southeastern sky, rosier and more golden every instant. The sea has taken on prismatic power; green and blue

touches are mingled with the rose and yellow. The glory in the sky will no longer take denial; the eye cannot wander from the solemn orb as it rises above the sea. The great miracle of daybreak is done.

After I was twelve I rarely saw these brooks, and soon the old seaside village ceased to be my home. I visited it only at long intervals. Whenever I did go, of course I saw David. As I became a man I realized that his goodness to me was but an expression of his chief characteristics, kindness and loyalty. "Faithful to those he serves," was the summing up of his life

by one who had known the whole of it. Faithful he surely was, even to those who ill repaid his loyalty.



The duck clean killed.—Page 39.

In my grown years I had little chance to go afield with him. He had come to live in the old sea-side village. My holidays were in the heat of summer when the trout were in hiding and the flights had not begun. Twice only did we fish together and but once for trout. That was an important day. David had a new rod to show which my brother had sent him from a New York shop, and we had with us a boy of another generation, and it seemed incumbent upon us to induct him into the mystery. The summer-shrunk stream gave us no trout, but from the shelter of the kitchen of the farm-house on the hill, we watched the thunder-shower drive over the headlands and the water.

Finally came a visit when the twinkle of David's eye and the grasp of his hand did not greet me. I could do no more than mark his resting-place. Climbing to it from the road the hillside burying-ground seems lonely under the gray sky. Turn about. Below lie the road he used to follow, the fields and meadows through which he used to wander, the houses which welcomed him. Here are "the streams he loved, the streams that knew his hand," and there are the marshes and the moors which echoed to his gun. From the blue expanse beyond the south wind brings the rote of the ocean.

KRAG, THE KOOTENAY RAM

By Ernest Seton-Thompson

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

PART II



LEE was a young, warm-hearted, impulsive cattleman. For a day or two he hung about the shanty. The loss of his three friends was a sad blow : he had no heart for more mountaineering. But a few days later, a spell of bracing weather helped his spirits, and he agreed, when Scotty suggested a hunt. They reached the upper level when Scotty, who had from time to time been scanning the hills with his glass, suddenly exclaimed :

"Hell! If thar ain't the old Gunder Ram ; thought he was smashed in Skinkler's Gulch," and he sat down in amazement. Lee took the glass and he recognized the wonderful Ram by his superb horns ; the color rushed to the young man's face. Now was his chance for glory and revenge at once ! "Poor old Bran, good Rollo, and Ida !"

But few animals have cunning enough to meet the combined drive and ambush. Scotty knew the lay of the land as well as the habits of the Ram.

"He ain't agoin' to run down the wind and he ain't agoin' to quit the rocks. That means he'll pass up by the Gunder Peak, if he moves at all, an' he must take one side or the other. He won't go the west side if I show meself once that ar way. So you take the east, I'll give you two hours to get placed. I've a notion he'll cross that spur by that ledge."

Lee set out for his post, Scotty waited two hours, then moved on to a high ridge and clear against the sky he waved his arms and walked up and down a few times. The Ram was not in sight, but Scotty knew he would see.

Then the old mountaineer circled back by hidden ways to the south and began to walk and cut over the ridges toward the place where the Ram had been. He did not expect to see old Krag, but he did ex-

pect the Ram to see him. Lee was at his post and, after a brief spell, he sighted the great Ram himself bounding lightly down a ridge a mile away, and close behind him were three Ewes. They disappeared down a pine-clad hollow, and when they reappeared on the next ridge they were running as though in great alarm, their ears laid back and from the hollow behind came, not as Lee expected, the "crack" of Scotty's rifle, or the sound of his yell, but the hunting chorus of Timber Wolves. Among the rocks the Sheep could easily escape, but among the timber or on the level such as now lay ahead, the advantage was with the Wolves and a minute later these swept up in sight, five shaggy furry monsters. The level open was crossed at whirling speed. The Sheep, racing for their lives, soon lengthened out into a procession in order of speed. Far ahead the great Ram, behind him, with ten-yard gaps between each, the three Ewes, and forty yards behind the last the five grim Wolves—closing, gaining at every leap. The benchland narrowed eastward to pass a rocky shoulder. Long years and countless perils had taught the Sheep that in the rocks was safety, and that way led the Ram. But in the tangled upland birch the last of the Ewes was losing ground, she gasped a short "*baah*," as thrown by a curling root she lost a few more precious yards. The Wolves were almost within leaping distance when Krag reached the shoulder ledge. But a shoulder above means a ravine below. In a moment, at that call of distress, Krag wheeled on the narrow ledge and faced the foe. He stood to one side and the three Ewes leapt past him and on to safety. Then on came the Wolves with a howl of triumph. Many a Sheep had they pulled down and now they knew they soon would feast. Without a pause they closed, but in such a narrow pass it was one at a time. The



Drawn by Ernest Seton-Thompson.

Krag wheeled on the narrow ledge and faced the foe.—Page 43.

leader sprang, but those death-dealing fangs closed only on a solid mass of horn and back of that was a force that crushed his head against himself and dashed him at his friend behind with such a fearful vim that both were hurled over the cliff to perish on the rocks. On came the rest, the Ram had no time to back up for a charge, but a sweep of that great head was enough, the points, forefronting now, as they did when he was a Lamb, speared and hurled the next Wolf and the next, and then Krag found a chance to back up and gather his force. None but a mad Wolf could have failed to take warning, but on he came and Krag, in savage glory of the fight, let loose that living thunderbolt—himself—and met the last of the furry monsters with a shock that crushed him flat against the rock, then picked him up on his horns as he might a rag and hurled him farthest yet, and standing on the edge he watched him whirl and gasp till swallowed in the chasm.

The great Ram raised his splendid head, blew a long blast from his nostrils like a war-horse and gazed a moment to see if more were coming, then turned and lightly bounded after the Ewes he had so ably guarded.

From his hiding-place young Lee took in the whole scene with eager, blazing eyes. Only fifty yards away from him it had passed.

He was an easy mark, fifty yards standing—he was a splendid mark, all far beyond old Scotty's wildest talk; but Lee had seen a deed that day that stirred his blood. He felt no wish to end that life, but sat with brightened eyes and said, with fervor: "You grand old warrior! I do not care if you did kill my dogs. You did it fair. I'll never harm you. For me you may go in safety."

But the Ram never knew; and Scotty never understood.

II

THERE was once a wretch who, despairing of other claims to notice, thought to achieve a name by destroying the most beautiful building on earth. This is the mind of the head-hunting sportsman. The nobler the thing that he destroys, the greater the deed, the greater his pleasure,

and the greater he considers his claim to fame.

During the years that followed more than one hunter saw the great Ram, and feasted his covetous eyes on his unparalleled horns. His fame even reached the cities. Dealers in the wonderful offered fabulous prices for the head that bore them—set blood money on the life that grew them, and many came to try their luck, and failed. Then Scotty, always needy, was fired by a yet larger money offer, and setting out with his partner they found the Ram, with his harem about him. But in three days of hard following they never got a second glimpse, and the partner "reckoned thar was easier money to git" and returned home.

But back of Scotty's sinister gray eyes was the fibre of dogged persistency that has made his race the masters of the world. He returned with Mitchell to the shanty, but only to prepare for a long and obstinate hunt. His rifle, his blanket, his pipe, with matches, tobacco, a pot, a bundle of jerked venison and three or four pounds of chocolate, were all he carried. He returned alone next day to the place where he had left the track of the Ram and followed it fast in the snow; winding about in and out and obscured by those of his band, but always distinguishable by its size. Once or twice Scotty came on the spots where the band had been lying down and from time to time he scanned the distance with his glass. But he saw nothing of them. At night he camped on their trail, next day he took it up again; after following for hours, he came on the place where evidently the Ram had stopped to watch him afar, and so knew of his pursuer. Thenceforth the trail of the band for a long time was a single line as they headed for distant pastures.

Scotty followed doggedly behind, all day he followed, and at night, in a little hollow, crouched like a wild beast in his lair, with this difference only, he had a fire and he smoked a pipe in very human fashion. In the morning he went on as before—once or twice in the far distance he saw the band of sheep travelling steadily southward. Next day passed and the Sheep were driven to the south end of the Yak-i-ni-kak range, just north of Whitefish Lake.

South of this was the Half-moon Prairie, east the broken land that stretched toward the north fork of the Flathead, and north of them their pertinacious and deadly foe. The Sheep were in doubt now, and as old Krag sought to sneak back by the lower benches of the east slope, he heard a "crack" and a stinging something touched one horn and tore the hair from his shoulder.

The touch of a rifle-ball on the horn of a Ram has a more or less stunning effect, and Krag, dazed for a moment, gave the signal which in our speech is "Everyone for himself now," and so the band was scattered.

Some went this way and some that, running more or less openly. But Scotty's one thought was old Krag. He heeded no other, and when the Ram made straight away eastward down the hill, Scotty again took up his trail and cursed and gasped as he followed.

The Flathead River was only a few miles away. The Ram crossed on the ice and keeping the roughest ground, turning when the wind turned, he travelled all day northeastward, with Scotty steadily behind. On the fifth day they passed near Terry's Lake. Scotty knew the ground. The Ram was going east and would soon run into a lot of lumber camps; then turn he must, for the region was a box-cañon; there was only one way out. Scotty quit the trail and crossing northward to this one defile, down which the Ram must go, he waited. The West, the Chinook wind had been rising for an hour or more, the one damp wind of the Rockies, the Snow Wind of the Hills, and as it rose the flakes began to fly. In half an hour more it was a blinding snowstorm. Things twenty yards away were lost to view. But it did not last, the heaviest of it was over in a few minutes and in two hours the skies were clear again. Scotty waited another hour, but seeing nothing he left his post and searched about for sign; and found it, too, a dimpling row of tracks much hidden by the recent snow, but clear in one place under a ledge. The Ram had passed unseen, had given him the slip, saved by the storm wind and the snow.

Oh, Chinook! Mother West-wind! that brings the showers of spring and the snows of winter; that makes the grass

grow on these great rolling uplands; that sustains the grass and all flesh that the grass sustains; that feeds them and themselves, as well as all things that live upon them, are you or are you not, or are you, as Greek and Indian legends have taught, a something better, a something thinking thing, that first creates them and guards its own? Why did you that day and hold your muffler about the eyes of the wolfish human brute, if it were not that you meant he should not see or harm your splendid dear one as he passed.

And was there not purpose in the meeting of these very two, that you brought about long years ago, the day the Ram was born?

III

Now, Scotty thought there must be an object in the Ram's bold dash for the east side of the Flathead, and that object must be to reach the hills around Kintla Lake, on which he was well known and had many times been seen. He might keep west all day to-day, while the Chinook blew, but if the wind changed in the night he would surely turn eastward. So Scotty made no further attempt to keep the trail, or to make the west point of the Kintla Range, but cut straight northward over the divide toward the lake. The wind did change in the night. And next day, as Scotty scanned the vast expanse between him and the lake, he saw a moving speck below. He quickly got out of sight, then ran to intercept the traveller. But when he got to the spot he aimed at, and cautiously peered, there, 500 yards away, on the next ridge, he stood—the famous Ram. Each in plain view of the other.

Scotty stood for a minute and gazed in silence. Then, "Wal, old Krag, ye kin see the skull and cross-bones on my gun; I'm Death on yer track; ye can't shake me off; at any price, I mean to have them horns. And here's for luck." Then he raised the rifle and fired, but the distance was great. The Ram stood till he saw the puff of smoke, then moved quickly to one side, and the snow was tossed by the ball not far from his former stand.

The Ram turned and made eastward, skirting the rugged southern shore of the

lake, making for the main divide, and Scotty, left far behind for a time, trudged steadily, surely, behind him. For, added to his tireless strength, was the Saxon unshakable of brutish grit, of senseless, pig-headed pertinacity. The inflexible determination that still sticks to its purpose long after sense, reason, and honor have abandoned the attempt; that blinds its owner to his own defeat and makes him, even when he is downed, still feebly strike—yes! spend his final mite of strength in madly girding at his conqueror, whose quick response he knows will be to wipe him out.

It was on, on, all day. Then camp for the night and up again in the morning. Sometimes the trail was easy to follow, sometimes blotted out by new-fallen snow. But day after day they went; sometimes Scotty was in sight of the prize that he pertinaciously was hunting, but never very near. The Ram seemed to have learned that 500 yards was the farthest range of the rifle, and allowed the man to come up to that, the safety limit. After a time it seemed as though he much preferred to have him there, for then he knew where he was. One time Scotty stole a march, and would have had a close shot had not the fateful West Wind borne the taint, and Krag was warned in time, but this was in the first month of that dogged, fearful following. After awhile the Ram was never out of sight.

Why did he not fly far away and baffle the hunter by his speed? *Because he must feed.* The man had his dried venison and chocolate, enough for many days, and when they were gone he could shoot a hare or a grouse, hastily cook it and travel all day on that, but the Ram required hours to seek the scanty grass under the snow. The long pursuit was telling on him. His eye was blazing bright as ever, his shapely corded limbs as certain in their stride, but his belly was pinching up and hunger—weakening hunger—was joining with his other foe.

For five long weeks the chase went on, and the only respite to the Gunder Ram was when some snow-storm from the west would interpose its veil.

Then came two weeks when they were daily in sight of each other. In the morning Scotty, rising wolf-like from his

frosty lair, would call out, "Come, Krag, time we wuz a-movin'," and the Ram on the distant ridge would stamp defiantly, then setting his nose to the wind move on, now fast, now slow, but keeping ever the safe 500 yards or more ahead. When Scotty sat down to rest the Ram would graze. If Scotty hid the Ram would run in alarm to some place where near approach unseen would be impossible. If Scotty remained still for some time the Ram would watch him intently and as still as himself. Thus they went on, day after day, till ten eventless weeks dragged slowly by. A singular feeling had grown up between the two. The Ram became so used to the sleuthhound on his track that he accepted him as an inevitable, almost a necessary evil, and one day, when Scotty rose and scanned the northern distance for the Ram, he heard the long snort far behind, and turning, he saw old Krag impatiently waiting. The wind had changed and Krag had changed his route to suit. One day after their morning's start Scotty had a difficult two hours in crossing a stream over which old Krag had leaped. When he did reach the other side he heard a snort, and looked around to find that the Ram had come back to see what was keeping him.

Oh, Krag! Oh, Gunder Ram! Why do you make terms with such a foe implacable. Why play with Death? Have all the hundred warnings of the Mother Wind been sent in vain? Keep on, keep on; do your best that she may save you yet, but make no terms. Remember that the snow, which ought to save, may yet betray.

IV

THUS in the winter all the Chief Mountain was traversed. The Kootenay Rockies, spur by spur, right up to the Crow's Nest Pass, then westward in the face of the White Wind, the indomitable pair turned their steps, west and south, to the MacDonald Range. And onward still, till the Galtom Range was reached. Day by day the same old mechanical following, two dark moving specks on the great expanse of snow. Many a time their trail was crossed by that of other Sheep and other game. Once they met a party

of miners who knew of Scotty and his hunt, and chaffed him now, but he stared blankly, heeded them not and went on. Many a time the Ram sought to hide his fateful footprints in the wake of some passing herd. But Scotty was not to be balked, his purpose had become his nature ; all puzzles he worked out, and now there were fewer interruptions of the chase, for the snow-storms seemed to cease, the White Wind held aloof, and Nature offered no rebuke.

On and on, still the same scant half-mile apart and on them both the hands of Time and Death seemed laid. Both were growing hollow-eyed and were gaunter every day. The man's hair had bleached since he set out on this insane pursuit, and the head and shoulders of the Ram were grizzling ; only his jewel eyes and his splendid sweeping horns were the same, and borne as proudly as when first the chase began.

Each morning the man would rise stiff, half-frozen, and gaunt, but dogged as a very hound infernal, and shout across and Krag would respond, and springing into view from his own couch, the chase went on. Till in the third month, they crossed again from Galtom to Tobacco Range, then eastward back to Gunder Peak—the Ram and the sleuth inexorable, upon his trail behind him. Here, on the birthplace of the Ram, they sat one morning, at rest. The Ram on one ridge ; Scotty 600 yards away on the next. For twelve long weeks the Ram had led him through the snow, through ten long mountain-ranges—five hundred rugged miles.

And now they were back to their starting-point. Each with his lifetime wasted by one-half in that brief span. Scotty sat down and lit his pipe. The Ram made haste to graze. As long as the man stayed there in view the Ram would keep that ridge. Scotty knew this well ; a hundred times he had proved it. Then as he sat and smoked, some evil spirit entered in and sketched a cunning plot. He emptied his pipe deliberately, put it away, then cut some rods of the low creeping birch behind him ; he gathered some stones, and the great Ram watched afar. The man moved to the edge of the ridge and with sticks, some stones, and what clothing he could spare, he made a dummy of himself.

Then keeping exactly behind it, he crawled backward over the ledge and disappeared. After an hour of crawling and stalking he came up on a ridge behind the Ram.

There he stood, majestic as a bull, graceful as a deer, with horns that rolled around his brow like thunder-clouds about a peak. He was gazing intently on the dummy, wondering why his follower was so long still. Scotty was nearly 300 yards away. Behind the Ram were some low rocks, but between was open snow. Scotty lay down and threw snow on his own back till he was all whitened, then set out to crawl 200 yards, watching the great Ram's head and coming on as fast as he dared. Still old Krag stared at the dummy ; sometimes impatiently stamping. Once he looked about sharply, and once he would have seen that deadly crawler in the snow, but that his horn itself, his great right horn, must interpose its breadth between his eye and his foe, and so his last small chance of escape was gone. Nearer, nearer to the sheltering rocks there crawled the Evil One. Then, safely reaching them at last, he rested, a scant half-hundred yards away. For the first time in his life he saw the famous horns quite close. He saw the great, broad shoulders, the curving neck, still massive, though the mark of famine was on all. He saw this splendid fellow-creature blow the hot breath of life from his nostrils, vibrant in the sun ; and he even got a glimpse of the life-light in those glowing amber eyes, but he slowly raised the gun.

Oh, Mother White Wind, only blow ! Let not this be. Is all your power offset ? Are not a million idle tons of snow on every peak awaiting ? And one, just one, will do ; a single flying wreath of snow will save him yet. The noblest living thing on all these hills, must he be stricken down to glut the basest lust of man ?

But never day was calmer. Sometimes the mountain Magpies warn their friends ; but not a bird was anywhere in view and still the Gunder Ram was spellbound watching that enemy, immovable across the dip.

Up went the gun that never failed—directed by the eye that never erred. But the hand that had never trembled taking twenty human lives, now shook as though in fear.



Two natures ? Yes.

But the hand grew steady. The hunter's face was calm and hard. The rifle rang, and Scotty—hid his head. For the familiar "crack !" had sounded as it never did before. He heard a rattling on the distant stones, then a long-drawn "*snoof!*" But he neither looked nor moved. Two minutes later all was still, and he timidly raised his head. Was he gone ? or what ?

There on the snow lay a great gray-brown form, and at one end, like a twin-necked hydra coiling, were the horns, the wonderful horns, the sculptured record of the splendid life of a splendid creature, his fifteen years of life made visible at once. There were the points, much worn now, that once had won his Lamb-days' fight. There were the years of robust growth, each long in measure of that growth ; here was that year of sickness ; there the splinter on the fifth year's ring, which notched his first love-fight. The points had now come round, and on them, could we but have seen, were the lives of many Gray Wolves that had sought his life. And so the rings read on, the living record

of a life whose very preciousness had brought it to a sudden end.

The golden chain across the web of white was broken for its gold.

Scotty walked slowly over, and gazed in sullen silence, not at the dear-bought horns, but at the calm yellow eyes, unclosed and yet undimmed by death. Stone cold was he. He did not understand himself. He did not know that this was the sudden drop after the long, long slope up which he had been forcing himself for months. He sat down twenty yards away, with his back to the horns. He put a quid of tobacco in his mouth. But his mouth was dry. He spat it out again. He did not know what he himself felt. Words played but little part in his life, and his lips uttered only a torrent of horrid blasphemies, his only emotional outburst.

A long silence, then, " I'd give it back to him if I could."

He stared at the distance. His eyes fell on the coat he had left, and, realizing that he was cold, he walked across and gathered up his things. Then he returned

to the horns, and over him came the wild, inhuman lusting for his victim's body, that he had heard his comrades speak of, but had never before understood. The reactionary lust that makes the panther fondle and caress the deer he has stricken down. He made a fire. Then feeling more like himself, he skinned the Ram's neck and cut off the head. This was familiar work and he followed it up mechanically, cutting meat enough to satisfy his hunger. Then bowing his shoulders beneath the weight of his massive trophy—a weight he would scarcely have noticed three months ago, he turned from the chase—old, emaciated, grizzled, and haggard—and toiled slowly down to the shanty he had left twelve weeks before.

V

"No! money couldn't buy it," and Scotty turned sullenly away to end discussion. He waited a week till the taxidermist had done his best, then he retraversed 300 miles of mountain to his lonely home. He removed the cover, and hung the head where it got the best light. The work was well done, the horns were unchanged, the wonderful golden eyes were there, and when a glint of light gave to them a semblance of regard, the mountaineer felt once more some of the feelings of that day on the ridge. He covered up the head again.

Those who knew him best say he kept it covered and never spoke about it. But one man said, "Yes, I saw him uncover it once and look kind o' queer." The only remark he ever made about it was, "Them's my horns, but he'll get even with me yet."

Four years went by. Scotty, now known as old man Scotty, had never hunted since. He had broken himself down in that long madness. He lived now entirely by his gold pan, was quite alone and was believed to have something on his mind. One day late in the winter an old partner stopped at his shanty. Their hours of conversation did not amount to as many paragraphs.

"I heerd about ye killin' the Gunder Ram."

Scotty nodded.

"Let's see him, Scotty."

"Suit yourself," and the old man jerked his head toward the draped thing on the wall. The stranger pulled off the cloth and then followed the usual commonplace exclamations. Scotty received them in silence. But he turned to look. The firelight reflected in the glassy eyes lent a red and angry glare.

"Kivver him up when you're through," said Scotty, and turned to his smoking.

"Say, Scotty, why don't ye sell him if he bothers ye that a way? That there New Yorker told me to tell ye that he'd give——"

"To hell with yer New Yorker. I'll niver sell him, I'll niver part with him. I stayed by him till I done him up, and he'll stay by me till he gits even. He's been a-gittin' back at me these four years. He broke me down on that trip. He's made an old man o' me. He's left me half lunny. He's sucking my life out now, but he ain't through with me yet. There's more o' him round than that head. I tell ye when that old Chinook comes a-blowing up the Tobacco Creek, I've heerd noises that the wind don't make. I've heerd him just the same as I done that day when he blowed his life out through his nose, and me a-lyin' on my face afore him. I'm up agin it, and I'm a-goin' to face it out—right—here—on—Tobacco Creek."

The White Wind rose high that night, and hissed and wailed about Scotty's shanty. Ordinarily, the stranger might not have noticed it. But once or twice there came in over the door a long "*Snoof*" that jarred the latch and rustled violently the drapery of the head. Scotty glanced at his friend with a wild, scared look. No need for a word, the stranger's face was white.

In the morning it was snowing, but the stranger went his way. All that day the White Wind blew, and the snow came down harder and harder. Deeper and deeper it piled on everything. All the smaller peaks were rounded off with snow, and all the hollows of the higher ridges levelled. Still it came down, not drifting but piling up, heavy, soft, adhesive. All day long, deeper, heavier, rounder. As night came on, the Chinook blew yet harder. It skipped from peak to peak like a living

thing, no puff of air, but a living thing as Greek and Indian both alike have taught, a being who creates, then loves and guards its own. It came like a mighty goddess, like an angry angel with a bugle horn, with a dreadful message from the far-off western sea. A message of war, for it sang a wild, triumphant battle-song, and the strain of the song was :

I am the mothering White Wind,
This is my hour of might ;
The hills and the snow are my children,
My service they do to-night.

And here and there at the word received, there were mighty doings among the peaks. Here new effects were carven with a stroke. Here lakes were made or unmade ; here messengers of life and death dispatched. An avalanche from Purcell's Peak went down to gash the sides, and show long veins of gold ; another hurried, by the White Wind sent, to block a stream and turn its wasted waters to a thirsty land—a messenger of mercy. But down the Gun-der Peak there whirled a monstrous mass, charged with a mission of revenge. Down, down, down, loud "snoofing" as it went, sliding from shoulder, ledge, and long incline, now wiping out a forest that would

bar its path, then crashing, leaping, rolling, smashing over cliff and steep descent, still gaining as it sped. Down, down faster, fiercer in one fell and fearful rush, and Scotty's shanty, in its track, with all that it contained, was crushed and swiftly blotted out. The hunter had forefelt his doom. The Ram's own Mother White Wind, from the western sea had come—had long delayed, but still had come at last.

Over the rocky upland came the spring, over the level plain of Tobacco Creek. Gently the rains from the westward washed the great white pile of the snowslide. Slowly the broken shanty came to light, and there in the middle, quite unharmed, was the head of the Gun-der Ram. His amber eyes were gleaming bright as of old, under cover of those wonderful horns ; and below him were some broken bones, with rags and grizzled human hair.

Old Scotty is forgotten, but the Ram's head hangs enshrined on a palace wall to-day, a treasure among kingly treasures ; and men, when they gaze on those marvellous horns, still talk of the glorious Gun-der Ram who grew them far away on the heights of the Kootenay.

WHEN GITCHIGAMME WARNED THE MUSCOVITE

By Sewell Ford

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THOMAS FOGARTY



HE coming of Wetmore Hawes to Painted Knob had been heralded by letter. The missive was from John Hawes, known throughout the Gogebics as "the old man" and in Wall Street as "the Michigan Copper King." The letter was crisp and brief and blunt. It told "Long Jim" Rowe, manager of the Escanaba mine, that Mr. Hawes was sending out his son to be assistant superintendent.

"Not that he will be of the least use," wrote Mr. Hawes, "but because it will be good for him. I want you to knock some of the nonsense out of him. If you can make a man of him I'll give you ten shares

Escanaba, preferred. But you'll find him a bad egg."

As "Long Jim" read this his eyelids narrowed under his shaggy brows. This was sign he meant to have those Escanabas.

Yet for two days his grimness was modified by a puzzled air. "Long Jim," although sophisticated in some things, was all unused to the particular kind of wickedness bred in urban centres. Man in the rough he could conquer. As member of citizens' committees he had helped rule the riotous spirits of raw mining camps ; as sheriff, he had hunted stage robbers and horse thieves ; as mate on lake steamers he had compelled obedience from motley



"He's working on a picture of the lake."—Page 57.

crews of roustabouts, and here he was, almost single-handed, in charge of two hundred surly Muscovites who had been imported from the far Urals, elaborate legislation to the contrary, to dig the red oxide from the backbone of Michigan's northern peninsula.

What manner of wickedness could this town-reared terror manage to bring to Painted Knob? Vainly did he try to enumerate the mischievous potentials of the place. But he meant to be prepared. So he had made a stout oak billy, sent to Sault Ste. Marie for a pair of handcuffs, and fitted a small store-room leading from his office with window-bars and double door-locks.

When the tri-weekly steamer from "The Soo" came ploughing up the lake, "Long Jim" stood on the dock waiting to welcome the prodigal into exile. He half expected to see a flag of distress flying from the boat which bore the "bad egg." But there was no sign of turbulence aboard.

In fact, the young man who walked down the gang-plank and introduced himself as Wetmore Hawes was wholly unlike the individual Mr. Rowe had prepared to receive. It was with unconcealed surprise "Long Jim" noted the slim figure, the pink-and-white complexion, and the curling red locks which gave an almost effeminate air to the boyish face. For

this reason, perhaps, his greeting was rather clumsy.

"I suppose father has written you," said young Mr. Hawes as they walked up the hill toward the boarding-house where the entire American population of Painted Knob lived as members of one family, "why he sent me out here?"

"Well," replied, "Long Jim" Rowe, suddenly embarrassed by this frankness, "he did kinder hint somethin' of the sort. But—but I reckon you'll find it easier to keep straight in Painted Knob than it was in the city. You'll have to hunt mighty hard to find any devilment to do around this outfit."

Young Mr. Hawes, following with his eyes the wave of "Long Jim's" big hand, swept a comprehensive glance up the steep hill road, over the unsightly buildings at the shaft mouth, across the miners' barracks, and up to the top of the Knob itself.

"Yes," said he, "I should say so."

"You see," went on the superintendent, in the tone one might use to persuade a naughty boy that he ought to be good, "there's only me and Corliss and Dan Dwyer and his wife. We're all sober and steady. The Russians, of course, are a bad lot; but I don't reckon you'll chum much with them."

This seemed to amuse young Mr.



Drawn by Thomas Fogarty.

"You're a plumb failure at this work."—Page 54.

Hawes for he laughed and said he guessed he would not. For three days Rowe watched narrowly, expecting at any moment a showing of the cloven hoof. But it did not come. The suspense became irksome. Feeling need of advice, he left the office and went out to where Corliss was conning the steam-gauge and pulling back and forth the drum-lever that controlled the shaft-cable.

"Tom," he said, "what do you think of the young'un?" and he jerked his thumb toward the office where Wetmore Hawes sat in a daze before long columns of figures representing car-loads of copper ore.

"Nice, quiet, young fellow," was the decision of Corliss.

"That's the trouble," responded the superintendent; "he's too blamed quiet. I s'pose I might's well tell you first as last; the old man has sent him out here to reform."

"Reform?" echoed Corliss, incredulously.

"That's it, reform. He's been a bad one, he has. From what the old man wrote I cal'late he made things pooty lively for 'em back East, and he wants me to keep him straight. But what beats me is to know where or how he'll break loose. Think he carries a gun, Tom?"

Corliss laughed and shook his head.

"Or a knife?"

Again the engineer laughed.

"Huh, you needn't laugh. If you'd knocked around as much as I have you'd know that when these youngsters *are* bad they're worse than the old ones. Didn't a young'un no bigger'n him cut up six of us out in Carson 'fore we could rope him? No, sir; you can't tell by the looks. I've

fixed it so's he can't git no liquor to speak of, but if he does, and you see him startin' to cut loose, jest you holler for me."

"All right," said Corliss, and grinned as he said it.

In the succeeding week nothing developed save a friendship between the engineer and young Mr. Hawes. Slow

growth had this relation, for both were silent, reticent men. Yet, the life at Painted Knob was such that it was bound to bring out any latent congeniality which might exist. Soon they began to get up at daybreak and go out together before breakfast.

"Long Jim," intent on earning those shares, was troubled. He noted that young Mr. Hawes carried with him a curious flat box of japanned tin. Ostensibly the two went for walks on the lake shore. But why the black box? What was in it? "Long Jim" thought he ought to know.

Cautiously he

sounded the engineer on the meaning of the box and the early walks. Corliss gave only evasive answers. It was against "Long Jim's" nature to play the spy, even with preferred shares of Escanaba as a prize. So one day, a month after the arrival of Wetmore Hawes, the two had a reckoning. The talk was precipitated by the more than usually muddled condition of the ore book.

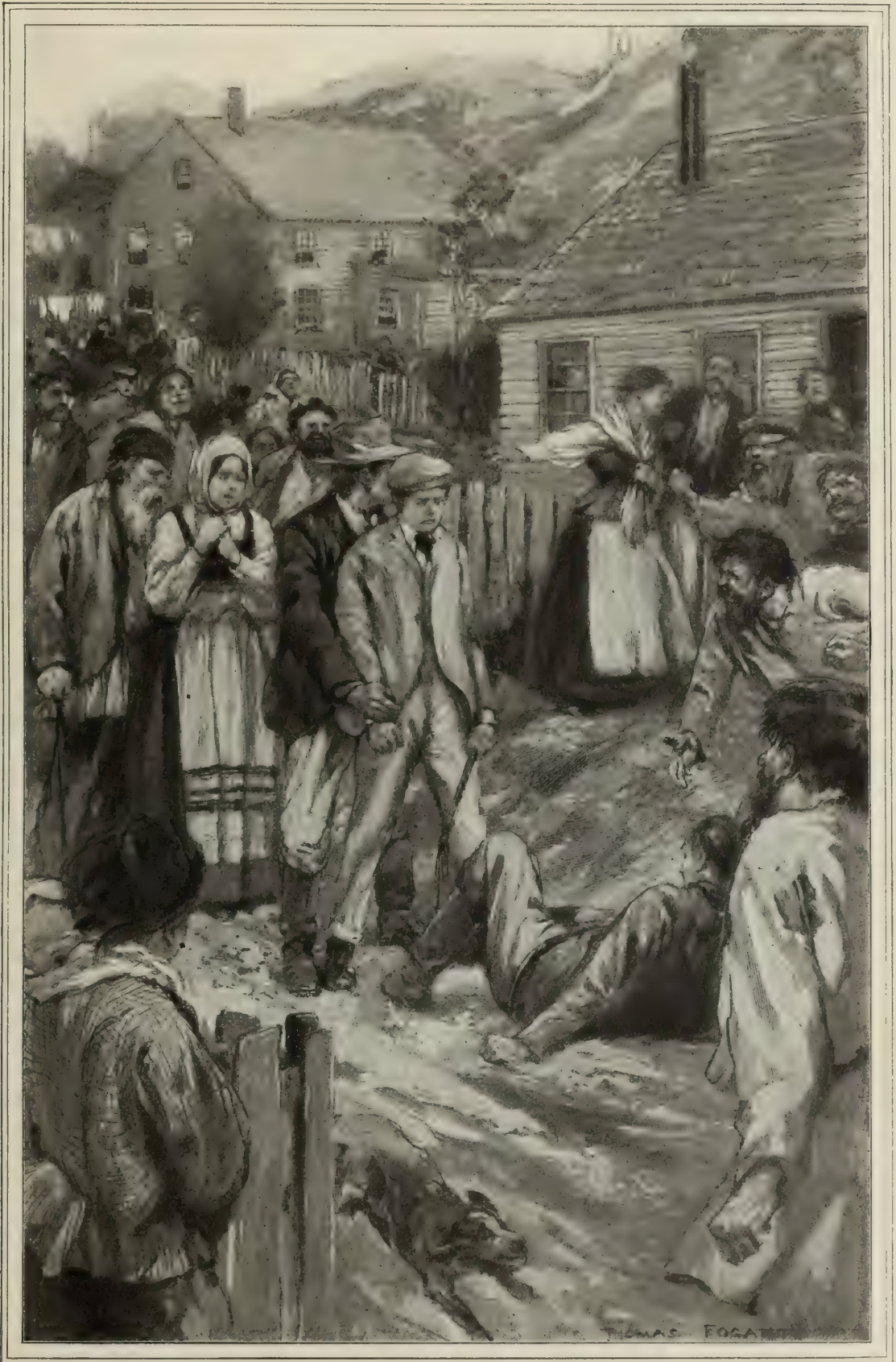
"See here," began the superintendent, "you're a good, clean, white sort and I hate to put you on the carpet, but there's got to be a show down. You're a plumb failure at this work."

"I suppose I am," admitted young Mr. Hawes.



Was it to hold communings with some unseen spirit?

—Page 58.



Drawn by Thomas Fogarty.

Landed a blow which stretched the young Russian at full length.—Page 58.

"And another thing," went on Rowe, "the old man, you know, asked me to keep an eye on you. Now this mornin' business may be straight enough, or it may not. What I want to know is this: would he kick if he knew about it?"

"Yes, he would," said the young man, testily throwing into the rack the penholder he had been idly nibbling.

"Wall, I'm whipsawed!" exclaimed the superintendent. "I kinder suspicioned, but I could hardly believe it. Now let's git down to hardpan; what's your particular brand of cussedness?"

Young Mr. Hawes smiled whimsically and replied, "Art for art's sake."

"The devil you say! Bad as that, hey?" "Long Jim" was evidently in

the dark, but unwilling to confess it. "Well, go on."

"That's all," said young Mr. Hawes.

"But—" began Rowe, struggling to frame a question.

"Oh, go to thunder!" snapped young Mr. Hawes. Then he put on his hat and left the office.

Now the few men who had previously flouted "Long Jim's" authority had met sudden retribution. Yet, a six-foot, two-hundred-pound man, if he be of Rowe's stamp, does not willingly use his fists on a slender youth. So the superintendent went to Corliss for explanation. "You're used to town ways, Tom," he said, "and you've been thick with the youngster. What's his lay?"



Leading the mob was a giant miner.—Page 60.

"He means that he paints pictures for the fun of it."

"Paints picters, heh!" echoed "Long Jim." He stopped to run a meditative finger over the stubble on his chin, indicating deep perplexity. "S'pose he drinks and gambles and shoots some on the side?"

"No," said Corliss, "he doesn't."

"No? Jest paints, heh? Wall, I'm switched. Paints!" It seemed that the full significance of young Mr. Hawes's iniquity was hard to grasp. "Paints picters!" he repeated. "Now, I've *heard* of men that did that, but I never *see* none, only women. Kinder woman's work, ain't it?"

"Not altogether," replied Corliss, smiling quietly.

"But can't he stop it?"

"Look here," said Corliss, "you don't seem to understand the trouble between Wetmore and his father. It's here: the boy has a natural turn for painting—gets it from his mother. The old man don't know any more about painting than—well, than you do. All he knows is about mines, and ore, and the price of stocks. He'd counted on his boy's being the same sort. But Wetmore took to painting. He was sent abroad for his health, and studied for two years in Paris without letting the old man know. But somehow, after he came back, his father found it out. They had a big row. The old man threatened to cut him adrift without a dollar, and sent him out here to cure him. He thought the youngster couldn't paint out here. But he has. He's working on a picture of the lake, and I tell you it's a hummer. Want to see it?"

"No," said the superintendent. "I don't want to know no more about it. Fact is, Tom, this proposition is one too many for me. Now, I like the young feller a heap, but this picter paintin' business sort of unsettles me. It don't seem jest the thing a man oughter be doin'. I guess old Hawes got the right of it, when he asked me to help make a man of the youngster. What gits me, though, is where I can put my oar in. I've got to have time to think the thing over."

The act of thinking was a serious business to "Long Jim." For the rest of the day he went about like a person under a

spell. At supper he regarded young Mr. Hawes as one might an intricate puzzle.

The next day being Sunday, Corliss and young Mr. Hawes started soon after breakfast for their usual stroll on the lake shore. They ended by seeking out the sun-warmed nook which the engineer had long since discovered at the foot of the Knob, and from which could be seen that wonderful view which the young artist was putting on canvas. In the foreground, to the left, were the richly tinted cliffs, like the walls of some fairy city. For the rest there were the wide, blue, mysterious waters of Superior, stretching north to the skyline. In silence they paid devotion to the scene for a long time.

"No wonder the Indians called it The Lake of the Great Spirit," said Hawes. "What do you say is the Indian for that, Corliss?"

"Gitchigamme," replied Corliss, without removing the pipe from between his teeth.

"That's what I shall call my picture," said the young man, and again they were silent.

Reluctantly they left the nook and climbed the Knob. The splendid calm of the lake seemed to have swept inland and covered the land. But great calms are often in the van of great storms. So this peace of Painted Knob was to be followed by stirring events.

Chance and a whim of young Mr. Hawes took them back through the barrack-lined street, instead of along the path on their return to Mrs. Dwyer's boarding-house.

Now, the Muscovite has no appreciation for the scenes in Nature's great picture gallery. Therefore he had not been worshipping at the shrine of Gitchigamme. Following his usual custom, he was spending his one day above ground in playing seven-up, which America had given him; and drinking corn brandy, which he had given America.

There were, unfortunately, exceptions. These comprised a group in which were a very old man, a rather young one, and a weeping girl. Above the latter's head, the old man flourished a whip of many lashes.

Had Mr. Wetmore Hawes been familiar with Muscovite peasant customs, he would have guessed at once that here

was a stern parent urging an unwilling daughter into matrimony. Young Mr. Hawes, however, either knew nothing of this, or did not care, for he watched only long enough to see the knout strike once on the girl's shoulders. Then he acted with small discretion but much promptness.

Before Corliss could stop him, he had snatched away the whip and was wasting forcible English on the venerable Russian. The younger Russian, who was tall and fair and dressed in much strange finery, now took a hand. He tried to shove the interloper to one side. Then young Mr. Hawes, profiting by certain half-forgotten boxing lessons, very neatly landed a blow which stretched the young Russian at full length in the road.

Things happened quickly after that. The barracks emptied as if the houses had been turned inside out, and shaken. Corliss and his friend found themselves facing an excited, chattering crowd.

"Come," said young Mr. Hawes, stirring the prostrate Russian with the toe of his shoe, "get up and tell your friends the circus is all over."

But the young Muscovite, seeing his enemy still standing over him, sank back again.

"Well, lie there, then. Come on, Corliss, we'll be late for dinner."

Just why they were allowed to get away alive the engineer did not understand, but no one followed as the two walked down the hill toward the boarding-house.

When "Long Jim" Rowe heard of the affair he was visibly disturbed. "And you knocked him out, eh? Well, you've done it! Why, that feller's the kingpin of them all. He's a count or duke or some big gun, and all this outfit came from his father's ranch over in Rooshy. 'English Joe,' foreman of Number Seven level, told me about him—said he was a Skobiloff, whatever that might be. I reckon the whole gang'll be down here pretty quick, like a nest of hornets. Here, Dan, you run up and see if you can find Joe."

Dwyer had no relish for the job, but he went. When he came back the foreman of Number Seven level was with him. Although Joe's English, from which he derived his nickname, was largely made up of profanity, he managed to give his ques-

tioners an idea of the state of affairs in the barracks.

The Muscovites were frantic. The red-haired youth who had done violence and indignity to the son of the great Ivan Skobiloff must pay penalty with his life. While they were about it they would settle accounts with the engineer. Of both they had much fear. Did not these two make strange visits, early in the morning, to the shore of the big sweet water sea which was called the Lake of the Great Spirit? Was it to hold communings with some unseen spirit in the dark waters of Gitchigamme? They, the Muscovites, believed so.

They knew the engineer, at least, for a man of strange power. Did he not manage the beast in the iron skin, the one which ate fire? Would it not start and stop for him and for none other? Every day when they went down the shaft they must trust their lives to him. They would do so no more.

Of course, added "English Joe," he knew these to be foolish sayings. Had not the engineer shown him how to start or stop the cable-drum by pulling a stick, and had he not given him good tobacco for his pipe? Still, how can one man talk against two hundred. His countrymen would wait until night, when the spirit of Gitchigamme was asleep and could not help. Then, after the moon rose, they would come and he, "English Joe," hoped that the kind engineer would not wait to see what might happen.

"You bet he wont, nor any of us," said the superintendent, decisively. "But Joe, you tell your friends that I have started for Ontonagon. When I come back to-morrow I'll have a hundred men with rifles. If you Dagoes haven't behaved yourselves there'll be a lot of you shot full of holes. Understand? Bang! Bang! Plunk!" and "Long Jim" made eloquent pantomime. "Now git, an' come back in an hour or so to tell us what they say."

Uttering remarkably constructed expressions of fidelity, "English Joe" departed. Rowe, finding himself facing tangible danger, seemed in his element. "So you soaked the high mogul of the Dagoes, did you? Wall, I never thought it was in you. It's a wonder they didn't make hash of you. Now, I'm goin' to take

Mrs. Dwyer and Dan with me in one of the boats and go for a posse. You and Corliss wait until Joe comes back. Then you can follow in the other. P'raps they'll agree to simmer down in case they think you've skipped. If they do you can bring me word. But don't let 'em git at you. So long," and the superintendent, followed by Dan and Mrs. Dwyer, hurried down the path to where the double-ended Mackinac sail-boats were moored to the wharf.

"Well," said Corliss, "I guess you'd better pack your things. I'll watch for the Russians."

During all this time young Mr. Hawes had said little, but he watched earnestly the alarming results of his hasty act. Now he was rather pale. In fact, he was badly frightened. The abruptness with which the situation had developed shook his nerve.

But instead of making ready for flight he sat very still, his teeth shut and his hands clinched. If he had inherited from a refined mother the spirit of an artist, he had also got from his father something of the grim courage which had pulled old John Hawes through many a panic and out of many a corner.

A full quarter of an hour he sat thus. Then he went outside where the engineer stood looking up the narrow gauge ore track.

"All ready?" asked Corliss. "Suppose you go down and shake out the sails."

"Corliss," said young Mr. Hawes, "I'm not going."

"Wha-at!" exclaimed the engineer.

"No, sir; I'm not going to run away like a scared dog."

"See here, this is nonsense. What show would you stand against two hundred crazy Russians. Come, Hawes, don't be a fool."

But young Mr. Hawes was obstinate. Corliss pleaded, warned, and scolded; all to no use. Finally he asked: "But when they get here, full of brandy and primed for devilry, what will you do?"

"I have thought out a plan."

"Oh, you have, eh?" scornfully replied Corliss. "What is it?"

"Come inside and I'll tell you; but understand, I don't ask you to stay. I only want a little of your help before you go."

In the beginning the engineer listened

with evident impatience, but when the scheme was all before him he pulled thoughtfully at his pipe for a while without speaking. "It will be a risky thing," he said at last, "but it might go through. By thunder, I'll stay and try it."

"English Joe" came to them later with a long face. His friends would listen to no reason. They had drunk much corn brandy and their courage was high in consequence. The women urged them on. They would revenge the insult to the scion of the mighty Skobiloffs. So long as it was day they feared the spirit with which these two talked at dawn on the lake shore. But when the moon was up they would surely come. They would punish the Americans, destroy the mine, plunder the storehouse, and live forever after without work and in peace.

"A very fine programme," said Corliss, "but it won't work. Go back and tell your friends to come along. They shall see that we can call the spirit of the great water from his sleep. Tell them to listen for his voice and when they hear it to look out. Let 'em come."

"English Joe" having been sent off with this message, Corliss and young Mr. Hawes made some rather curious preparations. As soon as it was dusk they took some of Mrs. Dwyer's sheets and went cautiously up to the engine-house at the shaft mouth. In the nearby barracks they could hear an ominous hum, the sound of many voices.

After a half-hour's work young Mr. Hawes left Corliss in the engine-room and went alone down to the boarding-house. Lighting two lamps and several lanterns he placed them in the sitting-room, threw open the front door and sat down, in full view of the path, to wait.

The voice of a distant mob is a soul-chilling thing to hear. It first strikes the ear like the buzzing of some great insect. Now it is like the hissing of hot steam from an immense escape-valve. Now it deepens into a guttural repetition of the letter R as it might sound if roared through a giant megaphone by some world-distant Titan. It has a kind of rhythm which rises and falls, swells and sinks, and rises again; each time with greater volume. At last it becomes a mighty growl; hoarse, brutal, intense, menace incarnate.

As young Mr. Hawes sat there in the lighted doorway and listened to this sound coming nearer he felt a terror such as it comes to the lot of few men to feel.

The mob seemed to creep along. Yet in the moonlight he could see that the men and women were running headlong down the steep path. The futility of his plan burst upon him. In a second he had a dozen impulses to action, but still he sat rigid in his chair.

Leading the mob was a giant miner, hairy, whiskered, wild-eyed. In one hand he flourished a long steel drill. It weighed at least twenty pounds. He handled it as if it had been a broomstick.

This man was within a dozen yards of the door before young Mr. Hawes stirred. Without evidence of haste he took up one of the lighted lanterns and stepped across the sill. Three times he swung the lantern before him in a circle from head to feet. Then he set it down and pointed dramatically toward the mine-shaft on the hill-top. The mob stopped as if it had run against a stone wall. With gaping mouths they turned to gaze toward the shaft-house.

They had not long to wait. Of a sudden there came through the moonlighted air such a cry as these simple folk had never heard before; a weird ululation, like the wail of some disturbed monster.

"Ah-we-e-e-e! Ah-we-e-e-e!" it said, and the painted hills bandied back and forth the startling echo.

Gitchigamme, it seemed, had spoken.

But this was not all. As they looked there appeared, silhouetted against the dark mass of the shaft buildings, a great white object. It was almost formless, but it appeared to have wings for, without an instant's stop or other warning than a second anguish-laden cry, it swooped down the hill directly toward them.

There came a rushing sound. There was a glimpse to be had of great, flapping pinions as the thing hurtled down the slope.

The Muscovites heard and saw. For a moment, obeying a common impulse, they huddled together. Then they broke in panic. By the time the sound of a mighty splash came up from the lake shore they were all in mad flight.

Early next forenoon came a steamer, from which landed "Long Jim" and many men armed with rifles and shot-guns. Forming a somewhat uneven company front they deployed skirmishers quite creditably, and cautiously worked their way up the hill. To their amazement they found the shaft gear running, ore buckets coming up and going down with great regularity, and Tom Corliss with his hand on the drum-lever.

"Long Jim" expressed astonishment with all the strong language at his command. Also he asked enlightenment.

"It was a scheme of the youngster's," said Corliss. "He called the spirit of Gitchigamme, and old Gitchi was right on deck. It cost us an ore-car and two of Mrs. Dwyer's sheets. But say, we can't use that new siren whistle that came from Chicago the other day. Hereafter that speaks only for Gitchigamme."

"By the great cats," roared "Long Jim," when he had heard the whole story, "but he's a slick one, that youngster is."

As a rule Painted Knob troubles itself not at all about what occurs in the world of art. Painted Knob wants only to know the price of copper, and the Escanaba quotations. But when in December there came a paper which told—in an inside column, to be sure—about the appearance of a new artist whose first picture, called Gitchigamme, had been awarded the gold medal at a great national exhibition, there was quite an impromptu celebration. It was held in the sitting-room of Mrs. Dwyer's boarding-house.

"Yes," said Corliss, who had returned from a journey East, and who had brought the paper, "the picture made a great hit. Old man Hawes is as proud as a peacock, too. Here's something he sent you, Mr. Rowe."

The superintendent opened the big, thick envelope, and pulled out some stiff parchment-like sheets handsomely printed in blue.

"Preferred stock! Twenty shares! Wall, I'm whipsawed!" exclaimed "Long Jim," not as a declaration of fact, of course, but merely from force of habit.

SOME FAMOUS ORATORS I HAVE HEARD

By George F. Hoar



HEARD a debate in the House of Commons in 1860, on the paper duties, in which Lord John Russell, Palmerston, Gladstone, and John Bright took part. Gladstone's part was not very prominent. I now remember little that he said. His image, as it then appeared, is effaced by his later appearance on a much greater occasion. Bright spoke admirably, both in manner and matter. He was an Independent, though giving general support to the measures of the Government, in which Palmerston and Lord Russell were the leaders. He complained bitterly of their acquiescence in what he thought the unconstitutional attitude of the House of Lords, in refusing to consent to the abolition of the paper duties, for which the House of Commons had voted. But the Government, though they had tried to abolish the duty, were very glad to hold on to the revenue. Bright had none of the English hesitation, and frequent punctuation of sentences with — "er" — "er" — which has led someone, speaking of English orators, to say that "to err" is human. He reminded me in general, in look, voice, and manner, of the late Richard H. Dana, although he sometimes threw more passion and zeal into his speech than Dana ever indulged. Periods followed each other in easy and rapid flow. He had a fine voice and delivery, easily filling the hall from his place below the gangway.

Palmerston, in his jaunty and off-hand way, rebuked Bright for desiring to make the House of Commons adopt a resolution which would only show its own helplessness. On the whole, he seemed to me to get the better of the debate. Bright could not persuade the House, or the people of England, to make a great constitutional question out of the paper duties, especially after Lord Lyndhurst's powerful speech, who, then more than ninety years old, argued for the side of

the Lords with a power that no other speaker on the subject rivalled.

I heard Gladstone again in 1871, when there was a great struggle between him and Disraeli over the Parliamentary and Municipal Elections Bill. I visited the House with Thomas Hughes, to whom I was indebted for much courtesy while in London, and had a seat on the floor just below the gallery, where a few strangers are, or were then, admitted by special card from the Speaker.

Bernal Osborne, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Sir Stafford Northcote, Gladstone, and Disraeli took part in the debate. The bill was introduced by Mr. Gladstone's Government. The question that night was on a motion to strike out the provision for the secret ballot; so the opponents of the Government had the close in support of the motion. The report of Hansard purports to be in the first person. But I can testify from memory that it is by no means verbally accurate. I have no doubt the speeches were taken down in short-hand. The phonetic system was then used. But the report seems to be about like those which our good short-hand reporters used to make before that invention. The speeches are well worth studying by a person who wishes to get an idea of the intellectual and literary quality of these champions. There is no great passage in any one of them. But the capacity and quality of power appear distinctly. Osborne was full of a shrewd and delightful wit, without the vitriolic flavor which often appears in the sarcasm of Disraeli. Gladstone showed his power of elevating the discussion to a lofty plane, which his opponent never reached, although Disraeli launched at him many a keen shaft from below. Mr. Hughes sat by me most of the night, and occasionally brought and introduced to me some eminent person whom he thought I would like to know.

The members of our National House of Representatives, however turbulent or dis-

orderly, never would submit to the fashion of treating a speaker whom they do not want to hear, which prevails in the House of Commons. When Mr. Gladstone got through, the night was far spent, and the House evidently wanted to hear Disraeli, then vote and go home. Mr. Plunket, a member for the University of Dublin, who seemed an intelligent and sensible man, rose, wishing to correct a statement of Mr. Gladstone's, which he thought had done him an injustice. Disraeli rose about the same time, but bowed and gave way. The House did not like it. Poor Plunket's voice was drowned in the storm of shouts—"Sit down. Sit down. Dizzy, Dizzy," in which my friend, Mr. Hughes, although of Gladstone's party, joined at the top of his lungs. I think the Bedlam lasted five minutes. But Plunket stood his ground and made his correction.

Although Bernal Osborne was a man of great wit and sense, and Sir Stafford Northcote and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach were then, as the latter is now, very eminent characters, yet the only speakers who belonged to the rank of the great orators were Gladstone and Disraeli. I will not undertake to add another description of Gladstone to the many with which every reader of mine is thoroughly familiar. The late Dr. Bellows resembled him very nearly, both in his way of reasoning and his manner of speech. Persons who have heard Dr. Bellows at his best will not deem this comparison unworthy.

Gladstone was terribly in earnest. He began his speech by a compliment to Northcote, his opponent, for whom he had shown his esteem by sending him to the United States as one of the Joint High Commission to make the Alabama Treaty. But when Mr. Gladstone was well under way, Sir Stafford interposed a dissent from something he said by calling out, "No, no"—a very frequent practice in the House. Gladstone turned upon him savagely, with a tone of anger which I might almost call furious: "Can the gentleman tolerate no opinion but his own, that he interjects his audible contradiction into the middle of my sentence?" The House evidently did not like it. Hughes, who agreed with Gladstone, said to me: "What a pity it is that he cannot control his temper; that is his great fault."

There are no passages in this speech of Gladstone that can be cited as among the best examples of the great style of the orator. But there are several that give a good idea of his manner, and show something of the argument in two or three sentences: "I am not at all ashamed of having said, and I say it again, that this is a choice of evils. I do not say that the proposal for a secret ballot is open to no objections whatever. I admit that open voting has its evils as well as its merits. One of these merits is that it enables a man to discharge a noble duty in the noblest possible manner. But what are its demerits? That by marking his vote you expose the voter to be tempted through his cupidity and through his fears. We propose, by secret voting, to greatly diminish the first of these, and we hope to take away the second. We do not believe that the disposition to bribe can operate with anything like its present force when the means of tracing the fact of the bribe are taken away, because men will not pay for that they do not know they will ever receive."

"I think it is too late for the honorable gentleman to say, 'We are passing through an experiment; wait for more experiment.' " "We have already been debating this subject for forty years; we have plenty of time on our hands; it is a God-send to have anything to fill up our vacant hours; and therefore let us postpone the subject in order that it may be dealt with in future years."

The great quality of Gladstone, as of Sumner, was his profound seriousness. He made the impression on his hearers, an impression made, but not so strongly, upon his readers, that the matter he is discussing is that upon which the foundations of heaven and earth rest.

It would be a great mistake to hold Disraeli cheap. He turned the tables upon Osborne, who had gone into several what Disraeli called archæological details, with respect to the antiquity of the ballot, and had cited a proclamation of Charles I. prohibiting the ballot in all corporations, either in the city of London or elsewhere, which Disraeli said "was done with the admirable view of identifying the opinions of those who sit on this side of the House with the political sentiments of that mon-

arch. But there was another assertion of the principle that the ballot should be open that the gentleman had not cited. That occurred in the most memorable Parliament that ever sat in England—the Long Parliament. . . . They wished it therefore to be exercised, not to satisfy the self-complacency of the individual, but with due respect for common-sense and the public opinion of the country, and influenced by all those doctrines and all that discipline of party which they believed to be one of the best securities for public liberty.”

Gladstone showed in his speech the profounder reflection on the general subject, the more philosophy, and the intenser earnestness; Disraeli showed quickness of wit, a ready command of his resources, ability for subtle distinctions, and glimpses of his almost Satanic capacity for mocking and jeering. He describes Mr. Gladstone most felicitously as “inspired by a mixture of genius and vexation.” He speaks of his majority as a “mechanical majority, a majority the result of heedlessness of thought on the part of members who were so full of other questions that they gave pledges in favor of the ballot without due consideration.”

He said: “There is a celebrated river, which has been the subject of political interest of late, and with which we are all acquainted. It rolls its magnificent volume, clear and pellucid, in its course; but it never reaches the ocean; it sinks into mud and morass. And such will be the fate of this mechanical majority. The conscience of the country is against it. It is an old-fashioned political expedient; it is not adapted to the circumstances which we have to encounter in the present, and because it has no real foundation of truth or policy, it will meet with defeat and discomfiture.”

Gladstone had, what is quite rare, and what no famous American orator that I now think of, except Choate and Evarts, have had—a tendency to diffuse and somewhat involved speech, and at the same time a gift of compact epigrammatic utterance on occasions. When Mr. Evarts, who was my near relative, and a man with whom I could take a liberty, came into the Senate, I said to him that we should have to amend the rules so that a motion

to adjourn would be in order in the middle of a sentence; to which he replied that he knew of nobody in this country, who objected to long sentences, except the criminal classes.

Gladstone was the last of a school of oratory, and the last of our time—I hope not for all time—of a school of statesmen. When he entered upon a discussion in Parliament, or on the hustings, he elevated it to the highest possible plane. The discussion became alike one of the highest moral principles and the profoundest political philosophy. He seemed to be speaking as our statesmen of the Revolutionary time, and the time of framing our Constitution. He used to speak to all generations alike. What he had to say would have been true and apt and fit to be uttered in the earlier days of Athens or of Rome, and true and apt and fit to be uttered for thousands of years to come. He had, in a large measure, a failing which all Englishmen have, and always had: the notion that what is good for England is good for humanity at large. His morality and his statesmanship were insular. Still it was a lofty morality and a lofty ideal statesmanship. It was sincere. What he said, that he believed. It came straight from his heart, and he kindled in the bosoms of his listeners the ardor of his own heart. He was not afraid of his ideals.

I heard Dr. Guthrie in Edinburgh in 1860. It was a hot day. My companion was just getting well from a dangerous attack of bleeding at the lungs. We made our way with difficulty into the crowded church. The people were, almost all of them, standing. We were obliged, by my friend's condition, to get out again before the sermon. I remember, however, the old man's attitude, and his prayer in the racy, broad Scotch, the most tender, pathetic, and expressive language on earth for the deeper emotions as well as for humor. I wonder if my readers have ever seen the version of the Psalms—

“Frae Hebrew Intil Scottis,” by P. Hatley Waddell, LL.D., Minister, Edinburgh, 1891.

If not, and they will get it, a new delight is in store for them, and they will know something of the diction of Dr. Guthrie.

He once began a prayer, “O Lord, it

is a braw thing to loe ye. But it is a better (bitter) thing to hate ye."

The beauty of this dialect is that while it is capable alike of such tenderness, and such lofty eloquence, and such exquisite and delicate humor, it is, like our Saxon, incapable of falsetto, or of little pomposities.

I heard Lyman Beecher, then a very old man, before a meeting of the members of the Massachusetts Legislature in 1852, when the measure known as the Maine Liquor Law was pending. He bore unmistakable marks of advanced age. But there were one or two passages that showed the power of the orator, one especially in which he described the beauty and delight of our homes, and intemperance threatening them with its waves like a great sea of fire.

I saw Henry Ward Beecher several times in private, and had pleasant talks with him. But I am sorry to say I never heard him speak, so far as I can now remember, on any occasion when he put forth his power. But if half that is told of his speeches, during the Civil War, some of them to hostile and angry audiences, be true, he was a consummate master. One story is told of him which I suppose is true, and, if it be true, ranks him as one of the greatest masters of his art that ever lived. It is said that he was speaking to a great crowd in Birmingham, or perhaps Liverpool, which constantly goaded him with hostile interruptions, so that he had great difficulty in getting on. At last one fellow provoked the cheers and applause of the audience by crying out—"Why didn't you put down the Rebellion in sixty days as you said you would?" Beecher paused a moment until they became still, in their eagerness to hear his reply, and then hurled back—"We should if they had been Englishmen." The fierce, untamed animal hesitated a moment between anger and admiration, and then the English love of fair play and pluck prevailed, and the crowd cheered him and let him go on.

But any man who reads Beecher's delightful "Letters from the White Mountains," or some of his sermons, and imagines his great frame, and far-sounding voice, will get a conception of his power to play on the feelings of men, of his humor, and pathos, and intense conviction, and

rapidity in passing from one emotion to another, and will understand him.

I heard Rufus Choate a great many times. I heard nearly all the speeches given in "Brown's Life"; and I heard him a great many times at the bar, both before juries and the full court. He is the only advocate I ever heard who had the imperial power which would subdue an unwilling and hostile jury. His power over them seemed like the fascination of a bird by a snake. Of course, he couldn't do this with able judges, although all judges who listened to him would, I think, agree that he was as persuasive a reasoner as ever lived. But with inferior magistrates and juries, however intelligent, however determined they were in a made-up opinion, however on their guard against the charmer, he was almost irresistible. There are very few important cases recorded that Choate lost. Non supplex, sed magister aut dominus videretur esse iudicium.

Choate's method was pure persuasion. He never appealed to base motives, nor tried to awake coarse prejudices or stormy passions. He indulged in no invective. His wit and sarcasm and ridicule amused the victim almost as much as it amused the bystander. He had the *suaviloquentia* which Cicero attributes to Cornelius. There was never a harsh note in his speech.

Latrantur enim jam quidam oratores, non loquantur.

When he was confronted with some general rule, or some plain fact, he had a marvellous art of subtle distinction. He showed that his client, or witness, or proposition, belonged to a class of itself. He invested it with a distinct and intense personality. He held up his fact or his principle before the mind of the court and the jury. He described and pictured it. He brought out in clear relief what distinguished it from any other fact or proposition whatever. If necessary, he would almost have made a jury, before he was through, think the Siamese twins did not look alike, and possibly that they never could have been born of the same parents.

He had a voice without any gruff or any shrill tones. It was like a sweet, yet

powerful flute. He never strained it or seemed to exert it to its fullest capacity. I do not know any other public speaker whose style resembled his in the least. Perhaps Jeremy Taylor was his model, if he had any model. The phraseology with which he clothed some commonplace or mean thought or fact, when he was compelled to use commonplace arguments, or to tell some common story, kept his auditors ever alert and expectant. An Irishman, who had killed his wife, threw away the axe with which Choate claimed the deed was done, when he heard somebody coming. This, in Choate's language, was "the sudden and frantic ejaculation of the axe." Indeed his speech was a perpetual surprise. Whether you liked him or disliked him you gave him your ears, erect and intent. He used manuscript a great deal, even in speaking to juries. When a trial was on, lasting days or weeks, he kept pen, ink, and paper at hand in his bedroom, and would often get up in the middle of the night to write down thoughts that came to him as he lay in bed. He was always careful to keep warm. It was said he prepared for a great jury argument by taking off eight great coats and drinking eight cups of green tea.

When I was a young lawyer in Worcester I had something to do before the court sitting in the fourth story of the old stone court-house in Boston. I finished my business and had just time to catch the train for home. As I came down the stairs I passed the door of the court-room where the United States court was sitting. The thick wooden door was open, and the opening was closed by a door of thin leather stretched on a wooden frame. I pulled it open enough to look in, and there, within three feet of me, was Choate, addressing a jury in a case of marine insurance, where the defence was the unseaworthiness of the vessel. I had just time to hear this sentence, and shut the door and hurry to my train: "She went down the harbor, painted and perfidious—a coffin, but no ship."

I hear now, as if still in the eager throng, his speech in Faneuil Hall during the Mexican War. He demanded that we should bring back our soldiers to the line we claimed as our rightful boundary, and let Mexico go. He said we had done

enough for glory, and that we had humiliated her enough.

"The Mexican maiden, as she sits with her lover among the orange-groves, will sing to her guitar the story of these times—'Ah, woe is me, Alhama,' for a thousand years to come."

Choate, like other good orators, and like some great poets, notably Wordsworth, created the taste which he satisfied. His dramatic action, his marvellous and strange vocabulary, his oriental imagination, his dressing the common and mean things of life with a poetic charm and romance, did not at once strike favorably the taste of his Yankee audiences. Webster and Everett seem to have appreciated him from the first. But he was, till he vindicated his title to be a great lawyer, rather a thorn in the flesh of Chief Justice Shaw, of whose consternation and amusement, caused by the strange figure that appeared in his court-room, many queer stories used to be told. But the young men and the people liked him.

"Non probantur hæc senibus—sæpe videbam cum invidentem tum etiam irascentem stomachantem Philippum—sed mirantur adulescentes multitudo movetur."

It was a curious sight to see on a jury twelve hard-headed and intelligent countrymen—farmers, town officers, trustees, men chosen by their neighbors to transact their important affairs—after an argument by some clear-headed lawyer for the defence, about some apparently not very doubtful transaction, who had brought them all to his way of thinking, and had warned them against the wiles of the charmer, when Choate rose to reply for the plaintiff—to see their look of confidence and disdain—"You needn't try your wiles upon me." The shoulder turned a little against the speaker—the averted eye—and then the change; first, the changed posture of the body; the slight opening of the mouth; then the look, first, of curiosity, and then of doubt, then of respect; the surrender of the eye to the eye of the great advocate; then the spell, the charm, the great enchantment—till at last, jury and audience were all swept away, and followed the conqueror captive in his triumphal march.

He gesticulated with his whole body. Wendell Phillips most irreverently as well

as most unjustly compared him to a monkey in convulsions. His bowings down and straightening himself again were spoken of by another critic, not unfriendly, as opening and shutting like a jack-knife. His curly black hairs seemed each to have a separate life of its own. His eyes shone like coals of fire. There is a passage of Everett's which well describes Choate, and is also one of the very best examples of Everett, who, with all his fertility of original genius, borrowed so much, and so enriched and improved everything that he borrowed. Cicero said of Antonius :

"*Omnia veniebant Antonio in mentem ; eaque suo quæque loco, ubi plurimum proficere et valere possent, ut ab imperatore equites pedites levis armatura, sic ab illo in maxime opportunis orationis partibus conlocabantur.*"

Now see what Everett does with this thought in his eulogy, spoken in Fanueil Hall, the week after Choate's death :

"He is sometimes satisfied, in concise epigrammatic clauses, to skirmish with his light troops, and drive in the enemy's outposts. It is only on fitting occasions, when great principles are to be vindicated, and solemn truths told, when some moral or political Waterloo or Solferino is to be fought, that he puts on the entire panoply of his gorgeous rhetoric. It is then that his majestic sentences swell to the dimensions of his majestic thought ; then it is that we hear afar off the awful roar of his rifled ordnance ; and when he has stormed the heights, and broken the centre, and trampled the squares, and turned the staggering wings of the adversary, that he sounds his imperial clarion along the whole line of battle, and moves forward with all his hosts, in one overwhelming charge."

One of the most remarkable advocates of my day was Sidney Bartlett. He seldom addressed juries, and almost never public assemblies. He was a partner of Chief Justice Shaw before 1830. He argued cases before the Supreme Court of the United States and before the Supreme Court of Massachusetts after he was ninety. He cared for no other audience. He had a marvellous compactness of speech, and a marvellous sagacity in seeing the turning-point of a great question.

He found the place where the roads diverged, got the court's face set in the right direction, and then stopped. He would argue in ten or fifteen minutes a point where some powerful antagonist like Curtis or Choate would take hours to reply. I once told him that his method of argument was to that of ordinary lawyers like logarithms to ordinary mathematics. He seemed pleased with the compliment, and said, "Yes, I know I argue over their heads. The Chief Justice told me he wished I would talk a little longer." I do not know that Bartlett ought to be reckoned among orators. But he had a great power of convincing, and giving intellectual delight to minds capable of appreciating his profound and inexorable logic.

Edward Everett seems to me, on the whole, our best example of the orator, pure and simple. Webster was a great statesman, a great lawyer, a great advocate, a great public teacher. To all these his matchless oratory was but an instrument and incident.

Choate was a great winner of cases, and as relaxation he gave, in the brief vacations of an overworked professional life (he once defined a lawyer's vacation as the time after he has put a question to a witness while he is waiting for an answer), a few wonderful literary and historical addresses. He gave a brief period of brilliant but most unwilling service in each House of Congress. He made some powerful political speeches to popular audiences. But his heart was always in the court-house. No gambler ever hankered for the feverish delight of the gaming table as Choate did for that absorbing game, half chance, half skill, where twelve human dice must all turn up together one way, or there is no victory.

But Everett is always the orator. He was a clergyman a little while. He was a Greek professor a little while. He was a college president a little while. He was Minister to England a little while. He was Representative in Congress and Senator. He was Governor of the Commonwealth. In these places he did good service enough to make a high reputation for any other man. Little of these things is remembered now. He was above all things—I am tempted to say, above all

men—the foremost American orator in one class.

There is one function of the orator peculiar to our country, and almost wholly unknown elsewhere. That is the giving utterance to the emotion of the people, whether of joy or sorrow, on the occasions when its soul is deeply stirred—when some great man dies, or there is a great victory or defeat, or some notable anniversary is celebrated. This office was filled by other men, on some few occasions by Daniel Webster himself, but by no man better than by Everett. A town, or city, or state is very human. In sorrow it must utter its cry of pain; in victory, its note of triumph. As events pass, it must pronounce its judgment. Its constant purpose must be fixed and made more steadfast by expression. It must give voice to its love and its approbation and its condemnation. It must register the high and low water mark of its tide, its rising and its sinking in heat and cold. This office Edward Everett, for nearly fifty years, performed for Massachusetts and for the whole country. In his orations are preserved and recorded everything of the emotion of the great hours of our people's history. The camera of his delicate photography has preserved for future generations what passed in the soul of his own in the times that tried the souls of men.

I do not know where he got his exquisite elocution. He went abroad in his youth, and there were good trainers abroad, then. He must have studied thoroughly the speeches of Cicero and the Greek orators. Many casual phrases in his works, besides many quotations, show his familiarity with Cicero's writings on oratory.

If you would get some faint, far-off conception of him, first look at the best bust or picture of Everett you can find. Imagine the figure with its every movement gentle and graceful. The head and face are suggestive of Greek sculpture. This person sits on the platform with every expression discharged from the face, looking like a plaster image when the artist has just begun his model, before any character or intelligence has been put into it. You think him the only person in the audience who takes no interest whatever in what is going on, and certainly that he expects to have nothing to do with it himself. He

is introduced. He comes forward quietly and gracefully. There is a slight smile of recognition of the welcoming applause. The opening sentences are spoken in a soft—I had almost said, a caressing voice, though still a little cold. I suppose it would be called a tenor voice. There was nothing in the least unmanly about Edward Everett. Yet if some woman had spoken in the same tones, you would have not thought them unwomanly.

Illa tanquam cycnea fuit divini hominis vox et oratio.

He has found somewhere in the vast storehouse of his knowledge a transaction exactly like the present, or exactly in contrast with it, or some sentiment of poet or orator which just fits the present occasion. If it be new to his audience, he adds to it a newer delight still by his matchless skill as a narrator—a skill almost the rarest of all talents among public speakers. If it be commonplace and hackneyed he makes it fresh and pleasant by giving in detail the circumstances when it was first uttered, or describes some occasion when some orator has applied it before; or calls attention to its very triteness as giving it added authority. If he wish to express his agreement with the last speaker and "say ditto to Mr. Burke," he tells you when that was said, what was the occasion, and gives you the name of Mr. Kruger, who stood for the representation of Bristol with Burke.

Mr. Everett's stores were inexhaustible. If any speaker have to get ready in a hurry for a great occasion, let him look through the index of the four volumes of Everett's speeches, and he will find matter enough, not only to stimulate his own thought and set its currents running, but to illustrate and adorn what he will say.

But pretty soon the orator rises into a higher plane. Some lofty sentiment, some stirring incident, some patriotic emotion, some play of fancy or wit comes from the brain or heart of the speaker. The audience is hushed to silence. Perhaps a little mist begins to gather in their eyes. There is now an accent of emotion in the voice, though still soft and gentle. The Greek statue begins to move. There is life in the limbs. There has been a lamp kindled

somewhere behind the clear and transparent blue eyes. The flexible muscles of the face have come to life now. Still there is no jar or disorder. The touch upon the nerves of the audience is like that of a gentle nurse. The atmosphere is that of a May morning. There is no perfume but that of roses and lilies. But still, gently at first, the warmer feelings are kindled in the hearts of the speaker and hearers. The frame of the speaker is transfigured. The trembling hands are lifted high in air. The rich, sweet voice fills the vast audience-chamber with its resonant tones. At last, the bugle, the trumpet, the imperial clarion rings out full and clear, and the vast audience is transported as to another world—I had almost said as to a seventh heaven. Read the welcome to Lafayette or the close of the matchless eulogy on that illustrious object of the people's love. Read the close of the oration on Washington. Read the contrast of Washington and Marlborough. Read the beautiful passage where, just before the ocean cable was laid, the rich fancy of the speaker describes—

“The thoughts that we think up here on the earth's surface in the cheerful light of day—clothing themselves with elemental sparks, and shooting with fiery speed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, from hemisphere to hemisphere, far down among the uncouth monsters that wallow in the nether seas, along the wreck-paved floor, through the oozy dungeons of the rayless deep; the last intelligence of the crops, whose dancing tassels will in a few months be coquetting with the west wind on those boundless prairies, flashing along the slimy decks of old

sunken galleons, which have been rotting for ages; messages of friendship and love, from warm, living bosoms burn over the cold green bones of men and women, whose hearts, once as fond as ours, burst as the eternal gulfs closed and roared over them, centuries ago.” Read the passage in the eulogy on Choate where he describes him arming himself in the entire panoply of his gorgeous rhetoric—and you will get some far-away conception of the power of this magician.

One thing especially distinguishes our modern orator from the writer in the closet, where he writes solely for his readers, or where he has prepared his speeches beforehand—that is, the influence of the audience upon him. There is nothing like it as a stimulant to every faculty, not only imagination, and zeal, and reason, but especially, as every experienced speaker knows, memory also. Everything needed seems to come out from the secret storehouses of the mind, even the things that have lain there forgotten, rusting and unused. Mr. Everett describes this in a masterly passage in his “Life of Webster.” Gladstone states it in a few fine sentences:

“The work of the orator, from its very inception,” he says, “is inextricably mixed up with practice. It is cast in the mould offered to him by the mind of his hearers. It is an influence principally received from his audience (so to speak) in vapor, which he pours back upon them in a flood. The sympathy and concurrence of his time is, with his own mind, joint parent of his work. He cannot follow nor frame ideals; his choice is to be what his age would have him, what it requires in order to be moved by him, or else not to be at all.”

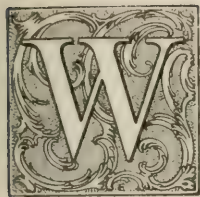
PASSAGES FROM A DIARY IN THE PACIFIC

TAHITI

By John La Farge

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM SKETCHES BY THE AUTHOR

February 12, 1891.



WHEN we rose in the early morning our ship had already passed the reef, and we were in the harbor of Papeete. There was the usual enchantment of the

land, a light blue sky and a light blue sea ; an air that felt cooler than that of Samoa, whatever the thermometer might say ; and when we had landed, a funny little town, stretched along the beach, under many trees. From under their shade the outside blue was still more wonderful, and at the edge, where the blue of sky and sea came together opposite us, the island of Moorea, all mountain, peaked and engrailed like some far distance of Titian's landscapes, seemed swimming in the blue.

Near the quay, neatly edged with stone steps, ships lay only a few rods off in the deep water, or their yards touching the branches of the great trees. Farther out, on a French man-of-war, the bugle marked the passing duty of the hour. But everything else was lazy, except the little horses driven by the Kanakas. Natives moved easily about, no longer with the stride of the Samoans, which throws out the knees and feet, as if it were for the stage. People were lighter built, more *effacé* ; but there were pretty faces, many evidently those of half-breeds.

White men were there with the same contrasting look of fierceness and inquisitiveness marked in their faces, which now that we see less of them, looks beaky and eager in contrast with the brown types that fill the larger part of our sight and acquaintance.

We were kindly received by the persons for whom we had introductions, and set about through various more or less shady streets marked French-wise on the corners : *Rue des Beaux-Arts*, *Rue de la Cathédrale*, etc. ; first to a little restaurant, where I heard, in an adjacent room, "Buvons,

amis, buvons !" and the noise of fencing ; then to hire furniture and buy household needs for the housekeeping we proposed to set up that very day, for there are no hotels. The evening was ended at the "Cercle," where we played dominoes, to remind ourselves that we were in some outlying attachment of provincial France. By the next morning we were settled in a little cottage on the beach that is shaded all along by trees ; we had engaged a cook, and Awoki was putting all to rights. As we walk back into the town there are French walls and yellow stuccoed houses for government purposes. A few officers in white and soldiers pass along.

A few scattered French ladies pass under the trees ; so far as we can tell (for we have been long away) dressed in some correct French fashion, looking not at all incongruous, because already we feel that this is dreamland—that anybody in any guise is natural here, except a few Europeans, who meet the place half-way and belong neither to where they came from, nor to the unreality of the place they are in. There is no noise ; the street is the beach ; the trappings of the artillery horses and the scabbards of the sabres rattle in a profound silence so great that I can distinctly count the pulsations of the water running from the fountain near us into the sea. The shapes and finish of the government buildings, their long spaces of enclosure, the moss upon them, remind us of the sleepest towns of out-of-the-way bits of France.

The natives slip over the dust in bare feet, the waving draperies of the long gown of the women seeming to add to the stealthy or undulating movement which carries them along. Many draw up under the arm some corner of this long, night-gowny dress that it may not trail, or let their arms swing loosely to the rhythm of their passing by.

Most of the native men wear loose

jackets, sometimes shirts, above the great loin-cloth which hangs down from the waist, and which is the same as the *lava-lava* of the Samoans, the *sulu* of the Fijians, and is here called the *pareu*.

Many of the women have garlands round their necks and flowers behind their ears. Occasionally we hear sounds of singing that come back to us from some cross-street, and as I have ventured to look, I see, in a little enclosure, some women seated, and one standing before them making the gestures, perhaps of a dance; and, I grieve to say, looking as if all had begun their latest evening very early in the day. But this I have noticed from sheer inquisitiveness. I feel that in another hour or so I shall not care to look for anything, but shall sit quietly and let everything pass like the turn of a revolving panorama. In this state of mind, which represents the idleness of arrival, we meet at our Consul's an agreeable young gentleman belonging to a family well known to us by name—the Branders, a family that represents, though mixed with European—the best blood of the islanders. They speak French and English with the various accents and manners that belong to those divisions of European society; they are well connected over in Scotland. Do you remember the Branders of "Lorna Doone"? At home their ancestry goes back full forty generations. They are young and pleasant, and we forget how old we are in comparison. We call on their mother later, a charming woman, and on an aunt, Mrs. Atwater, who has a similar charm of manner, accent, and expression; and on another aunt, the ex-Queen Marau, but she is away with her younger sister Manihinini.

In the evening, with some remnant of energy, we walk still farther than our house upon the beach, passing over the same roads that Stoddard wearily trod in his "South Sea Idylls." We try to find, by the little river that ends our walk, on this side of the old French fort, the calaboose where Melville was shut up. There is no one to help us in our search; no one remembers anything. Buildings occupy the spaces of woodland that Melville saw about him. Nothing remains but the same charm of light and air which he, like all others, has tried to describe and to bring back home

in words. But the beach is still as beautiful as if composed for Claude Lorrain. Great trees stand up within a few feet of the tideless sea. Where the shallows run in at times, canoes with outriggers are pulled up. People sit near the water's edge, on the grass. Outside of all the shade, we see the island of Moorea, farther out than the far line of the reef, no longer blue, but glowing like a rose in the beginning of the twilight.

At night we hear girls passing before our little garden; we see them swinging together, with arms about the flowers of their necks. They sing—alas! not always soberly, and the wind brings the odor of the gardenias that cover their necks and heads.

In the night the silence becomes still greater around us, though we hear, at a distance, the music of the band that plays in the square, which is the last amusement left to this dreary, deserted village called a town. In the square, which is surrounded by many trees, through which one passes to hidden official buildings, native musicians play European music, apparently accommodated to their own ideas, but all in excellent time, so that one just realizes that somehow or other these airs must have been certain well-known ones. But nothing matters very much.

A few visitors walk about; native women sit in rows on the ground, apparently to sell flowers, which they have before them. People of distinction make visits to a few carriages, drawn up under the trees. Occasionally, in the shadows, or before the lights, in an uncertain manner, natives begin to dance to the accompaniment of the band. But it is all listless, apparently, at least to the sight, and just as drowsy as the day.

In the very early morning we drive to the end of the bay at Point Venus, to see the stones placed by Wilkes and subsequent French navigators, in order to test the growth of the coral outside. And we make a call on a retired French naval officer, who has been about here more or less, since 1843, the time of Melville. We drive at first through back roads of no special character. We pass through a great avenue of trees, over-arching, the pride of the town; we cross a river-torrent, and the end of our road brings us along the

sea, but far up, so that we look down over spaces of palm and indentations of small bays fringed with foam, all in the shade below us. On the sea-outline always the island of Moorea, and back on Tahiti the great mountain, the Aorai, the edge, apparently, of a great central crater; a fantastic, serrated peak, called the "Diadem"; also an edge of the great chasm; and, on either side, long slopes that run to the sea from the central heights, and recall the slopes of Hawaii. But all is green; even the 8,000 feet of the Aorai, which look blue and violet, melt into the green around us, so as to show that the same verdure passes unbroken, wherever there is a foothold, from the sea to the highest tops. This haze of green, so delicate as to be namable only by other colors, gives a look of sweetness to these high spaces, and makes them repeat, in tones of light, against the blue of the sky, chords of color similar to those of the trees and the grass against the blue and violet of the sea.

Nearer us, the slopes are all broken up into knife edges of green velvet, streaked, right near us, by clay, which, in contrast, seems almost like vermilion. So far, the roads were good, though the slippery clay might be very different when the great rains came down; and as our driver forced his horses at a gallop, near the edges of the cliffs hanging over the lovely pictures of the secluded trees and water, we felt that a more sandy, more prosaic road would better suit the South Sea habits of carriage travel.

All the trees were about us that we knew in Samoa: and many more rounded mango-trees, with red fruit hanging on long stems, or lying green by the road. All this was to be seen with cool air full of life, and under a sky more like ours than the Samoan, but exquisitely blue and gay.

Little has been done by us, even of going about; Atamo has written many letters; I have tried to sketch a little from our veranda, in front of which, on the shore, grows a twisted *puraú*, called *faú* in Samoa. Through its branches I see the sea and the reef, and the island of Moorea, in every tint of blue that keeps the light, even in the evening or in the afterglow, when the sunset lights up, in yellow and purple, the sky behind it. And yet there is a reminiscence in my mind of something

not foreign to us, even at this moment, when the haze of light seems new, and the pale blue sea is spangled with little silver stars, as far as I can see distinctly.

We have called on the ex-King; and in the evening, at the club, I have seen him—a handsome, elderly man, somewhat broken. He was playing with a certain Keke, a black Senegambian in the French service, a prince of his own negro land, who speaks excellent French, and whom I surprised sitting on the sill of his house one evening (while we were taking a rainy walk). Keke wore in this retirement a pair of marvellous trousers, of a brilliant yellow, with red flamboyant pattern—something too fine for the ordinary out-of-door world. Many of the officials are colored men from the French colonies, and so is the governor, more or less. Of course the idea is infinitely respectable and humanitarian, as so many French things are, but I fear that the Republic is unwise in sending people whom the native here cannot look up to as he does to a white man.

Of course they are all French and have votes, as the native here can have also; but whether it is for the real good of a population accustomed to dependence I am not so sure. There are many curious anomalies: our American friends of Samoa speak with our natural way of looking at things correctly, of the preposterous way the French have of backing the Catholic missions and protecting their missionaries, even as we would. But here I find the Catholic mission dependent upon the gifts of the faithful, while the Protestant missions are supported by the French Government, as the Protestant clergy would be in France.

The King, upon whom we called, and whom we met at the club in affable mood, surrendered his rights to the French a few years ago, under long pressure and with some advice from the missionaries. In exchange he received an annual income, and retained his honors and certain privileges. This end I suppose to have been inevitable. His mother, the famous Queen Pomaré, whose name was known to all sea-going people in that half of the globe, whose resistance to French pretensions had come, apparently, for a moment, near bringing France and England into a quar-

rel, had lived for many years (since 1843?) under French authority, a government under the name of protectorate. Such, I suppose, must always be the end, as it has been everywhere that the English have been; as it has been in Fiji; as it will be to-morrow, when King George of Tonga dies; as it will be in Hawaii, whenever the whites there determine to use their power. Nor is the line of the Pomaré, any more than that of the Hawaiian rulers, so connected with all antiquity as to be typical of what a Polynesian great chief might be to the people whom he rules. The Pomarés date only from the time of Cook. They were slowly wresting the power from the great family of the Tevas, by war and by that still more powerful means—marriage, which in the South Seas is the only full and legitimate source of authority.

You know from all that I have told you of Samoa, that in Polynesia descent is the only real, absolute aristocracy; there is no ruling except through blood. Hence the absurdity of the kingships that we have fostered or established, which in our own minds seem quite legitimate, because they embody the European ideas which belong to our ancestry. Hence the general discomfort and trouble that we have helped to foster. Hence, also—and far worse—the breaking down, in reality, of all the bases upon which these old societies rested, the saving of which in part was the only hope remaining for the gradual education of the brown man, for his keeping to ideas of order different from our own, it is true, but still involving the same original foundations. Hence the demoralization; the arbitrary “white” laws, always misunderstood, always bringing on the vices which they were meant to control; hence the end of the “brown” man by himself.

The missionaries’ good-will has never gone so far as to try to understand him as a being with the same rights to methods of thinking that we claim for ourselves. Part of this sad trouble is, of course, owing to the unfortunate moment which gave birth both to greater missionary enterprise, to a first acquaintance with these races, and to the disruption of authority in the West. Perhaps, indeed, it might then have required more comprehension than could be asked of any but the most ex-

ceptional mind to realize that what we call savagery was a mode of civilization. So must have been the European world when the civilization of antiquity broke down, and things of price went into the night of forgetfulness, along with the mistaken beliefs and superstitions that were joined to them. So here, where, as in all civilizations, religious views, manners, customs, superstitions, were woven about every bit of life, the exterminating of anything that might seem pagan involved many habits, and some good ones, which, necessarily, from their fundamental antiquity, had been protected by religious rites. Hence we brought on idleness and consequent vice; for idleness is as bad for the savage, whom we innocently suppose to be idle, because we do not understand how he busies himself, as it is for the worker in modern civilization. It is not the actual doing that is important, but such occupation as may determine a habit of useful or harmless attention, which prevents the suggestion of untried moral experiments.

Even tattooing was a matter which, like any society duty, involved attention, considerable self-abnegation and suffering, so as to suit the supposed requirements of civilization, and a recognition of some manly standard, however childish it might seem to us, even if it seems as absurd as some of our society standards might seem to the savage.

These reflections came from reading a law of missionary civilization which I find in the records of the year 1822, in the neighboring island of Huahine; in which a man or woman who shall mark with tattoo, if not clearly proved, shall be tried and punished, and made—for the man—to work on the road, for the woman, to make mats, in a proportion of which the only exact measure that I find is that for the man it is about the same as that for bigamy; for the woman just the same as adultery.

With the coming of the missionaries, with the coming of the white men traders, coincided the first attempts of the ambition of these Pomaré chieftains. They had already done a good deal for themselves before Cook left for the last time. He had seen Oberea, of whom I first spoke, a great person. When he left, her line of family



Girls Bathing on the Shore Near Papeete, in an Outlet of the River Fantana.
The Diadem or Crown Mountain in distance.

was already on the decline ; war and massacre had weakened it. Pomaré—the Pomaré of that day, with the support of the guns of the white men, established his final superiority, and becoming the great chief, was solemnly crowned and oiled by the missionaries, like a new king of Scripture. And this man is the last of the line.

VOL. XXX.—8

His first great ancestor, Otu, just appears with the first discoverers' records of the details of the ceremonials and etiquette belonging to high chieftainship, which are recorded in the first missionary accounts.

You may remember the picture painted by Robert Smirke, Royal Academician, where the high priest of Tahiti cedes the

district in which we now are to Captain Wilson, of the missionary ship the *Duff*, for the missionaries. In the centre, with a background of palms and peaks, two young people—Pomaré, the son of Otu, and his queen are represented on men's shoulders. That was the old fashion of Tahiti, the great chief not being allowed to touch the land with his feet, lest it become his by touch. And therein also is

shown the peculiar political arrangement by which the young chief took his father's place when a child and ruled, in appearance at least; for there, in the picture along-side of the two young sovereigns called kings by us, stand father and mother uncovered to the waist, out of respect to their child's higher position—Otu and Id-deah, the dear lady whose notions about infanticide troubled the good missionaries to such an extent, but whose courtesy was willing to go so far as to promise that she "never would do it again," when once she had done as she

pleased. As I understand it, the Pomarés, then, pass away with the present King, but the great line whose place they took—the Tevas or their representatives, remain. In that line continues a descent from that Queen Oberea, whose figure, in another picture that I have referred to, and which I beg you will look up in the volume containing Wallis's discovery, is so charmingly made a type for an imaginary kingdom, like those of the operas and the tapestries of the eighteenth century, in which nothing is untouched by fancy but the muskets and grenadier-caps and uniforms of Wallis and his men.

I have almost been tempted, as you

see, to begin a sort of explanation of the history of the island, but I think that I can manage later to give you certain stories which will have the advantage of a more personal knowledge or acquaintance with what might be called the text, than these vague reminiscences of the books that I have read and which are nearer to you than they are to me. Meanwhile let me tell you that last evening, at

the club, his Majesty, who was in extreme good-humor, singled us out, told us how he liked us, that he liked Americans, who themselves liked Tahitians, and that the French, who stood all about him, were all d— d— d—

This he said in English, in a proper reminiscence of nautical terms of reproach, and added, blandly, "But I don't understand English."

He has a fine, aristocratic head, and must have been a very handsome man. He has, for an adopted son, one of the young gentlemen of the Branderers, who will succeed to an empty

honor, though there might perhaps yet be a part to fill for the family that represents all that there has been far back and recently.

Next week we shall go into the country, farther along the coast, and make a visit to the old lady who is at the head of the house, grandmother of these young men, and who is the Chiefess representing that great line of the Teva, alongside of which the Pomaré—the kings through the foreigner, are new people. Then I may write lengthily, or at least with some detail, about matters that I only see confusedly, but which must be curiously full of ancient, archaic history, however lost or eclipsed to-day.



Princess Pri.



Drawn by John La Farge.

The Diadem.

I notice in my habits, now forming, as I write out my journal for you, a tendency to dream away into a manner of philosophizing which evidently has for its first beginning the appreciation of the remote forms of these savage civilizations, so that as I grow to understand them better, it is necessary for my individual happiness of

One evening in Samoa, the great Baker, the former missionary and ruler of Tonga, finding me interested and credulous in regard to many superstitions which he described, and many facts quite as extraordinary that he vouched for, unfolded to me, as a reward of confidence, his firm belief that in these islands of the Pacific,



Head of a Girl (Noctambula).

thought to be able to consider the earlier ways of man as not unconnected with the present, and even to be willing to consider all foundations of society as passing methods, suitable to the moment, and perhaps in the great future to vary as much from the present as the past is strangely different. The good missionary who simply looked upon a good deal of this past as strangely resembling the antiquities of the Bible, consoled himself and persuaded many of his brown brethren in the belief that they, at last, were the famous lost tribes, who still kept, in many ways and details, that very peculiar manner of life which the Bible sets out in many details.

Reuben, Simeon, Levi, Judah, Zebulon, Issachar, Dan, Gad, Asher, Naphtali, Ephraim, Manasseh, and Benjamin had found a home. And if a man so worldly wise, such a producer of money, such a controller of weaker minds, dwelt in this view with satisfaction, as a relief from the sordid necessities of power, I think that a mere dreamer like myself can be excused for turning to more scientific and accurate arrangements of man's history.

These words come to me more distinctly suggested by the place in which I am, not because I am thinking of the ancient ways that I touch, but because I remember how Melville passed from those

records of exterior life and scenery to a dwelling within his mind—a following out of metaphysical ideas, and a scheming of possible evolutions in the future of man.

PAPARA, Thursday, February 26th.

We are on the south coast, upon the sea; breakers almost at our door, for the reef, which is here very close to shore, opens just at the mouth of the little river that runs by the house. To-day the sea is of the usual light blue, upon which rise



King Pomaré.

the great foaming masses of the breakers. Last night they were like bars of white light, on the violet dark of the sea and the violet haze of the sky. For we had a full moon whose light rivalled the afterglow, and made me believe that I could see the green of the grass and the reds and yellows and light blues of the crowd of singers out on the grass by the sea. They sat in a half-circle, pensive, and apparently thoughtful, between the intervals of the songs—which, after all, are those of Samoa; the same cadences, the same leading high notes, the same bass which runs through all, the hum-hum which gives the



Head of a Girl (Noctambula).

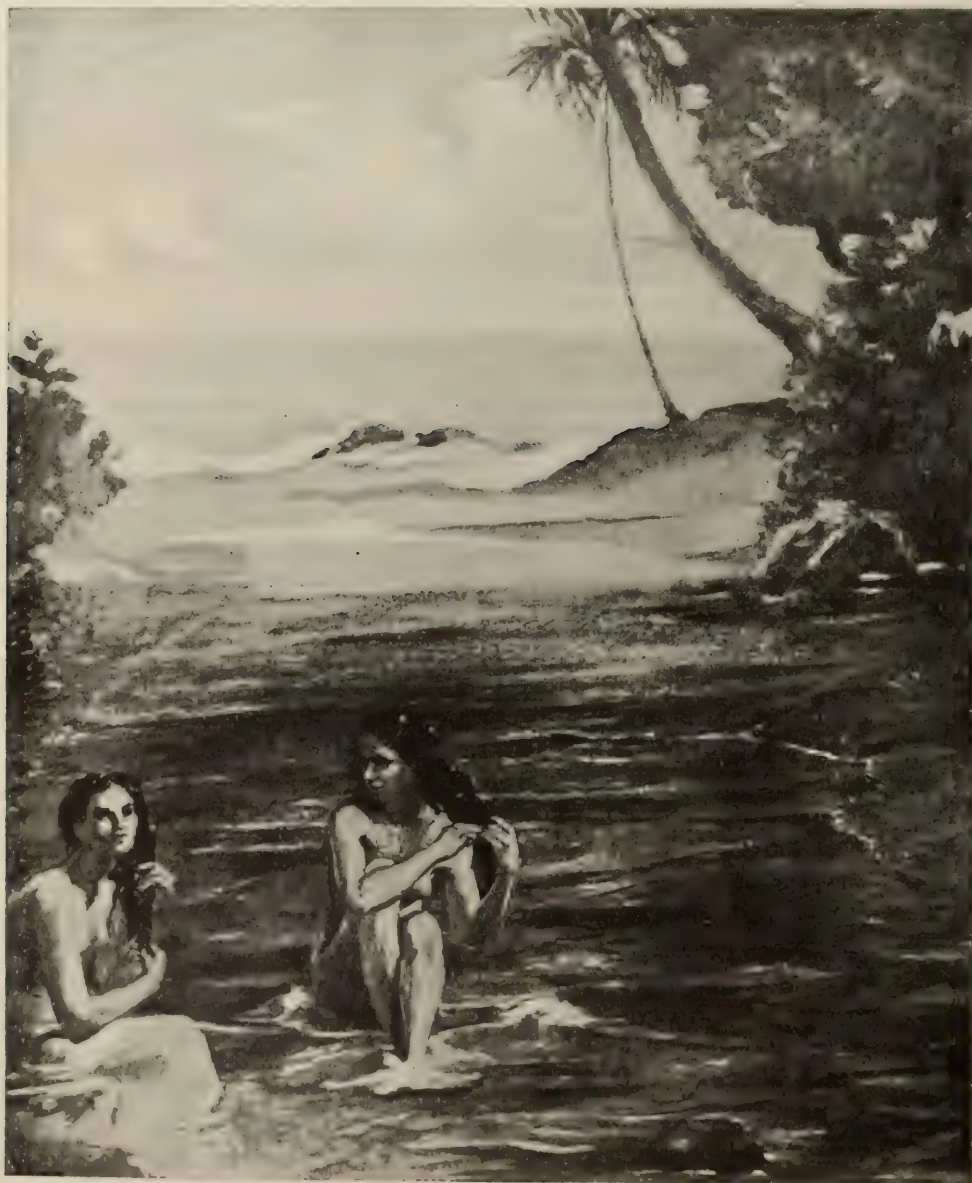
illusion of an instrument—some bassoon or pipe accompanying the song. There is clearly a touch of the pleasure of sadness in this recognition of Samoa's belonging to the past. We shall now begin to say: so it was in Samoa, thus and so; I suppose that it is all the more true because in Samoa we have struck the keynote, or, at least, what remains of the antique Polynesian civilization. Here they are more than a half-century—almost some seventy years, in advance or rather in change of the older ways. Here they wear hats, the girls especially, and the long gown; the men wear the "lava-lava" or loin-cloth (which they call "pareu," here), and usually a shirt; though I sometimes see the bare body, usually fine and strong; their color is paler or more neutral than the ruddy tone of Samoan flesh; and the faces are finer, but sadder, and yet not nobler. Indeed, though I do not feel it here so much, in this charming place, where our host and his sister and his mother, the old Chiefess, are kindly entertaining us, there is a general impression of sadness and pensiveness which covers even the very landscape. The blues and violets and greens fall into chords that are rarely gay, even though the landscape

forms are those that we might call *riant*, if we were talking French. The running of the many little rivers to the sea, and the meeting of their waters with the incoming tide, the sight of the breakers on the reef, or their splashing on the shore behind a screen of foliage of beautiful patterns, the blue haze, or the darkness of the mountains and the grayness of reflected light, which makes them look like velvet—all these combinations are lovely, and slightly sad.

Here at Papara the lookout on one side is all to the breakers; they strike and undermine the shore upon which the house is built; they help the river that runs alongside, when in times of freshet it tears away the trees on the bank.

Landward, we see mountains, down

whose green sides pour waterfalls from yesterday's rain, that make lines of silver some two thousand feet long. There is a dark valley, seen behind tree-tops, and one spur of a great hill or mountain, on whose steep face I dream may be the hidden caves where are buried the ancestors (even to the very last, whose memory is still fresh) of the family we are visiting. Our Chiefess has been telling us how these tombs are secret; that one family of dependants alone have its knowledge, and in that family only one; and how, when the chiefs had been ostensibly buried, their bodies were carried off to these inaccessible points, by those whose traditional duty it was to care for them and preserve them. Thus the bodies were secured from insult or degradation, or, I suppose myself, from



Women Bathing in Papara River.



A Bridle-path in Tahiti.

the control of their souls by any holder of some part of their earthly house. The severed head, at least, was secure from a possible enemy. There is some track, some means of finding these places, but no path ; perhaps some shrubs, such as the red hibiscus, may zigzag in a direction that might indicate them to the one who knew and who might have no time to lose in finding them.

This great lady, the greatest in all islands, is the last link of the old and new : with her will go all sorts of traditions and all sorts of stories and habits ; and we are asking her to tell us of some, while we are here. But it would take months to get even a part. Some of it will be saved ; the genealogies which prove title to names and successions, and hence to lands, for with each name goes some ownership. All this has been secret ; for with the mixing of families, and no written records until to-day, the knowledge of one's ancestry

was the proof of descent and ownership. Our host tells us that, once upon a time, during the many evenings that some old lady had to give to the teaching of her son or grandson, in this long roll of names, a covetous person listened in the dark, night after night, securing thereby a knowledge that might help him to make up the links of his own genealogy, and thereby claim property rights that did not properly belong to him.

As we sat in the twilight, upon the mats laid out on the grass by the sea, the old Chiefess repeated to us, with curious cadences and intonations unknown to the people here to-day, some of the forms of salutation through which a visitor addressed the honored person that he visited, or was addressed by him. These words gave names and surnames, and references to past history, and made out the proper titles to descent. They were recited in the form of a lamentation ; and there were

pauses, she said, when the speaker was supposed to weep; and in committing them to memory, she learned also when this wailing was to come.

Once, she said, she had visited either Raiatea or Bora Bora with her friend, the famous late Queen Pomaré, to call upon the Queen there; and Queen Pomaré, less versed than herself, asked her to speak these salutations for her, as they walked along upon their official visit.

"It was difficult," said the old lady; "I had to walk just so, and to repeat all this at the same time, without an error, and at the proper places to lament."

For our hostess was a lady of the greatest family, of greater family than the late Queen's; though her affection for her prevents her saying what she thinks.

Indeed, her grand-uncle was to have succeeded the old King Pomaré, by his choice; but his affection for the last Queen, who was then a girl, influenced him in declining the place.

The missionaries also were opposed to it; he was a man of great importance and distinction, no possible tool; and some of his family had been the last pagans, or rather opponents of the new things that were to kill their past. Had he been made King, it is not unlikely that things might have been different, and that there

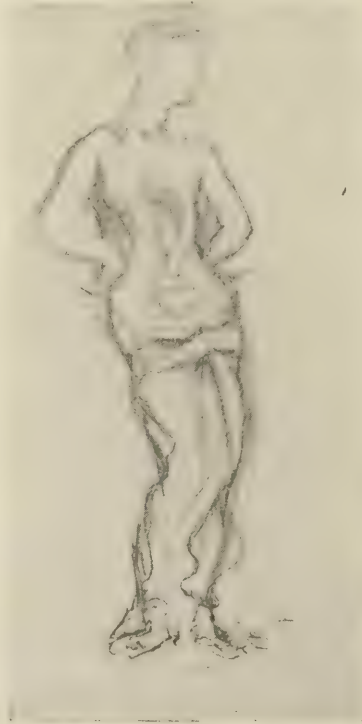
might have remained something else than the impending extinction which seems inevitable for these people; for he knew

Europeans and was respected by them, and his family had retained the greatest power and prestige in the islands. He was, says an impartial witness, Moerenhout, a just man, incorrupt, the only one, and extremely intelligent, though gentle.

To-day the family are partly of European blood, and the younger daughter, who is our kind hostess, speaks English, French, German, and Spanish, has been in Europe, and is back here in exile, on account of her health; and she talks to us of the Nibelungen in explanatory reference to the legends she has been translating to us from her mother's talk.

She is beautiful, with remarkable fineness of profile (and, indeed, there is a great deal of beauty in the family) and with a charming cadence of voice that sounds like a caress.

Her elder brother, who speaks English and was brought up in England, reminds me of our poor Richardson, by his size, his weight, his voice, his face, and many little touches and ways. He is Chief here, and rules not only in open way by law, but in the innumerable ways of the head of a clan who takes an interest in his people; he is a general adviser and referee; and much of



A Tahitian Dancing-girl.



Outline of the Island of Moorea from Tahiti.

his time is taken up by these demands of his people. One of his nephews, only a little younger than the young aunt, is here with us; he has been mostly in France, and no one would know by anything he says that he was not a Frenchman, with a perfect knowledge of the native tongue and ways. His father was a Scotchman of good lineage, who made a great fortune here, and married into this family of native aristocracy. So that there could be no greater contrast than that presented by the good people on the mats with us, last evening, while the old lady told us of the ways of the older time. It is all too disconnected for me to get it down here now, but one curious little trait she spoke of, when we told her of the Samoan Taupou, or official maiden, who had been so large a part of our entertainment in Samoa. They, too, she said, had maidens set apart to show for the fame and good report of the districts: girls who were kept fair in the shade, who were carefully looked after, and who, on certain occasions, were exhibited to the admiration of all. These occasions, especially, were when the girls went out to bathe and play in the sea. Then, relieved of their confinement and of their dresses, their forms could be seen, and the fame of their beauty spread about, along with their good repute.

This evening a long story has been told, a legend made unutterably lengthy by the repetition of the names, surnames, appurtenances, etc., not only of the hero and heroines, but even of the idealized waters in which the hero bathes, and which accompany him.

It is the tale of a king who goes to visit the girl he is promised to, and who takes the appearance of a leper or old sick man, to try her. She discards him, and he having miraculous powers and help (birds, rainbows, light, water, etc.), pursues another love in the same way, beneath the sea, and finally returns again, clad in consuming light, to the girl who had despised him. Though warned of dangers, she endeavors to secure her prize, and perishes in the fire.

This is the story of the "Prince of the Double Body" (Terii-tinorua—Prince-body-two), and the old lady justly rebuked her grandson, who did not appre-

ciate that this was the story of his own name, for that was one of his ancestral titles.

These are all people with many names. There is an English baptismal name, as Loys for our young lady; a native name for the same person, Tefatau; a nickname, as Pri (short for Piritani, *British*); a marriage name—the old lady's marriage name is Huruatē, if I remember. She is called Hinaari and Teriitē * i tooarai. Her official name with the Government is Ariitamai; and she holds many other names of chieftainship, for each place upon which she has rights. I hope I have mentioned them all—the sorts of names, I mean; but if I have not, I shall make it straight farther on.

All through the evening has been running in my sleepy mind the impression of my being present at the end of something—the twilight of a past.

The Queen's sister, the young lady with the delicate features, talked to us about her likings in Europe, and referred incidentally, as I said before, to the Nibelungen, while her old mother, of the antique cast of head, had repeated to us, in the dreamy and half-bashful way old people have when recalling their youth, those old cadences and words by which great people once saluted each other—things that with her will pass into the vague darkness where forgotten nations are.

Do you remember the story of the parrot, that alone kept a few words of the language of the Incas, when they had melted away before the Spaniards? Well, when this venerable dame has joined her ancestors, not even a parrot will be able to speak this language that was spoken sixty years ago.

We who listen and she who speaks represent, as we sit about her on the mats, vast differences of training and of race; extreme varieties of habits of mind; and I am all the more impressed when I realize the vast spaces of the physical and the intellectual world that are compressed together into this little space. When the delicate voice of the younger princess whispers, that, too, is like the German legends; or the Queen translates into French, because the exact meaning is not so possibly represented in English, I feel

* Terii is *Prince* or *Princess*.

that we have come really to the end of the ancient world. I am listening to a person who when a child must have been near to the Phædra of the dramatist or to the other descendants of the gods of Greece. "Mon aïeul est le père et le maître des dieux. Le ciel, tout l'univers est plein de mes aïeux."

Christianity is here, in a very simple and I think a very sincere form. One of our ladies repeats to herself, during the evening songs, the word of great meaning to her, the Sacred Name Ietu (Jesus).^{*} But the old ideas have not perished all about us. Tati, on looking over my pictures, says, "You know that that man—the old man before the hut by the water, under the pandanus-trees, calls in the spirits of the dead."

When I ask about the old tutelar divinity of the family, the shark, I am told that he still frequents—harmless to his friends—the water inside the reef; changing his size when he comes in or out, because of the small passage, which gives but little place. And our Chiefess repeats, this evening for us, the following story:

STORY TOLD BY ARIITAMAI OR HINARII,
OUR CHIEFESS

When Queen Pomaré Vahine of Huahine had died of some sudden illness she was wrapped up and carried from place to place, around the island, watched only by daughters of chiefs, who brushed away the flies and oiled her body. She was carried about because it was proper that each district or part of her islands should lament over her as chieftain of each separate place.

Then on her return, after some weeks, to the little island which was the place of her family or race, just outside or inside of the reef, she lay before the final burial, watched by mourners. Already they were prepared, for there were signs that the sacred body had yielded to decay. The night was far through when one of the women saw that the Queen had moved first her eyelid and then her foot. Soon she uttered a sigh, and life came back throughout her.

When she recovered her senses and her faculties she was able to relate the story of her experiences after death. She had

wandered about, forced in some way, that I do not remember distinctly enough to give in detail, from place to place, protected by her guardian spirit and in danger of others. For already she had been singled out of womankind to be the chosen wife of another Varuaino, who lay in wait for her, in watch at some tree by which the road she had to travel obliged her to pass. She was fought for by different chiefs of the spirit-land, and fell to the share of one, a young chief, who managed to hide her, for a time, under nets and tappa. From him she could not escape, and was detained in some sort of cage, that need not have been so different from the native house, with its wooden barred walls. Around it hovered her protector, ready to take any chance for her escape. In some manner she was caught away from there, and served elsewhere as handmaiden for a time.

Many were her adventures in different islands. In one, unknown to her before, when she came back to life, she pointed out the cocoanut-tree up which, as a servant, in her spirit life, she had been made to climb, so as to gather what I suppose was the spirit of the fruit.

Again she fell into the hands of her new husband the Chief, but while he was away there came a spirit to her—her grandfather or her great-grandfather—and urged her back to life, hurrying her to her own dead body. Commanded to re-enter it, strange as it may seem, she hesitated at beginning all over again; but her protector forced her again through the paths of life, into the empty shell now beginning to give way.

She related all this, and her many wanderings during the period of her death, as long as she lived; indeed, it is not many years ago that she died. In proof of the accuracy of her statements, she told her people where they would find this or that tree, this or that water, through the places she had traversed; and her body remained marked by the scars of the places where dissolution had begun, as a further test of the extreme limit which she had reached before her return to a second life.

Here you see we have again the good and bad angels, whom we found in Samoa. The paths after life are the same: there are jumping-off places for the souls, and boats of Charon and difficult places that are trials. Our dear old Chiefess told us

^{*} No *s* in the Tahitian language.

the story, and she had heard it from the old Queen herself. This ancient personage was a remarkable woman ; had been engaged, perhaps married, to the Pomaré of history ; had yielded her place—if, indeed, it was a place—to her sister Terito, whose resemblance to a girl of low degree with whom Pomaré was entangled, had made this latter marriage more agreeable. The relation is difficult to understand, evidently not laid down in the books.

With all his protection of the new religion and general devoutness as per missionary accounts, the introducer of Christianity was somewhat loose in conduct, ac-

cording to the same accounts. Indeed, if the anecdotes I have heard are true, he was in certain matters "perfectly awful." But as these cannot be insisted upon, on account of the habits of our language, I shall return to say this much more of our heroine : that she was brave and capable, and that her capacity in war seems to have had a great deal to do with the success of Pomaré.

Perhaps I ought to quote her words also in telling her story to our Chiefess, that "we do not believe these things now, my dear—this was before I became a Christian."

THE DELTA COUNTRY OF ALASKA

By G. R. Putnam

No white man lives on the coast of Alaska between the Kuskokwim River and the northern mouth of the Yukon, a stretch of 350 miles, and no portion of the coast of the territory, not even the Arctic shore, is less known. Yet this is not a desert country, for it readily supplies the means of life to those who can confine their needs to four things : salmon, seal, water-fowl, and drift-wood. Nor is this region beyond the limits of civilization, for to the south of it is Bristol Bay, with its salmon canneries and fishing banks, and to the north the Yukon, carrying its large river trade, St. Michael, an important port where have been at one time as many as thirty ocean vessels, and the Cape Nome district, already occupied by thousands of miners. Numerous Eskimos dwell throughout the delta country, and its southern portion is the most densely populated with natives of any part of Alaska. One can go no great distance on the coast, rivers, or sloughs without seeing their low log huts. It is true that these are frequently unoccupied, for the Eskimos have different houses for the seasons of the year, but this is offset by the fact that a single house shelters on an average about a dozen people, and sometimes double this number, and there is but one room to a house. Nature has set up a barrier which has had much to do

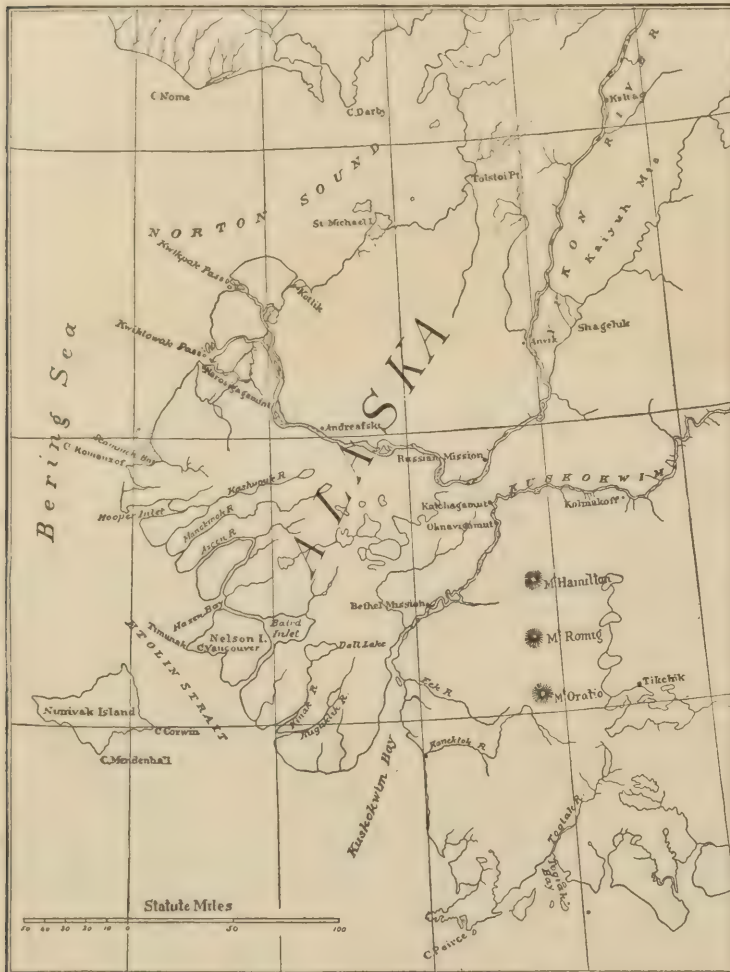
with the Eskimos being left in undisturbed possession of this region ; a barrier of sand and mud, which by the action of the two great rivers, the Yukon and Kuskokwim, has been filled in along the shores of Bering Sea to such an extent that vessels cannot approach within sight of land on this delta coast except at two points. There is, further, little to attract the civilized man, for it is a cheerless region to the eye, and there has been no rumor of the discovery of gold.

The geography of this delta coast has been veiled in mysteries, of which the Yukon itself was long one. The Russians knew its mouth ; the Kwikpak, they called it, after the Eskimo "great river." The English traded on its upper reaches ; to them the "Yukon" meant, in Indian, "*the river*"; but they supposed that it turned to the northward and emptied into the Arctic Ocean, east of Point Barrow, and it was so shown on early maps. In 1863 for the first time the identity of the Yukon and Kwikpak was established by a Russian who ascended the river from St. Michael. As the interior trade has always gone along the extreme northern channel of the Delta, there has been little occasion to explore the other outlets of the river, so it is not surprising that remarkable discrepancies were developed when lately it

was surveyed. Vessels have grounded when sixty miles from this coast, as shown on the old charts, so that it was supposed the shoal flats off this river-mouth were of very great extent. But it has recently been proved that this shore was much farther to the seaward than had been supposed

150 miles back from the coast the rivers approach within ten miles, and it seems probable that in this vicinity were at one time the outlets of the two rivers. From this point to the sea-coast the land between them is a great marsh, filled with lakes and ponds and cut with innumera-

ble sloughs. In the midst of this marsh, however, rise a few groups of mountains, isolated peaks, and hills. These were probably once islands off this coast, and indeed so low and flat and watery is the surrounding country that they still look like islands. Very unlike are the mouths of these neighboring rivers; the Kuskokwim empties into a single great estuary, so wide that one cannot see the opposite shore, while the Yukon has pushed the land far into Bering Sea and dissipates its energy in finding its way through this delta to more than two dozen mouths. A mighty river it is, discharging into Bering Sea, at the low summer stage, 430,000 cubic feet (or about 13,000 tons) of water each second. This is about two-thirds the average flow of the Mississippi. Deep and wide also is the Yukon in its lower stretches, with twenty to



(as much as 35 miles in one portion), making an addition to the continental area of 3,000 square miles. Of the southern half of this coast, near the Kuskokwim, little is known as yet. Very few white people have visited it, although, according to the census of 1890, it is more thickly peopled with natives than any other portion of Alaska. The census enumerator reported that he was the first white man ever seen by thousands of people in this and the neighboring district.

The Yukon and the Kuskokwim rivers, which drain a large proportion of Alaska, have joined forces in building out a delta and in filling in the eastern portions of Bering Sea. Although their mouths are now 200 miles apart, yet at a distance of

eighty feet in the channels, and one to two miles of open water, and yet this volume is rendered ineffective when with its strength divided among so many outlets it meets the opposing tidal forces of Bering Sea. Across many of these mouths one can wade at low tide, and the deepest of them carries but nine feet to sea. It is ninety-four miles, by the coast, between the mouths of the river now surveyed, and it is reported that there is still another outlet 100 miles south of these. The river water is of a grayish tinge, and carries a very fine sediment, taking long to settle. Immediately after the break up of the ice each spring the lower delta region is flooded, and doubtless during this period an immense amount of material is swept out



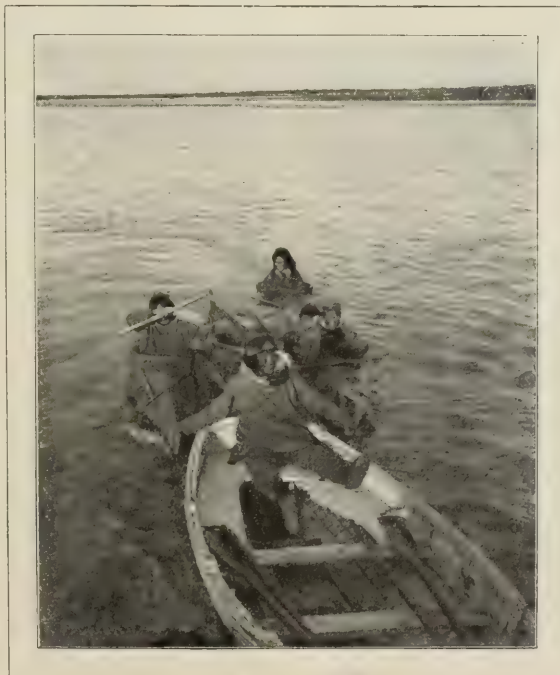
Eskimo Houses at the Yukon Mouth.

into Bering Sea. No trees grow anywhere on the coasts of western or northern Alaska, and yet these shores, for thousands of miles, and the islands of Bering Sea are strewn with immense quantities of drift-wood, in places piled high on the beach, bearing good testimony to the work of these rivers. This drift is the salvation of the Eskimo, furnishing him with fuel, and material for houses, boats, and sleds. The entire northeastern half of Bering Sea is very shoal, less than 500 feet in depth, while the southwestern half is mostly over 12,000 feet deep.

The delta of the Yukon is a dreary region, covering thousands of square miles, cut up by a net-work of sloughs, and with very little land not subject to overflow by the spring floods. During the last few years hundreds of Klondike miners have floated down the Yukon in the same boats that they built

at Lake Bennett to take them to Dawson; all bound to St. Michael, many completely "broke," perhaps in health as well as financially, others looking for better luck, while some travel this way simply to see the scenery. There is a very simple direction that will carry them safely through the delta, "keep to the right," for the channel for St. Michael is always on the right hand. But sometimes when they come to that labyrinth

of passes, bars, and islands at the head of the delta, they overlook the narrow steamboat channel, and the swift current quickly carries them far from their route. When they discover their mistake it is very difficult to work back against the current with the clumsy Bennett boats. The friendly Eskimos will help them as far as they are able, but there are doubtless Klondikers who will never be heard from, gone



Taking a Ride Behind a Steamer.



A Low Tide off the Delta Coast.

astray in this wilderness of the Yukon mouths.

During the past summer an officer of the Coast Survey traversed the front of the Yukon delta, the first white man who had ever followed this shore. He was accompanied by three men, and the party, with all their provisions and camp outfit, was carried in an open canoe and a small row-boat. At the river mouths there is

comparatively deep water immediately off the coast, but between these the distinction between land and sea is very indefinite, and the mud-banks laid bare at low tide may be a mile or more in width. Even with a canoe drawing but a few inches of water it was often impossible to get closer to the shore than a mile, so that to make camp it was necessary to pack outfit and provisions on the men's backs, sinking at every step knee deep in the thick blue mud. Even ashore, however, the difficulties were not past. For long stretches this coast is but a few inches above ordinary high tide. On account of its shallowness this part of Bering Sea is subject to extraordinary tides. When the wind blows strong from the northeast the water goes with it, leaving extensive bare flats and shoals along the shore, while with an opposite wind the water piles up in Norton Sound, flooding the lower portions of the delta coast, as is evidenced by the line of drift-wood nearly always to be seen some distance inland. One night the party was rudely awakened by the water running through their tents, and went out to find the tide over the bank on which they were camped. After that they took the precaution to elevate their beds. The usual tides along this shore are not great, averaging only about four feet; it is a curious freak of nature that at the south



Eskimo and Fish Trap.



Contented and Independent.

mouth of the Yukon there are two tides a day, while at the north mouth there is but one. This coast being so low and with no vegetation but marsh grass, it is often impossible to see land even at the short distance at sea at which the Eskimos travel in their skin boats. To guide them therefore to the entrances to the sloughs, and to the better camping-grounds which may sometimes be found a short distance back, they set up great conical stacks of drift-logs on end, and grouped variously so as to distinguish each locality. Thus have the natives long preceded us in placing aids to navigation in northern Alaska. On a bright day the mirage sometimes produces startling effects in these shoal waters; a drifting snag will appear to be a schooner, and a white gull will look like a waving flag.

All the natives of this coast are Eskimos, though the miners call them Indians. The interior is peopled with true Indians, and the dividing line is some distance back. Up the river one sees the birch-bark canoe of the Indian, but near the coast the seal-skin kayak of the Eskimo. The writer, who has seen these people of the north on the Greenland and Labrador coasts on almost the opposite side of the Pole, was struck by the similarity in the character and appearance of the people, as well as in their implements, mode of life,

and language. They have the same boats, the kayak, intended for one man, and the large umiak or woman's boat; they have similar seal-hunting spears with detachable points and air-bags for keeping the line afloat, and throwing sticks to cast the spear with greater force. The similarity in these and many other appliances might be the natural result of their having to contend with the same conditions in the strug-



A Mile off the Delta Coast.



Sunset on the Lower Yukon.

gle for life, but their common origin seems to be proven by the fact that their languages are similar in their grammatical construction and have identical names for the more important articles. The Eskimo language is remarkably complex, considering the few needs and simple life of these people. It consists of object names, from which an almost infinite variety of words may be formed by adding suffixes; these terminations take the place of verbs, adjectives, and adverbs. It is needless to say that the resulting words are rather unmanageable to an American, particularly when combined with the guttural and unusual sounds of the Eskimo tongue.

The Eskimos of the delta region are among the poorest and most primitive natives of the continent. Although nature affords them a livelihood, they find little that is of value to others, and consequently have small means wherewith to trade. The result is that they are seldom brought into contact with other races. The possessions of these people consist of their skin boats, sleds, dogs, dried fish, seal-skins, oil and log huts. Their ingenuity seems to have been developed only in connection with the most necessary pursuits of their lives. One does not find among them the skill in carving possessed by their more northern brethren, nor the desire for ornamentation displayed by the Greenland Eskimos both in their dress and

their boats and equipment. Their life follows a regular routine repeated each year; the summer months are spent at their villages at the mouths of the rivers and sloughs, fishing. Large quantities of salmon are taken, principally with ingenious traps, made of split-wood basket work, which they place on the sides of the streams; considerable salmon is dried for winter use, besides what they eat fresh from day to day. Fish is almost their sole



An Umiak.

diet for a large proportion of the year, but they crave variety, and this accounts for a remarkable manner they have of preparing part of the fish. Each house has on front of it a rectangular hole dug in the ground, and this is filled with salmon and covered over with earth. When in a proper condition to suit their tastes, the contents,

over it are placed paddles, or other implements or ornaments, likely to be of use in the other world.

To-day wherever the Eskimo is met, he is peaceable and hospitable, and it seems difficult to understand how they were ever warlike enough to massacre some of the early Russians in northern Alaska, or to



Evening in the Yukon Delta.

no longer recognizable as fish, are eaten. Enormous quantities of ducks and geese frequent the delta marshes in the fall, and afford the poor Eskimos a welcome change of diet. When the winter storms begin to come the Eskimos migrate from the coast, where an unusually strong westerly wind may at this season cause a tide that will flood them out, and follow up the streams to their winter homes on higher land. The winter is their festive season, devoted largely to dancing and visiting. Each village has its *kazheem*, a community house used both for dancing and for the hot steam baths of which they are fond. In the spring they are again at the coast for the sealing season; the hair seal is a most important animal to them, furnishing clothing, covering for the boats, food, and oil. Their method of burial is peculiar. The body of the deceased is doubled into a short box about three feet long, and this is set up above the ground on posts, and

completely exterminate the first Norse settlements in Greenland. There appears to be little doubt that in the former case, at least, the provocation was great. The delta Eskimos are perfectly honest and remarkably free from quarrels among themselves. Although sometimes living together in large villages, they get along without chiefs or local government of any kind. They are strong respecters of custom; for instance, one finding some desirable drift-logs on the shore has but to place by them a vertical stick to have undisputed possession until it suits his convenience to come for them. They apparently have no religion.

Though entirely unfamiliar with our ideas of cleanliness or comfort, one cannot but respect them for their simple and uncomplaining life among such adverse conditions. An Eskimo gliding swiftly along in his graceful kayak is the picture of contentment and independence.



HOMESICK

By Julia C. R. Dorr

ILLUSTRATIONS BY Z. DEL. STEELE

O MY garden ! lying whitely in the moonlight and the dew,
Far across the leagues of distance flies my heart to-night to you,
And I see your stately lilies in the tender radiance gleam,
With a dim, mysterious splendor, like the angels of a dream !

I can see the stealthy shadows creep along the ivied wall,
And the bosky depths of verdure where the drooping vine-leaves fall,
And the tall trees standing darkly with their crowns against the sky,
While overhead the harvest moon goes slowly sailing by.

I can see the trellised arbor, and the roses' crimson glow,
And the lances of the larkspurs all glittering, row on row,
And the wilderness of hollyhocks, where brown bees seek their spoil,
And butterflies dance all day long, in glad and gay turmoil.

O, the broad paths running straightly, north and south and east and west !
O, the wild grape climbing sturdily to reach the oriole's nest !
O, the bank where wild flowers blossom, ferns nod, and mosses creep
In a tangled maze of beauty over all the wooded steep !

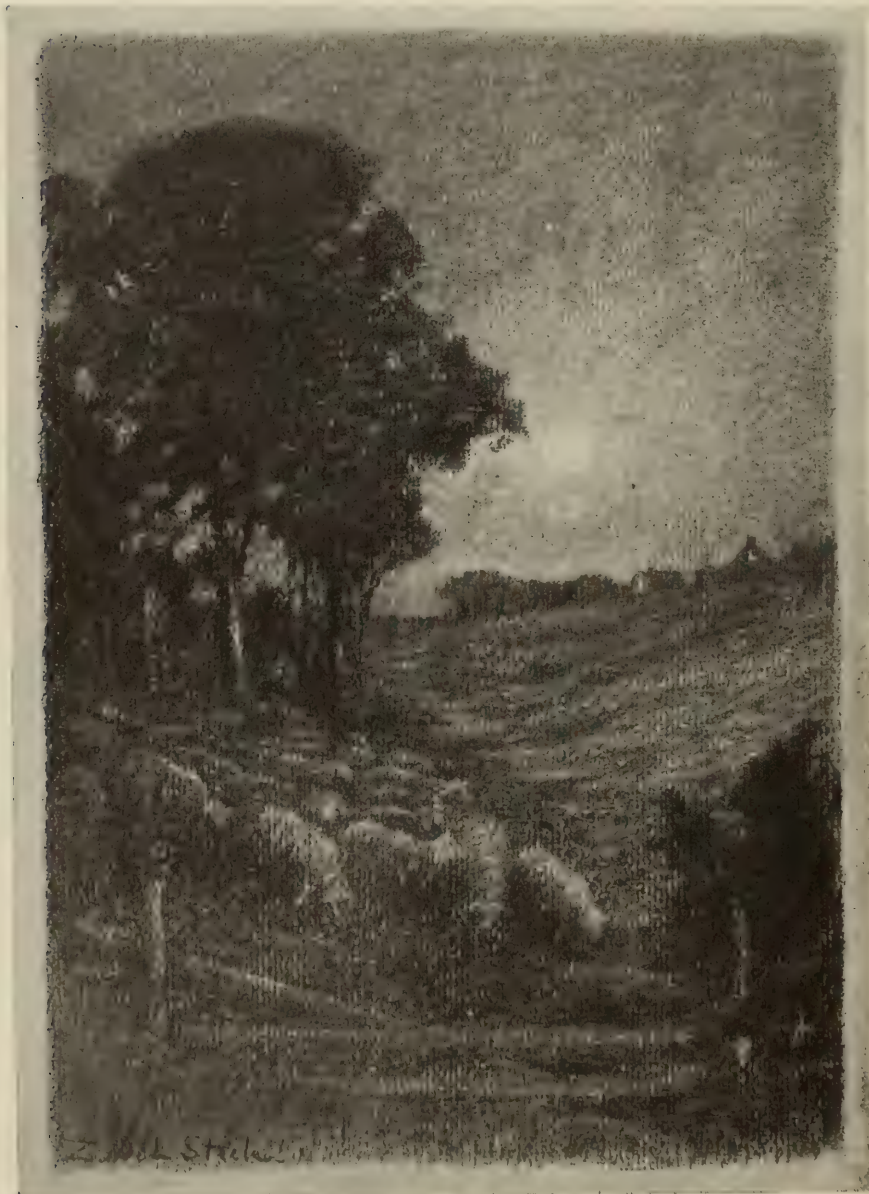
Just beyond the moonlit garden I can see the orchard trees,
With their dark boughs overladen, stirring softly in the breeze,



And the shadows on the greensward, and within the pasture bars
The white sheep huddling quietly beneath the pallid stars.

O my garden ! lying whitely in the moonlight and the dew,
Far across the restless ocean flies my yearning heart to you,
And I turn from storied castle, hoary fane, and ruined shrine,
To the dear, familiar pleasaunce where my own white lilies shine—

With a vague, half-startled wonder if some night in Paradise,
From the battlements of heaven I shall turn my longing eyes
All the dim, resplendent spaces and the mazy star-drifts through,
To my garden, lying whitely in the moonlight and the dew !





Workmen were trudging home.—Page 94.

THE DIARY OF A GOOSE GIRL*

By Kate Douglas Wiggin

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CLAUDE A. SHEPPERSON

IX

July 16th.

PHŒBE and I have been to a Hen Conference at Buffington. It was for the purpose of raising the standard of the British Hen, and our local Countess, who is much interested in poultry, was in the chair.

It was a very learned body, but Phœbe had coached me so well that at the noon recess I could talk confidently with the members, discussing the various advantages of True and Crossed Minorcas, Faverels, Andalusians, Cochin Chinas, Shanghais, and the White Leghorn. (Phœbe, when she pronounces this word, leaves out the "h" and bears down heavily on the last syllable, so that it rhymes with be-gone!) The afternoon session was most exciting, for we reached the subject of imported eggs, an industry that is assuming terrifying proportions. The London hotel egg comes from Denmark, it seems—I should think by sailing vessel, not

steamer, but I may be wrong. After we had settled that the British Hen should be protected and encouraged, and agreed solemnly to abstain from Danish eggs in any form, and made a resolution stating that our loyalty to the Princess of Wales would remain undiminished, we argued the subject of hen diet. There was a great difference of opinion here and the discussion was heated; the chair standing for pulped mangold and flint grit, the floor insisting on barley meal and randans, while one eloquent young woman declared, to loud cries of "'Ear, 'ear!" that rice pudding and bone chips produce more eggs to the square hen than any other sort of food. Phœbe was distinctly nervous when I rose to say a few words on poultry breeding, announcing as my topic "Mothers, Step-mothers, Foster-Mothers, and Incubators." Protected by the consciousness that no one in the assemblage could possibly know me, I made a distinct success in my maiden speech; indeed, I somewhat overshot the

* Copyright, 1901, by Kate Douglas Riggs.



A Hen Conference.—Page 93.

mark, for the Countess in the chair sent me a note asking me to dine with her that evening. I suppressed the note and took Phœbe away before the proceedings were finished, vanishing from the scene of my triumphs like a veiled prophet.

Coming home we alighted from the trap to gather hogweed for the rabbits. I sat by the wayside lazily and let Phœbe gather the appetizing weed, which grows along the thorniest hedges in close proximity to nettles and thistles.

Workmen were trudging home with their lunch-con baskets of woven bulrushes slung over their shoulders. Fields of ripening grain lay on either hand, the sun shining on their every shade of green and yellow, bronze and orange, while the breeze stirred the bearded barley into a rippling golden sea.

Phœbe asked me if the people I had left behind at the Hydropathic were my relatives.

"Some of them are of remote consanguinity," I

responded evasively, and the next question was hushed upon her awe-stricken tongue, as I intended.

"They are obeying my wish to be let alone, there's no doubt of that," I was thinking. "For my part I like a little more spirit' and a little less 'letter'!"

As the word "letter" flitted through my thoughts, I pulled one from my pocket and glanced through it carelessly. It arrived, somewhat tardily, only last night, or I should not have had it with me. I wore the same dress to the post-office yesterday as I wore to the Hen Conference to-day, and so it chanced to be still in the pocket. If it had been anything I valued, of course I should have lost it or destroyed it by mistake; it is only silly, worthless little things like this that keep turning up and turning up after one has forgotten their existence.

You are a mystery! (it ran). I can apprehend but not comprehend you. I know you in part. I understand various bits of your nature; but my knowledge is always fragmentary and disconnected, and when I attempt to make a whole of the mosaics I merely get a kaleidoscopic effect. Do you know those geographical dissected puzzles that they give to children? You remind me of one of them.

I have spent many charming (and dangerous) hours trying to "put you together"; but I find, when I examine my picture closely, that after all I've made a purple mountain grow out of a green tree; that my river is running up a steep hillside; and that the pretty milkmaid, who should be wandering in the forest, is standing on her head with her pail in the air!

Do you understand yourself clearly? Or is it just possible that when you dive to the depths of your own consciousness, you sometimes find the pretty milkmaid standing on her head? I wonder! . . .

Ah, well, it is no wonder that he wonders! So do I for that matter!

X

July 17th.

THORNYCROFT FARM seems to be the musical centre of the universe.



The afternoon session was most exciting.—
Page 93.

When I wake very early in the morning I lie in a drowsy sort of dream, trying to disentangle, one from the other, the various bird notes, trills, coos, croons, chirps, chir-rups, and warbles. Suddenly there falls on the air a delicious, liquid, finished song; so pure, so mellow, so joyous that I go to the window and look out at the morning world, half awakened like myself.

There is I know not what charm in a window that does not push up, but opens its lattices out into the greenness. And mine is like a little jewelled door, for the sun is shining from behind the chimneys and lighting the tiny diamond panes with amber flashes.

A faint delicate haze lies over the meadow, and rising out of it, and soaring toward the blue, is the lark, flinging out that matchless matin song, so rich, so thrilling, so lavish! As the blithe melody fades away, I hear the plaintive ballad - fragments of the robin on a curtseying branch near my window; and there is always the liquid pipe of the thrush, who must quaff a fairy goblet of dew between his songs, I should think, so fresh and eternally young is his note.

There is another beautiful song that I follow whenever I hear it, straining my eyes to the tree-tops, yet never finding a bird that I can identify as the singer. Can it be the

Ousel-cock so black of hue,
With yellow tawny bill?

He is called the poet-laureate of the primrose time, but I don't know whether he sings in midsummer and I have not seen him hereabouts. I must write and ask my dear Man of the North. The Man of the North, I sometimes think, had a Fairy Grandmother who was a robin; and perhaps she made a nest of fresh hay and put

him in the green wood when he was a wee bairnie, so that he waxed wise in bird lore without knowing it. At all events describe to him the cock of a head, the glance



Coming Home.

of an eye, the tip-up of a tail, or the sheen of a feather, and he will name you the bird. Near-sighted he is, too, the Man of the North, but that is only for people.

The Square Baby and I have a new game.

I bought a doll's table and china tea-set in Buffington. We put it under an apple-tree in the side garden, where the scarlet lightning grows so tall and the Madonna lilies stand so white against the flaming background. We built a little fence around it, and every afternoon at tea-time we sprinkle seeds and crumbs in the dishes, water in the tiny cups, drop a cherry in each of the fruit-plates, and have a *thé-chantant* for the birdies. We sometimes invite an "invaleed" duckling, or one of the baby rabbits, or the peacock, in which case the cards read:



Along the Highway.

Thornycroft Farm.

The pleasure of your company is requested
at a
Thé-Chantant
Under the Apple Tree.
Music at five.

It is a charming game, as I say, but I'd far rather play it with the Man of the North; he is so much younger than the Square Baby, and so much more responsive, too.

Thornycroft Farm is a sweet place, too, of odors as well as sounds. The scent of the hay is forever in the nostrils, the hedges are thick with wild honeysuckle, so deliciously fragrant, the last of the June roses are lingering to do their share, and blackberry blossoms and ripening fruit as well.

I have never known a place in which it is so easy to be good. I have not said a word, nor scarcely harbored a thought, that was not lovely and virtuous since I entered these gates, and yet there are those who think me fantastic, difficult, hard to please, unreasonable!

I believe the saints must have lived in the country mostly (I am certain they never tried Hydropathic hotels), and why anybody with a

black heart and natural love of wickedness should not simply buy a poultry farm and become an angel, I cannot understand.

Living with animals is really a very improving and wholesome kind of life, to the person who will allow himself to be influenced by its sensible and high-minded ideals. When you come to think about it, man is really the only animal that ever makes

a fool of himself; the others are highly civilized, and never make mistakes. I am going to mention this when I write to somebody, sometime; I mean if I ever do. To be sure, our human life is much more complicated than theirs, and I believe when the other animals notice our errors of judgment they make allowances. The bee is as busy as a bee, and the beaver works like a beaver, but there their responsibility ends. The bee doesn't have to go about seeing that other bees are not crowded into unsanitary tenements or victimized by the sweating system. When the beaver's day



The Scent of the Hay.

of toil is over he doesn't have to discuss the sphere, the rights, or the voting privileges of beaveresses ; all he has to do is to work like a beaver, and that is comparatively simple.

The Square Baby is not particularly attracted by the poultry as a whole, save when it is boiled with bacon or roasted with bread-sauce ; but he is much interested in the "in-valeeds." Whenever Phœbe and I start for the hospital with the tobacco-pills, the tin of paraffine, and the bottle of oil, he is very much in evidence. Perhaps he has a natural leaning toward the medical profession ; at any rate, when pain and anguish wring the brow, he is in close attendance upon the ministering angels.

Now, it is necessary for the physician to have practice as well as theory, so the Square Baby, being left to himself this afternoon, proceeded to perfect himself in some of the healing arts used by country practitioners.

When discovered, he was seated in front of the wire-covered "run" attached to a coop occupied by the youngest goslings. A couple of bottles and a box stood by his side, and I should think he had administered a cup of sweet oil, a pint of paraffine, and a quarter of a pound of tobacco during his clinic. He had used the remedies impartially, sometimes giving the paraffine internally and rubbing the patient's head with tobacco or oil, sometimes the re-

verse.

Several goslings leaned languidly against the netting or supported themselves by the edge of the water-dish, while others staggered and reeled about with eyes half closed.

It was Mrs. Heaven who caught her

son red-handed, so to speak. She was dressed in her best and just driving off to Woodmucket to spend a day or two with



The Last of June.

her married daughter, and soothe her nerves with the uproar incident to a town of six hundred inhabitants. She delayed her journey a half hour—long enough, in fact, to change her black silk waist for a loose sacque which would give her arms full and comfortable play. The joy and astonishment that greeted the Square Baby on his advent, five years ago, was forgotten for the first time in his brief life, and he was treated precisely as any ordinary wrong-doer would have been treated under the same circumstances, summarily and smartly ; the "wepping," as Phœbe would say, being Mrs. Heaven's hand.

All but one of the goslings lived, like thousands of others who recover in spite of the doctors, but the Square Baby's interest in the healing art is now perceptibly lessened.



The Square Baby is not particularly attracted by the poultry.—
Page 97.

XI

July 18th.

THE day was Friday ; Phœbe's day to go to Buffington with eggs and chickens and rabbits ; her day to solicit orders for ducklings and goslings. The village cart was ready in the stable ; Mr. and Mrs. Heaven were in Woodmucket ; I was eating my breakfast (which I remember was an egg and a rasher) when Phœbe came in, a figure of woe.

The Square Baby was ill, very ill, and would not permit her to leave him and go to market. Would I look at him ? For he must have dowsed 'imself as well as the goslings yesterday ; anyways he was strong of paraffine and tobacco, though he 'ad 'ad a good barth.

I prescribed for Albert Edward, who was as uncomfortable and feverish as any little sinner in the county of Sussex, and I then promptly proposed going to Buffington in Phœbe's place.



He was treated summarily and smartly.—Page 97.

She did not think it at all proper, and said that, notwithstanding my cotton gown and sailor hat, I looked quite, quite the lydy, and it would never do.

"I cannot get any new orders," said I, "but I can certainly leave the rabbits and eggs at the customary places. I know Argent's Dining Parlours, and Songhurst's Tea Rooms, and the Six Bells Inn, as well as you do."

So, donning a pair of Phœbe's large white cotton gloves with open-work wrists (than which I always fancy there is no one article that so disguises the perfect lydy), I set out upon my travels, upborne by a lively sense of amusement that was at least equal to my feeling that I was doing Phœbe Heaven a good turn.

Everything happened as it should, which is equivalent to saying that nothing happened at all. Songhurst's Tea Rooms took five dozen eggs and told me to bring six dozen the next week. Argent's Dining Parlours purchased three pairs of chickens and four rabbits. The Six Bells found the

last poultry somewhat tough and tasteless ; whereupon I said that our orders were more than we could possibly fill, still I hoped we could go on selling them, as we never liked to part with old customers, no matter how many new ones there were. Privately, I understood the complaint only too well, for I knew the fowls in question very intimately. Two of them were the runaway rooster and the gadabout hen that never wanted to go to bed with the

others. I should have expected them to be tough, but I cannot believe they were lacking in flavor.

The only troublesome feature of the trip was that Mrs. Sowerbutt's lodgers had sud-

denly left for London and she was unable to take the four rabbits as she had hoped ; but as an offset to that piece of ill-fortune the Coke and Coal Yard and the Bicycle Repairing Rooms came out into the street and stepping up to the trap requested regular weekly deliveries of eggs and chickens. And so, in a happy frame of mind, I turned out of the Buffington main street, and was jogging along homeward, when a very startling thing happened ; namely, a whole verse of "The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington" :

" And as she went along the high road,
The weather being hot and dry,
She sat her down upon a green bank
And her true love came riding by."

To see the very person whom one has left civilization to avoid is always more or less surprising, and to make the meeting less likely, Buffington is even farther from Oxenbridge than Barbury Green. The creature was well mounted (ominous, when he came to override my caprice !), and he looked bigger, and, yes, handsomer, though that doesn't signify, and still more determined than when I saw him last ; although goodness knows that timidity and feebleness of purpose were not in striking evidence on that memorable occasion. I had drawn up under the shade of a tree



A place in which it is so easy to be good.—Page 96.

ostensibly to eat some cherries, thinking that if I turned my face away I might pass unrecognized. It was a stupid plan, for if I had whipped up the mare and driven on, he, of course, would have had to follow, and he has too much dignity and self-respect to shriek recriminations into a woman's ear from a distance.

He approached with deliberation, reined in his horse, and lifted his hat ceremoniously. He has an extremely shapely head, but I did not show that the sight of it melted in the least the ice of my resolve ; whereupon we talked, not very freely at first, men are so stiff when they consider themselves injured. Silence is even more embarrassing than conversation, so at length I begin :

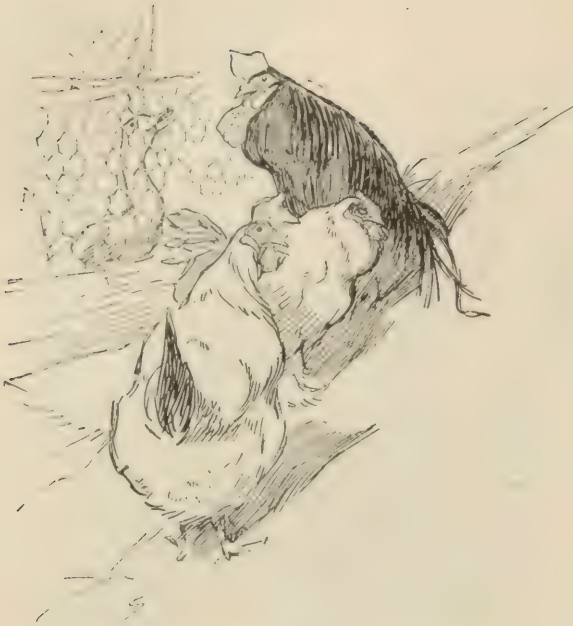
Bailiff's Daughter. — " It is a lovely day."

True Love. — " Yes, but the drought is getting rather oppressive, don't you think ?"

Bailiff's Daughter. — " The



Caught her son red-handed.—Page 97.



"Invaleeds."

crops certainly need rain, and the feed is becoming scarce."

True Love.—"Are you a farmer's wife?"

Bailiff's Daughter.—"Oh, no! that is a promotion to look forward to; I am now only a Goose Girl."

True Love.—"Indeed! If I wished to be severe I might remark that I am sure you have found at last your true vocation!"

Bailiff's Daughter.—"It was certainly through no desire to please *you* that I chose it."

True Love.—"I am quite sure of that! Are you staying in this part?"

Bailiff's Daughter.—"Oh, no! I live many miles distant, over an extremely rough road. And you?"

True Love.—"I am still at the Hydro-pathic; or at least my luggage is there."

Bailiff's Daughter.—"It must be very pleasant to attract you so long."

True Love.—"Not so pleasant as it was."

Bailiff's Daughter.—"No? A new proprietor, I suppose."

True Love.—"No; same proprietor; but the house is empty."

Bailiff's Daughter (yawning purposely).—"That is strange; the hotels are usually so full at this season. Why did so many leave?"

True Love.—"As a matter of fact, only one left. 'Full' and 'empty' are purely

relative terms. I call a hotel full when it has you in it, empty when it hasn't."

Bailiff's Daughter (dying to laugh but concealing her feelings).—"I trust my bulk does not make the same impression on the general public! Well, I won't detain you longer; good afternoon; I must go home to my evening work."

True Love.—"I will accompany you."

Bailiff's Daughter.—"If you are a gentleman you will remain where you are."

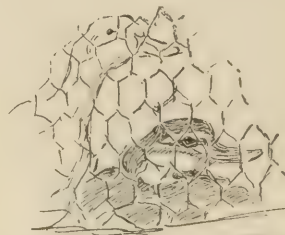
True Love.—"In the road? Perhaps; but if I am a man I shall follow you; they always do, I notice. What are those foolish bundles in the back of that silly cart?"

Bailiff's Daughter.—"Feed for the pony, please, sir; fish for dinner; ransans and barleymeal for the poultry; and four unsold rabbits. Wouldn't you like them? Only one and sixpence apiece. Shot at three o'clock this morning."

True Love.—"Thanks; I don't like mine shot so early."

Bailiff's Daughter.—"Oh, well! doubtless I shall be able to dispose of them on my way home, though times is 'ard!"

True Love.—"Do you mean that you will 'peddle' them along the road?"



More "Invaleeds."

Bailiff's Daughter.—“You understand me better than usual, in fact to perfection.”

He dismounts and strides to the back of the cart, lifts the covers, seizes the rabbits, flings some silver contemptuously in the basket and looks about him for a place to bury his bargain. A small boy approaching in the far distance will probably bag the game.

Bailiff's Daughter (modestly).—“Thanks for your trade, sir, rather ungraciously bestowed, and we 'opes for a continuance of your past fyvors.”

True Love (leaning on the wheel of the trap).—“Let us stop this nonsense. What did you hope to gain by running away?”

Bailiff's Daughter.—“Distance and absence.”

True Love.—“You knew you couldn't prevent my offering myself to you sometime or other.”

Bailiff's Daughter.—“Perhaps not; but I could at least defer it, couldn't I?”

True Love.—“Why postpone the inevitable?”

Bailiff's Daughter.—“Doubtless I shrank from giving you the pain of a refusal.”

True Love.—“Perhaps; but do you know what I suspect?”

Bailiff's Daughter.—“I'm not a suspicious person, thank goodness!”

True Love.—“That on the contrary you are wilfully withholding from me the joy of acceptance.”

Bailiff's Daughter.—“If I intended to accept you, why did I run away?”



The Gadabout Hen.—Page 98.

True Love.—“To make yourself more desirable and precious, I suppose.”

Bailiff's Daughter (with the most confident coquetry).—“Did I succeed?”

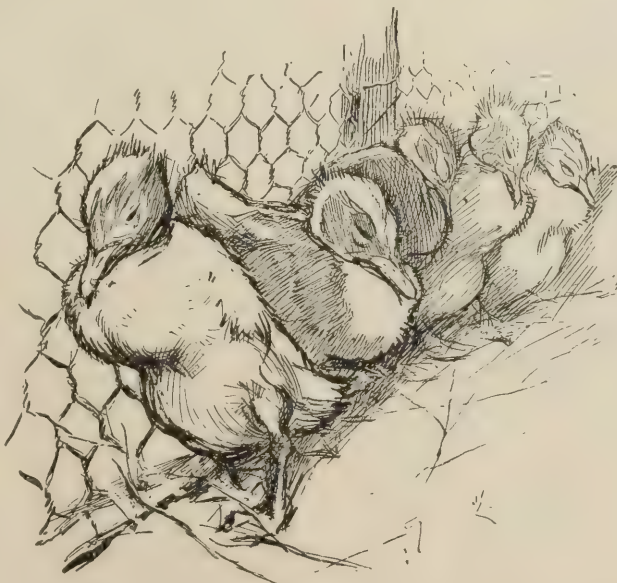
True Love.—“No, you failed utterly.”

Bailiff's Daughter (secretly piqued).—“Then I am glad I tried it.”

True Love.—“You couldn't succeed be-



Staggered and reeled.—Page 97.



Leaned languidly against the netting.—Page 97.

cause you were superlatively desirable and precious already; but you should never have experimented. Don't you know that Love is a high explosive?”

Bailiff's Daughter.—“Is it? Then it ought always to be labelled ‘dangerous,’ oughtn't it? but who thought of suggesting matches? I'm sure I didn't!”

True Love.—"No such luck ; I wish you would."

Bailiff's Daughter.—"According to your theory if you apply a match to Love it is likely to 'go off.'"

True Love.—"I wish you would try it on mine and await the result. Come now,

Bailiff's Daughter (politely).—"I shouldn't think of suggesting anything so extreme."

True Love (quoting).—"Mrs. Hauksbee proceeded to take the conceit out of Pluffles as you remove the ribs of an umbrella before re-covering.' However, you



The Six Bells found the last poultry somewhat tough.—Page 98.

you'll have to marry somebody, sometime."

Bailiff's Daughter.—"I confess I don't see the necessity."

True Love (morosely).—"You're the sort of woman men won't leave in undisturbed spinsterhood ; they'll keep on badgering you."

Bailiff's Daughter.—"Oh, I don't mind the badgering of a number of men ; it's rather nice. It's the one badger I find obnoxious."

True Love (impatiently).—"That's just the perversity of things. I could put a stop to the protestations of the many ; I should like nothing better—but the pertinacity of the one ! Ah, well ! I can't drop that without putting an end to my existence !"

couldn't ask me anything seriously that I wouldn't do, dear Mistress Perversity."

Bailiff's Daughter (yielding a point).—"I'll put that boldly to the proof. Say you don't love me !"

True Love (seizing his advantage).—"I don't ! It's imbecile and besotted devotion ! Tell me, when may I come to take you away ?"

Bailiff's Daughter (sighing).—"It's like asking me to leave Heaven."

True Love.—"I know it ; she told me where to find you, but you could never leave heaven, you are always carrying it along with you. All you would have to do is to admit me ; heaven is full of twos. If you can't be happy without poultry, why that is a wish easily gratified. I'll get you a farm to-morrow ; no, it's Saturday and the



She was unable to take the four rabbits as she had hoped.—Page 99.

real estate offices close at noon, but on Monday, without fail. Your ducks and geese shall swim on a crystal lake—Phoebe told me what a genius you have for getting them out of the muddy pond; she was sitting beside it when I called, her hand in that of a straw-colored person named Gladwish and the ground in her vicinity completely strewn with votive offerings. You shall splash your silver sea with an ivory wand; your hens shall have suburban cottages, each with its garden; their perches shall be of satin-wood and their water dishes of mother-of-pearl. You shall be the Goose Girl and I will be the Swan Herd—simply to be near you, for I hate live poultry. Dost like the picture? It's a little like Claude Melnotte's, I confess. The fact is I am not quite sane; talking with you after a fortnight of the tabbies at the Hydro is like quaffing inebriating vodka after Health's food! May I come to-morrow?"

Bailiff's Daughter (hedging).—"I shall be rather busy; the Crossed Minorca hen comes off to-morrow."

True Love.—"Oh, never mind!

I'll take her off to-night when I escort you to the farm; then she'll get a day's advantage."



Phoebe and Gladwish.

Bailiff's Daughter.—"And rob fourteen prospective chicks of a mother ; nay, lose the chicks themselves ? Never !"

True Love.—"So long as you are a Goose Girl does it make any difference whose you are ? Is it any more agreeable to be Mrs. Heaven's Goose Girl than mine ?"

Bailiff's Daughter.—"Ah ! but in one case the term of service is limited ; in the other, permanent."

True Love.—"But in the one case you are the slave of the employer, in the other the employer of the slave. Why *did* you run away ?"

Bailiff's Daughter.—"A man's mind is too dull an instrument to measure a woman's reason ; even my own fails some-

times to deal with all its delicate shades ; but I think I must have run away chiefly to taste the pleasure of being pursued and brought back. If it is necessary to your happiness that you should explore all the Bluebeard chambers of my being, I will confess further that it has taken you nearly three weeks to accomplish what I supposed you would do in three days !"

True Love (after a well-spent interval). "To-morrow then ; shall we say before breakfast ? Ah, do ! Why not ? Well then, immediately after breakfast, and I breakfast at seven nowadays and sometimes earlier. Do take off those ugly cotton gloves, dear ; they are five sizes too large for you and so rough and baggy to the touch !"



The creature was well mounted.—Page 99.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

By W. C. Brownell



HOW different in a critical aspect from its condition when Arnold began to write is the England of our day—England and its literary dependency, ourselves! And how largely the difference is due to the influence of Arnold's writings! Thirty years ago he was deemed a dandy and a dilettante in literature. To-day his paradoxes are become accepted commonplaces. No writer, probably, ever passed so quickly from unpopularity through fame to comparative neglect; and this not because he illustrated the passing phase of popular thought and feeling, to which on the contrary he was generally in antagonism, but because his victory over philistinism was so prompt and his "bruised arms" were so soon "hung up for monuments." Was there ever a time, one asks one's self, when Anglo-Saxon critical taste was truculent; when measure and restraint were viewed with contempt, and mere erudition with reverence; when rhetoric as such was admired; when rhodomontade and fustian were tolerated *nominis umbra*; when "curiosity" was discountenanced and disinterestedness despised; when poise, good temper, politeness were negligible; when "allowing one's consciousness to play freely" was a meaningless rather than a trite phrase; when, in a word, Arnold's various deductions from his cardinal tenet of the value of culture seemed insubstantial and trivial? Yet to nine out of every ten of its comparatively few readers, when "Essays in Criticism" was first published, such a phrase as "How trenchant that is, but how perfectly unscrupulous," in characterization of Mr. Kinglake's rhetoric, was probably a complete revelation. There is, then, we said to ourselves, such a thing as rectitude outside the sphere of morals, and for us the point of view itself of criticism suddenly shifted. Who now, except in wilful indulgence, enjoys what used to be admired as "prose poetry"? Yet at the time I speak of who was there that was not slightly puzzled by such a statement as: "All the critic could pos-

sibly suggest in the way of objection would be perhaps that Mr. Ruskin is there trying to make prose do more than it can perfectly do; that what he is there attempting he will never, except in poetry, be able to accomplish to his entire satisfaction?" Of course, our practice has not made the same progress as our principles. Practice is largely a matter of temperament, and the Anglo-Saxon temperament a pretty constant quantity. But whatever our practice, our standard would nowadays conform to Arnold's declaration that "the true mode of intellectual action" is "persuasion, the instilment of conviction." And if one seeks a concrete instance of the great advance made in English critical writing in the past twenty-five years, mainly through the agency of that culture for which Arnold was always contending and in whose triumphs he is surely entitled to share, a very striking one is furnished by the contrast between the state of things at present and that existing when he inquired "Why is all the *journeyman-work* of literature, as I may call it, so much worse done here than it is in France?"

His work, in short, is there to speak for itself. The poor have the gospel of culture preached to them, and his phrases are now at the end of every current pen. His ambition is no doubt disclosed in the happy lot he predicts for Joubert—"to pass with scant notice through one's own generation, but to be singled out and preserved by the very iconoclasts of the next, then in their turn by those of the next, and so, like the lamp of life itself, to be handed on from one generation to another in safety." But his fate has been to receive abundant notice from his own generation. Doubtless in spite of having been perhaps prematurely disseminated he will be preserved and handed on to Bacon's "next ages." There is certainly enough pollen in his essays to flower successively in many seasons and as long as the considerations to which he consecrated his powers interest readers who care also for clear and charming and truly classic prose. But what I wish to point out is

that he has already received a large share of his reward, and that this is itself proof of the quality of his merit, which is moral as well as critical and poetic; that this, in a word, designates his niche in the temple of the classics. To have one's gospel so promptly accepted demonstrates that it has been preached. He had, in a word, a mission. And he has fulfilled it. Falkland's ideal, he said, "conquers slowly, but it conquers." His own has, at least as an ideal, conquered already.

II

WHAT singularizes Arnold, personally, among the writers of his time and for his public, is that, in a more marked and definite way than is to be said of any of them, he developed his nature as well as directed his work in accordance with the definite ideal of reason. He had probably little disposition originally to swerve from the pursuit of this ideal, but he made of it an aim so constant and so conscious as to illustrate it with great distinctness, in his life as well as in his writings. The pursuit of perfection that he preached he practised with equal inveteracy. But in this pursuit he sought first of all completeness of harmonious development, and to the Greek he added the Christian inspiration. His own translation of the quality celebrated by St. Paul, "sweet reasonableness," was the chief trait of his character—the "note," to use the expression he borrowed from Newman and popularized, of his personality. His reasonableness was tintured with feeling, his stoicism was human, his temper affectionate, his aim benevolent, and his manner gentle. But he rarely lost the poise that he advocated so sedulously, and his gentleness for being ingrained failed no whit in vivacity or in force.

He lacked the edge at least of the æsthetic faculty. In Italy he was preoccupied with botany rather than with the fine arts, and though it is perhaps too much to ask of any Englishman that in any environment he should forget his botany, still the slight impression the artistic wealth of Italy seems to have made upon him, judging from the "Letters," is significant of a sensuous side well under control. In the matter of art he speculated only; and in

a general way, after the fashion of the "Laocoön." Nor is his sense of humor conspicuously spontaneous. It has the aptness of wit even where it is not, as is generally the case with him, distinctly wit rather than humor at all. His wit, however, is distinguished. It seasoned even—or I may say, especially—his controversy to an extent that makes literature of it. Voltaire's is more fundamental, more important, more vital, but it is not more exquisite. Renan's is less pointed. I recall no instance in which it misses fire. One can read the passages if illuminates again and again, and always with a renewed feeling of that intimate pleasure born of the appreciation of wit alone. A considerable number of dignities bear its scars, but there is hardly a case in which these have not been bestowed in the interests of truth. The rejoinder to Mr. Newman's reply to the "Lectures on Translating Homer," for example, is a unique piece of sustained irony absolutely impeccable in its restraint within the limits of self-proving statement. A dozen other instances, of a pungency thoroughly personal, will occur to any reader familiar with his works.

His wit, however, thoroughly personal in its pungency as it is, is an instrument rather than a medium with him, as I have intimated. Outside of it he certainly lacked that indefinable but very definite element of character that we know as temperament. Lacking energy, he lacked also the genius of which he himself affirmed energy to be the main constituent. He freely acknowledged this, and made the best of it. He made, in fact, a great deal of it. Without in the least over-rating himself he took himself with absolute seriousness, and his work from first to last is informed with the high sincerity of a consistent purpose—the purpose of being nobly useful to his time and country by preaching to them precisely the gospel he conceived they most vitally needed. For his public and his era he deemed energy less important than light, earnestness less needful than sweetness, genius less beneficent than reasonableness, erudition less called for than culture.

To the advocacy of these ends he brought an essentially critical spirit. He was in endowment and in equipment the first of English critics. Among English

critics, indeed, he stands quite alone. No other has his candor, his measure of disinterestedness, his faculty of extracting their application from the precedents indicated by culture. But he is also eminently an English critic. Disinterestedness pure and simple, disinterestedness to the point of detachment he neither illustrated nor believed in—much as he advocated the free play of consciousness in dealing with subjects of vital concern. He gave the widest extension to the term moral—as, for example, when he comments on Voltaire's praise of English poetry for its greatness in moral ideas—but there is unmistakably the moral element of purpose in both his criticism and his poetry, which ranks him, I repeat, as a critic and poet who is not merely nor even mainly an artist but is an apostle as well.

III

It is natural, therefore, that his criticism, even his purely literary criticism, should be altogether synthetic. It is even didactic. He had, it is true, a remarkable gift for analysis—witness his Emerson, his clairvoyant separation of the strains of Celtic, Greek, Teutonic, inspiration in English poetry, his study of Homeric translation, his essays on Keats and Gray. But in spite of his own advocacy of criticism as the art of “seeing the object as in itself it really is,” and his assertion that “the main thing is to get one's self out of the way and let humanity judge,” he was himself never content with this. He is always concerned with the significance of the object once clearly perceived and determined. And though he never confuses the judgment of humanity (to use his rather magniloquent expression) by argumentation and special pleading, his treatment of his theme is to the last degree idiosyncratic. He unfolds it and lets it speak for itself, but he is prodigiously interested in the process, and we, in turn, are interested in the happy fashion in which he conducts it. Sometimes, indeed, in this way, the process eclipses the product, and you remember such felicities as his “epoch of expansion” and “epoch of concentration,” without quite remembering to which he assigns Burke or Shakespeare; or you recall his “method” and “secret” of Jesus without

quite bearing in mind which is which. His machinery, in a word, sometimes rivets attention. And this is even more strongly attested by the fact that it is occasionally so obvious as to arouse irritation in readers insensitive to its nice adjustments and rhythmic repetitions, in which case the product also is doubtless missed altogether.

Moreover no pure analyst (such as Sainte-Beuve) occupied with the endeavor to see the object as in itself it really is, would evince so much interest in its connotation. Arnold is interested in removing—often in satirizing—the current misconceptions of it. He does not write of Milton and Goethe, but of “A French critic on Milton,” “A French critic on Goethe,” to show how differently these popular idols are estimated by a disinterested critic from the way in which they are estimated popularly. In his panegyric on Falkland, he is thinking also of Mr. Freeman. He notes the literary influences of academies because they are just such as he conceives useful to check and discipline the “freaks” and “violences” of Mr. Palgrave, and to temper the provinciality of Mr. Kinglake. Never has the missionary spirit of which I have spoken been exhibited with more charm and more distinction—less associated with its customary concomitants. But never, also, has it been more unmistakably illustrated. “Real criticism,” he says, “obeys an instinct prompting it to try to know the best that is known and thought in the world, irrespective of practice, politics, and everything of the kind.” This is the burden of the stimulating essay on “The Function of Criticism at the Present Time.” But instead of the disinterestedness which he advocates in such interested fashion, Arnold was always mightily concerned about practice and politics and everything of the kind. Given his genealogy and environment, he could hardly be other than he was. He was bound to interest himself in the Burials Bill, the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill, the law of bequest and entail, the Crimean War, the Irish Home Rule question, ritualism, the popularization of the Bible, the question of better secondary education, the question of the classics *versus* the sciences, and so on. “The Englishman has been called a political animal,” he says, and he was, as I have said, very much of an Englishman. And

quite as much as his social, political, and religious writings, his literary criticism is explained by the circumstance that he was the son of Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, and his environment the England of our day.

He had, however, unmistakably his own way of being an Englishman, and if his concern was moral and his aim didactic, as they certainly were, the disinterestedness he inculcates appears in his method. One may say, in fact, that his motive is didactic and his method disinterested. His criticism thus becomes truly constructive. In form he does not dogmatize, he deduces; he does not argue, he elucidates; he uses his subject to illustrate his idea. His idea, indeed, is his formal subject, however near his heart its application may be. He deals with ideas directly, and his genius for generalization appears even where he is most pointedly and pithily specific. The essay on "Equality" is an excellent instance. He is concerned about the specific advantage of restricting the English freedom of bequest and the consequent distribution of wealth. But he advocates the reform by presenting the *idea* of equality in the most attractive, disinterested, and detached way, as if it were merely a literary thesis. The disinterested free play of consciousness that he celebrates in criticism is usually displayed in analysis—notably in French criticism, of which he is thinking, where in any given case the synthesis is apt to be assumed. (For, I suppose it will be admitted that in criticism the French are further along than ourselves, that is to say, can safely take more for granted.) But with Arnold the disinterestedness appears in the detailed construction of a thesis, whose central idea on the other hand is apt to be an abstraction held interestedly, to which abstraction the concrete parts have the relation of purely contributory exposition.

It is obvious, therefore, that his criticism differs in kind from that of other writers. It differs especially from that most in vogue at the present time. It is eminently the antithesis of impressionist criticism. It has behind it what may fairly pass for a body of doctrine, though a body of doctrine as far as possible removed from system and pedantry. It is wholly unfettered by academic conventions, such

as, citing Addison, he calls "the sort of thing that held our fathers spell-bound in admiration." But it is still more removed from the irresponsible exercise of the nervous system, however attuned to taste and sensitized by culture. Certain definite *ideas*, held with elastic firmness but not developed into any set of procrustean principles, formed his credo, and his criticism consisted in the application of these as a test and measure of quality and worth. Their simplicity and their searchingness made their application fundamental, whether or no in every case it was either sound in emphasis or sufficient. There is a great deal more to be said of Homer than that he is simple, rapid in thought, rapid in movement and noble, but these things are at least essential. Emerson is to many readers something more than "a friend and aider of the human spirit," but not something other. Shelley's poetry is undervalued in exclusive censure of its insubstantiality, but insubstantial and, in a vital sense, vapid much of it unquestionably is. Joubert will probably not outlive Macaulay, but what he stands for as undoubtedly will. Victor Hugo is vastly more than a great romance writer, but a poet "of the race and lineage of Shakespeare" he is not.

Arnold passed his intellectual life indeed, whatever his didactic strain, in the world of ideas. No English writer, certainly, is richer in them. He touched nothing that did not set his critical imagination at work. He saw things in their bearings, and saw in them something ultimate as well as something actual. His imagination being critical and not fanciful, there was of course an order of ideas that did not attract it. He not only neglected the notional and the trivial, but the merely curious, whether scientific or æsthetic; ideas insusceptible of application to life did not claim his attention. Possibly this may be felt as a limitation if one compares him with Sainte-Beuve, who nevertheless, in some instances, paid for his universality the penalty of fatuity, just as even Goethe's pursuit of completeness legitimately earned for him Paul de Saint Victor's epithet "the Jupiter Pluvius of ennui." But as compared with any English writer, certainly with any modern English writer, Arnold's plenitude of ideas

can only be obscured by the circumstance that he so ordered and marshalled his array of them, that the subordinate ones escape readers who note only the general lines along which these are grouped and to the relief of which they beautifully contribute. There is no *obiter* to arrest the running reader, but the very texture of the treatment of all his very definite and salient theses is woven of ancillary ideas of enough stimulus to furnish the entire equipment of an inferior writer. In a general way—for example, in his advocacy of culture—he illustrates as well as enforces his theme; and not incidentally—which would of course make a greater show—but organically. One may cite a dozen examples—such as, in small, “A Speech at Eton,” where the single word *ἐπιεικεία* is made the nucleus of a really wonderful web of suggestiveness; such as, and *par excellence*, the “Study of Celtic Literature” and the “Lectures on Translating Homer.”

His criticism is distinguished also from much that is currently popular in being wholly non-scientific. To begin with it is interested very largely in the one element that eludes the scientific spirit—the element of personality. It does not ignore the substantial contributions that the scientific spirit has made to the theory and the practice of criticism. It merely concerns itself, and in a personal way mainly, with material that is too highly organized to be satisfactorily considered when considered materially, according to Taine’s famous method. It is not occupied with origins—a subject that has an almost universal interest at the present day—nor much with relations, the study of which for being more literary is hardly less scientific. To Arnold apparently the study of heredity and environment involved in literary criticism based on “the man, the moment and the *milieu*” theory, has very much the interest that the process of running up all our manifold appetites and emotions into the two primitive instincts of self-preservation and reproduction would have, and no more. It is sound enough, no doubt, but in large measure superfluous—at any rate elementary. What is really interesting is the efflorescence not the germ, nor even the evolution of the germ—that is, from a literary or

any but a strictly scientific point of view. Similarly the study of relations, upon which the incontestably useful classification of developed literary phenomena is based, interests him only cursorily. It is distinctions, rather, that his criticism considers. In the difficult effort to “see the object as in itself it really is” his method is that of definition through distinguishing the object as it really is from the various appearances that dissemble it, and from those of its own phases, ancestral or circumstantial, that may account for but do not exhibit it.

Taine, who in proclaiming his method disclaimed having a system, but who certainly applied his method most systematically, wrote history, to be sure, rather than criticism, and called history “applied psychology.” His psychology, too, is of an extremely physiological cast. And neither history nor physiological psychology ever engaged Arnold’s attention in dealing with literature. But Taine’s point of view prevails widely with more or less modification in pure literary criticism. A critic quite otherwise psychological, the late Edmond Scherer, for example, adopts it substantially in maintaining that “out of the writer’s character and the study of his age there spontaneously issues the right understanding of his work.” This is the contention of followers of the “historical method,” who are far from being as systematic as Taine or as temperamentally inclined to consider literary phenomena as impersonal, irresponsible, and ultimately mechanical. Of this assertion, that a right understanding of an author’s work will thus spontaneously issue, Arnold himself says: “In a mind qualified in a certain way it will—not in all minds. And it will be that mind’s ‘personal sensation’”—“personal sensations” being precisely what Mr. Scherer wishes to circumvent in the historical method of criticism. To him, for example, the laudation of Milton by Macaulay is an expression of “personal sensations”; as to which Arnold aptly remarks: “It cannot be said that Macaulay had not studied the character of Milton and the history of the times in which he lived. But a right understanding of Milton did not ‘spontaneously issue’ therefrom in the mind of Macaulay, because Macaulay’s mind was that of a rhetorician,

not of a disinterested critic." Arnold's own theme is the personal element in the works of others, and its treatment is frankly the application to these of this element in himself. The report it gives is the result, though this personal report is, as I began by noting, very different from an impressionist report in being carefully controlled and corrected by culture, framed, in fact, in accordance with the express principle of classic comparisons that he eloquently advocates and specifically illustrates in his essay on "The Study of Poetry," and as far removed from irresponsibility as if it claimed scientific exactness.

His subject, indeed, although as I have intimated almost always an idea or a number of associated ideas, is often ideas illustrated or exemplified in some personality. It is what Joubert, Keats, the Guérins, Heine, Byron were themselves and what, in relation to ideas, they stand for, in each instance. It is not at all how they came to be what they were, their evolution, the influences of their environment of time and place, or their influence in turn upon their age and succeeding ones. In brief, though their general interest is always drawn out, in contradistinction to the specific interest of pure portraiture, they are not generalized. They are neither depicted as, for example, Sterne is depicted by Thackeray, nor accounted for as Shakespeare is accounted for by Taine. Their qualities not their tendencies on the one hand, and, on the other, their essential and intrinsic not their accidental qualities, and of these only the typical and significant ones, are dealt with. They are considered in the light of their relation to literature, but nevertheless distinctly as personalities whose relation to literature, too, is a personal relation. Arnold's criticism may be loosely characterized as literature teaching by examples, just as history has been called philosophy so teaching. Only, his examples are not the various literary works, isolated, taken seriatim, or grouped, but the significant and illustrative writers in whose personalities themselves appear most definitely and concretely visible—thus fused, unified, and at the same time most elaborately as well as most subtly presented—those literary phenomena that have the most critical value. To Carlyle history is the annotated

record of great men. To Arnold criticism is the pertinent characterization of great writers, in the mind and art of whom their works are co-ordinated with an explicitness and effectiveness not to be attained by any detailed and objective analysis of the works themselves.

Nothing is commoner than to hear literature classified as creative and critical, with the inference of mutual exclusiveness between the two branches and the marked inferiority of criticism to what is called creation. Arnold performed a signal service in characterizing literature as "a criticism of life" and thereby revealing even to the unreflecting the essentially critical nature and function of the truly creative "thought of thinking souls"—to recall Carlyle's definition of literature itself. His emphasis was of course on the word "life," but the incidental implication as to *how* literature is concerned with its proper "content" has a value of its own. To deal with life powerfully and profoundly is to deal with it critically. And in this fundamental sense the "Ode on a Grecian Urn" and the "Ode to Duty" are themselves criticism. No one would pretend that specifically they belong to the literature of criticism, however, though they illustrate the importance of the critical element in literature in showing that their true superiority to many other creative works of their kind is their soundness and elevation as criticism—as criticism of life. Specifically the literature of criticism is concerned with literature rather than directly with life. But in this way and in a sense it has the office and character of a court of appeal, and its functions may be as honorable—as its roll is as distinguished—as those of any other department of literary activity. So far as *a priori* speculation is concerned, it is entitled to immunity from jejune formularies about the superiority of creation to criticism, as such, and of books to books about books.

What criticism lacks, and what will always be a limitation to its interest and its power, is the element of beauty which it of necessity largely foregoes in its concentration upon truth. It is less potent and persuasive than poetry, than romance, not because in dealing with literature rather than directly with life it occupies a lower

or less vital field but because its province lies outside the realm of all those puissant aids to cogency and impressiveness that appeal to the sense of beauty and accordingly influence so powerfully not only the intellect but the emotions as well. But of its service to truth there can be no question. Its rôle is not confined to exposition, to interpretation. It is a synthesis of its naturally more or less heterogeneous subject. It is a characterization of art as art is a characterization of nature. And in characterizing, it translates as art itself translates. It is only in criticism that the thought of an era becomes articulate, crystallized, coherently communicated. And real criticism, criticism worthy its office—criticism such as Arnold's—contributes as well as co-ordinates and exhibits. It is itself literature, because it is itself origination as well as comment, and is the direct expression of ideas rather than an expression of ideas at one remove—either chronicling their effect on the critic after the manner of the impressionist or weighing them according to some detached and objective judicial standard.

Culture, of course, is his central theme. His name is popularly and rightly more closely associated with it than with anything else. It is his notable reliance and recommendation in every department of thought and action with which he occupies himself—religious, poetic, critical, political, social—his gospel, in a word. Culture he defines as “a pursuit of our total perfection by means of getting to know, on all matters which most concern us, the best which has been known and thought in the world; and through this knowledge, turning a stream of fresh and free thought upon our stock notions and habits which we now follow stanchly but mechanically, vainly imagining that there is a virtue in following them stanchly which makes up for the mischief of following them mechanically.” He exhibits and illustrates its value eloquently and convincingly, showing, in a dozen ways how it inspires correctness and corrects errors. It is his universal solvent. He applies it in discussing questions of all sorts, the most practical as well as the most abstract. From it he derives a number of general principles which its pursuit of perfection involves. In the first place culture in-

volves the ideal of perfection as residing in “an inward condition of the mind and spirit and not in an outward set of circumstances”; then as harmonious, an expansion of *all* the powers for beauty and for good of human nature; then as a *general* expansion wholly at variance, for example, with the maxim of “every man for himself.” From this he deduces its salutary application to the phenomena of the large mechanical and external element in modern civilization, of our Anglo-Saxon individualism, of our want of flexibility, our concentration upon one aspect of a thing and our blindness to its other sides, our faith in “machinery” as an end in itself—the machinery variously known as freedom, population, railroads, wealth, churches, political institutions. It is evident that the idea of culture has endless applications. The chapter titles of “Culture and Anarchy” would suggest them to anyone who had never read the book—“Sweetness and Light,” “Doing as One Likes,” “Barbarians, Philistines, Populace,” “Hebraism and Hellenism,” and so on. A dozen, a score, of epitomizing sentences from the same work might be cited to show them; for example: “No man, who knows nothing else, knows even his Bible,” or, “And to be, like our honored and justly honored Faraday, a great natural philosopher with one side of his being and a Sandemanian with the other, would to Archimedes have been impossible.” There are delicious pages in “Culture and Anarchy,” and its vivacity no longer obscures its soundness, probably, even for readers of the temperament of those in whom when it first appeared it awakened discomfort if not dislike. Everyone nowadays is theoretically a friend of culture—even the strenuous.

IV

His distinction as a religious writer has been imperfectly perceived, which is singular, considering the very great religious influence that he has exerted. It consists in the way in which he has brought out the natural truth of Christianity. That is the sum and substance of “Literature and Dogma,” of “God and the Bible,” and of the “Last Essays on Church and

Religion," even of "St. Paul and Protestantism." No one has felt more deeply, and no one has so clearly expressed this essence of religion denuded of dogma and stripped of the husks of its traditionary sanctions. To him religion was as definite a realm as poetry. He distinguished it from ethics in very much the way in which poetry differs from prose, and characterized it as "morality touched by emotion." Religious truth, even, he distinguished from scientific truth in saying that "truth of science does not become truth of religion until it becomes religious." For a time his readers hardly knew what he meant. His gospel was so simple as to be startling. "Literature and Dogma" was taken to be an attack on at least a vital and integral part of Christianity. And it must be confessed that its sprightly rhetoric, through which, however, it got its hearing, gave some color of justification for the grief of the judicious, to whom what he called *Aberglaube* was inextricably bound up with the most precious verities. The solemn *Spectator* was betrayed, by temper, probably, into speaking of his ideal as Christianity without God—as Comte's scheme has been satirized as Catholicism minus Christianity. What was curiously called his theology seemed very superficial to the thorough-going, and aroused what, still more curiously, the Editor of his "Letters" has felt justified in calling "some just criticisms." Why "just"? one is tempted to ask at the present day when nearly the whole thinking world, save that portion of it committed to the defence of dogma, has practically, if insensibly, come to adopt his view that the sanction of religion is its natural truth. And that the natural truth of religion has not lost its hold on the non-clerical thinking world along with its traditionary "confessions" and their philosophy, is due primarily to the spirit that distinguishes between what is and what is not vital in the matter. This spirit inspires much religious writing at the present day. But Arnold's religious writing does more than assay the alloy of popular Christianity. It advocates, commends, exalts the pure metal, points out its worth and its winningness, shows how important a part it plays in the development and discipline of one's highest self, eloquently magnifies mankind's legitimate concern in it, and

convincingly establishes its claims and its rewards.

Nothing is more singular than the reticence with which religion is treated even by the religious. The sense of its being a private, an intimate, and a sacred concern hardly accounts for it. It is true it is a matter of the heart, and about matters of the heart one is instinctively reserved. Then, too, the dread of seeming hypocrisy undoubtedly acts as a restraint. But that one of the greatest forces in the moral world should, merely as a subject of thought and speculation, receive only what may be called professional and esoteric attention is not thus to be explained. Theology is freely considered and discussed, increasingly less so, of course, as its sanctions come generally to seem insubstantial and as, in consequence, it loses interest. Yet dogma is at best limited and disputed formulary, whereas the principles with which it deals or misdeals are universal. The doctrine of the Trinity, for example, is a disputed and unverifiable dogma. The influence of the Holy Spirit, exquisitely called the Comforter, is a matter of actual experience, as solid a reality as that of electro-magnetism. But, the pulpit of course aside, the dogma has certainly occupied a more prominent place in the minds of men than the fact. The comparative lack of interest in the more interesting theme is, one would say, inexplicable. Everyone knows that, if he would, he could at once determine with his entire nature to "depart from iniquity," that he could, if he would, successfully accomplish this, and that the result would be the happiness, so far as happiness depends upon one's self, of which everyone is in search—"the peace," in a word, "which passeth all understanding." Man's capability of utilizing this force is a matter of consciousness, and the effect of doing so is as demonstrably certain as the effect of combustion. It is difficult to see why it is not phenomenally as interesting. It is surely quite as important, quite as deserving the attention of the critic, quite as dignified and fruitful a literary theme. And in spite of this, in spite of its interest and its universality, it is relegated to the theologians.

The explanation doubtless is that, owing to various causes—the cathedral infalli-

bility of the Church and the tyranny of Protestant "Biblist," for instance—theology and religion, dogma and natural truth, have been so closely and so long associated as to have become amalgamated. The natural history of dogma explains its despotism. The instinctive or empirical perception of truth out of which it is developed is lost sight of in the philosophic form it assumes in final definition. Its devotees come to feel, for example, that, to use Arnold's phrase, "salvation is attached to a right knowledge of the Godhead." On the other hand, those minds on whom it loses its hold as its form gradually discloses its emptiness, forget its origin. Any formulation of the constitution of the "Godhead" seeming absurd when withdrawn from the sphere of logic and brought into that of consciousness, God himself—whom, as Joubert says, it is "not hard to know if one does not force one's self to define Him"—is left out of all consideration. Dogma comes to seem, thus, an invention instead of a development, and, to crude minds, an interested invention. Nor is it crudity alone that thus misconceives it. The "liberal" temper itself, exasperated at its perversions, wars against its bases often. Heine speaks of "the fictitious quarrel which Christianity has cooked up between the body and the soul," as if St. Paul's antagonism between "the law of the members" and "the law of the mind" were not a matter of universal experience. Of the two tendencies, however, there can be no doubt which is in accord with the *Zeit-Geist* at the present time. It is dogma that has lost its hold on serious minds, and Arnold's great concern in his religious writings is to save religion from going with it.

He was himself of a deeply religious nature, and his religion was, of course, as any religiousness must be at the present day, actively Christian. People speak of Epictetus and of Marcus Aurelius as if there were something religious in paganism essentially extraneous to Christianity—as if born in later times within the fold of Christianity they would not, dogma aside, have been as formally Christian as Melancthon or Sir Thomas More. Had the "Discourses" been uttered in the thirteenth century Jesus would certainly have

replaced Hercules in the passage in which Epictetus calls Hercules "the Son of God." Other people, who accept the fairy tale of popular religion as the only basis, and metaphysical theology as the only definition, of Christianity, like the London *Spectator*, accuse Arnold of being essentially an atheist—"just as," says Arnold, in "God and the Bible," "the heathen populace of Asia cried out against Polycarp: '*Away with the Atheists.*'" His own idea of the essence of Christianity he defines, in "St. Paul and Protestantism," as "something not very far, at any rate, from this: Grace and peace by the annulment of our ordinary self through the mildness and sweet reasonableness of Christ." This was the Christianity he sought to extricate from the desuetude into which both its mythology and its metaphysics have indubitably fallen. To anyone who feels with him that religion is "the most lovable of things"—no attempt could be more attractive or more important, be more properly a work of serious literature. He himself considered "Literature and Dogma" his most important work.

It is in the first place a constructive attempt. In the words of its secondary title, it is "an essay toward a better apprehension of the Bible," and it was conceived and executed in the interests of the preservation of religion. To this end, it perforce exposed the insubstantiality of the current misapprehension of the Bible—the proof from prophecy, the proof from miracles, and that from metaphysics. Many readers probably got no farther than these luminous chapters which, it is true, were written with a zest calculated to arouse the scepticism of the suspicious. The attack on metaphysics was certainly the least successful of this ground-clearing work. It was continued in "God and the Bible," and elaborated to a degree which may fairly be said to betray a consciousness of not having exactly hit off the matter. It was a depreciation, in deference to his own predilections, which were literary and religious and not scientific, of what a whole order of serious minds rest their firmest convictions upon. In his treatment of the supernatural he professed to part from miracles with regret, from metaphysical proof with pleasure. There was something a little Olym-

pian in this. As he says, miracles do not and never did happen. Metaphysics is at least a pseudo-science which can only be attacked in detail and only through its own terms, just as universal doubt is a self-contradictory affirmation. Nothing can be more salutary, nevertheless, for the many minds whose vice is content with abstractions, than his—extremely metaphysical and perhaps not too scientifically successful—attack on the fundamental concept of “being.” It does not convince, but it cannot fail to enlighten. No vivacity, it is true, can obscure the fact that it is pure caricature to say: “Descartes could look out of his window at Amsterdam, and see a public place filled with men and women, and say to himself that he had no right to be certain they were men and women, because they might after all be mere lay figures dressed up in hats and cloaks.” But after all it is to be borne in mind that the metaphysical proof of a religious system is, like those from prophecy and miracles, merely a part of its apologetics and not of its appeal.

It is its appeal, its constructive side, that, as I say, constitutes the essential part of “Literature and Dogma.” Its cardinal proposition is that the Bible is literature and not dogma, and that so to consider it is the preliminary to a right and adequate estimate of it. Having contended for an absolute divorce between religion and theology in the interests of essential Christianity, he proceeds by treating the Bible as *literature* to draw out, in a positive way, its natural, real, and verifiable value as a religious document. No commentator on the Scriptures has ever accomplished a more cogent and seductive work than his showing of the *use* to which the truly religious soul may put the book of which it is a commonplace that it is the Book of Books, but which readers who have come to discredit the dogma based upon its misapprehension have come completely to neglect. But aside from this specific service in emphasizing the value as literature, as poetry, as criticism of life, of the Bible, his religious writings are also a rational and eloquent exposition of the attractiveness of religion itself. He made religion a theme, a topic, of literature. He brought out its general interest and rescued it from the hands of the specialist. He treated it

as properly a branch of culture. He awakened in his serious readers inclined to regard it as negligible a certain dissatisfaction and sense of incompleteness.

Even in detail his services to religion are considerable. To take a single instance: No idea of modern times has been more fruitful, in the sense of forwarding the true, that is to say the spiritual, interests of religion than his favorite one that the sole justification of separatism is moral and not doctrinal. Nothing has more successfully warred against “the communion of the saints” than the contrary opinion, which may be said to be native to Protestantism. The Reformation—“the real Reformation, the German Reformation, Luther’s Reformation,” as he calls it—was, in his words, “a reaction of the moral and spiritual sense against the carnal and pagan sense”; it was “a religious revival like St. Francis’s.” The Christian Church, he says, is founded “not on a correct speculative knowledge of the ideas of Paul, but on the much surer ground: ‘Let everyone that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity’; and holding this to be so, we might change the current strain of doctrinal theology from one end to the other, without, on that account, setting up any new church or bringing in any new religion.” His appreciation of the religious value of unity is no doubt largely due to his traditional feelings for the Church of England and his traditional antagonism to Nonconformity. “The Evangelicals,” he says, “have not added to their first error of holding this unsound body of opinions the second error of separating for them.” Of course his preoccupation with the Church and the Nonconformists in his illustrations and argumentation limits his public. It is all rather *aliunde* to Americans, for example, even to American Churchmen. But it is easy for any reflecting reader to understand his meaning in saying, for example, “Man worships best in common; he philosophizes best alone.” And it is not difficult to seize the significance of his central idea that mere doctrinal differences do not justify a dissolution of that union in which there is strength as much in religious as in other matters with which man’s moral nature is mainly concerned—patriotism, for example, or the feeling for the life of the family.

V

THE virtue of all his criticism—literary, social, and religious—is revealed, not to say enhanced, by the limpidity of his style. It is perhaps a matter of personal feeling, but it seems to me that limpidity at least suggests, if it does not express, a shade of more positive quality than is conveyed by clearness. At any rate in noting the limpidity of Arnold's style, what I have in mind is the medium rather than the directness of his expression. We know very well nowadays what is ordinarily meant by clearness of style. It is a quality enabling the writer to convey his thought to the reader without losing any of its energy on the way. Arnold's clearness is felt as an element of technic, and has that quality of density which pleases as the property of a palpable medium. It is pellucid, limpid. One notes it as he does a certain clarity of tone in a painter's technic, a certain explicitness of modelling in a sculptor's touch. It has the air of being not so much instinctive as arrived at. A great deal is done with it. It is elaborately limpid, one may say. It has a tincture of virtuosity. He plays with it beautifully, bringing out into relief certain shadings and subduing certain others in contrasting lower toned transparencies—as a pianist of distinction not only interprets his composer but exhibits his instrument at the same time. In a word, he makes his lucidity count æsthetically. At times he grows over-fond of it, as is the inherent danger of all exploitation, especially the sincerest; at times it shows excess and runs into a mannerism of iteration at which in another Arnold himself would be the first to wince. The four times repeated "Scotch drink, Scotch religion, and Scotch manners," within the limits of a single paragraph of his consideration of Burns, is "hard to read without a cry of pain," as he said of a distich of Macaulay. Less formally the remorselessly renewed appearances of "The Bishops of Winchester and Gloucester," in the beginning of "Literature and Dogma," are irritating intrusions. These and similar instances are examples of explicitness run to seed. But they are the defect of a quality, and due to an excess of a dilettante spirit of playfulness to which we owe very much

that is acutely charming in Arnold's writings. They are not inherent in his style at its best. At its best in this respect of limpidity a page of his—a page of "Literature and Dogma" itself—reads like a page of the *Apology*, in its elaborate and elevated Socratic clearness.

To this quality thus æsthetically "handled" he adds an equally positive and sensible beauty of diction. It is not the beautiful liquid flow, rhythmic, cadenced, and prolonged of Newman's. But if less sinuous it has more strength; it has greater poise and an apter precision. Compared, too, with the beauty of such prose as Ruskin's, it has a certain savor of soundness, a sense of conscious subscription to what Ruskin himself, speaking of Venetian architecture, calls "the iron laws of beauty"—that is to say, subscription to the proprieties of prose, without yielding to the solicitations of the spirit of poetry which outside its own domain is sure to be irresponsible and indiscreet. There are, for example, many "passages" in Arnold's writing memorable for their beauty. Everyone remembers the apostrophe to Oxford. The close of the essay on Falkland, the description of the Greek poetry of imaginative reason in the essay on "Pagan and Mediæval Religious Sentiment," the sentences of the essay on Keats: "'I think,' said Keats, humbly, 'I shall be among the English poets after my death.' He is. He is with Shakespeare," are other examples of sobriety surcharged with feeling exquisitely characteristic of the grave discretion proper to the province of prose, mindful of its limits as well as conscious of its capabilities. And they and others like them are beautiful, as prose poetry is not, for the very reason that they are so explicably founded in fitness. But his diction in general is noteworthy for the same quality. It is penetrated with the sentiment of the significance it expresses and never self-hypnotizes. It is too significant to be "musical," but its straightforwardness is very sensitively organized. Its obvious elegance is not the elegance of detachment, but is elegance leavened with personal feeling—now pushed by personal feeling to the point of piquancy, now restrained within the confines of mere suggestion, but informed by it always.

And for the same reason it is never polished into insipidity. Always full of intention, it is never style for its own sake. One feels that the writer is partial to his style, that he models it consciously and is perfectly aware of it as an element of effectiveness, but it is the dress of too much virility to absorb and preoccupy, however much it may interest him. It is careful, but it is genuine; high-bred, but vigorous; studied, but simple; considered, but considered as form merely. Its urbanity is at times a trifle express—especially in controversy—but it is urbanity associated with too much point ever to be mistaken for approbateness. It is obviously the style of a writer who adds to their lustre in maintaining the traditions. "Suckled on Latin and weaned on Greek," someone asserted of Dr. Arnold's children, and the classic strain is naturally distinguishable enough in Matthew Arnold's style—in its stuff as well as in its syntax. But it is not in the least academic—it is too modern, too flexible, too much the offspring of English parentage. Its vocabulary is less remarkable for range than for felicity; in felicity it is as remarkable as Tennyson's; indeed with equal aptness—equal *justesse*—its felicity is even more marked than Tennyson's, because it is more instinctive, and instinctiveness is a constituent of felicity. Neither is felicity confined to his vocabulary. His phrases are famous.

This combination of limpidity, beauty, and culture, consciously co-operating in the production of an explicit medium, exploited rather than dissembled, has for its notablest result perhaps the circumstance that Arnold's style is, as style, the most interesting of any of the writers of our day. I say *as* style, because though I think Thackeray's surpasses it in interest, it does so in virtue of the inimitable color of a more interesting and omnipresent personality. Thackeray's apart, at all events, there is no other that in respect of interest approaches Arnold's if we take his writings in the mass. His writings taken in the mass gain immensely from their style. Interesting as his substance is, it would be distinctly less so but for the art of its presentation. One has only to think of any of his books written otherwise to feel at once that it would be less capti-

vating. By interest, of course, I mean the feeling that is stimulated by what is admirable, interest within lines of laudability, an artistic interest, in a word—not the thrill aroused by dithyramb or eccentricity, or picturesqueness, or any of the various forms of rhetoric which often create an effect whose intensity is altogether disproportionate to its duration. In any theme of Arnold's one is interested in how he takes it, how it is conceived, exhibited, enforced, in the way in which its own intrinsic interest is unfolded, in the adaptation itself of the means to the end. It is not "the grand style." As he says, the grand style is to be found only in poetry, and to my sense he is not a great poet. But he has the style, if not of a great writer, at least of an admirable, a unique, literary artist.

VI

IT is frequently and truly remarked of Arnold's poetry that it never can be popular. But this is not because there is anything particularly esoteric about it, and the assumption that it appeals particularly to the elect is largely unfounded. It is, at all events, better than *that*. It is not in any exclusive sense that Mr. Lang and Mr. Augustine Birrell find it intimately consoling. Others enjoy it in the same way, though, of course, whether or no in the same degree it would be impossible to determine. But it is poetry that never can be popular because it appeals to moods that are infrequent. It is intimately consoling if you are in a mood that needs consolation, and consolation of a severely stoic strain. Otherwise it is not. Now, most people are either rarely in such a mood, or, when they are, demand consolation that stimulates instead of stifling their self-pity. The poetry, like the music, that intensifies one's mood is inevitably more popular than that which contradicts it. And, of course, the stoical mood being far rarer than the sensuous, sensuous poetry will always be surer of a welcome than stoical. It makes a slighter demand on the faculties, and whatever requires effort is proportionally unwelcome. "Stanzas written in dejection near Naples," or near anywhere else, please us, because savoring

them involves no tension. A passionate lyric of Byron, or a plaintive one of Keats finds us much more readily responsive than Arnold's austere verses on "Self-dependence," which invoke an energy that in most men is at best intermittent. For this reason his plaintive, or, if one chooses, his pessimistic, strain, is more moving to most readers than his stimulant and inspiring note. The lines beginning: "Strew on her roses, roses," in spite of their rather tame conclusion, the intimately pathetic quatrain beginning: "What renders vain their deep desire," the first part of "Rugby Chapel," with its deepening shadows and enshrouding gloom, will always be favorites over those of his poems that celebrate the activities of the will. Yet the latter are the more numerous and by far the more characteristic.

I do not mean to assert that the militant mood is less prevalent to-day than the purely receptive one, so far as regards the appreciation of poetry. Verse like Scott's "One crowded hour of glorious strife," would awaken the same thrill, perhaps, as ever, if there were any of it. Browning's popularity is, indeed, probably growing. But this is a mood to which Arnold never appeals. His poetry is in the mass addressed to the mood of moral elevation, and it would be fatuity to contend that this is a frequent frame of mind. For the most part we come to the reading of poetry in an unmoral mood. We respond to the æsthetic appeal a thousand times more readily than to the moral. How many readers would agree with Arnold in preferring the "Ode to Duty" to that on the "Intimations of Immortality"? His argument is unimpeachable. The former is sound, the latter fantastic. But are we often in a mood to be as thrilled by the lines,

Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face,

as we are by the images and cadences of the certainly more popular poem? There are certainly times in which simply to be good seems to be the one thing worth striving for to, no doubt, the worst of us. There are moments when the will welcomes the mastery of virtue and solicits fusion with the good in absolute self-surrender—moments when the heart is touched with fire

from the altar of rectitude and the sweetness and joy of being at one with the most vital principle in the universe flood the soul with balm. It is the ideal, not of poetry, but of religion, however, to multiply such moments, and render permanent this transitory condition. And though, as Arnold says, "the best part of religion is its unconscious poetry," its unconscious religion is but a small part of poetry, speaking comparatively, and in Arnold's poetry there is nothing unconscious at all. It is extremely express; and, although to say so is not to deny that it is genuine, its genuineness takes a clearly calculated form. It must dispense with the aid of that unconscious religion which animates Wordsworth, even when he is doctoral and dogmatic. His popular appeal is, therefore, still more limited than Wordsworth's because his inspiration, though morally elevated, like Wordsworth's, is restricted within the confines of intellectual intention and lacks the self-abandonment to transfigured impulse which Wordsworth eminently shows to be as much within the province of morally elevated poetry as of any other. It lacks exaltation. Moreover, it lacks the exultant quality which Arnold himself signalizes as Wordsworth's true greatness—"the joy offered to us in nature, the joy offered to us in the simple primary affections and duties." It is never joyous; joyousness is the one quality above all others which it never has.

On its æsthetic side, too, its reliances are few. In the mass it is unmusical—at least in the sense of being independent of music as a reliance. It is absurd to find it cacophonous, as is sometimes asserted, and to maintain that its author had no ear—though perhaps, had his ear been more sensitive he would not have cited Keats's "peaceful citadel" as "quiet citadel." There are metres which he handled with instinctive felicity—witness "Heine's Grave," "Rugby Chapel," "A Forsaken Merman." But they are not, so to say, musical metres. His repugnance to balladry, his recoil from sing-song, his partisanship for the hexameter, are significant. His feeling for the slower vibrations of rhythm in the citations he holds up as models almost indicates a preference for intonation to song. Quoting Gray's statement that "the style he aimed at was

extreme conciseness of expression, yet pure, perspicuous, and musical," he says that Gray is "alone or almost alone (for Collins has something of the like merit) in his age." Compare with this the celebration of Collins by Mr. Swinburne, who is a master of music in poetry, whose verse is often music *et præterea nihil*: "There was but one man in the time of Collins who had in him a note of pure lyric song, a pulse of inborn music irresistible and indubitable; and that he was that man he could not open his lips without giving positive and instant proof. The Muse gave birth to Collins; she did but give suck to Gray." An examination of Arnold's poetry would show many musical lines, sometimes a happy note like a sudden bird-call, a thrilling dactyl, a tetrasyllable of liquid cadence enforced by appositeness recalling Keats himself. But at the same time these are elbowed by awkwardnesses of scansion, eccentricities of ictus, and now and then a positive cessation of lyric tone as though in obedience to the rubric "spoken."

Poetic quality, too, is sometimes as lacking as musical. The two are certainly to be distinguished, and Arnold's verse is far more rarely unpoetic than it is unmusical. But of course poetry that has not a musical interpretation falls just so far short of being poetically perfect. Dispensing with the reliance of rhythmic felicity it is necessarily thrown back more or less baldly on the unaided poetic value of its substance, and a formal rather than magical expression of it. Aside from this, so far as its lack of poetic quality is to be felt as a shortcoming in Arnold's poetry, it is due, I think, to the fact that his pursuit of the Muse is a shade systematic. The turn for criticism, which is an integral part of his genius, gives it a theoretic tincture, at the least. He thought a great deal about poetry, about what it should be, what line it should take, what inspiration the poets of the future should seek. No one has written more accurately or more fruitfully about it. But at the same time it, perhaps naturally, followed that when he came himself to illustrate his principles he was preoccupied with their application in a degree that modified his possession by his theme. He was conscious of his art instead of absorbed in his subject, with the natural result now and then of polishing

his poetry into prose instead of "letting it model itself," as a painter would say, under the guidance of his tact.

In the suggestive "Prefaces" to the first and second editions of his poems, he lays down a number of poetical requirements with the utmost penetration. Among others he emphasizes "the all-importance of the choice of a subject," and he indicates what in a general way that choice should be. Nothing could be better. But practically the consequence of a poet's specific reflection upon the choice of a subject is not such a work as the "Antigone," or any of the Greek models Mr. Arnold is recommending. It is not such a poem as "In Memoriam," or, to take a crucial instance, "The Ring and the Book." It is such a poem as "Sohrab and Rustum." "Sohrab and Rustum" is a beautiful and, at the climax, a moving poem. But as a whole it has a fatal lack of spontaneity. The choice of the subject has been too carefully made and the treatment is too theoretic. It is not personal and romantic enough. Its romance and individuality of treatment are too tranquilly contained within the limits of the form, and the form is an exotic. It is not that it is artificial. Tennyson is artificial. But Tennyson can be personal without ceasing to be even conventional. His artificiality is a natural expression. He is not hampered by his significance, which he handles in high differentiation as easily as if it were even less significant than—owing to its universal acceptance—it often is. A poet, however, who is first of all a thinker, needs to give his feeling a freer rein and, whatever his theories about poetry in general, forget their application in his specific effort for adequately poetic statement.

Arnold's poetry is, at all events, penetrated with thought, and this forms its true distinction. It is indeed the fullness of its significance that embarrasses its expression both in musical and in more subtly poetic form. Of course, had his genius possessed either what he himself calls the "natural magic" of the Celt or the "Greek radiance" it would have carried his thought more easily. But it is a reflective and philosophic genius, and accordingly its sincerest poetical expression savors a little of statement rather than of song. And to endue statement with poetic

quality a more inevitable and exclusive poetic vocation than his is requisite. He does, it is true, suffuse it with feeling, but with feeling whose pertinence and poise are perhaps a little too prominently irreproachable. "Genius is mainly an affair of energy, and poetry is mainly an affair of genius," he says very truly, and it is, in the last analysis, probably energy that his poetry lacks to give it greater currency and greater charm. Around greater energy his numbers would crystallize in more eloquent, more moving combination. They would have more buoyancy, more freedom, a larger sweep, a more sustained flight. For this reason the narrative and dramatic poems have less attraction than the elegiac and lyric, and for this reason even the lyric poems are contemplative rather than impassioned. It would hardly be amiss to call some of his verse cogent.

But, as I say, its penetration with significance forms its true distinction, and if his energy is insufficient to rank him in poetic quality with the "born poets" of his calibre, nevertheless the quality of his thought establishes such a balance in his poetic gifts and acquirements, that his poetry, taken as a whole, gives him an honorable and a unique place in their company. It is not fatuity that makes him say that "with less poetical sentiment than Tennyson and less intellectual vigor and abundance than Browning" his poetry has "perhaps more of a fusion of the two than either of them." And it has the great advantage of being, so far as its characteristic quality of thought is concerned, admirably representative of the combined thought and feeling of the era. Our generation probably atones somewhat for feeling less simply, less strenuously than the last, by attuning its feeling more closely to its thinking; and perhaps the next will witness such interest in new complications of thinking, born of increased multifariousness of phenomena for its exercise, that feeling will become still less agitated and independent than it is to-day.

And of feeling that is legitimated by the tribunal of reason, Arnold is the poet *par excellence*. His attempts to illustrate the theories of his "Prefaces" may be in form too conscious, too much an echo of the models he holds up, but in feeling his poetry is in the main the personal expression

of a poet who is genuinely a follower and not an imitator of the poets of that "century in Greek life," to quote his own words "—the century preceding the Peloponnesian War, from about the year 530 to the year 430 B.C.—in which poetry made, it seems to me, the noblest, the most successful effort she has yet made as the priestess of the imaginative reason, of the element by which the modern spirit, if it would live right, has chiefly to live." His inspiration is certainly what he calls "the imaginative reason," neither "the senses and the understanding" by which he says the poetry of later paganism lived, nor "the heart and the imagination" of the poetry of mediæval Christianity. One may say that his reason a little overbalances his imagination, but it is certainly true that his imagination in the very circumstance of being thus solidly sustained not only avoids the weakness of insubstantiality but operates positively with increased eloquence and elasticity because it is the servant only of that reason whose service is perfect freedom. An elementary is as good as a recondite illustration. Take, for example, the way in which such a theme as immortality is treated by a poet purely of the heart, like Whittier, in the lines

Yet Love will dream, and Faith will trust
(Since He who knows our need is just),
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.

The lines are true poetry, and, taken with their context, they are touching; no one with memories can be irresponsive to them. But they are no longer convincing, because their basis is insubstantial. Compare with them this stanza of Arnold's from "Rugby Chapel," and its context:

O strong soul, by what shore
Tarriest thou now? For that force,
Surely, has not been left vain!
Somewhere, surely, afar,
In the sounding labor-house vast
Of being, is practised that strength,
Zealous, beneficent, firm.

Here we are in the world of reason. We are still among assumptions, no doubt, but we have exchanged pure sentiment for poetic speculation, and a conventional for an imaginative treatment. Arnold goes on:

Yes, in some far-shining sphere,
Conscious or not of the past,—

he will be betrayed into no claim, in the region of the unverifiable, which reason would not, in recognizing its own limits, acquiesce in as properly within the jurisdiction of the imagination. Thus the reader of Arnold's poetry never has to say to himself: "But it is not true!" And to the sense of our own day this is fundamental in poetry as elsewhere.

And not only does his poetry satisfy because it is sound without being conventional, but truth is positively its inspiration as well as its guide. It is truth that stirs his imagination. It is the divination of some broad or subtle verity of the soul, seized by his delicate apprehension, that suggests its poetic inference to his imagination, sets it aglow with light and suffuses it with elevated feeling. The experience of the soul amid the phenomena among which in our complicated era it passes its

existence—its moments of gloom, of aspiration, its disillusion, its yearning sadness, its sense of the heavy burden of clairvoyance, and the withdrawal of old solaces and supports, its wistful glances into the penumbra of the verifiable, and its tragic certitude of seeing, in the sphere of attainment, the ideal decline in compromise—these and similar phases of the spiritual life of our time have found expression in Arnold's poetry as they have nowhere else. And their expression has been not only true, but truly imaginative. He was quite right. He occupies a place by himself. He inhabits the serene uplands of poetic thought, where the mind and the soul receive, at least at intervals, a stimulant sustenance, however rarefied the atmosphere may seem to the quite otherwise exigent demands of that æsthetic sense whose activity is less intermittent.

DAWN AT VENICE

By Martha Gilbert Dickinson

ONE burnished cloud first turned a jagged prow—
The conscious water nestled deep among
Her murky gondolas, that bow on bow
Freighted with shadows at the molo swung.

Soon palace and canal paled into sight,
Fainting as watchers whose long vigil wanes;
Till Dawn's approach across the waves of night
Flushed the rose blood in sleeping Venice's veins.

Then up the dazzling steps that lead to God,
One radiant sunbeam and a lone white dove
Santa Maria's holy threshold trod—
A shrine of morning lit by Light and Love!

Loud warned the chime to mass o'er quay and home—
Calling soft flocks of doves to meet the day
'Mid sculptured saints and angels round the dome,
While market women followed in to pray.

THE POINT OF VIEW

REFERRING a while ago to M. Ros-
tand's "Cyrano de Bergerac," a nov-
elist whose opinions Americans al-
ways listen to with great attention denied for
himself the possibility of all interest or æs-
thetic satisfaction in any literary work with a
central *motif* so flagrantly false to human nat-
ure.

Without going into this par-
ticular instance, one's first thought
is that such a judgment posits an
invariableness for the ways in

which human nature manifests itself, which
radically contradicts experience. Criticisms
that this story or that incident, in book or
play, is contrary to human nature are made
very often, by those writers especially who
class themselves as realists, with a finality
which causes them to be accepted by many
as ascertained and demonstrable scientific
statements. This would have been compre-
hensible before the time when studies in the
influences of the social environment had gone
so far as they have now. To say, at present,
with even approximate authoritativeness,
what is true or false to human nature, it
should be recognized that it is necessary to
allow for a very great many secondary condi-
tions indeed; conditions so complicated, for
the most part, that the really scientific attitude
toward them—the only scientific attitude—is
rather one of complete open-mindedness.

When one comes to state these things in
theory, they appear to be the barest truisms.
In practice they are determinedly ignored,
notwithstanding. We speak of a plot, an
episode, as "unnatural," because we measure
them unconsciously by the norm of human
impulse and action as we know it in a rough,
a very rough, fashion. This norm of human
action can only be regarded as a fixed quan-
tity, however, when the individual is (so far
as he ever can be) isolated from his kind, and
cut off from social influences. If we should
suppose a half-dozen castaways floating about
on a wreck, or stranded on a desert island, we
might have, safely enough, a standard in our
minds of what would be strictly normal be-
havior for them. The more absolutely they
were reduced to the sheer elemental condi-

tions of human nature the less likely should
we be to go astray in figuring to ourselves, if
our imagination had some courage and sin-
cerity, what they would or would not do.
But until the worst should have been reached
by them, until they should have been brought
down to the plainest human terms, the be-
havior of each would be "natural" in the de-
gree in which it conformed to those largely
artificial habits and ideas inbred in him by
the particular social environment that he had
known. And what would be natural for one
would be unnatural for another.

The ruling passion strong in death is, far
oftener than we realize, not a primary passion
of human nature at all, but a secondary pas-
sion superposed upon it by the acquired de-
sires and derived needs that are born of man's
estate as a social being. There have been
epochs of high moral passion, of religious
enthusiasm—epochs, as Professor Dowden
would say, of the "lit lamp and the girt loin,"
when it was natural for men to do the (hu-
manly speaking) most unnatural things: to
despise pain, and gladly suffer death, for an
idea, a belief. But there have also been
epochs when the most potent primary im-
pulses, such as the instinct of self-preserva-
tion, or of holding on to the object of one's
affections for one's self, have been quelled
or substantially held in check by sentiments
to which one would not *a priori* be inclined
to ascribe any great momentum whatever:
sentiments that did not lift people out of
themselves like religious faith, but constrained
them by the power, merely, of highly com-
posite and exclusively social ideals, of honor,
chivalry, becoming æsthetic conduct, and so
forth. The early Christian centuries and the
Reformation afforded examples enough of the
high moral passion that overrides the natural
inclination to do thus or so. The period
which, in France, preceded the Revolution
was one, contrariwise, in which the exclusively
social ideals had a force so compelling that
they made people pose, as we should now
think, even *in extremis*.

Dickens's *Sydney Carton* (who belongs to
the same family, in fiction, as *Cyrano*) has

"Natural"
Situations in
Fiction.

often enough been spoken of as a thoroughly unnatural character, and the situation which brings about his death as an unnatural situation. As a matter of fact, if identical situations are not historically reported as occurring during the Reign of Terror, analogous situations are. It is true that *Carton* was not a Frenchman. Still, as a psychological possibility, it would be entirely tenable to suppose that countless persons, not French, should have been affected by the high emotions and extraordinary tension of that time. If we should have, notwithstanding, an impression that the last chapters of "A Tale of Two Cities" are false to nature, that is because of the tendency in Dickens to what Mr. Edmund Gosse well calls "deformation" of character in the handling of it. A theme may be psychologically true, yet be falsified by a twist in the vision or a trick in the treatment of the exposition.

Characters and situations in fiction are natural if they are the reflexes of the beliefs, customs, habits, of the particular moment in which they are supposed to exist. If a writer is not dealing with contemporary events it is not easy for him to compute accurately the sum of all those beliefs, customs, habits. Nor is it easy for the critic. A complete mastery of them, nevertheless, is needed to create an illusion of life that is veracious; and it is also needed before the critic can declare that this or that person or episode, in the fiction that he is considering, is either true to human nature or false.

It is encouraging to find Professor William P. Trent, in his "Authority of Criticism and Other Essays," arguing that the best poetry should be read to children as a part of their regular schooling, even before they are capable of understanding what it means. Professor Trent takes in illustration the magnificent lines from "Lycidas," beginning

Ay me! Whilst thee the shores and sounding seas
Wash far away,

and observes that, while the ordinary school-boy would have little idea, as he went on, of

Poetry and Foreign Languages. what Milton's allusions were to "Bellerus old," or to the "Angel" who was to "melt with ruth," the noble picture of the corpse of Lycidas washed by the sounding seas would appeal profoundly to his imagination, and he would be the better for hearing his teacher read the pas-

sage. Those who know from experience what were the ideals in vogue in the Continental education of fifteen years ago, and the quantities of poetry that the pupils of what would correspond to our secondary schools were compelled to commit to memory, are aware that the ideas of Professor Trent, in some European countries at that time, would have appeared natural to truism. The Italian schools, notably, though they may not generally have had a status that would rank very high in the opinion of students of educational matters, were well in line with the old classic pedagogics in the immense predominance that they gave to the study of the great poets of their land. "Study" is perhaps a misleading term, since while individual instructors might have laid much stress on the real elucidation of Dante, Petrarch, Tasso, and Ariosto, a large amount of the poetical deglutition that took place was, without doubt, of quite undigested materials. There were few boys or girls, from twelve to sixteen, who could not, when called upon, roll forth many "octaves" of the "Gerusalemme Liberata" and the "Orlando Furioso," and who did not know by heart the better-known cantos of the Divine Comedy, or certainly the portions containing the more familiar passages, the Paolo and Francesca story, the Count Ugolino, the lovely

Ricordati di me, che son la Pia,

and so on. It is, of course, not to be supposed that they actually understood more than a fraction of what they could so glibly recite. And yet we need not forget that writers like Matilde Serao, Fogazzaro, and D'Annunzio, that statesmen of literary and critical abilities like Bonghi, that philosophers like Chiapparelli, and a long list of men who have made themselves world-famous in psychological and sociological fields, had a great deal of precisely this diet in their rearing.

If it be, however, for the present, a hopelessly unpopular cause that Professor Trent is advocating when he pleads for poetry on the ground that it builds up the love of beauty and stirs generous and noble emotions, there is a manner of regarding the question that should find more favor, being more "practical." It does not appear to be sufficiently recognized how much of an aid is familiarity with great poetry in the acquiring of foreign languages. To have one or two of these is a college requirement, and a feature of every even half-way liberal education. But facility

in learning languages is a natural gift, like any other, and it is not one that belongs to all. The late Philip Gilbert Hamerton showed up well, in "The Intellectual Life," a fact that is of common experience—the extreme futility and insubstantiality of the average man's knowledge of any tongue but his own. He went so far as to say that it was, in effect, impossible for any man to possess more than one language thoroughly. And anyone who understands what he meant by possessing a language must be in full agreement with him. The man who possesses his own language, in the complete sense, makes it a life-study and is a rarity. He knows it idiomatically and philologically into its small details, but he also knows the essential spirit, so vital yet so intangible, permeating its whole structure. Now it is clear that to do as much for a second language surpasses, except in very unusual circumstances, the powers of application, adaptability, and sympathy of the best-endowed mortal. In ordinary cases certainly nothing even approximating to any such result is attempted. Learning French or German means getting a sort of working acquaintance with just so much French or German grammar, and just so much of the vocabulary that expresses the most obvious thoughts, as will be "of use."

In ordinary cases, naturally not in all, a knowledge of a foreign tongue that goes no farther than this is in reality valueless outside of the most immediate and limited utility—such utility as might declare itself in some out-of-the-way corner of Europe when one had missed one's train. It is valueless in the sense that it adds nothing to the general culture. The true reason for learning other languages than one's own is that they shall widen one's outlook, open new vistas to the mind. Conversational fluency in the foreign idiom will not do that. Only an insight into that essential spirit of the language, its elusive inner life, will do it. And this, exactly, is what is forever beyond many persons who have not the gift of *sensing* the soul of different tongues.

That gift, if it cannot be absolutely created, can be very much strengthened and developed by a taste for poetry, the greatest poetry. If it has once been acquired in the native language, the instinct is very strong to aim at the poetry of the foreign tongue almost from the start, to try to spell out its meaning through the obstructing medium of the strange words;

and it is very curious and stimulating to see how soon a really eager search of this sort is repaid. The noble poetry of all languages moves on the same plane, a plane of its own, and a brotherhood of ideas can there be detected that very quickly makes the mere accident of the alien vesture of speech no impediment. The spirit of the new tongue is caught. And this, if he wished to learn the language for something more than travelling and superficially social purposes, is what the student was looking for. It is what counts. He has reached, by a straight route, what otherwise he might have groped for in vain to the end. He may, after that, or may not have as much conversational fluency as he pleases. Idiomatically, he may never be perfect; but he has gained the best, nevertheless.

THE lament that, among other picturesque things, picturesque Bohemia is passing away appears to be well-founded. Forces have been in operation in the modern social fabric that have affected the solidarity of Bohemians. They constituted a more distinct group apart when the irreconcilableness of the commercial and the artistic standards of excellence was accepted—though perhaps unconsciously—as an axiom. For it is on this irreconcilableness that the most of Bohemianism really rests. It is a state of mind into which many persons come who, having the artistic standard in respect of the thing which they may happen to do, and believing that it conflicts with the standards of work of the practical world, would like to avoid the discomfort growing out of this antagonism by going just in the opposite direction from the practical man. That is the essence; the free-and-easiness of Bohemianism is only incidental, a derivative.

The Old
Bohemia.

But the newer idea is gaining ground that the practical and the artistic standards of excellence are not necessarily antagonistic. The world increasingly believes that there is no call to separate, either as to demands made or as to rewards given, those whose labors are idealistic from the practical workers. On the one side all idealistic folk are expected more and more to conduct themselves in as orderly and decently conventional a manner as other members of society; on the other side the feeling is growing that there is no good reason why the pursuers of practical affairs should

have money returns proportionate to the energy expended, and idealistic laborers only fluctuating returns in no demonstrable ratio to the work done. The mediæval poet's complaint of the Empty Purse may still be sung; but while the old-time writer—or actor, or painter—had perforce to be content (unless he were the chance *protégé* of princes) with that purse, his successor objects more decidedly to its emptiness, and founds himself on his rights in so doing.

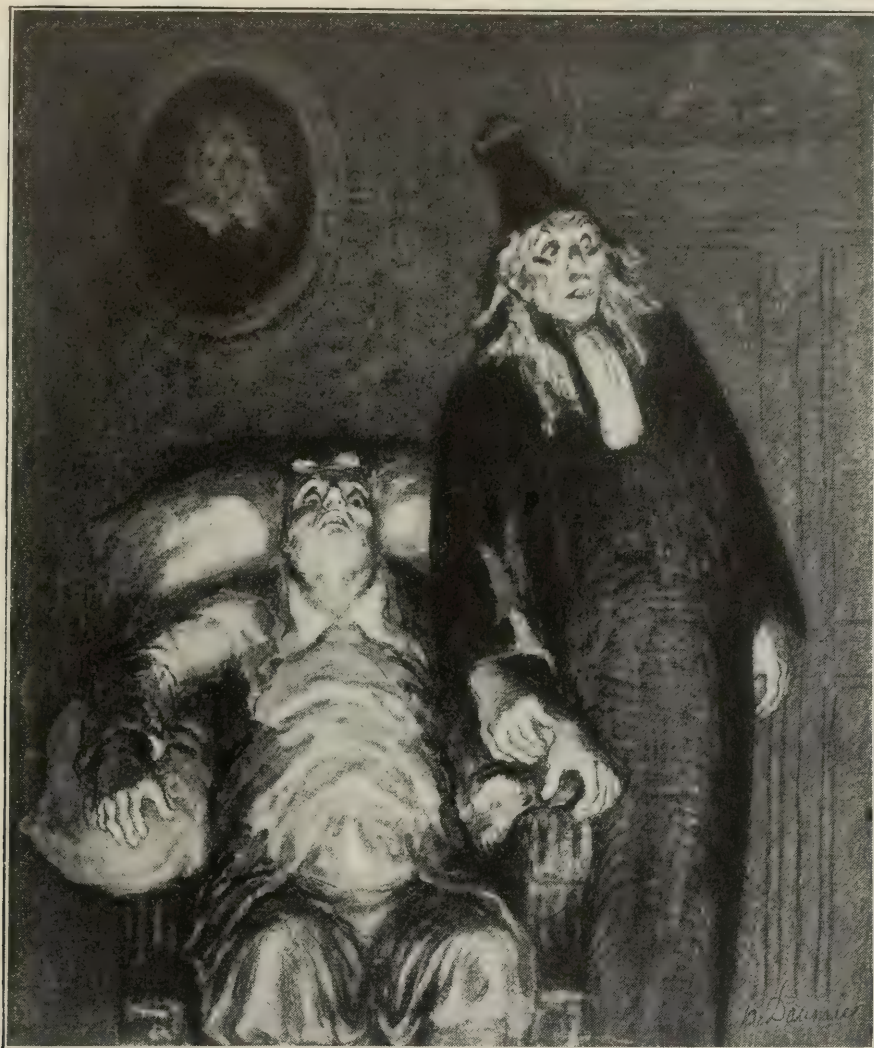
If, however, there is to be a question of "rights" in the matter, it must be proved that the modern idea is the correct one. It must be proved that doing your work in the best way commercially, and doing it in the best way artistically, are one and the same thing. Is this the case?

Doing your work in the best way commercially means expending energy to a given end in such amount that you will legitimately secure that end and yet have a profit left over to pay you for your pains. If it were not for that profit left over, no one would engage in commercial pursuits. It is the condition of their being. The entire practical work of the world, indeed, is done—when properly, soundly done—in conformity to the same rule, of applying efforts to ends in such measure that the outgo of energy will not be in excess of the gain received. That in practical affairs is the higher law. The laborer is worthy of his hire; and if he do five days' work for one day's hire it is no moral act, rather he is disturbing the canons of distributive justice. We do our daily work honestly, but we don't, if we be practical men, labor to total exhaustion over it; both because we have to begin again tomorrow, and because all the fineness that we might have put into it might very often be out of place, or answer to no demand. It is by squaring our conduct with this universal law of balance between demand and supply that we may (so far as it may ever be

done) talk of our rights to material rewards. But if our labors be idealistic how does all this apply to us? The higher law then is not expending energy in such measure that what we give out will not be wholly out of proportion with what we take in. The higher law to the idealist is the pursuit of an impossible perfection. As he can be said, in the absolute sense, never to attain his end, so there can never be any absolute question of his proportioning effort to it. He does not and cannot conform to the law which governs the expenditure of all effort in the world of practical affairs; therefore it is hard to see how there can be any claim made for rights of adequate returns for him such as those who do so conform might put forth. It is quite possible that his material rewards, on given occasions, may be more than adequate. This, however, will be chance. Edgar Allan Poe's failure to make a living was due, as much as to anything else, to his insisting upon doing as if it were to pass down to the ages, work that was only journalistic and could not be paid for on any basis but the journalistic one. This, at least, was the spirit of his toil, and in it he obeyed the compulsion of what was the higher law for him. Measured by the law of practical work, his course was foolishness.

The drift to-day is so much toward a more equal diffusion of well-being everywhere, that the most uncompromising idealist will probably find good things coming his way oftener than poor Poe could have done. But it is inconceivable that anyone should believe that the fundamental difference between the idealistic and the practical standards of work can ever be wiped out. The tendency of things is to tame the rebellious wildness of the "picturesque" Bohemian. Bohemianism *pour la pose* is a waning fashion. But that perception of unlike conditions of the life-work which really made Bohemianism—as an attitude of separation—one cannot quite see the end of.

THE FIELD OF ART



“Le Malade Imaginaire.”

From a water-color by Daumier.

DAUMIER TO FORAIN

THE name of Honoré Daumier—the most distinguished in French caricature, and not without high honor in the annals of pure art—is frequently coupled of late in Parisian criticism with that of J. L. Forain, whose vogue for the past decade has exceeded all others. A comparison of the two *maîtres* is interesting in itself, and affords light on certain social tendencies of some importance.

To take the latter first, it must frankly be admitted that a comparison of the art of Daumier and the art of Forain is rendered a little difficult by the inevitable distaste persons not of French race and association must feel toward the peculiar character of the

subjects of the latter. Not that Daumier was incapable of coarseness. He fulfilled the requirement which he himself proclaimed with much emphasis. He was “of his time,” and his time—say, the middle third of the century—was that of Balzac and the “Contes Drôlatiques.” He was of his race, as well, French and Méridional, and the canons of propriety of the people from whom he sprang and for whom he worked, were not those of England, much less those of our own land and time. The *sève* of Rabelais was in his brain, and his “Gargantua,” for which Louis Philippe’s ministers imprisoned him, was as Rabelaisian in flavor as it was in name. It was that flavor, indeed, that made it formidable as well as offensive. The Frenchmen

of the day understood and relished it only too well. But the coarseness of Daumier, what there was of it, which was relatively little, was jovial, *pour ce que rire est le propre de l'homme*. With Forain the case is different. It is not coarseness so much as uncleanness that he displays, and he dis-

love, motherhood, art, or authority." M. Talmeyr's comment makes it clear that Forain appeals to and satisfies those of his countrymen who really find the society of France essentially and desperately rotten, and a foreign observer, though he believe, with the present writer, the fact to be quite



The Singers.

From a water-color by Daumier.

plays it lavishly, impudently, cynically, with a sneer rather than a smile. He does not expose or ridicule vice or weakness so much as he assumes the hollowness of all virtue or decency. Society, as he sees it, appears hopelessly corrupted. Hopeless is the word, for it is one of his notions that the cause is physical and practically ineradicable. "There is no such thing as corruption," M. Brisson reports him as saying; "in the upper class it is nerves; in the lower, hunger." It is not a profound view, since the great body of any people is neither high nor low; but it reveals the general impression Forain gets from his fellow-beings, and the one that pervades his work.

Alphonse Daudet said that Forain made him dream of Dante, and that one of his albums was like the wood of the Inferno, "obscure and wild, savage and dense and hardly less bitter than death." One of his admirers, Maurice Talmeyr, declares that Forain is made possible only by the "permanent hypocrisy of things and men," and that his ideal is to strip naked the derisory nature of what is called "courage, honor,

otherwise, is justified in so interpreting the message of the caricaturist. It is, indeed, an astonishing message, cruel, insulting, audacious. The prevailing character in the great multitude of Forain's published drawings of men and women is a monster of vice—usually well-dressed and fashionable, but always monstrously vicious. His men are apt to be vulgar scoundrels, his women, prostitutes and adulteresses. His *mamans* are mostly complaisant or servile accomplices in the corruption of their daughters. The corruption of the daughters is not passionate and wayward, but calculated and sordid. The contrast between the work through which these strange beings promenade their abnormal natures, and the

work of Daumier is, as has been remarked, extremely distasteful. It arouses a repulsion that must be suppressed by an effort of the reason and the will, before a candid comparison can be made of the art of the earlier and that of the later caricaturists.

Doubtless it must be conceded as an advantage to Daumier, that he lived in a France more inspiring than even her most ardent admirers can claim that France now is. He was a Marseillais, born a republican, passing his boyhood under the Restoration; coming to the sense of his great power with the "days of July" that overthrew the Bourbons, and winning his spurs in the hot fight with the repressive rule of the Citizen King. He saw pass the brief and glorious dream of the Second Republic, and lived through the weary years of the Second Empire, which, weary though they were, gave him opportunity for some of his most subtle and effective work. He saw the liberation of Italy and the catastrophe of the *année terrible*, and he laid down his task when, poor and old, and blind as he was, he realized the dawn of greater and more stable freedom for his beloved land

than she had known in his time. His life was one of incessant and ill-paid toil, but the drama unfolding before him was of intense interest. His work as a caricaturist, though it was subordinated, in his own mind, to the work of the artist, which was his constant aim, was, nevertheless, vital with a sustained and high purpose, and the effect of this element in his life can hardly be exaggerated. He was not a mere spectator of the great drama, but took no mean part in it. Especially in his early manhood, he was a force with which the government of the day had to count. There were powerful politicians and statesmen in his time, who live in the memory of their countrymen in his portrayal, rather than in the history of their achievements, who dreaded and courted, but never intimidated or seduced him. We gather from his work that the life he saw and shared was worth living; that is not the impression that M. Forain gives. The fact is of great significance, and the advantage to the older artist is obvious.

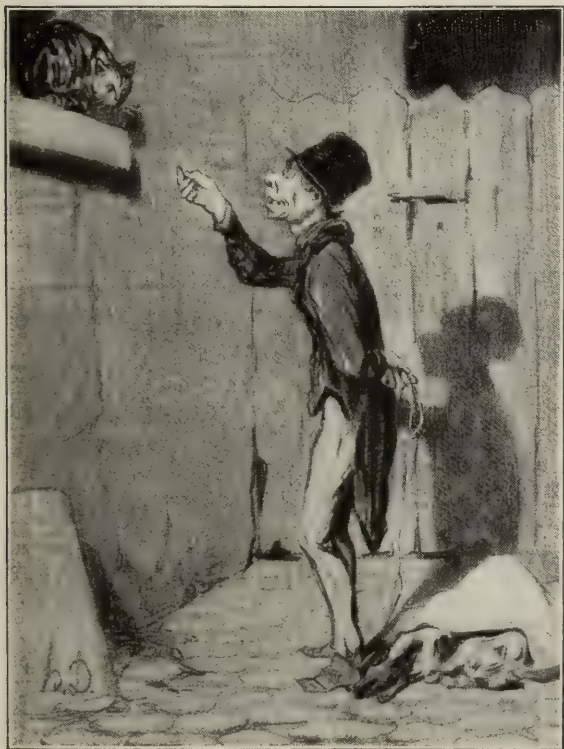
If now we turn from the spirit and motive of the two men, as expressed in their work, to the work itself, we must note at once that even in his caricatures Daumier was deeply influenced by his instinctive ideal of more abstract art. He put into his slightest drawing all that it could properly contain. He was



Paris Bohemians—the Sick-nurse.

"Sure enough, it's only the fruit-women that know how to introduce you to people worth knowing! An epileptic, a man with the hydiophobia, and a crazy woman! . . . Now, if the grocer would only get me that consumption case he promised, that would be good for my health!"

not content with a brief and striking illustration of a single thought. Under his sure and swift touch, it was made to connote a wide range of relations, so that the more it is studied the greater and more fascinating is its significance. He had, to quote the phrase of the authoritative critic of the *London Saturday Review*, "the gift of extracting, in his simple, rich, terrible line, the form, the gesture, and the passion of life." In brief, he drew the type, not the individual; and each of his men and women have, to the sympathetic observer, the intangible and inexhaustible suggestion of the class to which they belong and of the race. There is still in existence in a private collection in Paris a number of figurines modelled in clay by Daumier, of nearly all the types that he presented in his drawing. They reveal the secret of his comprehensive vision. His chief biographer, Arsène Alexandre, remarks that Daumier "*never* drew from nature." These figurines show, nevertheless, with what singular and penetrating insight he studied nature, and how complete and rounded was his conception. Nearly all his drawings suggest this initial study in the firmness and expressiveness of the shadow and light, and in the sense of real mass in the figures. Beside



Paris Bohemians—the Forager.

Mr. Pussy, General Agent for the rabbit stews of Paris (diners à 32 sous): "Kitty, Kitty; come Bunny, come!"



At the Shop Window.

"There are some sapphires that suit me; one of these days, you know, it would be very nice of you to ask the price of them for me."

them, the drawings of Forain, very clever, and often brilliant as they are, seem thin and flat. In the former there is space, through which the figures may move, and in which their subtle relations are sustained. In the drawings of Forain these qualities are weak, and the effect, which is often striking and sometimes extremely delicate, is obtained through the emphasis and expression of special features. The drawings have relatively little interest out of connection with the legend beneath them. Especially they lack what is rich and constant in the work of Daumier—the sense of beauty, and the joy of expressing it. It was this quality that caused the accomplished Daubigny, in the presence of the *chefs d'œuvre* of Raphael, to exclaim: "*C'est comme du Daumier.*" And it is this, with the grasp of the sombre and terrible in life, that explains the words of Balzac: "*Ce gaillard-là, mes enfants, a du*

Michel Ange sous la peau." One would hardly think of such comparisons in the case of Forain. Certainly Forain has a distinct and original gift. He has earned the prominence he enjoys, and most of the work of his contemporaries does not approach his in its biting satire and its vitality. If he is not "of his time," in the broad sense that Daumier was of his, the phase of his time that he renders is vividly rendered, and is likely long to be studied for its historic significance. It does not, as the work of Daumier does, reveal the deep and permanent qualities of human nature as developed and fashioned by the temporary environment. A new generation has arisen since Daumier passed away, but his position is firmer than it was thirty years ago. He is to be classed among the great, the compelling figures in the art of the nineteenth century, with Delacroix, Millet, and with Rodin.

EDWARD CARY.





Dragon by Walter Appleton Clark.

"IT IS A SHOCKING BAD HAT," HE SAID.—Page 139.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XXX

AUGUST, 1901

NO. 2

A DERELICT

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER APPLETON CLARK

WHEN the war-ships of a navy lie cleared for action outside a harbor, and the war-ships of the country with which they are at war lie cleared for action inside the harbor, there is likely to be trouble. Trouble between war-ships is news, and wherever there is news there is always a representative of the Consolidated Press.

As long as Sampson blockaded Havana and the army beat time back of the Tampa Bay Hotel, the central office for news was at Key West, but when Cervera slipped into Santiago Harbor and Sampson stationed his battle-ships at its mouth, Key West lost her only excuse for existence, and the press boats buried their bows in the waters of the Florida Straits and raced for the cable station at Port Antonio. It was then that Keating, the "star" man of the Consolidated Press Syndicate, was forced to abandon his young bride and the rooms he had engaged for her at the Key West Hotel, and accompany his tug to the distant island of Jamaica.

Keating was a good and faithful servant to the Consolidated Press. He was a correspondent after its own making, an industrious collector of facts. The Consolidated Press did not ask him to comment on what it sent him to see; it did not require nor desire his editorial opinions or impressions. It was no part of his work to go into the motives which led to the event of news interest which he was sent to report, nor to point out what there

was of it which was dramatic, pathetic, or outrageous.

The Consolidated Press being a mighty corporation, which daily fed seven hundred different newspapers, could not hope to please the policy of each, so it compromised by giving the facts of the day fairly set down, without heat, prejudice, or enthusiasm. This was an excellent arrangement for the papers that subscribed for the service of the Consolidated Press, but it was death to the literary strivings of the Consolidated Press correspondents.

"We do not want descriptive writing," was the warning which the manager of the great syndicate was always flashing to its correspondents. "We do not pay you to send us pen pictures or prose poems. We want the facts, all the facts, and nothing but the facts."

And so, when at a presidential convention a theatrical speaker sat down after calling James G. Blaine "a plumed knight," each of the "special" correspondents present wrote two columns in an effort to describe how the people who heard the speech behaved in consequence, but the Consolidated Press man telegraphed, "At the conclusion of these remarks the cheering lasted sixteen minutes."

No event of news value was too insignificant to escape the watchfulness of the Consolidated Press, none so great that it could not handle it from its inception up to the moment when it ceased to be quoted in the news-market of the world. Each



Consolidated Press
1901

"You lie," Channing shouted.—Page 142.

night, from thousands of spots all over the surface of the globe, it received thousands of facts, of cold accomplished facts. It knew that a tidal wave had swept through China, a cabinet had changed in Chili, in Texas an express train had been held up and robbed, "Spike" Kennedy had defeated the "Dutchman" in New Orleans, the Oregon had coaled outside of Rio Janeiro Harbor, the Cape Verde fleet had been seen at anchor off Cadiz; it had been located in the harbor of San Juan, Porto Rico; it had been sighted steaming slowly past Fortress Monroe; and the Navy Department reported that the St. Paul had discovered the lost squadron of Spain in the harbor of Santiago. This last fact was the one which sent Keating to Jamaica. Where he was sent was a matter of indifference to Keating. He had worn the collar of the Consolidated Press for so long a time that he was callous. A board meeting—a mine disaster—an Indian uprising—it was all one to Keating. He collected facts and his salary. He had no enthusiasms, he held no illusions. The prestige of the mammoth syndicate he represented gained him an audience where men who wrote for one paper only were repulsed on the threshold. Senators, governors, the presidents of great trusts and railroad systems, who fled from the reporter of a local paper as from a leper, would send for Keating and dictate to him whatever it was they wanted the people of the United States to believe, for when

they talked to Keating they talked to many millions of readers. Keating, in turn, wrote out what they had said to him and transmitted it, without color or bias, to the clearing-house of the Consolidated Press. His "stories," as all newspaper writings are called by men who write them, were as picturesque reading as the quotations of a stock ticker. The personal equation in his work appeared no more offensively than it does in a type-writing machine.

Consequently, he was dear to the heart of the Consolidated Press, and as a "safe" man, was sent to the beautiful harbor of Santiago—to a spot where there were war-ships cleared for action, Cubans in ambush, naked marines fighting for a foothold at Guantanamo, palm-trees and coral-reefs—in order that he might look for "facts."

There was not a newspaper man left at Key West who did not writhe with envy and anger when he heard of it. When the wire was closed for the night and they had gathered at Josh Kerry's, Keating was the storm centre of their indignation.

"What a chance!" they protested. "What a story! It's the chance of a lifetime." They shook their heads mournfully and lashed themselves with pictures of its possibilities.

"And just fancy its being wasted on old Keating," said the *Journal* man. "Why, everything's likely to happen out there, and whatever does happen, he'll make it read like a Congressional Record. Why, when I heard of it I cabled the office that if the paper would send me I'd not ask for any salary for six months."

"And Keating's kicking because he has to go," growled the *Sun* man. "Yes, he is, I saw him last night and he was sore because he'd just moved his wife down here. He said if he'd known this was coming he'd have let her stay in New York. He says he'll lose money on this assignment, having to support himself and his wife in two different places."

Norris, "the star man" of the *World*, howled with indignation.

"Good Lord!" he said, "is that all he sees in it? Why, there never was such a chance. I tell you, some day soon all of those war-ships will let loose at each other

and there will be the best story that ever came over the wire, and if there isn't, it's a regular loaf any way. It's a picnic, that's what it is, at the expense of the Consolidated Press. Why, he ought to pay them to let him go. Can't you see him, confound him, sitting under a palm-tree in white flannels, with a glass of Jamaica rum in his fist, while we're dodging yellow fever on this coral reef, and losing our salaries on a crooked roulette wheel."

"I wonder what Jamaica rum is like as a steady drink," mused the ex-baseball reporter, who had been converted into a war correspondent by the purchase of a white yachting cap.

"It won't be long before Keating finds out," said the *Journal* man.

"Oh, I didn't know that," ventured the new reporter, who had just come South from Boston. "I thought he didn't drink. I never see Keating in here with the rest of the boys."

"You wouldn't," said Norris. "He only comes in here by himself, and he drinks by himself. He's one of those confidential drunkards. You give some men whiskey and it's like throwing kerosene on a fire, isn't it? It makes them wave their arms about and talk loud and break things, but you give it to another man and it's like throwing kerosene on a cork mat. It just soaks in. That's what Keating is. He's a sort of a cork mat."

"I shouldn't think the C. P. would stand for that," said the Boston man.

"It wouldn't, if it ever interfered with his work, but he's never fallen down on a story yet. And the sort of stuff he writes is machine made; a man can write C. P. stuff in his sleep."

One of the *World* men looked up and laughed.

"I wonder if he'll run across Channing out there," he said. The men at the table smiled, a kindly, indulgent smile. The name seemed to act upon their indignation as a shower upon the close air of a summer day. "That's so," said Norris. "He wrote me last month from Port-au-Prince that he was moving on to Jamaica. He wrote me from that Club there at the end of the wharf. He said he was at that moment introducing the President to a new cocktail, and as he had no money to pay his passage to Kingston he was trying



Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

"Why, it's ol' Charlie Channing," he exclaimed, drowsily.—Page 144.

to persuade him to send him on there as his Haitian Consul. He said in case he couldn't get appointed Consul, he had an offer to go as cook on an oil tramp."

The men around the table laughed. It was the pleased, proud laugh that flutters the family dinner-table when the infant son and heir says something precocious and impudent.

"Who is Channing?" asked the Boston man.

There was a pause and the correspondents looked at Norris.

"Channing is a sort of a derelict," he said. "He drifted into New York last Christmas from the *Omaha Bee*. He's been on pretty nearly every paper in the country."

"What's he doing in Haiti?"

"He went there on the Admiral Decatur to write a filibustering story about carrying arms across to Cuba. Then the war broke out and he's been trying to get back to Key West, and now, of course, he'll make for Kingston. He cabled me yesterday, at my expense, to try and get him a job on our paper. If the war hadn't come on he had a plan to beat his way around the world. And he'd have done it, too. I never saw a man who wouldn't help Charlie along, or lend him a dollar." He glanced at the faces about him and then winked at the Boston man. "They all of them look guilty, don't they," he said.

"Charlie Channing," murmured the baseball reporter, gently, as though he were pronouncing the name of a girl. He raised his glass. "Here's to Charlie Channing," he repeated. Norris set down his empty glass and showed it to the Boston man.

"That's his only enemy," he said. "Write! Heavens, how that man can write, and he'd almost rather do anything else. There isn't a paper in New York that wasn't glad to get him, but they couldn't keep him a week. It was no use talking to him. Talk! I've talked to him until three o'clock in the morning. Why, it was I made him send his first Chinatown story to the *International Magazine*, and they took it like a flash and wrote him for more, but he blew in the check they sent him and didn't even answer their letter. He said after he'd had the

fun of writing a story, he didn't care whether it was published in a Sunday paper or in white vellum, or never published at all. And so long as he knew he wrote it he didn't care whether anyone else knew it or not. Why, when that English reviewer—what's his name—that friend of Kipling's—passed through New York, he said to a lot of us at the Press Club, 'You've got a young man here on Park Row—an opium-eater, I should say, by the look of him, who if he would work and leave whiskey alone, would make us all sweat.' That's just what he said, and he's the best in England!"

"Charlie's a genius," growled the baseball reporter, defiantly. "I say, he's a genius."

The Boston man shook his head. "My boy," he began, sententiously, "genius is nothing more than hard work, and a man——"

Norris slapped the table with his hand.

"Oh, no, it's not," he jeered, fiercely, "and don't you go off believing it is, neither. I've worked. I've worked twelve hours a day. Keating even has worked eighteen hours a day—all his life—but we never wrote 'The Passing of the Highbinders,' nor the 'Ships that Never Came Home,' nor 'Tales of the Tenderloin,' and we never will. I'm a better news gatherer than Charlie, I can collect facts and I can put them together well enough, too, so that if a man starts to read my story he'll probably follow it to the bottom of the column and he may turn over the page, too. But I can't say the things, because I can't see the things that Charlie sees. Why, one night we sent him out on a big railroad story. It was a beat, we'd got it by accident, and we had it all to ourselves, but Charlie came across a blind beggar on Broadway with a dead dog. The dog had been run over and the blind beggar couldn't find his way home without him, and was sitting on the curbstone, weeping over the mongrel. Well, when Charlie came back to the office he said he couldn't find out anything about that railroad deal, but that he'd write them a dog story. Of course they were raging crazy, but he sat down just as though it was no concern of his, and sure enough he wrote the dog story. And the next day over five hundred people stopped in at the office on



Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

He had seen an empire . . . wiped off the map in twenty minutes.—Page 146.

their way down town and left dimes and dollars to buy that man a new dog. Now, hard work won't do that."

Keating had been taking breakfast in the ward-room of H. M. S. Indefatigable. As an acquaintance the officers had not found him an undoubted acquisition, but he was the representative of seven hundred papers, and when the Indefatigable's ice machine broke, he had loaned the officers' mess a hundred pounds of it from his own boat.

The cruiser's gig carried Keating to the wharf, the crew tossed their oars and the boatswain touched his cap and asked, mechanically, "Shall I return to the ship, sir?"

Channing, stretched on a bench, with his back to a palm-tree, observed the approach of Keating with cheerful approbation.

"It is gratifying to me," he said, "to see the press treated with such consideration. You came in just like Cleopatra in her barge. If the flag had been flying, and you hadn't steered so badly, I should have thought you were at least an admiral. How many guns does the British Navy give a Consolidated Press reporter when he comes over the side?"

Keating dropped to the sand and crossing his legs under him, began tossing shells at the water.

"They gave this one a damned good breakfast," he said, "and some very excellent white wine. Of course the ice machine was broken, it always is, but then Chablis never should be iced, if it's the real thing."

"Chablis! Ice! Hah!" snorted Channing. "Listen to him! Do you know what I had for breakfast?"

Keating turned away uncomfortably and looked toward the ships in the harbor.

"Well, never mind," said Channing, yawning luxuriously. "The sun is bright, the sea is blue, and the confidences of this old palm are soothing. He's a great old gossip, this palm." He looked up into the rustling fronds and smiled. "He whispers me to sleep," he went on, "or he talks me awake—talks about all sorts of things—things he has seen—cyclones, wrecks and strange ships and Cuban refugees and Spanish spies and lovers that

meet here on moonlight nights. It's always moonlight in Port Antonio, isn't it?"

"You ought to know, you've been here longer than I," said Keating.

"And how do you like it, now that you have got to know it better? Pretty heavenly? eh?"

"Pretty heavenly!" snorted Keating. "Pretty much the other place! What good am I doing? What's the sense of keeping me here? Cervera isn't going to come out, and the people at Washington won't let Sampson go in? Why, those ships have been there a month now, and they'll be there just where they are now when you and I are bald. I'm no use here. All I do is to thrash across there every day and eat up more coal than the whole squadron burns in a month. Why, that tug of mine's costing the C. P. six hundred dollars a day, and I'm not sending them news enough to pay for setting it up. Have you seen 'em yet?"

"Seen what? Your stories?"

"No, the ships!"

"Yes, Scudder took me across once in the Iduna. I haven't got a paper yet, so I couldn't write anything, but——"

"Well, you've seen all there is to it, then; you wouldn't see any more if you went over every day. It's just the same old harbor mouth, and the same old Morro Castle and same old ships drifting up and down; the Brooklyn full of smoke-stacks, and the New York with her two bridges and all the rest of them looking just as they've looked for the last four weeks. There's nothing in that. Why don't they send me to Tampa with the army and Shafter—that's where the story is."

"Oh, I don't know," said Channing, shaking his head. "I thought it was bully!"

"Bully, what was bully?"

"Oh, the picture," said Channing, doubtfully, "and—and what it meant. What struck me about it was that it was so hot, and lazy, and peaceful, that they seemed to be just drifting about, just what you complain of. I don't know what I expected to see; I think I expected they'd be racing around in circles, tearing up the water and throwing broadsides at Morro Castle as fast as firecrackers.

"But they lay broiling there in the heat just as though they were becalmed. They

seemed to be asleep on their anchor-chains. It reminded me of a big bull-dog lying in the sun with his head on his paws and his eyes shut. You think he's asleep, and you try to tiptoe past him, but when you're in reach of his chain—he's at your throat, what? It seemed so funny to think of our being really at war. I mean the United States, and with such an old established firm as Spain. It seems so presumptuous in a young republic, as though we were strutting around, singing, 'I'm getting a big boy now.' I felt like saying, 'Oh, come off, and stop playing you're a world power and get back into your red sash and knickerbockers, or you'll get spanked!' It seems as though we must be such a lot of amateurs. But when I went over the side of the New York I felt like kneeling down on her deck and begging every jackey to kick me. I felt about as useless as a fly on a locomotive engine. Amateurs! Why, they might have been in the business since the days of the ark, all of them might have been descended from bloody pirates; they twisted those eight-inch guns around for us just as though they were bicycles, and the whole ship moved and breathed and thought, too, like a human being, and all the captains of the other war-ships about her were watching for her to give the word. All of them stripped and eager and ready—like a lot of jockeys holding in the big race horses, and each of them with his eyes on the starter. And I liked the way they all talk about Sampson, and the way the ships move over the stations like parts of one machine, just as he had told them to do.

"Scudder introduced me to him, and he listened while we did the talking, but it was easy to see who was the man in the Conning Tower. Keating—my boy!" Channing cried, sitting upright in his enthusiasm, "he's put a combination lock on that harbor that can't be picked—and it'll work whether Sampson's asleep in his berth, or fifteen miles away, or killed on the bridge. He doesn't have to worry, he knows his trap will work—he ought to, he set it."

Keating shrugged his shoulders tolerantly.

"Oh, I see that side of it," he assented. "I see all there is in it for *you*, the sort of stuff you write, Sunday special stuff, but

there's no *news* in it. I'm not paid to write mail letters, and I'm not down here to interview palm-trees either."

"Why, you old fraud!" laughed Channing. "You know you're having the time of your life here. You're the pet of Kingston society—you know you are. I only wish I were half as popular. I don't seem to belong, do I? I guess it's my clothes. That English Colonel at Kingston always scowls at me as though he'd like to put me in irons, and whenever I meet our Consul he sees something very peculiar on the horizon line."

Keating frowned for a moment in silence, and then coughed consciously.

"Channing," he began uncomfortably, "you ought to brace up."

"Brace up?" asked Channing.

"Well, it isn't fair to the rest of us," protested Keating, launching into his grievance. "There's only a few of us here and we—we think you ought to see that and not give the crowd a bad name. All the other correspondents have some regard for—for their position and for the paper, but you loaf around here looking like an old tramp—like any old beach-comber, and it queers the rest of us. Why, those English artillerymen at the Club asked me about you, and when I told them you were a New York correspondent they made all sorts of jokes about American newspapers, and what could I say?"

Channing eyed the other man with keen delight.

"I see, by Jove! I'm sorry," he said. But the next moment he laughed, and then apologized remorsefully.

"Indeed, I beg your pardon," he begged, "but it struck me as a sort of—I had no idea you fellows were such swells—I knew I was a social outcast, but I didn't know my being a social outcast was hurting anyone else. Tell me some more."

"Well, that's all," said Keating, suspiciously. "The fellows asked me to speak to you about it and to tell you to take a brace. Now, for instance, we have a sort of mess-table at the hotel, and we'd like to ask you to belong, but—well—you see how it is—we have the officers to lunch whenever they're on shore and you're so disreputable"—Keating scowled at Channing, and concluded, impotently, "Why

don't you get yourself some decent clothes and—and a new hat ? ”

Channing removed his hat to his knee and stroked it with affectionate pity.

“ It is a shocking bad hat,” he said. “ Well, go on.”

“ Oh, it's none of my business,” exclaimed Keating, impatiently. “ I'm just telling you what they're saying. Now, there's the Cuban refugees, for instance. No one knows what they're doing here, or whether they're real Cubans or Spaniards.”

“ Well, what of it ? ”

“ Why, the way you go round with them and visit them, it's no wonder they say you're a spy.”

Channing stared incredulously, and then threw back his head and laughed with a shout of delight.

“ They don't, do they ? ” he asked.

“ Yes, they do, since you think it's so funny. If it hadn't been for us the day you went over to Guantanamo the marines would have had you arrested and court-martialed.”

Channing's face clouded with a quick frown. “ Oh,” he exclaimed, in a hurt voice, “ they couldn't have thought that.”

“ Well, no,” Keating admitted grudgingly, “ not after the fight, perhaps, but before that, when you were snooping around the camp like a Cuban after rations.” Channing recognized the picture with a laugh.

“ I do,” he said, “ I do. But you should have had me court-martialed and shot ; it would have made a good story. ‘ Our reporter shot as a spy, his last words were—’ what were my last words, Keating ? ”

Keating turned upon him with impatience, “ But why do you do it,” he demanded. “ Why don't you act like the rest of us ? Why do you hang out with all those filibusters and runaway Cubans ? ”

“ They have been very kind to me,” said Channing, soberly. “ They are a very courteous race, and they have ideas of hospitality which make the average New Yorker look like a dog hiding a bone.”

“ Oh, I suppose you mean that for us,” demanded Keating. “ That's a slap at me, eh ? ”

Channing gave a sigh and threw him-

self back against the trunk of the palm, with his hands clasped behind his head.

“ Oh, I wasn't thinking of you at all, Keating,” he said. “ I don't consider you in the least.” He stretched himself and yawned wearily. “ I've got troubles of my own.”

He sat up suddenly and adjusted the objectionable hat to his head.

“ Why don't you wire the C. P.,” he asked, briskly, “ and see if they don't want an extra man ? It won't cost you anything to wire, and I need the job, and I haven't the money to cable.”

“ The Consolidated Press,” began Keating, jealously. “ Why—well, you know what the Consolidated Press is ? They don't want descriptive writers—and I've got all the men I need.”

Keating rose and stood hesitating in some embarrassment. “ I'll tell you what I could do, Channing,” he said, “ I could take you on as a stoker, or steward, say. They're always deserting and mutinying ; I have to carry a gun on me to make them mind. How would you like that ? Forty dollars a month, and eat with the crew ? ”

For a moment Channing stood in silence smoothing the sand with the sole of his shoe. When he raised his head his face was flushing.

“ Oh, thank you,” he said. “ I think I'll keep on trying for a paper—I'll try a little longer. I want to see something of this war, of course, and if I'm not too lazy I'd like to write something about it, but—well—I'm much obliged to you, any way.”

“ Of course, if it were my money I'd take you on at once,” said Keating, hurriedly.

Channing smiled and nodded. “ You're very kind,” he answered. “ Well, goodbye.”

A half hour later in the smoking-room of the hotel Keating addressed himself to a group of correspondents.

“ There is no doing anything with that man Channing,” he said in a tone of offended pride. “ I offered him a good job and he wouldn't take it. Because he got a story in the *International Magazine*, he's stuck on himself, and he won't hustle for news—he wants to write pipe dreams. What the public wants just now is news.”

“ That's it,” said one of the group, “ and

we must give it to them—even if we have to fake it.”

Great events followed each other with great rapidity. The army ceased beating time, shook itself together, adjusted its armor and moved, and, to the delight of the flotilla of press boats at Port Antonio, moved, not as it had at first intended, to the north coast of Cuba, but to Santiago, where its transports were within reach of their megaphones.

“Why, everything’s coming our way now!” exclaimed the *World* manager in ecstasy. “We’ve got the transports to starboard at Siboney, and the war-ships to port at Santiago, and all we’ll need to do is to sit on the deck with a field-glass, and take down the news with both hands.”

Channing followed these events with envy. Once or twice as a special favor the press boats carried him across to Siboney and Daiquiri, and he was able to write stories of what he saw there; of the landing of the army, of the wounded after the Guasimas fight and of the fever camp at Siboney. His friends on the press boats sent this work home by mail on the chance that the Sunday editor might take it at space rates. But mail matter moved slowly and the army moved quickly, and events crowded so closely upon each other that Channing’s stories when they reached New York were ancient history and were unpublished, and, what was of more importance to him, unpaid for. He had no money now, and he had become a beach-comber in the real sense of the word. He slept the warm nights away among the bananas and cocoanuts on the Fruit Company’s wharf, and by calling alternately on his Cuban exiles and the different press boats, he was able to obtain a meal a day without arousing any suspicions in the minds of his hosts that it was his only one.

He was sitting on the stringer of the pier-head one morning waiting for a press boat from the “front” when the Three Friends ran in and lowered her dingy, and the *World* manager came ashore, clasping a precious bundle of closely written cable-forms. Channing scrambled to his feet and hailed him.

“Have you heard from the chief about me yet?” he asked. The *World* man frowned and stammered, and then taking

Channing by the arm hurried with him toward the cable office.

“Charlie, I think they’re crazy up there,” he began, “they think they know it all. Here I am on the spot, but they think——”

“You mean they won’t have me,” said Channing. “But why?” he asked, patiently. “They used to give me all the space I wanted.”

“Yes, I know, confound them, and so they should now,” said the *World* man, with sympathetic indignation. “But here’s their cable; you can see it’s not my fault.” He read the message aloud. “Channing, no. Not safe, take reliable man from Siboney.” He folded the cablegram around a dozen others and stuck it back in his hip-pocket.

“What queered you, Charlie,” he explained, importantly, “was that last break of yours New Year’s, when you didn’t turn up for a week. It was once too often, and the chief’s had it in for you ever since. You remember?”

Channing screwed up his lips in an effort of recollection.

“Yes, I remember,” he answered, slowly. “It began on New Year’s eve in Perry’s drug-store, and I woke up a week later in a hack in Boston. So, I didn’t have such a run for my money, did I? Not good enough to have to pay for it like this. I tell you,” he burst out suddenly, “I feel like hell being left out of this war, with all the rest of the boys working so hard. If it weren’t playing it low down on the fellows that have been in it from the start, I’d like to enlist. But they enlisted for glory, and I’d only do it because I can’t see the war any other way, and it doesn’t seem fair to them. What do you think?”

“Oh, don’t do that,” protested the *World* manager. “You stick to your own trade. We’ll get you something to do. Have you tried the Consolidated Press yet?”

Channing smiled grimly at the recollection.

“Yes, I tried it first.”

“It would be throwing pearls to swine to have you write for them, I know, but they’re using so many men now. I should think you could get on their boat.”

“No, I saw Keating,” Channing ex-

plained. "He said I could come along as a stoker, and I guess I'll take him up, it seems——"

"Keating said that!" exclaimed the *World* man. "Keating? Why, he stands to lose his own job, if he isn't careful. If it wasn't that he's just married the C. P. boys would have reported him a dozen times."

"Reported him, what for?"

"Why—you know. His old complaint."

"Oh, that," said Channing. "My old complaint?" he added.

"Well, yes, but Keating hasn't been sober for two weeks, and he'd have fallen down on the Guasimas story if those men hadn't pulled him through. They had to, because they're in the syndicate. He ought to go shoot himself; he's only been married three months and he's handling the biggest piece of news the country's had in thirty years, and he can't talk straight. There's a time for everything, I say," growled the *World* man.

"It takes it out of a man, this boat work," Channing ventured in extenuation. "It's very hard on him."

"You bet it is," agreed the *World* manager, with enthusiasm. "Sloshing about in those waves, seasick mostly, and wet all the time, and with a mutinous crew, and so afraid you'll miss something that you can't write what you have got." Then he added, as an after-thought, "And our cruisers thinking you're a Spanish torpedo boat and chucking shells at you."

"No wonder Keating drinks," Channing said, gravely. "You make it seem almost necessary."

Many thousand American soldiers had lost themselves in a jungle, and had broken out of it at the foot of San Juan Hill. Not wishing to return into the jungle they took the hill. On the day they did this Channing had the good fortune to be in Siboney. The *World* man had carried him there and asked him to wait around the water-front while he went up to the real front, thirteen miles inland. Channing's duty was to signal the press boat when the first despatch rider rode in with word that the battle was on. The *World* man would have liked to ask Channing to act as his despatch rider, but he did not do so, because the despatch riders were either Jamaica negroes or newsboys

from Park Row—and he remembered that Keating had asked Channing to be his stoker.

Channing tramped through the damp, ill-smelling sand of the beach, sick with self-pity. On the other side of those glaring, inscrutable mountains, a battle, glorious, dramatic and terrible, was going forward, and he was thirteen miles away. He was at the base, with the supplies, the sick, and the skulkers.

It was cruelly hot. The heat-waves flashed over the sea until the transports in the harbor quivered like pictures on a biograph. From the refuse of company kitchens, from reeking huts, from thousands of empty cans, rose foul, enervating odors, which deadened the senses like a drug. The atmosphere steamed with a heavy, moist humidity. Channing staggered and sank down suddenly on a pile of railroad ties in front of the commissary's depot. There were some Cubans seated near him dividing their Government rations, and the sight reminded him that he had had nothing to eat. He walked over to the wide door of the freight depot, where a white-haired, kindly faced and perspiring officer was, with his own hands, serving out canned beef to a line of Cubans. The officer's flannel shirt was open at the throat. The shoulder-straps of a colonel were fastened to it by safety-pins. Channing smiled at him uneasily.

"Could I draw on you for some rations?" he asked. "I'm from the Three Friends. I'm not one of their regular accredited correspondents," he added, conscientiously, "I'm just helping them for to-day."

"Haven't you got a correspondent's pass?" asked the officer. He was busily pouring square hardtack down the throat of a saddle-bag a Cuban soldier held open before him.

"No," said Channing, turning away, "I'm just helping."

The officer looked after him, and what he saw caused him to reach under the counter for a tin cup and a bottle of lime-juice.

"Here," he said, "drink this. What's the matter with you—fever? Come in here out of that sun. You can lie down on my cot, if you like."

Channing took the tin cup and swal-

lowed a warm mixture of boiled water and acrid lime-juice.

"Thank you," he said, "but I must keep watch for the first news from the front."

A man riding a Government mule appeared on the bridge of the lower trail, and came toward them at a gallop. He was followed and surrounded by a hurrying mob of volunteers, hospital stewards, and Cubans.

The Colonel vaulted the counter and ran to meet him.

"This looks like news from the front, now," he cried.

The man on the mule was from civil life. His eyes bulged from their sockets and his face was purple. The sweat ran over it and glistened on the cords of his thick neck.

"They're driving us back!" he shrieked. "Chaffee's killed, an' Roosevelt's killed, an' the whole army's beaten!" He waved his arms wildly toward the glaring, inscrutable mountains. The volunteers and stevedores and Cubans heard him open-mouthed and with panic-stricken eyes. In the pitiless sunlight he was a hideous and awful spectacle.

"They're driving us into the sea!" he foamed.

"We've got to get out of here, they're just behind me. The army's running for its life. They're running away!"

Channing saw the man dimly, through a cloud that came between him and the yellow sunlight. The man in the saddle swayed, the group about him swayed, like persons on the floor of a vast ball-room. Inside he burned with a mad, fierce hatred for this shrieking figure in the saddle. He raised the tin cup and hurled it so that it hit the man's purple face.

"You lie!" Channing shouted, staggering. "You lie! You're a damned coward. You lie!" He heard his voice repeating this in different places at greater distances. Then the cloud closed about him, shutting out the man in the saddle, and the glaring, inscrutable mountains, and the ground at his feet rose and struck him in the face.

Channing knew he was on a boat because it lifted and sank with him, and he could hear the rush of her engines. When

he opened his eyes he was in the wheel-house of the Three Friends, and her captain was at the wheel smiling down at him. Channing raised himself on his elbow.

"The despatch rider?" he asked.

"That's all right," said the captain, soothingly. "Don't you worry. He come along same time you fell, and brought you out to us. What ailed you—sunstroke?"

Channing sat up. "I guess so," he said.

When the Three Friends reached Port Antonio, Channing sought out the pile of coffee-bags on which he slept at night and dropped upon them. Before this he had been careful to avoid the place in the daytime, so that no one might guess that it was there that he slept at night, but this day he felt that if he should drop in the gutter he would not care whether anyone saw him there or not. His limbs were hot and heavy and refused to support him, his bones burned like quicklime.

The next morning, with the fever still upon him, he hurried restlessly between the wharves and the cable office, seeking for news. There was much of it; it was great and trying news, the situation outside of Santiago was grim and critical. The men who had climbed San Juan Hill were clinging to it like sailors shipwrecked on a reef unwilling to remain, but unable to depart. If they attacked the city Cervera promised to send it crashing about their ears. They would enter Santiago only to find it in ruins. If they abandoned the hill, two thousand killed and wounded would have been sacrificed in vain.

The war critics of the press boats and of the Kingston Club saw but two courses left open. Either Sampson must force the harbor and destroy the squadron and so make it possible for the army to enter the city, or the army must be reinforced with artillery and troops in sufficient numbers to make it independent of Sampson and indifferent to Cervera.

On the night of July 2d, a thousand lies, a thousand rumors, a thousand prophecies rolled through the streets of Port Antonio, were filed at the cable office and flashed to the bulletin boards of New York City.

That morning, so they told, the batteries on Morro Castle had sunk three of Sampson's ships; the batteries on Morro Castle

had surrendered to Sampson; General Miles with 8,000 reinforcements, had sailed from Charleston; eighty guns had started from Tampa Bay, they would occupy the mountains opposite Santiago and shell the Spanish fleet; the authorities at Washington had at last consented to allow Sampson to run the forts and mines, and attack the Spanish fleet; the army had not been fed for two days, the Spaniards had cut it off from its base at Siboney; the army would eat its Fourth of July dinner in the Governor's Palace; the army was in full retreat; the army was to attack at daybreak.

When Channing turned in under the fruit-shed on the night of July 2d, there was but one press boat remaining in the harbor. That was the Consolidated Press boat, and Keating himself was on the wharf signalling for his dingy. Channing sprang to his feet and ran toward him, calling him by name. The thought that he must for another day remain so near the march of great events and yet not see and feel them for himself, was intolerable. He felt there was no sacrifice to which he would not stoop, if it would pay his passage to the coast of Cuba.

Keating watched him approach, but without sign of recognition. His eyes were heavy and bloodshot.

"Keating," Channing begged as he halted, panting, "won't you take me with you? I'll not be in the way, and I'll stoke or wait on table, or anything you want, if you'll only take me."

Keating's eyes opened and closed sleepily. He removed an unlit cigar from his mouth and shook the wet end of it at Channing, as though it were an accusing finger.

"I know your game," he murmured, thickly. "You haven't got a boat and you want to steal a ride on mine—for your paper. You can't do it, you see, you can't do it."

One of the crew of the dingy climbed up the gangway of the wharf and took Keating by the elbow. He looked at him and then at Channing and winked. He was apparently accustomed to this complication. "I haven't got a paper, Keating," Channing argued, soothingly. "Who have you got to help you?" he asked. It came to him that there might be on the

boat some Philip sober, to whom he could appeal from Philip drunk.

"I haven't got anyone to help me," Keating answered, with dignity. "I don't need anyone to help me." He placed his hand heavily and familiarly on the shoulder of the deck hand. "You see that man?" he asked. "You see tha' man, do you? Well, tha' man, he's too good for me an' you. Tha' man—used to be the best reporter in New York City, an' he was too good to hustle for news, an' now he's—now he can't get a good job—see? Nobody'll have him, see? He's got to come and be a stoker."

He stamped his foot with indignation.

"You come an' be a stoker," he commanded. "How long you think I'm going to wait for a stoker? You stoker, come on board and be a stoker."

Channing smiled guiltily at his good fortune. He jumped into the bow of the dingy and Keating fell heavily in the stern.

The captain of the press boat helped Keating safely to a bunk in the cabin and received his instructions to proceed to Santiago Harbor. Then he joined Channing. "Mr. Keating is feeling bad to-night. That bombardment off Morro," he explained, tactfully, "was too exciting. We always let him sleep going across, and when we get there he's fresh as a daisy. What's this he tells me of your doing stoking?"

"I thought there might be another fight to-morrow, so I said I'd come as a stoker."

The captain grinned.

"Our Sam, that deck-hand, was telling me. He said Mr. Keating put it on you, sort of to spite you—is that so?"

"Oh, I wanted to come," said Channing.

The captain laughed comprehendingly. "I guess we'll be in a bad way," he said, "when we need you in the engine-room." He settled himself for conversation with his feet against the rail and his thumbs in his suspenders. The lamps of Port Antonio were sinking into the water, the moonlight was flooding the deck.

"That was quite something of a bombardment Sampson put up against Morro Castle this morning," he began, critically. He spoke of bombardments from the full

experience of a man who had seen shells strike off Coney Island from the proving grounds at Sandy Hook. But Channing heard him eagerly. He begged the tug-boat captain to tell him what it looked like, and as the captain told him he filled it in and saw it as it really was.

"Perhaps they'll bombard again to-morrow," he hazarded, hopefully.

"We can't tell till we see how they're placed on the station," the captain answered. "If there's any firing we ought to hear it about eight o'clock to-morrow morning. We'll hear 'em before we see 'em."

Channing's conscience began to tweak him. It was time, he thought, that Keating should be aroused and brought up to the reviving air of the sea, but when he reached the foot of the companion-ladder, he found that Keating was already awake and in the act of drawing the cork from a bottle. His irritation against Channing had evaporated and he greeted him with sleepy good-humor.

"Why, it's ol' Charlie Channing," he exclaimed, drowsily. Channing advanced upon him swiftly.

"Here, you've had enough of that!" he commanded. "We'll be off Morro by breakfast-time. You don't want that."

Keating, giggling foolishly, pushed him from him and retreated with the bottle toward his berth. He lurched into it, rolled over with his face to the ship's side and began breathing heavily.

"You leave me 'lone," he murmured, from the darkness of the bunk. "You mind your own business, you leave me 'lone."

Channing returned to the bow and placed the situation before the captain. That gentleman did not hesitate. He disappeared down the companion way, and, when an instant later he returned, hurled a bottle over the ship's side.

The next morning when Channing came on deck the land was just in sight, a rampart of dark green mountains rising in heavy masses against the bright, glaring blue of the sky. He strained his eyes for the first sight of the ships, and his ears for the faintest echoes of distant firing, but there was no sound save the swift rush of the waters at the bow. The sea lay smooth and flat before him, the sun flashed upon

it; the calm and hush of early morning hung over the whole coast of Cuba.

An hour later the captain came forward and stood at his elbow.

"How's Keating?" Channing asked. "I tried to wake him, but I couldn't."

The captain kept his binoculars to his eyes, and shut his lips grimly. "Mr. Keating's very bad," he said. "He had another bottle hidden somewhere, and all last night—" he broke off with a relieved sigh. "It's lucky for him," he added, lowering the glasses, "that there'll be no fight to-day."

Channing gave a gasp of disappointment. "What do you mean?" he protested.

"Why, look for yourself," said the captain, handing him the glasses. "They're at their same old stations. There'll be no bombardment to-day. That's the Iowa nearest us, the Oregon's to starboard of her, and the next is the Indiana. That little fellow close under the land is the Gloucester."

He glanced up at the mast to see that the press boat's signal was conspicuous, they were drawing within range.

With the naked eye Channing could see the monster, mouse-colored war-ships basking in the sun, solemn and motionless in a great crescent, with its one horn resting off the harbor mouth. They made great blots on the sparkling, glancing surface of the water. Above each superstructure, their fighting tops, giant davits, funnels, and gibbet-like yards twisted into the air fantastic and incomprehensible, but the bulk below seemed to rest solidly on the bottom of the ocean, like an island of lead. The muzzles of their guns peered from the turrets as from ramparts of rock.

Channing gave a sigh of admiration.

"Don't tell me they move," he said. "They're not ships, they're fortresses!"

On the shore there was no sign of human life nor of human habitation. Except for the Spanish flag floating over the streaked walls of Morro, and the tiny blockhouse on every mountain-top, the squadron might have been anchored off a deserted coast. The hills rose from the water's edge like a wall, their peaks green and glaring in the sun, their valleys dark with shadows. Nothing moved upon the white beach at their feet, no smoke rose



The Battle of Santiago was associated in his mind with a calendar.—Page 148.

from their ridges, not even a palm stirred. The great range slept in a blue haze of heat. But only a few miles distant, masked by its frowning front, lay a gayly colored, red-roofed city, besieged by encircling regiments, a broad bay holding a squadron of great war-ships, and gliding cat-like through its choked undergrowth and crouched among the fronds of its motionless palms, were the ragged patri-

ots of the Cuban army, silent, watchful, waiting. But the great range gave no sign. It frowned in the sunlight, grim and impenetrable.

"It's Sunday," exclaimed the captain. He pointed with his finger at the decks of the battle-ships, where hundreds of snow-white figures had gone to quarters. "It's church service," he said, "or it's general inspection."

Channing looked at his watch. It was thirty minutes past nine. "It's church service," he said. "I can see them carrying out the chaplain's reading desk on the Indiana." The press boat pushed her way nearer into the circle of battle-ships until their leaden-hued hulls towered high above her. On the deck of each, the ship's company stood ranged in motionless ranks. The calm of a Sabbath morning hung about them, the sun fell upon them like a benediction, and so still was the air that those on the press boat could hear, from the stripped and naked decks, the voices of the men answering the roll-call in rising monotone, "one, two, three, *four*; one, two, three, *four*." The white-clad sailors might have been a chorus of surpliced choir-boys.

But up above them the battle-flags slumbering at the mast-heads stirred restlessly, and whimpered in their sleep.

Out through the crack in the wall of mountains, where the sea runs in to meet the waters of Santiago Harbor, and from behind the shield of Morro Castle, a great, gray ship, like a great, gray rat, stuck out her nose and peered about her, and then struck boldly for the open sea. High before her she bore the gold and blood-red flag of Spain, and like a fugitive leaping from behind his prison walls she raced forward for her freedom, to give battle, to meet her death.

A shell from the Iowa shrieked its warning in a shrill crescendo, a flutter of flags painted their message against the sky. "The enemy's ships are coming out," they signalled, and the ranks of white-clad figures which the moment before stood motionless on the decks, broke into thousands of separate beings, who flung themselves panting down the hatchways, or sprang cheering to the fighting-tops.

Heavily but swiftly, as islands slip into the water when a volcano shakes the ocean-bed, the great battle-ships buried their bows in the sea, their sides ripped apart with flame and smoke, the thunder of their guns roared and beat against the mountains, and from the shore the Spanish forts roared back at them, until the air between was split and riven. The Spanish war-ships were already scudding clouds of smoke, pierced with flashes of red flame, and as they fled fighting, their batteries rattled with unceasing, feverish fury. But the

guns of the American ships, straining in pursuit, answered steadily, carefully, with relentless accuracy, with cruel persistence. At regular intervals they boomed above the hurricane of sound like great bells tolling for the dead.

It seemed to Channing that he had lived through many years. That the strain of the spectacle would leave its mark upon his nerves forever. He had been buffeted and beaten by a storm of all the great emotions; pride of race and country, pity for the dead, agony for the dying, who clung to blistering armor-plates, or sank to suffocation in the sea; the lust of the hunter, when the hunted thing is a fellow-man; the joys of danger and of excitement, when the shells lashed the waves about him, and the triumph of victory, final, overwhelming, and complete.

Four of the enemy's squadron had struck their colors, two were on the beach, broken and burning, two had sunk to the bottom of the sea, two were in abject flight. Three battle-ships were hammering them with thirteen-inch guns. The battle was won.

"It's all over," Channing said. His tone questioned his own words.

The captain of the tug-boat was staring at the face of his silver watch, as though it were a thing bewitched. He was pale and panting. He looked at Channing piteously, as though he doubted his own senses, and turned the face of the watch toward him.

"Twenty minutes!" Channing said. "Good God! Twenty minutes!"

He had been to hell and back again in twenty minutes. He had seen an empire, which had begun with Christopher Columbus and which had spread over two continents, wiped off the map in twenty minutes.

The captain gave a sudden cry of concern. "Mr. Keating," he gasped. "Oh, Lord, but I forgot Mr. Keating. Where is Mr. Keating?"

"I went below twice," Channing answered. "He's insensible. See what you can do with him, but first—take me to the Iowa. The Consolidated Press will want the 'facts.'"

In the dark cabin the captain found Keating on the floor where Channing had dragged him, and dripping with the water which Channing had thrown in his face.



Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

"We've got a great story! We want a clear wire."—Page 150.

He was breathing heavily, comfortably. He was not concerned with battles.

With a megaphone Channing gathered his facts from an officer of the Iowa who looked like a chimney sweep, and who was surrounded by a crew of half-naked pirates, with bodies streaked with sweat and powder.

Then he ordered all steam for Port Antonio, and going forward to the chart-room, seated himself at the captain's desk, and pushing the captain's charts to the floor, spread out his elbows, and began to write the story of his life.

In the joy of creating it, he was lost to all about him. He did not know that the engines, driven to the breaking point, were filling the ship with their groans and protests, that the deck beneath his feet was quivering like the floor of a planing mill, nor that his fever was rising again, and feeding on his veins. The turmoil of leaping engines and of throbbing pulses was confused with the story he was writing, and while his mind was inflamed with pictures of warring battle-ships, his body was swept by the fever, which overran him like an army of tiny mice, touching his hot skin with cold, tingling taps of their scampering feet.

From time to time the captain stopped at the door of the chart-room and observed him in silent admiration. To the man who with difficulty composed a letter to his family, the fact that Channing was writing something to be read by millions of people, and more rapidly than he could have spoken the same words, seemed a superhuman effort. He even hesitated to interrupt it by an offer of food.

But the fever would not let Channing taste of the food when they placed it at his elbow, and even as he pushed it away, his mind was still fixed upon the paragraph before him. He wrote, sprawling across the desk, covering page upon page with giant hieroglyphics, lighting cigarette after cigarette at the end of the last one, but with his thoughts far away, and as he performed the act, staring uncomprehendingly at the captain's colored calendar pinned on the wall before him. For many months later, the Battle of Santiago was associated in his mind with a calendar for the month of July, illuminated by a colored picture of six white kittens in a basket.

At three o'clock Channing ceased writing and stood up, shivering and shaking with a violent chill. He cursed himself for this weakness, and called aloud for the captain.

"I can't stop now," he cried. He seized the rough fist of the captain as a child clings to the hand of his nurse.

"Give me something," he begged. "Medicine, quinine, give me something to keep my head straight until it's finished. Go, quick," he commanded. His teeth were chattering, and his body jerked with sharp, uncontrollable shudders. The captain ran, muttering, to his medicine-chest.

"We've got one drunken man on board," he said to the mate, "and now we've got a crazy one. You mark my words, he'll go off his head at sunset."

But at sunset Channing called to him and addressed him sanely. He held in his hand a mass of papers carefully numbered and arranged, and he gave them up to the captain as though it hurt him to part with them.

"There's the story," he said. "You've got to do the rest. I can't—I—I'm going to be very ill." He was swaying as he spoke. His eyes burned with the fever, and his eyelids closed of themselves. He looked as though he had been heavily drugged.

"You put that on the wire at Port Antonio," he commanded, faintly, "pay the tolls to Kingston. From there they are to send it by way of Panama, you understand, by the Panama wire."

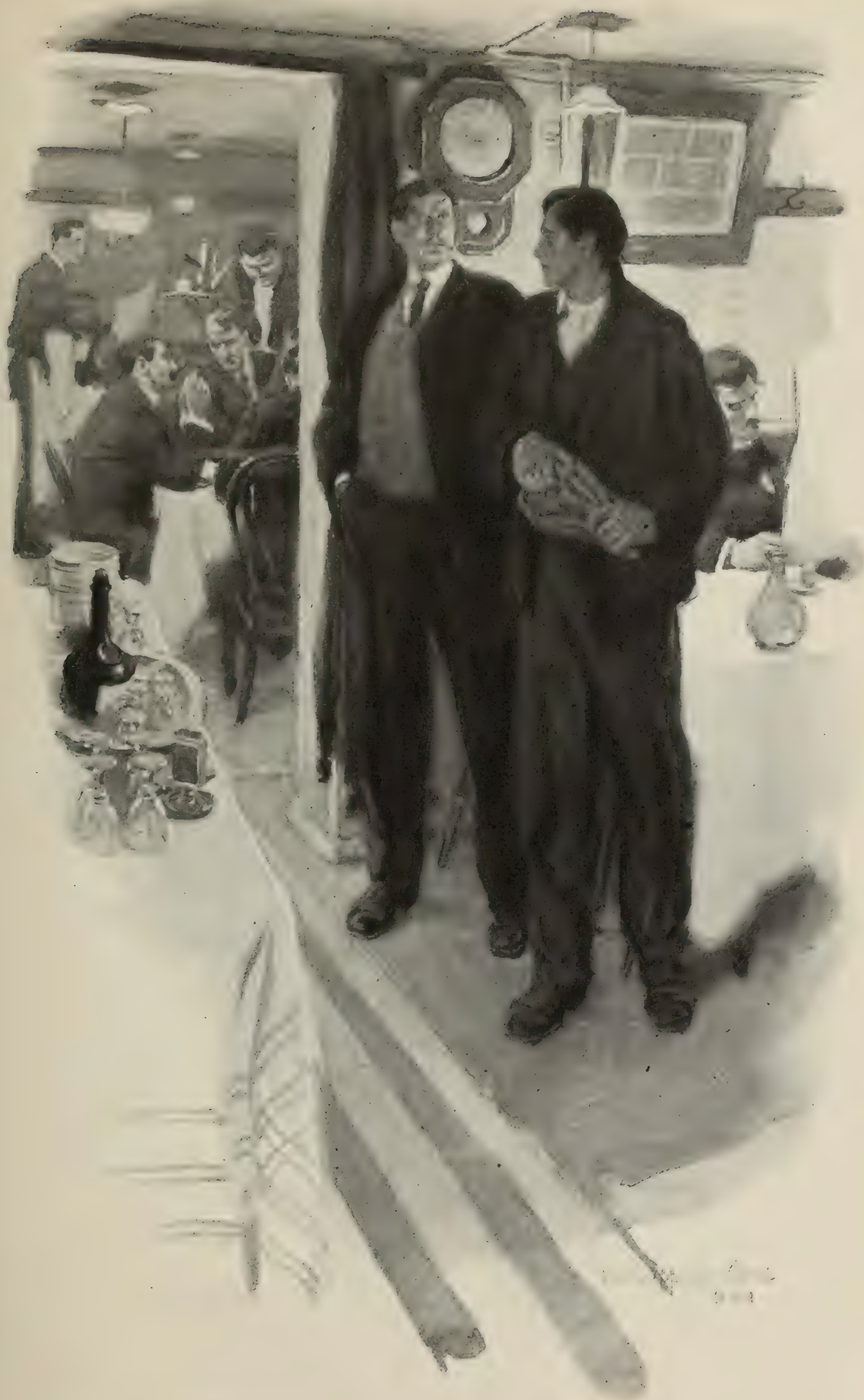
"Panama!" gasped the captain. "Good Lord, that's two dollars a word." He shook out the pages in his hand until he found the last one. "And there's sixty-eight pages here," he expostulated. "Why the tolls will be five thousand dollars!" Channing dropped feebly to the bench of the chart-room and fell in a heap, shivering and trembling.

"I guess it's worth it," he murmured, drowsily.

The captain was still staring at the last page.

"But—but look here," he cried, "you've—you've signed Mr. Keating's name to it! 'James R. Keating.' You've signed his name to it!"

Channing raised his head from his folded arms and stared at him dully.



Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

Threw a frightened look toward the open door.—Page 152.

"You don't want to get Keating in trouble, do you?" he asked with patience. "You don't want the C. P. to know why he couldn't write the best story of the war? Do you want him to lose his job? Of course, you don't. Well then, let it go as his story. I won't tell, and see you don't tell, and Keating won't remember."

His head sank back again upon his crossed arms. "It's not a bad story," he murmured.

But the captain shook his head; his loyalty to his employer was still uppermost. "It doesn't seem right!" he protested. "It's a sort of a liberty, isn't it, signing another man's name to it, it's a sort of forgery."

Channing made no answer. His eyes were shut and he was shivering violently, hugging himself in his arms.

A quarter of an hour later, when the captain returned with fresh quinine, Channing sat upright and saluted him.

"Your information, sir," he said, addressing the open door politely, "is of the greatest value. Tell the executive officer to proceed under full steam to Panama. He will first fire a shot across her bows, and then sink her!" He sprang upright and stood for a moment, sustained by the false strength of the fever. "To Panama, you hear me!" he shouted. He beat the floor with his foot. "Faster, faster, faster," he cried. "We've got a great story! We want a clear wire, we want the wire clear from Panama to City Hall. It's the greatest story ever written—full of facts, facts, facts, facts for the Consolidated Press—and Keating wrote it. I tell you, Keating wrote it. I *saw* him write it. I was a stoker on the same ship."

The mate and crew came running forward and stood gaping stupidly through the doors and windows of the chart-room. Channing welcomed them joyously, and then crumpled up in a heap and pitched forward into the arms of the captain. His head swung weakly from shoulder to shoulder.

"I beg your pardon," he muttered, "I beg your pardon, captain, but your engine-room is too hot. I'm only a stoker and I know my place, sir, but I tell you, your engine-room is too hot. It's a burning hell, sir, it's a hell!"

The captain nodded to the crew and

they closed in on him, and bore him, struggling feebly, to a bunk in the cabin below. In the berth opposite, Keating was snoring peacefully.

After the six weeks' siege the Fruit Company's doctor told Channing he was cured, and that he might walk abroad. In this first walk he found that, during his illness, Port Antonio had reverted to her original condition of complete isolation from the world, the press boats had left her wharves, the correspondents had departed from the veranda of her only hotel, the war was over, and the Peace Commissioners had sailed for Paris. Channing expressed his great gratitude to the people of the hotel and to the Fruit Company's doctor. He made it clear to them that if they ever hoped to be paid those lesser debts than that of gratitude which he still owed them, they must return him to New York and Newspaper Row. It was either that, he said, or, if they preferred, he would remain and work out his indebtedness checking bunches of bananas at twenty dollars a month. The Fruit Company decided it would be paid more quickly if Channing worked at his own trade, and accordingly sent him North in one of its steamers. She landed him in Boston, and he borrowed five dollars from the chief engineer to pay his way to New York.

It was late in the evening of the same day when he stepped out of the smoking-car into the roar and riot of the Grand Central Station. He had no baggage to detain him, and as he had no money either he made his way to an Italian restaurant where he knew they would trust him to pay later for what he ate. It was a place where the newspaper men were accustomed to meet, men who knew him, and who would lend him money to buy a bath, clean clothes, and a hall bed-room, until he found work.

Norris, the *World* man, greeted him as he entered the door of the restaurant, and hailed him with a cry of mingled fright and pleasure.

"Why, we didn't know but you were dead," he exclaimed. "The boys said when they left Kingston you weren't expected to live. Did you ever get the money and things we sent you by the Red Cross boat?"



Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

Stood irresolutely in the twilight of the street.—Page 152.

Channing glanced at himself and laughed.

"Do I look it?" he asked. He was wearing the same clothes in which he had slept under the fruit-sheds at Port Antonio. They had been soaked and stained by the night dews and by the sweat of the fever.

"Well, it's great luck, your turning up here just now," Norris assured him heartily. "That is, if you're as hungry as the rest of the boys are who have had the fever. You struck it just right; we're giving a big dinner here to-night," he explained, "one of Maria's best. You come in with me. It's a celebration for old Keating, a farewell blow-out."

Channing started and laughed.

"Keating," he asked. "That's funny," he said. "I haven't seen him since—since before I was ill."

"Yes, old Jimmie Keating. You've got nothing against him, have you?"

Channing shook his head vehemently, and Norris glanced back complacently toward the door of the dining-room, from whence came the sound of intimate revelry.

"You might have had, once," Norris said, laughing, "we were all up against him once. But since he's turned out such a wonder and a war hero, we're going to recognize it. They're always saying we newspaper men have it in for each other, and so we're just giving him this subscription dinner to show it's not so. He's going abroad, you know. He sails to-morrow morning."

"No, I didn't know," said Channing.

"Of course not, how could you? Well, the Consolidated Press's sending him and his wife to Paris. He's to cover the Peace negotiations there. It's really a honeymoon trip at the expense of the C. P. It's their reward for his work, for his Santiago story, and the beat and all that——"

Channing's face expressed his bewilderment.

Norris drew back dramatically.

"Don't tell me," he exclaimed, "that you haven't heard about *that*!"

Channing laughed a short, frightened laugh, and moved nearer to the street.

"No," he said. "No, I hadn't."

"Yes, but good Lord! it was *the* story of the war. You never read such a story! And he got it through by Panama a *day* ahead of all the other stories! And no-

body read them any way. Why, Captain Mahan said it was 'naval history,' and the *Evening Post* had an editorial on it, and said it was 'the only piece of literature the war has produced.' We never thought Keating had it in him, did you? The Consolidated Press people felt so good over it that they've promised, when he comes back from Paris, they'll make him their Washington correspondent. He's their 'star' reporter now. It just shows you that the occasion produces the man. Come on in, and have a drink with him."

Channing pulled his arm away, and threw a frightened look toward the open door of the dining-room. Through the layers of tobacco-smoke he saw Keating seated at the head of a long, crowded table, smiling, clear-eyed and alert.

"Oh, no, I couldn't," he said with sudden panic. "I can't drink, doctor won't let me. I wasn't coming in, I was just passing when I saw you. Good-night, I'm much obliged. Good-night."

But the hospitable Norris would not be denied.

"Oh, come in and say 'good-by' to him anyhow," he insisted. "You needn't stay."

"No, I can't," Channing protested. "I—they'd make me drink or eat and the doctor says I can't. You mustn't tempt me. You say 'good-by' to him for me," he urged. "And Norris—tell him—tell him—that I asked you to say to him, 'It's all right,' that's all, just that, 'It's all right.' He'll understand."

There was the sound of men's feet scraping on the floor, and of chairs being moved from their places.

Norris started away eagerly. "I guess they're drinking his health," he said. "I must go. I'll tell him what you said, 'It's all right.' That's enough, is it? There's nothing more?"

Channing shook his head, and moved away from the only place where he was sure to find food and a welcome that night.

"There's nothing more," he said.

As he stepped from the door and stood irresolutely in the twilight of the street, he heard the voices of the men who had gathered in Keating's honor upraised in a joyous chorus.

"For he's a jolly good fellow," they sang, "for he's a jolly good fellow, which nobody can deny!"

BENJAMIN PARROT'S FANCY

By Zack



NEVER heard tell that furreners thought much of Dunstable Weir, as a place to live in, till old Benjamin Parrot came back along home from Australia and promised to leave all his money—he was most amazing rich—to the first man that took his fancy; but no sooner did the news get abroad than the price o' houses went up, there wasn't building room to contain the folk, and the village bid fair to become a town. It seemed a bit hard to me and t'others who had been born and bred in the parish, and us didn't give these extry lumps no special welcome; for, though they started a "tea-totalers" club and Band o' Hope teas, us had always been well content wi' the ale at the Red Lion afore, and us didn't noways feel less willun' to bide by it arter us had smacked our lips over their new-fangled brews. Benjamin Parrot watched 'em all out o' his small ferret eyes wonderful unconsarned, and it soon became pretty clear that the man that shud take his fancy hadn't put his foot inside the village. Law bless 'ee, they didn't lose heart, not they—they busticumed the more, that's what they did. The charch o' Dunstable Weir wor mortal old and fally-to-piecey, they patched un up on the outside—well, us didn't complain o' that, 'tiddn't noways comfortable to be fetched out o' a quiet snooze by a big drap o' rain pat 'pon tap the crown o' your head; but not content they tarns a good job into a bad un, and cuts down all the pews inside o' the charch so that everyone could see everyone else—a kind o' prying that no self-respecting body in Dunstable Weir would have demeaned to afore. Well, then they buckles to and puts a banging great stove in the middle o' the aisle, over agin Benjamin Parrot's pew. Warmth in reason is a thing I'm the last to complain of; but the church was terrible small and the stove terrible big, and the first Sunday it was lit Benjamin Parrot was forced to off wi' his coat and sit in his shirt-sleeves. 'Twasn't long arter that the flooring gived

way and stove and all fell quat on top o' the Squire's old Aunt Jane, who had been lying a peaceful corpse there twenty years. It was this same winter—and a bitter cold winter it was—that Martin Fippard's wife fell sick and died. No one knowed 'zactly what 'twas that carried her off, more'n that it was a persistent sickness with a deal o' cling about it. I was present at her taking and though I be partial to death-beds, folks being wonderful much theirselves at such times, there seemed a bit too much human nature about Susan Fippard's. Her wasn't noways old when her died, close upon her thirty-ninth year or thereabouts, and being well-featured was personable to the last. It was always a matter of curiosity in the village what 'twas that made her take to Martin, a terrible plain man wi'out a plain man's tongue; but there's no denying her was mortal fond o' un, as he was willun' to be o' her, only owing to the contrariness o' things he couldn't get beyond simillication. Folks said—but they tell up such lies—that he had acted unfaithful from the first. Be that as it may there was one little twig o' a woman, Belle Hart was her name, and Susan Fippard couldn't abide the sight o' her. The queer thing was that though no mortal soul ever saw Martin go nigh the maid, the village all agreed 'long o' Susan that there be times when folks' eyes be to let, and there be more to be zeen than be zeed. It zim'd to me that if once they'd been caught together, folks wouldn't o' been so terrible sure they was guilty, but it was jest the never finding 'em out that made things look so special black. Not that folks was wishful to spare pains over the matter, and they laid most as many traps for Martin as they did for the fancy o' Benjamin Parrot. I reckon myself that the village was mistook, and didn't zee nought, because there was nought to zee; but I niver said so, not holding contradictiousness recommendatory in a single man such as I be. Martin took things wonderful quiet; there was times when I couldn't help but wonder if he knowed that all the village was on the

watch for un. But he was never speechful, and grew more word-shy with years. There was only one street to Dunstable Weir ; it straggled over the best part o' two hills, the river running atween 'em. Over agin the bridge the houses fell sort o' back from the road, one banging great allum* standing up by hisself on a patch o' green over against the Red Lion Inn. A few paces away, on t'other side o' the road, was Belle Hart's cottage. Five stone steps led to the door ; they was a bit worn in places, but the hand-rail was sound and painted pea green, and the rest o' the wood-work was colored the same. Belle was a milliner by trade though her used her needle for other odd jobs, such as the making o' new coverings for the Squire's seat in charch, and bags for the Hall hams. Her could be seen most days sitting aside her window sewing, plainer in winter than t'other times because by then the fuchsias had died back a bit. Most o' us would drop in now and awhile at the Red Lion for a glass o' beer, but Martin never came 'cept Saturday nights, then just as the charch-clock struck the quarter after eight us would hear un coming over the cobble-stones—one o' his legs was a bit shorter than t'other and gave a draggy sound to his walk, so us always knowed 'twas he. When he got opposite Belle Hart's cottage he'd stop a bit and look in ; most like the blind ud be down, and there ud be the shadder o' the little woman thraved acrass. Us over at the Red Lion used to unbutton our eyes, but us never saw nought worth seeing ; the little shadder that maybe had been bobbing and twisting a moment afore would bide stone quiet, then Martin ud move on and the shadder wud brisk up and flit about as shadders will. Martin wasn't noways a sociable man ; he'd throw down his bit, take his glass, go out and niver say a word, not as much as "good-evening" to any o' us. The village didn't think well o' such silence, holding that 'twas a queer thing a man so much telled about should have nought to tell back. Some reckoned 'twas shame kept un to silence, but I think myself 'twas just the nature that was in him. Not that there wasn't contradictionary points to Martin ; he was a careful man, never laying out a penny where he wasn't fo'ced, but he didn't take no special interest in

* Elm.

Benjamin Parrot, leastways not first-along ; and, when I said 'twas a scandalacious thing o' they furren lumps to come here sniffing round after gold, just as if Dunstable Weir was public property the same as South Africa, he only answered that "Mostlike they wud bring more money into the village than they'd ever succeed in taking out o' it." Zim'd a poor-spirited fashion o' looking at matters, but he wasn't no patriot, taking no interest in war or the grasping ways o' t'other nations, though there was not a child in the parish who couldn't have told him that if 'twasn't for England there would be little enough honesty left in the world, or religion either for the matter o' that. At election times he never went near the Red Lion, but just bided at home ; and when the Squire had us all up to the Great House to dinner and said he hoped that we'd all "vote straight," Martin got up and said, "What was straight for one wasn't always straight for t'other," which the village held, for a silent man, was saying a deal too much. Farmer Burden was terrible put out, Martin being carter to he, and went so far as to ax if the Squire was wishful to have Martin turned away ; but the Squire wouldn't hear o' it, and because o' that there be some who reckon the Squire's own politics iddn't sound.

Well, curious to relate, the one man that Benjamin Parrot took note of was none other than Martin, though to be sure what wi' this thing and that the village fair twanged wi' his name. Folks would have twittered louder had they known whose fancy he was like to take, but each o' em was so sure that he himself was the man, that 'twas some time afore they suspicioned the truth. Benjamin Parrot lived in a big house at the far end of the village ; he was a big man hisself by nature, wi' the dropsy which made un bigger. His legs swelled so toward the last that he was forced to get the carpenter to make un a wheel chair, and he paid me sixpence an hour to draw it. Us always went the same way, down one hill, 'cross the bridge and up t'other side. When us passed Belle Hart's cottage Benjamin Parrot would fit the tips o' his fingers together and say :

"So this is where the woman lives that all this to-do's about, eh ?"

Arter a bit us would come round by Martin's, and old Parrot 'ud stop again:

"And here's t'other woman's cottage," he'd continny. "Do 'ee reckon there's any truth in the tale, Zack?"

"Well," I answered, scratching my head to ease out the words, "me and the village be one and the same mind in public, but when I gits by myself I has a single man's judgment."

It was jest about this time that Susan Fippard fell sick, though maybe her had been ailing longer than us thought. Her began life mortal proud, and such iddn't the first to show when the world goes ill wi' em; but there was sommat in her stronger than pride, and thic was jealousy. A banging, great-hungered, wide-bellied thing; you could most see her pride fall away bit by bit afore it, till her didn't seem to have no self-respect left. Drink and jealousy be much o' a muchness and one 'ull bring folks as low as t'other. The village was terrible took up wi' watching, though they all said 'twas a poor sight to see. I was sorry for the woman, having gone droo sommat the like myself at one time, but 'tiddn't no great tale and I reckon 'twill die wi' me. Folks say, though I can't swear to the truth o' it, that her went down on her knees and begged Belle Hart not to take Martin away from her, and Belle just stitched and stitched and answered nary a word. After all, the maid hadn't done nought, but folks didn't blame her the less for that.

When it became as plain as spring in May that Susan was marked for death, no one pitied her much, holding that she had brought it all on herself, and if Martin had spoke up bold and throwed all the blame on his wife there was more'n one person in Dunstable Weir who would have stood his friend. But he didn't say nought and the village held the silence for unhandsome and never forgived un for it. About this time he gave up coming to the Red Lion o' Saturdays, and when his work brought un that side o' the bridge he never so much as dropped a glance on the little green-painted windy where Belle Hart sat all alone to herself sewing. Well, as I said before, 'twas terrible cold that winter, the snow came chunking down and nipped off the tree-tops, just for all the world as if they was so many heads o' cab-

bage. Martin's cottage stood higher than the rest o' the houses and more open to the weather, the thatch was bulged down wi' the weight on top o' it and the snow drifted up in the corner o' Susan's bedroom so Martin was fo'ced to take her down to the kitchen to die comfortable and warm. I was out o' work about then, it bein' a deal too cold for Benjamin Parrot to take his ride in the chair, so I made a point o' dropping in to ax how Susan did, part from curiosity and part because it was cheaper to sit aside a neighbor's fire than light one o' my own. The weather made folks fair scared o' going outside their doors, and I niver was in a house at such a time when there was less company on the watch, so to speak. Her died on a Friday, getting on for six o'clock. It had been dimmet* since a quarter afore three, the sky was that packed wi' snow. Farmer Burden he gave Martin a holiday, there bein' next to no work doing, so he and me us sat one on each side o' the fire, and Susan her lay stretched out on the bed, wi' her face turn'd to the wall most o' the time. Us was silent, not having nought particular to say. After a bit I fell into a doze and when next I opened my eyes Martin had turned round in his chair and was facing Susan. Her was sitting up straight, looking terrible full o' life, though there wasn't much more than an hour of it left in her. One big loop o' hair had got loose from the rest and her wound it round her fingers and twisted it up quick and irritable, though I reckon myself her didn't know what her was doing.

"Pramise," her said, "pramise."

But he sort o' held back.

"Pramise her sha'n't come here after I be gone."

Martin moved uneasy-like, crossing and uncrossing his legs. He was a big man, wi' a big face wonderful scanty o' looks.

"Her's never worked'ee no harm," he said at last.

"Pramise, and then I shall die quiet."

He didn't make no answer, but I heard the fingers o' his great hands crack as he twitched 'em apart.

"'Tis cold out there, Martin," her said, "mortal cold and dark."

"Aye," he answered, "it's been freezing these dree weeks and more."

* Twilight.

I could see the beads o' sweat standing out on the face o' un for all that.

"Martin," her cried, shrill-like, "you pramised to be faithful to me afore the altar."

"And I have been true to'ee, Susan."

"But you and her will ha' killed me between 'ee."

He sat stone quiet, and if he looked about for words, he didn't find 'em.

All to-wance her held out her arms to un: "You iddn't glad o' it? You iddn't glad I be leaving 'ee——"

He rose up and went to her and put his arms round her poor thin body terrible pitiful, but he didn't answer, and kaining across at 'em I saw sommat o' what it was to be wi'out the gift o' words. I reckon, though, her understood un better'n I did, for her seemed sort o' comforted.

"You've been a good husband to me, Martin, in spite o' it all," she said.

He gave a banging great sob and the sound o' it seemed to take the life out o' her. "I'll no ax it o'ee. Marry her if you will"—and wi' that her face stiffened and she fell back dead.

Martin he stood a-looking down on her, then he took her hand in his and called me up to the bedside.

"Zack," said he, "you be my witness that I promise never to marry t'other woman."

"I wudn't pass my word on it if I was you," I answered, being no friend to rash promises. But he didn't pay no heed.

"See," he said, taking me by the arm, "her's heard."

Sure enough, her did look more content-like.

I hiked off down to the Red Lion, for I felt that a drop o' sommat warm and speech wi' ordinary folk would be a relief. The bar was well-nigh full o' men stamping the snow off their feet so as to give the liquor they'd swallowed time to trickle into the right place afore they went back once more to work. When I had telled my tale two or three times over from start to finish, someone proposed us should step across to Belle Hart's cottage and hear what her had to say to it.

Us traped in wi'out stopping to knock. She was sitting afore the fire sewing. Her threwed a terrible scornful look out o' her

black eyes—I reckon myself her knowed what had brought us.

"Well," her said, "be the church on fire and have'ee come for blankets to put it out?"

"No," us answered, "Martin's wife be dead."

"And what's that to me," she said, "that you should take upon yourselves to burst open my door wi'out so much as a 'By your leave'?"

I felt a bit sorry us had come, for there was no mistaking that us looked amazing foolish, standing gapnesting across at her. Then one o' em pushed me forward.

"Zack 'ull tell'ee all about it," he said.

I wasn't altogether pleased wi' the job set for me. "Her died comfortable at the last," I said, edging away a bit. Belle turned away that small head o' hers so us couldn't see nought but the braids o' her black hair, that was coiled up neat and glossy.

"Poor soul," her said, softly, "poor soul."

"Zack hasn't telled 'ee all," the great gawken bawled out, the same man that had spoke afore.

"Do the telling yourselves," I answered, for I was fair sick o' the business. So they telled her.

"Be that all?" her axed, quiet-like.

"Ess," they answered.

"Then maybe you'll go out the way you came in," her said.

And us did, feeling amazing subdued over so small a matter.

Well, wi' the burying o' Susan the weather fell round once more to soft, and I went back to work at Parrot's. The old man was a deal more interested to hear o' Martin's promise than iver Belle Hart had been, and made me tell un the tale over and over again.

"Do'ee reckon he'll bide by his word, Zack?"

"I can't say," I'd answer.

Benjamin Parrot 'ud fit the tips o' his fingers together:

"I like a man that sticks to his promise, but—" and he'd stop short and end to hisself "Fippard should ha' thought o' t'other woman."

Spring dropped round and what wi' the shooting o' the crops and birds calling one to t'other, there was a wonderful lot o'

nature about. Martin's blood seemed to quicken under it, for he started to visit Belle Hart open, and 'twasn't long before it got whispered abroad that he was about to put out o' mind all that he had said so mortal solemn on the day his wife died. The whole village cried shame on un, though, as far as that goes, no one could say if there was truth in the tale or not.

Over against Martin's cottage there was a tiddleliwinkie* bit o' a wood, the road ran along the lower end o' it, wi' a narrer path that led up through the trees. 'Twas close to this spot, one arternoon late in spring, that I came on Martin and Belle sort o' unawares. I was out wi' the chair, and the old man, his head lolling on tap his shoulders, had dropped off into a doze. Being mortal weary o' always ding-donging along the same bit o' road, I waited till I saw he had bitten well into his sleep, and then I wheeled un up the side track through the trees. Well, us hadn't gone far afore I caught sight o' Martin's broad shoulders. I knew well enough who 'twas because o' late he had taken to wearing a brown coat week-a-days that he had hisself patched wi' green. Unconscious-like I went a bit softer and the next moment who should step out from among the trees but Belle. Then I stopped quat and the old man woke up and glowered about un, but zeeing, no doubt, who there was in front he bided as silent as a stone. Martin and the maid was that took up one wi' t'other they didn't pay no heed to aught else. Her sat down 'pon tap a big log and Martin stood 'long side o' her. Not a word passed the lips o' either o' 'em, and I was jest thinking to myself that for sweet-hearts they made a terrible poor display, when all to wance Martin fell to cursing. He cursed hiszulf and folks in general, and the maid; he cursed the tongue atween his teeth, which zimed proper enough considering the use he was putting it to—he cursed God Almighty—a thing I had never known no man in Dunstable Weir ha' the face to do afore. Belle Hart her sat there and listened, not a finger did her hold up to keep the words back from coming, though I cud zee her small white face grow sort o' smaller and whiter afore my eyes. All of a minute the wuds stopped o' theirzelves, and he flung his arm round the

branch o' a tree and leaned his vace up agin it. Then 'twas that Belle riz and went over to 'un, but he flung her off becuse, he said, that if the dead cud hear maybe they cud zee as well, and wi' that he fell to laughing in a fashion that was amazing disquietful for them that cudn't enter into the joke. The maid kained across at un rather pitying and I reckoned arter a bit maybe her'd say sommat to make un give over sich show-sides, but her jest tarned and hiked off through the wood. I drewed the chair back tenderful the way us had come, for 'twasn't no manner o' use gap-nesting at Martin. The day arter that the old man didn't feel over-well, and had me up to his room. 'Twas the smallest in the house, and poked away over the back kitchen. Nought hung on the wall 'cept an old calendar and a soft black hat wi' a clay pipe stuck in the band; but a bed stood in one corner, a chest o' drawers in t'other, while atween 'em and the door was a table and a candle-stick bang in the middle o' it. The vantysheeny† furniture was all away in the front part o' the house, which, arter all, was where it shud ha' been, and Benjamin Parrot lying there in the bare tiddleliwinkie room didn't zeem so terrible much out o' place either.

"Zack," he says, as I pulled a lock o' hair to un, because, when all was done, I was in his employ—"what sort o' a man be this Martin Fippard? Do he think much o' money?"

"More'n most," I answered, "though for the matter o' that all o' us likes the feel o' siller atween our wants and ourzelves."

"Well," said Benjamin Parrot, "if he acts the way I wish, he can be done wi' sich things as wants, for I'll make the man my heir."

"Begore," I tummil'd out, "if things are to be settled thic easy, there's more'n one o' us that would give 'ee satisfaction."

A curious smile crossed the old man's face, but he made as if he hadn't heard. "Let un ma'ry Belle Hart and the money's his."

"Why, dom it," said I, "iddn't that what he's been arter doing all along?"

"There's his promise to his dead wife."

"When I drop un a word o' what you

* Insignificant.

† Showy.

say I reckon 'twill be your promise, not hers, he'll be thinking upon."

Benjamin Parrot zot up in the bed. "You'll keep what I tell 'ee to yourzulf," he rapped out sharp.

"'Tiddn't possible; a janius couldn't be answerable for sich, much less ordinary folk zame ez I be."

The old man let fly another o' they curious smiles o' his.

"Oh, yes, Zack," he said, "you'll bide silent because—" and he stopped quat and fitted the tips o' his fingers terrible careful each to each—"because if Martin don't git the money maybe you will."

"Lord help us," I answered, sinking down 'pon tap the bed, "there shall be no silenter man inside the village or out o' it than myzulf."

"Ah," piped old Parrot, "I knowed I cud trust 'ee under the circumstances."

From that time on I felt sort o' different toward Martin Fippard. I'd never seen aught to mislike in the man afore, but now 'twas much as if he was a-trying to keep me out o' my own. I watched un suspicious and 'tis wonderful how black folks' ways 'ull look the moment you give over trusting 'em.

To show me clear enough that the Almighty was much o' the same mind, it was at this identical moment that Martin's old black sow took upon herzulf to die in straw, and her whole litter had to be raised by hand, which made away with a lot o' the profit. Martin was terrible put out over it, it was a deal o' money, and he was a careful man. He axed me to sit up wi' her one night so that he might snatch a bit o' sleep hisself; but the poor critter was that bad wi' the spazams that 'twas more'n one man's work to hold her, so he was forced to bide up jest the same. 'Twas a wet night, and the roof of the sty leaked painful, me and Martin was humped up in one corner wi' the sick sow atween us, and an old horn lantern hanging from a nail above our heads. The light fell on Martin's face, and I could see he was thinking hard, as well he might at such a time.

"Zack," he said all to-wance, "do'ee reckon that Benjamin Parrot be so terrible rich as folks give out?" I was rather taken aback because I reckoned that he was going to say sommat about the sow,

or Belle Hart, or maybe both of 'em together. "Whatever makes 'ee ax such a question?" I said.

Martin ran a finger and thumb through his bristly red beard.

"Because he tells me that I be the sort o' man he could fancy."

"Lord ha' mercy on us, why should un take a fancy to the likes o' you!" I spoke more than usual sharp, because it kind o' gave me a stab to hear the name o' Parrot in Martin's mouth 'tall.

"That I can't tell'ee," Martin answered, "I only know what he said."

"And what did he say?" I axed.

"He said that if I tarned out to be the man he took me for, he'd leave me all his money."

"A likely game thic," I said; "what do he take 'ee for?"

"If you could tell me thic, I should know what to be after," said Martin.

After that us was silent a bit, for the old sow fell into one o' her spazams, and us and her was all over the sty. When the fit was past, and Martin had pulled some o' the straw out o' his hair and eyes, he turned to me.

"Zack," he said, "do'ee reckon Benjamin Parrot has heard tell o' that promise I made Susan?"

"'Twould be a queer thing if he hadn't," I answered.

"Well, has that aught to do wi' it?"

"Why should it ha' aught to do wi' the matter," I tummil'd out hasty, for hadn't I promised to keep the old man's secret?

But Martin was fixed to the subject: "If so be I was to marry again," he said.

My heart banged up agin my ribs, and then stopped quat:

"He wouldn't leave 'ee the money, I s'pose," I answered. The wuds slipped out unconscious, for I hadn't a mind to say aught sich.

Martin breathed a bit hard. "That's how I reckoned it out myself," he said.

"Good Lord!" he added sharp-like, looking down at the old sow that was lying wi' her legs crossed like the crusader in Dunstable Weir church; "her's parted!"

Sure enough, her was dead.

"'Tis a terrible pity that the selling o' sich as bacon is agin the law," Martin muttered to himself, taking the lantern

down from the peg, and blowing out the candle.

"Well, there iddn't nothing to be said against your eating her," I answered short, for it seemed to me he might have left the light burning a bit longer, leastways till us was out o' the sty which wasn't over clean.

"I shall that," he said, "but I'd a deal rather ha' the money safe in my pocket."

Martin didn't go nigh Belle Hart's cottage for three or four weeks arter that, and when Saturday came round he niver so much as put a foot inside the door o' the Red Lion. I met un whiles and again, and I thought to myself that he missed the spirits, though 'twas nought but a glass once in seven days, for his face had a divered anxious look on it. I reckoned 'twud be safer to let the village know that Benjamin Parrot had spoke o' making Martin his heir, though I didn't tell 'em the conditions, having, so to speak, promised faithful to keep 'em to mezulf. Folks was none too pleased, for they couldn't abear the thought o' un coming in for Benjamin Parrot's money, and at the same time they was curious to see what ill would befall Martin if he broke his promise to Susan. It was just about now that Farmer Burden's daughter came home. Her'd been up to Exeter to learn the millinery trade and brought a 'mazing lot o' bonnets and female trash back 'long wi' her. The women was pleased to have their hats and sich trimmed by someone t'other from Belle, because they said there was too much talk about Belle for her to be as respectable as her should be. So, after that, few folks knocked at the little pea-green door, and Belle sat aside her windy wi' her hands in her lap most days. Her seemed to be thinking a deal, which iddn't good for maids, they, poor souls, not being built for sich. I dropped in once and axed her to make me a new tie for Sundays out o' a bit o' red and yaller striped satin that I'd bought cheap into Barnstaple Fair, for I couldn't abide to see they small fingers o' hers so mortal still. While I sat and watched her working, who should come to the windy and gape in, but Martin. Her didn't look up, but I reckon her knowed right enough who was there, for her stitched terrible fast. After awhile he hiked off. I niver was able to wear

that tie for 'twas made so inventive I cudn't git into it. When I drewed old Benjamin Parrot past the little, pea-green windy thic zame arternoon he tarned to me and said :

"So Martin hasn't married her yet ? "

I didn't make no answer, becuse luck is a contrary thing and the moment you reckon 'tis on your side it skips across to t'others.

One dinner hour, as I was sitting down to a slice o' bread and bacon, and thinking to myself that 'twasn't often a single man had a hot meal, when, who should drop in but Martin. 'Twas a goodish while since I'd set eyes on un and I marked that he hadn't grown younger wi' time.

"Zack," he tumbled out, sort o' breathless, "they tell me her's to be sold up."

I knew well enough that he was speaking o' Belle Hart, because I'd heard the same tale from more pair o' lips than one; but feeling a bit unfriendzome toward Martin I took another munch at the bread and bacon afore answering.

"Well," I said at last, "I don't see that it much matters to you if her be, considering that you iddn't going to get married to her."

"Then, it's true," he exclaimed, and wi' that he sat down quat on the only bit o' butter in the house, I having laid the same beside me for convenience sake.

"Hivers," I called out, "you needn't quat 'pon tap the butter if it be."

That turned his attention and he got up, pretty smart, taking the best part o' the butter wi' un.

"These be only my workaday trousers, praise the Lord," he said.

I didn't make no commentary, being taken up wi' finishing the bread and bacon for fear lest worse might befall, but when that was put away I looked across at un—and zommat made me zay :

"'Tis a pity for you that Benjamin Parrot takes so long a-dying."

"Curse un and his money," said Martin, and wi' that he got up as if he would go, but I called un back from the door.

"Why," I said, "'tis as like as not that the old man be worth thousands on thousands."

"Girt God Almighty—I'll not go nigh the maid," Martin cried, sort o' tremorful.

"There's more depends on your keep-

ing away than you reckons on," I answered; which was true, though maybe not in the way he took it. When Martin was gone, I hiked straight off to the Common, and when I got full in the middle o' the green I zet to and laughed, but there was zommat queer about thic laugh, so that I was forced after a bit to give over and listen to the zound o' un. After thic I turned tail and erved* back to the village as fast as my legs' would carry me. Toward the end o' the week Martin begged a holiday from Farmer Burden and went to Barnstaple, a matter o' ten miles by train from our village. The little pea-green door o' Belle Hart's cottage was on the latch, and the windys was all wide open, because I went to zee, yet all that day I felt sort o' suspicious. Then all to wance the idea comed over me to marry the maid mezulf, and zay nought about it to no one, for it zim'd her'd been talked about enough. So the vallering night I dropped into her cottage jest as it might be for a bit o' a tell. I'd smartened mezulf up a bit and my face had a respectable shine on, for I hadn't spared the soap. The maid was looking wonderful purty, and her cheeks had a dash o' color in 'em that had been missing for many a day. I hadn't thought out no special plan, so I zot mezulf down, reckoning maybe the wuds would come if I waited patient. The village niver held me for good-looking, though I reckon if I stood a bit higher in my shoes—I be just under five foot—there's more'n one o' the maids would ha' found me personable. I'd bought a new pair o' cords and they gave out a fine full-bodied creak each time I shifted in my chair. 'Twas a good thing I had 'em on because they took it out o' the zilence and sort o' made conversation atween theirzelves.

"La! Zack," said Belle arter a bit, "but you be dressed up wonderful smart."

"Tasty for the tasty," I answered, "and your looks become 'ee, ez they always do."

She gave a little snip o' a laugh. "So you think I'm looking well to-night?"

"Thet's zo."

She was zilent a bit, then all-to-wance her tarned and laid a hand on my arm: "You be an old friend, Zack," her said, "and I know I can trust 'ee."

* Ran.

Law jay! thought I to mezulf, be her going to ax me or I her? Zo I nodded my head and left it to my breeches to do the friendly.

"I be a married woman, Zack," said she.

"Married!" said I.

"Ess, married," said she.

"Not married!" said I.

"Ess, married," said she.

"Good Gosh!" said I, "and who to?"

She bent down and sort o' whispered: "Martin," says she. That was a bit too much. Ever since the day Benjamin Parrot had spoke o' leaving me his money I'd felt so terrible alive and now all to a sudden the life was knocked clean out o' me. I reckon Belle saw sommat in my face that scart her for she said, sort o' anxious:

"You won't tell. Will 'ee, Zack?"

"Tell?" said I.

"You won't. Will 'ee?" says she.

"Tell!" said I.

"You won't, Zack. Will 'ee?" says she.

"Whatever should I tell for?" said I.

"I knowed I could trust 'ee," says she.

Then I found my feet and trapeded home, and jest as I came nigh the door Farmer Burden drove down the hill in his gig. He pulled up when he saw me and bawled across:

"Benjamin Parrot's wuss, the dropsy's started to mount."

I went into the house and slammed the door in his face. The fire was out, so I zot mezulf down afore a handful o' gray ash and the wind riz and hollered sort o' painzome. I was niver no friend to wind, there's zommat evil about un even when he purrs zoft and makes as if he wudn't hurt 'ee for the world; but this night, what wi' one thing and t'other, the zound o' his voice gived me the shudders.

"Tell," says I to mezulf, "o' course I won't tell. Why should I tell?" And the wind sort o' took the wuds up derisive:

"No, you won't tell," says he. "You know too much for thic."

"'Tis Martin's place to tell," says I.

"Let um tell hiszulf."

"Martin mustn't tell," says the wind.

"You'd lose the money then."

"The old man is dying," says I.

"Dying," bawled the wind—"dying."

"S'posing he died to-night," says I, "and niver knowed nought?"

"You'd git the money," says the wind thic terrible whispery, that I fair shuddered at the sound o' the wuds. Then I tried to measure mezulf agin Martin, the zame maybe as the Almighty might be doing up above. I'd never broke no promise to the dead or drove my wife in zarrer to the grave. Minding on all the ill things Martin had done, I began to feel a bit more comfortable, for it zim'd as if the Lord must be on my side.

"Oh, o' course, He's on your side," says the wind.

There comed a banging great knock at the door and I started fair to drop. I reckoned 'twas the Evil One hiszulf, though why iver such an idea should crass my mind I can't tell. I had forgot to fasten the catch so there was nought atween me and whoiver 'twas. Then the door opened and in walked Martin. Hivers! I would 'most as soon it had been the devil.

"Zack," says he, "they've sent for me down to Parrot's. The old man's dying."

I didn't answer at all, and when Martin saw that I hadn't wuds he walked over to where I zot, and put one hand upon the chimney-shelf, rested his face agin it and gapnested down on the gray cinders.

"Dom Benjamin Parrot," he muttered, sort o' slow. "Dom un."

"Be 'ee going?" I axed.

Martin tarned his great empty-zeeing eyes on my face.

"What's the good?" he answered.

"Me and Belle was married the day afore last."

I hadn't nought to say, but the old clock in the corner kept on bellowing "Wan minute less for Benjamin Parrot. Wan minute less for Benjamin." All to wance Martin tarned as if he was about to be going, and at that zommat made me jump up and catch hold o' his arm.

"S'posing you don't tell," says I.

Martin gripped hold o' my arm thic hard I nigh hollered wi' the pain o' it.

"I've axed mezulf thic," he said.

My breath got that scart I was forced to zit down, for it zim'd to me that the

devil wud ha' one or t'other o' us, and I prayed to God that it might be Martin.

"Zack," said he, "what wud it feel like to come by the money dishonest?"

I kind o' crept together. "Why do 'ee ax me thic, *now*," I answered. But he didn't pay no speshil heed, and the clock hammered out so loud "Wan or t'other o' 'ee will have to pay for this," that I was certain sure Martin would hear and take heed in time. Instead o' thic he put his hand deep down in his pocket and pulled out a big canvas bag. Untying the string round the neck o' it, he poured a power o' gold and siller into his hand.

"It's took me all my life to save ut," he said, "and 'tiddn't a penny more than seven and seventy pun."

The sight o' the money sort o' hardened me. "Not much put aside o' Benjamin Parrot's," I answered.

"But it's come by honest," said Martin.

"'Tis only thieves and sich that harp so on baing honest," I tumm'l'd out. I couldn't abide the sound o' the wud on his lips thic often.

"Maybe," Martin answered, "for 'tis only since I thought o' baing a thief I've took to saying it."

Wi' that there riz up in my heart a banging great desire that he, not me, should try and steal the money dishonest, and I hungered after zommat temptatious to zay which hadn't no lie in it.

"Who'd be the loser s'posing you didn't tell?" I axed. Then I laughed out short and sharp, for I could answer that question better than he.

The wuds made Martin start. "S'posing I was to have a son," he said.

"You should think o' that afore you drow away the money——"

"I niver much keered to have childer," he said, half to hiszulf. "They eats up more'n they brings in most days, and a man be lucky when he comes to die if he has got enough together to pay for his own funeral and his wife's arter him, but s'posing so be that Belle bore me a son, I shud like un to be honest. I couldn't a-bear to blacken aught that comed to me droo her."

I sort o' hated the man. "Iddn't Benjamin Parrot dying while 'ee stand there and prate so purty about baing honest,"

I burst out. "And don't 'ee reckon to git the money if so be he shud die not knowing that you and Belle be man and wife."

"By the Lord," cried Martin, "I'll tell un the truth afore it be too late."

Then I saw what a vool I'd been to tauntify un, and I caught hold o' his arm.

"Bide where you be, the wuds wasn't meant serious." He pushed me from un.

"I'll make no thief o' the child," he said.

The wuds had but jest crossed his lips when a great solemnzome call-conscience sound comed booming droo the house. Us started one to t'other.

"You be too late," I said, "'tis the Passing Bell."

"The church clock is giving the hour," answered Martin, but I could zee the sweat creep out upon his vace as us stood and waited.

Zure enough there it comed again, two, drie, four, vive, sax, seven, hate, nine, ten, 'leven, twelve. And wi' the last stroke

there fell sich a zilence as will drop upon us, no doubt, at the last day when the Books be opened and us harks to hear how all that us have doed has looked in the eyes o' God Almighty Hiszulf.

Standing there all o' a-listen, I didn't pay no more heed to Martin, for it zim'd to me that I stud afore the Jidgment Seat o' God and He kained down into my heart. I drapped on my knees and hid my vace afore Un. How long I kneeled there I can't tell, but when I comed to mezulf I was alone.

'Twas a week and a day after thic Benjamin Parrot died. Then it came out that he hadn't left no money, and the furniture had to be sold to pay for his funeral. Zim's twadn't nought but an annuity he had arter all. He kind o' played wi' folks. "Human nater," he said, "was built for experimentation, and twadn't to be supposed that the Almighty should have all the pulling o' the strings to Hiszulf."

AFTER - WORD

By Grace Goodale

You did know I loved you,
That last night.
Why did you not kiss me?
Ah, you might!

Just one kiss to last me
All my life,
Just one kiss to help me
Still the strife.

I could not mistake you,
You had showed,
Clear and straight before me,
The long road

I must travel lonely,
Without you.
Should I blame you? What else
Could you do?

But your task was finished;
I could see
Nowhere in your nature
Need of me.

All my foolish day-dreams
Were quite gone.
Only I, who dreamed them,
Must live on;

Live, with hopeless future,
Empty past.
Then why not have kissed me
At the last?

PHŒBUS ON

HALZAPHRON



By A. T. Quiller-Couch
(Q)

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAXFIELD PARRISH

God! of whom music
And song and blood are pure,
The day is never darkened
That had thee here obscure.

EARLY in 1897 a landslip on the tall cliffs of Halzaphron—which face upon Mount's Bay, Cornwall, and the Gulf Stream of the Atlantic—brought to light a curiosity. The slip occurred during the night of January 7th to 8th, breaking through the roof of a cavern at the base of the cliff and carrying many hundreds of tons of rock and earth down into deep water. For some weeks what remained of the cavern was obliterated, and in the rough weather then prevailing no one took the trouble to examine it; since it can only be approached by sea. The tides, however, set to work to sift and clear the *detritus*, and on Whit-Monday a party of pleasure-seekers from Penzance brought their boat to shore, landed, and discovered a stairway of worked stone leading up from the back of the cavern through solid rock. The steps wound spirally upward, and were cut with great accuracy; but the drippings from the low roof of the stairway had worn every tread into a basin and filled it with water. Green slippery weeds coated the lowest stairs; those immediately above were stained purple and crimson by the growth of some minute fungus; but where darkness began, these colors passed through rose-pink into a delicate ivory-white—a hard crust of lime,

crenelated like coral by the ceaseless trickle of water which deposited it.

At first the explorers supposed themselves on the track of a lost holy well. They had no candles, but by economizing their stock of matches they followed up the mysterious and beautiful staircase until it came to a sudden end, blocked by the fallen mass of cliff. Still in ignorance whither it led or what purpose it had served, they turned back and descended to the sunshine again; when one of the party, scanning the cliff's face, observed a fragment—three steps only—jutting out like a cornice some sixty or seventy feet overhead.

This seemed to dispose of the holy well theory, and suggested that the stairway had reached to the summit, where perhaps an entrance might be found. The party returned to Penzance, and their report at once engaged the attention of the local Antiquarian Society; a small subscription list was opened, permission obtained from the owner of the property, and within a week a gang of laborers began to excavate on the cliff-top directly above the jutting cornice. The ground here showed a slight depression, and the soil proved unexpectedly deep and easy to work. On the second day, at a depth

of seven feet, one of the men announced that he had come upon rock. But having spaded away the loose earth, they discovered that his pick had struck upon the edge of an extremely fine tessellated pavement, the remains apparently of a Roman villa.

Yet could this be a Roman villa? That the Romans drove their armies into Cornwall is certain enough; their coins, ornaments, and even pottery, are still found here and there; their camps can be traced. That they conquered and colonized it, however, during any of the four hundred years they occupied Britain has yet to be proved. In other parts of England the plough turns up memorials of that quiet home life with its graces which grew around these settlers and comforted their exile; and the commonest of these is the tessellated pavement with its emblems of the younger gods, the vintage, the warm south. But in the remote west, where the Celts held their savage own, no such traces have ever been found.

Could this at last be one? The pavement, cleared with care, proved of a disappointing size, measuring 8 feet by 4 at the widest. The *tesserae* were exceptionally beautiful and fresh in color; and each separate design represented some scene in the story of Apollo. No Bacchus with his panther-skin and Mænads, no Triton and Nymphs, no loves of Mars and Venus, no Ganymede with the eagle, no Leda, no Orpheus, no Danaë, no Europa—but always and only Apollo! He was guiding his car; he was singing among the Nine; he was drawing his bow; he was flaying Marsyas; above all—the only repeated picture—he was guiding the oxen of Admetus, goad in hand, with the glory yet vivid about his hair. Could it (someone suggested) be the pavement of a temple? And, if so, how came a temple of the sun-god upon this unhomely coast?

The discovery gave rise to a small sensation and several ingenious theories, one enthusiastic philologue, going so far as to derive the name Halzaphron from the Greek, interpreting it as “the salt of the west winds” or “Zephyrs”; and to assert roundly that the temple (he assumed it to be a temple) dated far back beyond the Roman Invasion. This contention, though perhaps no more foolish than a dozen

others, undoubtedly met with the most ridicule.

And yet in my wanderings along that coast I have come upon broken echoes, whispers, fragments of a tale, which now and again, as I tried to piece them together, awakened a suspicion that the derided philologer, with his false derivation, was yet “hot,” as children say in the game of hide-and-seek.

For the stretch of sea overlooked by Halzaphron covers the lost land of Lyonesse. Take a boat upon a clear, calm day, and, drifting, peer over the side through its shadow, and you will see the tops of tall forests waving below you. Walk the shore at low water and you may fill your pockets with beech-nuts, and sometimes—when a violent tide has displaced the sand—stumble on the trunks of large trees. Geologists dispute whether the Lyonesse disappeared by sudden catastrophe or gradual subsidence, but they agree in condemning the fables of Florence and William of Worcester, that so late as November, 1099, the sea broke in and covered the whole tract between Cornwall and the Scillies, overwhelming on its way no less than a hundred and forty churches! They prove that, however it befell, we must date the inundation some centuries earlier. Now if my story be true—But let it be told:

In the year of the great tide Graul, son of Graul, was king in the Lyonesse. He lived at peace in his city of Maenseyth, hard by the Sullêh, where the foreign traders brought their ships to anchor—sometimes from Tyre itself, oftener from the Tyrian colonies down the Spanish coast; and he ruled over a peaceful nation of tanners, herdsmen, and charcoal-burners. The charcoal came from the great forest to the eastward where Cara Clowz in Cowz, the gray rock in the wood, overlooked the Cornish frontier; his cattle pastured nearer, in the plains about the foot of the Wolves' Cairn; and his tanners camped and washed the ore in the valley-bottoms—for in those days they had no need to dig into the earth for metal, but found plenty by puddling in the river-beds.

So King Graul ruled happily over a happy people until the dark morning when a horseman came galloping to the palace



The rolling downs were not, but in their place a bright line.

of Maenseyth with a cry that the tide had broken through Crebawethan and was sweeping north and west upon the land, drowning all in its path. "Hark!" said he, "already you may hear the roar of it by Bryher!"

Yann, the King's body-servant, ran at once to the stables and brought three horses—one for Queen Niotte; one for her only child, the Princess Gwennolar; and for King Graul the red stallion, Rubh, swiftest and strongest in the royal stalls, one of the Five Wonders of Lyonesse. More than six leagues lay between them and the Wolves' Cairn, which surely the waters could never cover; and toward it the three rode at a stretch gallop, King Graul only tightening his hand on the bridle as Rubh strained to outpace the others. As he rode he called vain warnings to the herdsmen and tinnars who already had heard the far roar of waters and were fleeing to the hills. The cattle raced ahead of him, around him, beside him; he passed troop after troop; and among them, in fellowship, galloped foxes, badgers, hares, rabbits, weasels; even small field-mice were skurrying and entangling themselves in the long grasses, and toppling head over heels in their frenzy to escape.

But before they reached the Wolves'

Cairn the three riders were alone again. Rubh alone carried his master lightly, and poised his head to sniff the wind. The other two leaned on their bridles and lagged after him, and even Rubh bore against the left-hand rein until it tired the King's wrist. He wondered at this; but at the base of the cairn he wondered no longer, for the old gray wolf, for whose head Graul had offered a talent of silver, was loping down the hill-side in full view, with her long family at her heels. She passed within a stone's throw of the King and gave him one quiet, disdainful look out of her green eyes as she headed her pack to the southward.

Then the King understood. He looked southward and saw the plain full of moving beasts. He looked northward, and two miles away the rolling downs were not, but in their place a bright line stretched taut as a string, and the string roared as if a great finger were twanging it.

Queen Niotte's horse had come to a standstill. Graul lifted and set her before him on Rubh's crupper, and called to Gwennolar to follow him. But Gwennolar's horse, too, was spent, and in a little while he drew rein and lifted her, too, and set her on the stallion's broad back behind him. Then forward he spurred again

and southward after the wolves—with a pack fiercer than wolves shouting at Rubh's heels, nearer and yet nearer.

And Rubh galloped, yet not as before; for this Gwennolar was a witch—a child of sixteen, golden-tressed, innocent to look upon as a bird of the air. Her parents found no fault in her, for she was their

forward, as now the earth grew moist about his hoofs. For far ahead of the white surge-line the land was melting and losing its features, trickles of water threading the green pastures, channelling the ditches, widening out into pools among the hollows—traps and pitfalls to be skirted, increasing in number while the sun sank



And their King . . . watched . . . their dark sails moving out against the sunset.—Page 169.

only one. None but the Devil, whom she had bound to serve her for a year and a day, knew of her lovers—the dark young sailors from the ships of Tyre, who came ashore and never sailed again nor were seen—or beneath what beach their bodies lay in a row. To-day his date was up, and in this flood he was taking his wages.

Gwennolar wreathed her white arms around her father and clung to him, while her blown hair streamed like gold over his beard. And King Gaul set his teeth and rode to save the pair whom he knew to be dearest and believed to be best. But if Nitte weighed like a feather, Gwennolar with her wickedness began to weigh like lead—and more heavily yet, until the stallion could scarcely heave his strong loins

behind and still the great rock of Cara Clowz showed far away above the green forest.

Rubh's head was leaning and his lungs throbbing against the King's heels. Yet he held on. He had overtaken the wolves; and Gaul, thinking no longer of deliverance, watched the pack streaming beside him but always falling back and a little back until even the great gray dam dropped behind. A minute later a scream rang close to his ear; the stallion leaped as if at a water-brook, and as suddenly sank backward with a dozen wolves on his haunches.

"Father!" shrieked Gwennolar. "Father!"

He felt her arms dragged from around



Drawn by Maxfield Parrish.

Through the night she calls to men, luring them down to their death.—Page 172.



One black noon in November a company of men crossed the sands

his neck. With an arm over his wife, Niotte, he crouched, waiting for the fangs to pierce his neck. And while he waited, to his amazement the horse staggered up, shook himself, and was off with a bound, fleet as an arrow, fleetier than ever before, yet not fleetier than the pack now running again and fresh beside him. He looked back. Gwennolar rose to her knees on the turf where the wolves had pulled her down and left her unhurt; she stretched out both arms to him, and called once. The sun dipped behind her, and between her and the sun the tide—a long bright-edged knife—came sweeping and cut her down. Then it seemed as if the wolves had relinquished to the waters not their prey only but their own fierce instinct; for the waves paused at the body and played with it, nosing and tumbling it over and over, lifting it curiously, laying it down again on the green knoll, and then withdrawing in a circle while they took heart to rush upon it all together and toss it high, exultant and shouting. And during that pause the fugitives gained many priceless furlongs.

They reached the skirts of the great for-

est and dashed into its twilight, crouching low while Rubh tore his way between the gray beech-trunks and leaped the tangles of brier, but startled no life from bough or undergrowth. Beast and reptile had fled inland; and the birds hung and circled over the tree-tops without thought of roosting. Graul's right arm tightened about his wife's waist, but his left hand did no more than grasp the rein. He trusted to the stallion, and through twilight and darkness alike Rubh held his course.

When at length he slackened speed and came to a halt with a shudder, Graul looked up and saw the stars overhead and a glimmering scarp of granite, and knew it for the gray rock, Cara Clowz. By the base of it he lowered Niotte to the ground, dismounted, and began to climb, leading Rubh by the bridle and seeking for a pathway. Behind him the voices of crashing trees filled the windless night. He found a ledge at length, and there the three huddled together—Niotte between swooning and sleep, Graul seated beside her, and Rubh standing patient, waiting for the day. When the crashing ceased around them, the King could hear the



at low-water and demanded to speak with the King.—Page 172.

soft flakes of sweat dripping from the stallion's belly, and saw the stars reflected now from the floor where his forest had stood. Day broke, and the Lyonesse had vanished. Forest and pasture, city, mart and haven—away to the horizon a heaving sea covered all. Of his kingdom there remained only a thin strip of coast, marching beside the Cornish border, and this sentinel rock, standing as it stands to-day, then called Cara Clowz, and now St. Michael's Mount.

If you have visited it, you will know that the mount stands about half a mile from the mainland; an island except at low water, when you reach it by a stone causeway. Here, on the summit, Graul and Niotte built themselves a house, asking no more of life than a roof to shelter them; for they had no child to build for, and their spirit was broken. The little remnant of their nation settled in Marazion on the mainland, or southward along the strip of coast, and set themselves to learn a new calling. As the sea cast up the bodies of their drowned cattle and the trunks of uprooted trees, they took hides and timber and fashioned boats and

launched forth to win their food. They lowered nets and wicker pots through the heaving floor deep into the twilight, and, groping across their remembered fields, drew pollack and conger, shellfish and whiting from rocks where shepherds had sat to watch their sheep, or tinnerns gathered at noonday for talk and dinner. At first it was as if a man returning at night to his house and, finding it unlit, should feel in the familiar cupboard for food and start back from touch of a monstrous body, cold and unknown. Time and use deadened the shock. They were not happy, for they remembered days of old; but they endured, they fought off hunger, they earned sleep; and their King, as he watched from Cara Clowz their dark sails moving out against the sunset, could give thanks that the last misery had been spared his people.

But there were dawns which discovered one or two missing from the tale of boats, home-comings with heavy news for freight, knots of women and children with blown wet hair awaiting it, white faces and the wails of widow and orphan. The days drew in and this began to



Drakon by Maxfield Parrish.

Twilight had fallen before the Stranger



rose and took his farewell.—Page 176.



And drew aside behind a rock while they passed.—Page 176.

happen often—so often that a tale grew with it and spread, until it had reached all ears but those of King Graul and Queen Niotte.

One black noon in November a company of men crossed the sands at low-water and demanded to speak with the King.

“Speak, my children,” said Graul. He knew that they loved him and might count on his sharing the last crust with them.

“We are come,” said the spokesman, “not for ourselves, but for our wives and children. For us life is none too pleasant; but they need men’s hands to find food for them, and at this rate there will soon be no men of our nation left.”

“But how can I help you?” asked the King.

“That we know not; but it is your daughter Gwennolar who undoes us. She lies out yonder beneath the waters, and through the night she calls to men, luring them down to their death. I myself—all of us here—have heard her; and the

younger men it maddens. With singing and witch-fires she lures our boats to the reefs and takes toll of us, lulling even the elders to dream, cheating them with the firelight and voices of their homes.”

Now the thoughts of Graul and Niotte were with their daughter continually. That she should have been lost and they saved, who cared so little for life and nothing for life without her—that was their abiding sorrow and wonder and self-reproach. Why had Graul not turned Rubh’s head perforce and ridden back to die with her, since help her he could not? Many times a day he asked himself this; and though Niotte’s lips had never spoken it, her eyes asked it too. At night he would hear her breath pause at his side, and knew she was thinking of their child out yonder in the cold waters.

“She calls to us also,” he answered, and checked himself.

“So it is plain her spirit is alive yet, and she must be a witch,” said the spokesman, readily.

The King rent his clothes. "My daughter is no witch!" he cried. "But I left her to die, and she suffers."

"Our lads follow her. She calls to them and they perish."

"It is not Gwennolar who calls, but some evil thing which counterfeits her. She was innocent as the day. Nevertheless your sons shall not perish, nor you accuse her. From this day your boats shall have a lantern on this rock to guide them, and I and my wife will tend it with our own hands."

Thenceforward at sunset with their own hands Graul and Niotte lit and hung out a lantern from the niche which stands to this day and is known as St. Michael's Chair; and trimmed it, and tended it the night through, taking turns to watch. Niotte, doited with years and sorrow, believed that it shone to signal her lost child home. Her hands trembled every night as Graul lit the wick, and she arched her palms above to shield it from the wind. She was happier than her husband.

Gwennolar's spell defied the lantern and their tottering pains. Boats were lost, men perished as before. The people tried a new appeal. It was the women's turn to lay their grief at the King's door. They crossed the sands by ones and twos—widows, childless mothers, maids betrothed and bereaved—and spread their dark skirts and sat before the gateway. Niotte brought them food with her own hands; they took it without thanks. All the day they sat silent, and Graul felt their silence to be heavier than curses—nay, that their eyes did indeed curse as they sat around and watched the lighting of the lantern, and Niotte, nodding innocently at her arched hands, told them, "See, I pray; cannot you pray too?"

But the King's prayer was spoken in the morning, when the flame and the stars grew pale together and the smoke of the extinguished lamp sickened his soul in the clean air. His gods were gone with the oaks under which he had worshipped; but he stood on a rock apart from the women and, lifting both hands, cried aloud: "If there be any gods above the tree-tops, or any in the far seas whither the old fame of King Graul has reached; if ever I did kindness to a stranger or wayfarer, and he, returning to his own altars,

remembered to speak of Graul of Lyonesse: may I, who ever sought to give help receive help now! From my youth I have believed that around me, 'beyond sight as surely as within it, stretched goodness answering the goodness in my own heart; yea, though I should never travel and find it, I trusted it was there: O trust, betray me not! O kindness, how far soever dwelling, speak comfort and help! For I am afflicted because of my people."

Seven mornings he prayed thus on his rock: and on the seventh, his prayer ended, he stood watching while the sun-rays, like dogs shepherding a flock, searched in the mists westward and gathered up the tale of boats one by one. While he counted them, the shoreward breeze twanged once like a harp, and he heard a fresh young voice singing from the base of the cliff at his feet—

There lived a king in Argos,—
A merchantman in Tyre
Would sell the King his cargoes,
But took his heart's desire:
Sing Io, Io, Io!—

Graul looked toward his wife. "That will be the boy Laian," said Niotte; "he sits on the rock below and sings at his fishing."

"The song is a strange one," said Graul; "and never had Laian voice like that."

The singer mounted the cliff—

The father of that merry may
A thousand towns he made to pay,
And lapp'd the world in fire!

He stood before them—a handsome, smiling youth, with a crust of brine on his blue sea-cloak, and the light of the morning in his hair. "Salutation, O Graul!" said he, and looked so cordial and well-willing that the King turned to him from the dead lamp and the hooded women as one turns to daylight from an evil dream.

"Salutation, O Stranger!" he answered. "You come to a poor man, but are welcome—you and your shipmates."

"I travel alone," said the youth; "and my business——"

But the King put up his hand. "We ask no man his business until he has feasted."

"I feast not in a house of mourning;

and my business is better spoken soon than late, seeing that I heal griefs."

"If that be so," answered Graul, "you come to those who are fain of you." And then and there he told of Gwennolar. "The blessing of blessings rest on him who can still my child's voice and deliver her from my people's curse!"

The Stranger listened, and threw back his head. "I said I could heal griefs. But I cannot cure fate; nor will a wise man ask it. Pain you must suffer, but I can soothe it; sorrow, but I can help you to forget; death, but I can brace you for it."

"Can death be welcomed," asked Graul, "save by those who find life worse?"

"You shall see." He stepped to the mourning women, and took the eldest by the hand. At first he whispered to her—in a voice so low that Graul heard nothing, but saw her brow relax, and that she listened while the blood came slowly back to her cheeks.

"O what are you telling her?" the King demanded.

"Hush!" said the Stranger, "Go, fetch me a harp."

Graul brought a harp. It was mute and dusty, with a tangle of strings; but the Stranger set it against his knee, and began to mend it deftly, talking the while in murmurs as a brook talks in a covert of cresses. By and by as he fitted a string he would touch and make it hum on a word—softly at first, and with long intervals—as though all its music lay dark and tangled in chaos, and he were exploring and picking out a note here and a note there to fit his song. There was trouble in his voice, and restlessness, and a low eager striving, and a hope which grew as the notes came oftener, and lingered and thrilled on them. Then his fingers caught the strings together, and pulled the first chord: it came out of the depths with a great sob—a soul set free. Other souls behind it rose to his fingers, and he plucked them forth, faster and faster—some wailing, some laughing fiercely, but each with the echo of a great pit, the clang of doors, and the mutter of an army pressing at its heels. And now the mourners leaned forward, and forgot all except to listen, for he was singing *The Creation*. He

sang up the stars and set them in procession; he sang forth the sun from his chamber; he lifted the heads of the mountains and hitched on their mantles of green forest; he scattered the uplands with sheep, and the upper air with clouds; he called the west wind, and it came with a rustle of wings; he broke the rock into water and led it dancing down the cliffs, and spread it in marshes, and sent it spouting and hurrying in channels. Flowers trooped to the lip of it, wild beasts slunk down to drink; armies of corn spread in rank along it, and men followed with sickles, chanting the hymn of Linus; and after them, with children at the breast, women stooped to glean or strode upright bearing baskets of food. Over their heads days and nights hurried in short flashes, and the seasons overtook them while they rested, and drowned them in showers of bloom, and overtopped their bodies with fresh corn: but the children caught up the sickles and ran on. To some—shining figures in the host—he gave names; and they shone because they moved in the separate light of divine eyes watching them, rays breaking the thickets or hovering down from heights where the gods sat at their ease.

But before this the men had brought their boats to shore, and hurried to the Mount, drawn by his harping. They pressed around him in a ring; and at first they were sad, since of what he sang they remembered the like in *Lyonnesse*—plough and sickle and flail, nesting birds and harvest, flakes of ore in the riverbeds, dinner in the shade, and the plain beyond winking in the noon-day heat. They had come too late for the throes of his music, when the freed spirit trembled for a little on the threshold, fronting the dawn, but with the fire of the pit behind it and red on its trailing skirt. The song rolled forward now like a river, sweeping them past shores where they desired to linger. But the Stranger fastened his eyes on them, and sang them out to broad bars and sounding tumbling seas, where the wind piped, and the breeze came salt, and the spray slapped over the prow, hardening men to heroes. Then the days of their regret seemed to them good only for children, and the life they had loathed took a new face; their eyes opened upon

it, and they saw it whole, and loved it for its largeness. "Beyond! beyond! beyond!"—they stared down on the fingers plucking the chords, but the voice of the harp sounded far up and along the horizon.

And with that quite suddenly it came back, and was speaking close at hand, as a friend telling them a simple tale; a tale which all could understand, though of a country unknown to them. Thus it ran:

"In Hellas, in the kingdom of Argos, there lived two brothers, Cleobis and Biton—young men, well to do, and of great strength of body, so that each had won a crown in the public games. Now once, when the Argives were keeping a festival of the goddess Hera, their mother had need to be driven to the temple in her chariot, but the oxen did not return from the field in time. The young men, therefore, seeing that the hour was late, put the yoke on their own necks, and drew the car in which their mother sat, and brought her to the temple, which was forty-five stades away. This they did in sight of the multitude assembled; and the men commended their strength, while the women called her blessed to be the mother of such sons. But she, overjoyed at the deed and its renown, entered the temple and, standing before the image of Hera, prayed the goddess to grant her two sons, Cleobis and Biton, the greatest boon which could fall to man. After she had prayed, and they had sacrificed and eaten of the feast, the young men sat down in the temple and fell asleep, and never awoke again, but so made an end with life. In this wise the blessing of Hera came to them; and the men of Argos caused statues to be made of them and set up at Delphi, for a memorial of their piety and its reward."

Thus quietly the great song ended, and Graul, looking around on his people, saw on their faces a cheerfulness they had not known since the day of flood.

"Sir," said he, "yours is the half of my poor kingdom and yours the inheritance, if you will abide with us and sing us more of these songs."

"For that service," answered the Stranger, "I am come; but not for the reward. Give me only a hide of land somewhere upon your cliffs, and there will I build a house and sing to all who have need of me."

So he did; and the fable goes on to say that never were known in the remnant of Lyonesse such seasons as followed, nor ever will be. The fish crowded to the nets, the cliffs waved with harvest. Heavy were the nets to haul and laborious was the reaping, but the people forgot their aches when the hour came to sit at the Stranger's feet and listen, and drink the wine which he taught them to plant. For his part he toiled not at all, but descended at daybreak and nightfall to bathe in the sea, and returned with the brine on his curls and his youth renewed upon him. He never slept; and they, too, felt little need of sleep, but drank and sang the night away, refreshed by the sacred dew, watching for the moon to rise over the rounded corn-fields, or for her feet to touch the sea and shed silver about the boats in the offing. Out yonder Gwen-nolar sang and took her toll of life as before; but the people heeded less, and soon forgot even when their dearest perished. Other things than sorrow they began to unlearn. They had been a shame-faced race; the men shy and the women chaste. But the Stranger knew nothing of shame; nor was it possible to think harm where he, their leader, so plainly saw none. Naked he led them from the drinking-bout down the west stairway to the bathing-pool, and naked they plunged in and splashed around him and laughed as the cool shock scattered the night's languor and the wine-fumes. What mattered anything?—what they did, or what they suffered, or what news the home-coming boats might bring? They were blithe for the moment and lusty for the day's work, and with night again would come drink and song of the amorous gods; or if by chance the Singer should choose another note and tell of Procris or of Philomela they could weep softly for other's woes and, so weeping, quite forget their own.

And the fable goes on to say that for three years by these means the Stranger healed the griefs of the people of Lyonesse, until one night when they sat around he told them the story of Ion; and if the Stranger were indeed Phœbus Apollo himself, shameless was the telling. But while they listened, wrapped in the story, a cry broke on the night above the mur-

mur of the beaches—a voice from the cliff below them, calling “Repent! Repent!”

They leaped to their feet at once, and hurried down the stairway. But the beach was empty; and though they hunted for an hour, they found no one. Yet the next night and every night after the same voice called “Repent! Repent!” They hurled down stones upon it and threatened it with vengeance; but it was not to be scared. And by and by the Stranger missed a face from his circle, then another. At length came a night when he counted but half of his company.

He said no word of the missing ones; but early next morning, when the folk had set out to their labors in the fields, he took a staff and walked along the shore toward the Mount. A little beyond Parc-an-als, where a spring gushes from the face of the cliff, he came upon a man who stood under it catching the trickle in a stone basin, and halted a few paces off to watch him. The man’s hair and beard were long and unkempt, his legs bare, and he wore a tattered tunic which reached below the knees and was caught about his waist with a thong girdle. For some minutes he did not perceive the Singer; but turned at length, and the two eyed each other awhile.

Then the Singer advanced smiling, while the other frowned.

“Thou hast followed me,” he said.

“I have followed and found thee,” the other answered.

“Thy name?”

“Leven,” said the man. “I come out of Ireland.”

“The Nazarite travels far; but this spot He overlooked on his travels, and the people had need. I brought them help; but they desert me now—for thee, doubtless?”

The Saint bent his head. The Singer laughed.

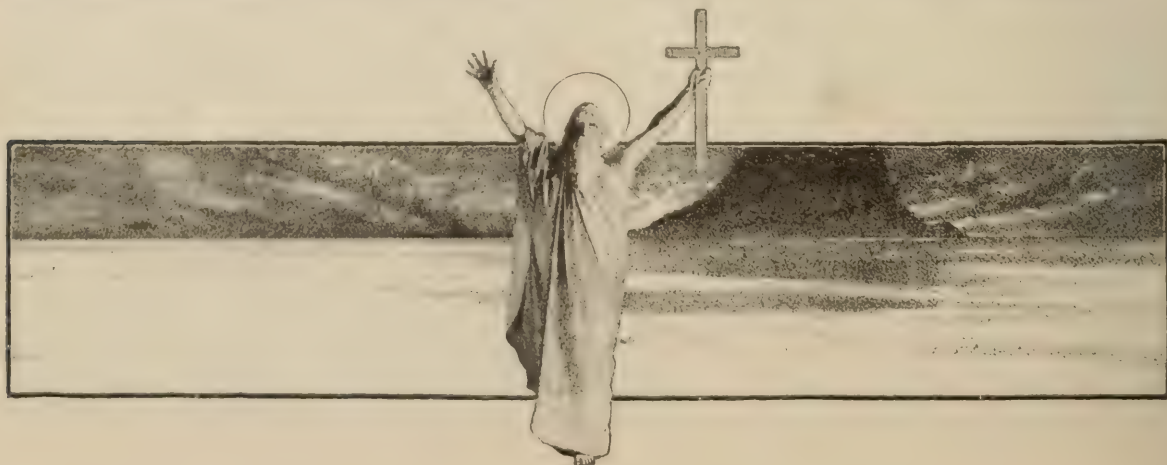
“He is strong, but the old gods bear no malice. I go to-night to join their sleep, but I have loved this folk in a fashion. I pitied their woes and brought them solace, I taught them to forget—and in the forgetting maybe they have learned much that thou wilt have to unteach. Yet deal gently with them. They are children, and too often you holy men come with bands of iron. Shall we sit and talk awhile together, for their sakes?”

And the fable says that for a long day St. Leven sat on the sands of the Porth which now bears his name, and talked with the Singer; and, that in consequence, to this day the descendants of the people of Lyonesse praise God in cheerfuller hymns than the rest of the world uses—so much so that a company of minstrels visiting them not long ago were surprised in the midst of a drinking-chorus to find the audience tittering, and to learn afterward that they had chanted the most popular of local burying-tunes!

Twilight had fallen before the Stranger rose and took his farewell. On his way back he spied a company approaching along the dusky shore, and drew aside behind a rock while they passed toward the Saint’s dwelling. He found his own deserted. Of his old friends either none had come or none had waited; and away on a distant beach rose the faint chant of St. Patrick’s “Hymn of the Guardsman:”

Christ the eye, the ear, the heart,
Christ above, before, behind me;
From the snare, the sword, the dart,
On the Trinity I bind me—
Christi est salus,
Christi est salus,

Salus tua, Domine, sit semper nobiscum!



OUTWARD!

By George Cabot Lodge

OUTWARD broad airs, the sea's unshadowed sweep
And larger voice on shores of lovelier lands,
Starred heavens of vaster light and night with sleep
Tender as women's hands.

Outward the grave processional of hours,
Each a discovered joy, a solved surmise ;
Days dark in bud, that, ripening, fall like flowers
Gardened in Paradise.

Outward ! O throes resolved in mightier song !
Splendor of nameless deeds, essential words,
Merged in the large acceptance, in the long
Pulse of the cosmic chords.

Outward, where every word and deed is fit ;
Outward, beyond the lies of name and shame,
Of sin and ignorance the cause of it,
Life's prison of fancied flame.

Outward ! O heart, the secret solved at last !
Love that enfolds, unites, and understands ;
Love like the sea, with equal waters cast
On this and alien lands !

Outward ! O free at last ! O steadfast soul
Calm in the poise of natural things ! O wise,
How wise is love !—only, beyond control,
To pass with open eyes !



RURAL NEW YORK CITY *

By Jesse Lynch Williams

THERE is pretty good snipe shooting within the city limits of New York, and I have heard that an occasional trout still rises to the fly in one or two spots along a certain stream—which need not be made better known than it is already, though it can hardly be worth whipping much longer at any rate.

A great many ducks, however, are still shot every season in the city, by those who know where to go for them; and as for inferior sport, like rabbits—if you include them as game—on certain days of the year probably more gunners and dogs are out after rabbits within the limits of Greater New York than in any region of equal extent in the world, though to be sure the bags brought in hardly compare with those of certain parts of Australia or some of our western States. Down toward Far Rockaway, a little this side of the salt marshes of Jamaica Bay, in the hedges and cabbage-patches of the “truck” farms, there is plenty of good cover for rabbits, as well as in the brush piles and pastures of the rolling borough of Richmond on Staten Island, and the forests and stone fences of the hilly Bronx, up around Pelham Bay Park, for instance. But the gunners must keep out of the parks, of course, though many ubiquitous little boys with snares do not.

In such parts of the city, except when No Trespassing signs prevent, on any day

of the open season scores of men and youths may be seen whose work and homes are generally in the densest parts of the city, respectable citizens from the extreme east and west sides of Manhattan, artisans and clerks, salesmen and small shop-keepers who, quite unexpectedly in some cases, share the ancient fret and longing of the primitive man in common with those other New Yorkers who can go farther out on Long Island or farther up into New York State to satisfy it. To be sure, the former do not get as many shots as the latter, but they get the outdoors and the exercise and the return to nature which is the main thing. And the advantage of going shooting in Greater New York is that you can tramp until too dark to see, and yet get back in time to dine at home, thus satisfying an appetite acquired in the open with a dinner cooked in the city.

Once a certain young family went off to a far corner of Greater New York, to attack the perennial summer problem. By walking through a hideously suburban village with a beautifully rural name, they found, just over the brow of a hill, quite as a friend had told them they would, tucked away all alone in a green glade beside an ancient forest, a charming little diamond-paned, lattice-windowed cottage, covered thick with vines outside, and yet supplied with modern plumbing within. It seemed too good to be true. There was no distinctly front yard or back yard, not even a public road in sight, and no neighbors to bother them except the landlord who lived in the one house nearby and was very agreeable. All through the close season

* See SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for October, 1899, January, 1900, and November, 1900, for articles by Jesse Lynch Williams on “The Water Front of New York,” “The Walk Up-Town,” and “The Cross-Streets of New York.”

they enjoyed the whistling of quail at their breakfast ; in their afternoon walks, squirrels and rabbits and uncommon song-birds were too common to be remarked ; and once, within forty yards of the house, great consternation was caused by a black snake, though it was not black snakes but mosquitoes that made them look elsewhere next year, and taught them a life lesson in regard to English lattice windows and American mosquito screens.

But until the mosquitoes became so persistent it seemed—this country-place within a city, or *rus in urbe*, as they probably enjoyed calling it—an almost perfect solution of the problem for a small family whose head had to be within commuting distance of downtown. For though so remote, it was not inaccessible ; two railroads and a trolley line were just over the dip of the hill that hid them, so that there was time for the young man of the house to linger with his family at breakfast, which was served out of doors, with no more objectionable witnesses than the thrushes in the bushes. And then, too, there was time to get exercise in the afternoon before dinner. "It seemed an ideal spot," to quote their account of it, "except that on our walks, just as we thought that we had found some sequestered dell where nobody had come since the Indians left, we would be pretty sure to hear a slight rustle behind us, and there—not an Indian but a Tammany policeman would break through the thicket, with startling white gloves and gleaming brass buttons, looking exactly like the policemen in the park. Of course he would continue on his beat and disappear in a moment, but by that time we had forgotten to listen to the birds and things, and the distant hum of the trolley would break in and remind us of all the things we wanted to forget."

I

IN a way, that is rather typical of most of the rurality found within the boundaries of these modern aggregations or trusts of large and small towns, and intervening country, held together (more or less) by one name, under one municipal government, and called a "city" by legislature. There is plenty that is not at all city-like

within the city walls—called limits—there is plenty of nature, but in most cases those wanting to commune with it are reminded that it is no longer within the domain of nature. The city has stretched out its hand, and the mark of the beast can usually be seen.

You can find not only rural seclusion and bucolic simplicity, but the rudeness and crudeness of the wilderness and primeval forest ; indeed, even forest fires have been known in Greater New York. But the trouble is that so often the bucolic simplicity has cleverly advertised lots staked out across it ; the rural seclusion shows a couple of factory chimneys on the near horizon. The forest fire was put out by the fire department.

There are numerous peaceful duck-ponds in the Borough of Queens, for instance, as muddy and peaceful as ever you saw, but so many of them are lighted by gas every evening. Besides the fisheries, there is profitable oyster-dredging in several sections of this city ; and in at least one place it can be seen by electric-light. There are many potato-patches patrolled by the police.

Not far from the geographical centre of the city there are fields where, as all who have ever commuted to and from the north shore of Long Island must remember, German women may be seen every day in the tilling season, working away, as industriously as the peasants of Europe, blue skirts, red handkerchiefs about their heads, and all ; while not far away, at frequent intervals, passes a whining, thumping trolley-car, marked Brooklyn Bridge.

In another quarter, on a dreary, desolate waste, neither farm land, nor city, nor village, there stands an old weather-beaten hut, long, low, patched up and tumbled down, with an old soap-box for a front doorstep—all beautifully toned by time, the kind amateurs like to sketch, when found far away from home in their travels. The thing that recalls the city in this case, rather startlingly, is a rudely lettered sign, with the S's turned the wrong way, offering lots for sale in Greater New York.

It is not necessary to go far away from the beaten paths of travel in Greater New York to witness any of these scenes of the

comedy, sometimes tragedy, brought about by the contending forces of city and country. Most of what has been cited can be observed from car-windows. For that matter, somewhat similar incongruity can be found in all of our modern, legally enlarged cities, London, with the hedges and gardens of Hampstead Heath, and certain parts of the Surrey Side, or Chicago, with its broad stretches of prairie and farms—the subject of so many American newspaper jokes a few years ago.

But New York—and this is another respect in which it is different from other cities—our great Greater New York, which is better known as having the most densely populated tenement districts in the world, can show places that are more truly rural than any other city of modern times, places where the town does not succeed in obtruding itself at all. From Hampstead Heath, green and delightful as it is, every now and then, the gilded cross of St. Paul's may be seen gleaming far below through the trees. And in Chicago, bucolic as certain sections of it may be, one can spy the towers of the city from miles away, across the prairie; even when down in certain wild, murderous looking ravines there is ever on high the appalling cloud of soft coal smoke. But out in the broad, rolling farm lands of Long Island, you can walk on for hours and not find any sign of the city you are in, except the enormous tax rate, which, by the way, has the effect of discouraging the farmers (many of whom did not want to become city people at all) from spending money for paint and improvements, and this only results in making the country look more primitive, and less like what is absurdly called a city.

But the best of these rural parts of town cannot be spied from car-windows, or the beaten paths of travel.

11

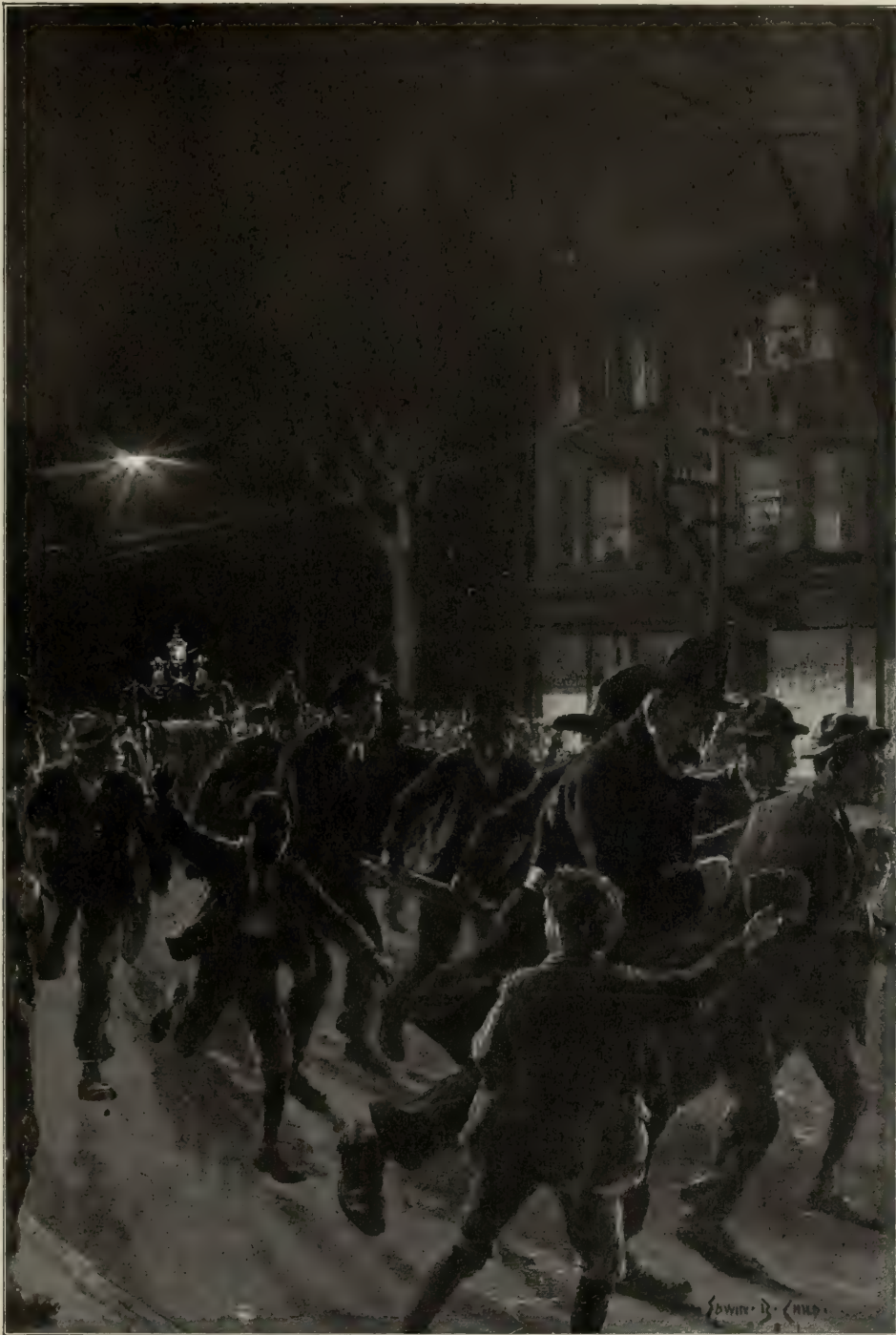
MAKE a journey out through the open country to the southeast of Flushing, past the Oakland Golf Club, and over toward the Creedmoor Rifle Range; after awhile turn north and follow a twisting road that leads down into the ravine at the head of Little Neck Bay, where a few of the many

Little Neck clams come from. All of these places are well within the eastern boundary of the city, and this little journey will furnish a very good example of a certain kind of rural New York, but only one kind, for it is only one small corner of a very big place.

As soon as you have ridden, or walked—it is better to walk if there is plenty of time—beyond the fine elms of the ancient Flushing streets, you will be in as peaceful looking farming country as can be found anywhere. But the interesting thing about it is that here is seen not merely a few incongruous green patches that happen to be left between rapidly devouring suburban towns—like the fields near Woodside where the German women work—out here one rides through acre after acre of it, farm after farm, mile after mile, up hill, down hill, cornfields, wheat-fields, stone fences, rail fences, no fences, and never a town in sight, much less anything to suggest the city, except the procession of market wagons at certain hours, to or from College Point Ferry, and they aren't so conspicuously urban after all.

Even the huge advertising sign-boards which usually shout to passers-by along the approaches to cities are rather scarce in this country, for it is about midway between two branches of the only railroad on Long Island, and there is no need for a trolley. There is nothing but country roads, with more or less comfortable farm-houses and large, squatty barns; not only old farm-houses, but what is much more striking, farm-houses that are new. Now, it does seem odd to build a new farm-house in a city.

Out in the fields the men are ploughing. A rooster crows in the barn-yard. A woman comes out to take in the clothes. Children climb the fence to gaze when people pass by. And one can ride for a matter of miles and see no other kind of life, except the birds in the hedge and an occasional country dog, not suburban dogs, but distinctly farm dogs, the kind that have deep, ominous barks, as heard at night from a distance. By and by, down the dusty, sunny, lane-like road, plods a fat old family Dobbin, pulling an old-fashioned phaëton in which are seated a couple of prim old maiden ladies, dressed in black, who try to make him move faster in the



Flushing Volunteer Fire Department Responding to a Fire Alarm.

presence of strangers, and so push and jerk animatedly on the reins, which he enjoys catching with his tail, and holds serenely until beyond the bend in the road.

Of course, this is part of the city. The road map proves it. But there are very few places along this route where you can find it out in any other way. The road leads up over a sort of plateau; a wide

expanse of country can be viewed in all directions, but there are only more fields to see, more farm-houses and squatty barns, perhaps a village church steeple in the distance, a village that has its oldest inhabitant and a church with a church-yard. Away off to the north, across a gleaming strip of water, which the map shows to be Long Island Sound, lie the



A Bit of Farmland in the Heart of Greater New York.

"Acre after acre, farm after farm, and never a sign of city in sight."

blue hills of the Bronx. They, too, are well within Greater New York. So is all that country to the southwest, far beyond the range of the eye, Jamaica, and Jamaica Bay and Coney Island. And over there, more to the west, is dreary East New York and endless Brooklyn, and dirty Long Island City, and, still farther, crowded Manhattan Island itself. Then one realizes something of the extent of this strange manner of city. It is very ridiculous.

When at last the head of Little Neck Bay is reached, here is another variety of primitive country scene. The upland road skirting the hill, beyond

which the rifles of Creedmoor are crashing, takes a sudden turn down a steep grade, a guileless looking grade, but very dangerous for bicyclists, especially in the

fall, when the ruts and rocks are covered thick with leaves for days at a time. Then, after passing a nearer view (through a vista of big trees) of the blue Sound, with the darker blue of the hills beyond, the road drops down into a peaceful old valley, tucked away as serene and unmolested as it was early in the nineteenth century, when the country cross-roads store down there was first built, along side of the water-power mill, which is somewhat old-



East End of Duryea House, where the Cow is Stabled.



One of the Farm Houses that Have Come to Town.
The old Duryea House, Flushing, once used as a head-quarters for Hessian officers.

er. In front is an old dam and mill-pond, called "The Alley," recently improved, but still containing black bass; in the rear Little Neck Bay opens out to the Sound beyond, one of the sniping and ducking places of Greater New York. The old store, presumably the polling-place of that election district of the city, is where prominent personages of the neighborhood congregate and tell fishing and shooting stories, and gossip, and talk politics, seated on boxes and barrels around the white-bodied stove, for the sake of which they chew tobacco.

It is one of those stores that contain everything—from anchor-chains to chewing-gum. There are bicycle sundries in the show-case and boneless bacon suspended from the old rafters, but the best thing in

the place is a stream of running water. This is led down by a pipe from the side of the hill, acts as a refrigerator for a sort of bar in one corner of the store—for this establishment sells a greater variety of commodities than a big Department store—and passes out into Long Island Sound in the rear.

The fact that they are in Greater New York does not seem to bother them much down in this happy valley; at least it hasn't changed their mode of life apparently. The last time we were there a well-tanned Long Islander was buying some duck loads; he said he was merely going out after a few snipe, but he ordered No. 5's.

"Have you a policeman out here?" we asked him.



The Old Country Cross-roads Store, Established 1828.
In the background is the old water-power mill.

"Oh, yes, but he doesn't come around very often."

"How often?"

"Oh, I generally catch a glimpse of him once a month or so," said the gunner. "But then, you see, these here city policemen have to be pretty careful, they're likely to get lost."

"Down near Bay Ridge," a man on the cracker-barrel put in as he stroked the store cat, "one night a policeman got off his beat and floundered into the swamp, and if it hadn't been that some folks of the neighborhood rescued him, he'd have perished—of mosquitoes."

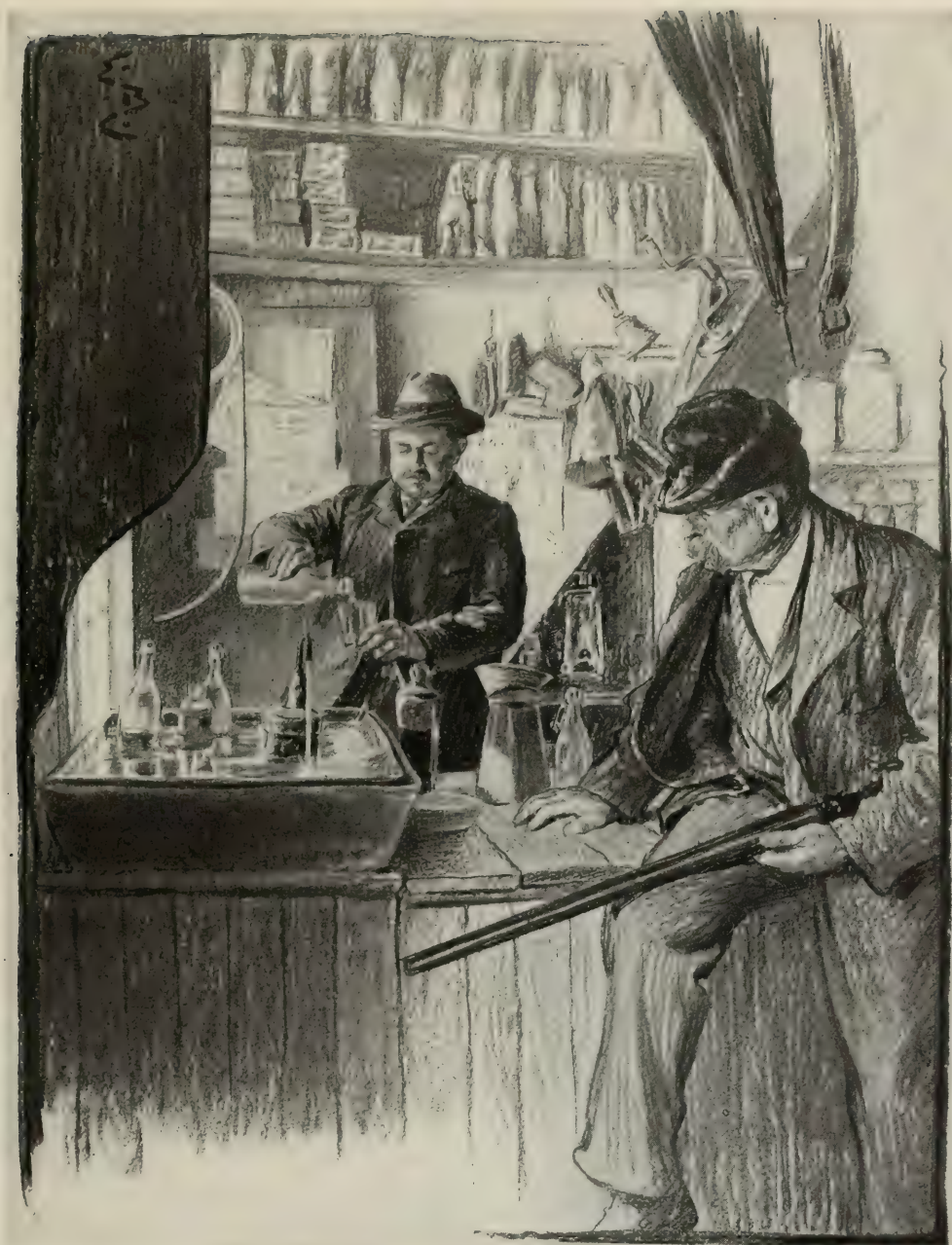
"We don't have any mosquitoes here on the north shore," put in the other, addressing us; but he is probably the humorist of the neighborhood.

This is only one of the many pilgrimages that may be made in Greater New York, and shows only one sort of rurality. It is the great variety of unurban scenes that is the most impressive thing about this city. Here is another sort, seen along certain parts of Jamaica Bay :

Long, level sweeps of flat land, covered with tall, wild grass that the sea-breezes

like to race across. The plain is intersected here and there with streams of tide-water. At rare intervals there are lonely little clumps of scrub oaks, huddled close together for comfort. Away off in the distance the yellow sand-dunes loom up as big as mountains, and beyond is the deep blue of the open sea, with sharp cut horizon.

The sun comes up, the wonderful color tricks of the early morning are exhibited, and the morning flight of birds begins. The tide comes hurrying in, soon hiding the mud flats where the snipe were feeding. The breeze freshens up, and white-caps, like specks, can be seen on the distant blue band of the ocean. . . . The sun gets hot. The tide turns. The estuaries begin to show their mud-banks again. The sun sinks lower ; and distant inlets reflect it brilliantly. The birds come back, the breeze dies down, and the sun sets splendidly across the long, flat plain ; another day has passed over this part of a so-called city and no man has been within a mile of the spot. The nearest sign of habitation is the lonely life-saving station away over there on the dunes, and, perhaps, a fisherman's shanty. Far out on



Interior of the Old Country Cross-roads Store.

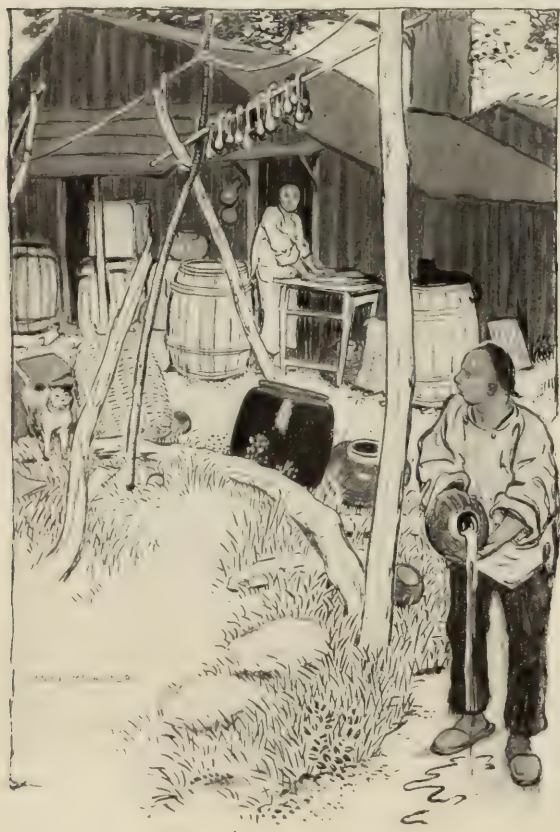
the sky-line is the smoke of a home-coming steamer, whose approach has already been announced from Fire Island, forty miles down the coast.

Then, here is another sort: A rambling, stony road, occasionally passing comfortable old houses—historic houses in some cases—with trees and lawns in front, leading down to stone walls that abut the road. The double-porticoed house where Aaron Burr died is not far from here. An old-fashioned, stone-arched bridge, a church steeple around the bend, a cluster of trees, and under them, a blacksmith shop. Trudging up the hill is a little boy, who stares and sniffles, carrying a slate and ge-

ography in one hand, and in the other leading a little sister, who also sniffles and stares. This, too, is Greater New York, Borough of Richmond, better known as Staten Island. This borough has nearly all kinds of wild and tame rurality and suburbanity. Its farms need not be described.

III

POINTING out mere farms in the city becomes rather monotonous; they are too common. But there is one kind of farm in New York that is not at all common, that has never existed in any other city,



The Colony of Chinese Farmers, Near the Geographical Centre of New York City.

so far as I know, in ancient or modern times. It is situated, oddly enough, in about the centre of the 317 square miles of New York—so well as the centre of a boot-shaped area can be located.

Cross Thirty-fourth Street Ferry to Long Island City, which really does not smell so bad as certain of our poets would have us believe; take the car marked "Steinway," and ride for fifteen or twenty

minutes out through dreary city edge, past small, unpainted manufactories, squalid tenements, dirty back-yards, and sad vacant lots that serve as the last resting-place for decayed trucks and over-worked wagons. Soon after passing a tumble-down wind-mill, which looks like an historic old relic, on a hilltop, but which was built in 1867 and tumbled down only last year, the Steinway Silk Mills will be reached (they can be distinguished by the long, low wings of the building covered with windows like a hothouse). Leave the car here and strike off to the left, down a lane which will soon be an alley, and then a hundred yards or so from the highway will be seen the first of the odd, paper-covered houses of a colony of Chinese farmers who earn their living by tilling the soil of Greater New York.

At short distances are the other huts crouching at the foot of big trees, with queer gourds hanging out in front to dry, and large unusual crocks lying about, and huge baskets, and mattings—all clearly from China; they are as different from what could be bought on the neighboring



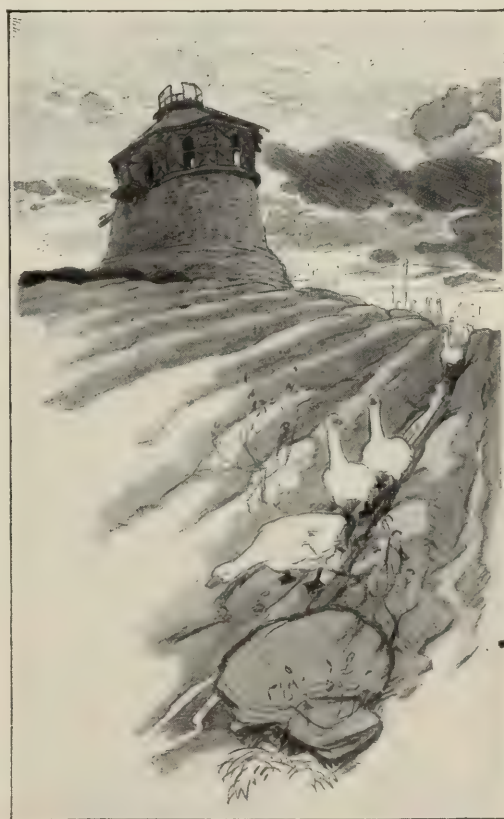
HENRY TUCKER.

"Working as industriously as the peasants of Europe, blue skirts, red handkerchiefs about their heads . . ."

avenue as the farms and farmers themselves are different from most Long Island farms and farmers. Out in the fields, which are tilled in the Oriental way, utilizing every inch of ground clean up to the fence, and laid out with even divisions at regular intervals, like rice-fields, the farmers themselves may be seen, working with Chinese implements, their pigtailed tucked up under their straw hats, while the western world wags on in its own way all around them. This is less than five miles from the glass-covered parade-ground of the Waldorf-Astoria.

They have only three houses among them, that is, there are only three of these groups of rooms, made of old boards and boxes and covered with tar paper; but no one in the neighborhood seems to know just how many Chinamen live there. The same sleeping space would hold a score or more over in Pell Street.

Being Chinamen, they grow only Chinese produce, a peculiar kind of bean and some sort of salad, and those large, artistic shaped melons, seen only in China or



Remains of a Windmill in New York City, Between Astoria and Steinway.



The Dreary Edge of Long Island City.

Chinatown, which they call something that sounds like "moncha," and which, one of them told me, bring two cents a pound from the Chinese merchants and restaurateurs of Manhattan. For my part, I was very glad to discover these farms, for I had always been perplexed to account for the fresh salads and green vegetables, of unmistakably Chinese origin, that can be found in season in New York's Chinatown. Under an old shed near by they have their market-wagon, in which, looking inscrutable, they drive their stuff to market through Long Island City, and by way of James Slip Ferry over to Chinatown; then back to the farm again, looking inscrutable. And on Sundays, for all we know, they leave the wagon behind and go to gamble their earnings away in Mott Street, or perhaps away over in some of the well-known places of Jersey City. Then back across the two ferries to farming on dreary Monday mornings.

IV

EVEN up in Manhattan there are still places astonishingly unlike what is expected of the crowded little island on which stands New York proper. There is Fort Washington with tall trees growing

out of the Revolutionary breastworks, and, under their branches, a fine view up the Hudson to the mountains—a quiet, sequestered bit of public park which the public hasn't yet learned to treat as a park, though within sight of the bicyclists resting about the Grant Monument on Riverside Drive. There are wild flowers up there every spring, and until quite recently so few people visited this spot for days at a time that there were sometimes woodcock and perhaps other game in the thickly wooded ravine by the railroad. Soon, however, with the crowds pouring across the new viaduct from Riverside, they will begin finding their way here in great Sunday afternoon hordes; and the grass on the breastworks will be flattened out, and the aged deaf man who tends the river light on Jeffreys Hook will become sophisticated, if he is still alive.

It will take longer, however, for the regions to the north, beyond Washington Heights, down through Inwood and past Tubby Hook, to look like part of a city. And across the Spuyten Duyvil Creek from Manhattan Island, up through the winding roads of Riverdale to Mount St. Vincent, and so across the line to Yonkers, it is still wooded, comparatively secluded and country-like, even though so many of



New York City Up in the Beginnings of the Bronx Regions—Skating at Bronxdale.

the fine country places thereabouts are being deserted. Over to the eastward, across Broadway, a peaceful road which does not look like a part of the same thoroughfare as the one with actors and sky-scrapers upon it, there are the still wilder stretches of Mosholu and Van Cortlandt Park, where, a year or two ago, large, well-painted signs on the trees used to say "Beware of the Buffaloes."

The open country sport of golf has had a good deal to do with making this rural park more generally appreciated. Golf has done for Van Cortlandt what the bicycle has done for the Bronx and Pelham Bay Parks. There are still natural, wild enough looking bits, off from the beaten paths, in all these parks, scenes that look delightfully dark and sylvan in the yearly thousands of amateur photographs—the camera does not show the German family approaching from the rear, or the egg-shells and broken beer-bottles behind the bushes—but beware of the police if you break a twig, or pick a blossom.

V

THOSE who enjoy the study of all the forms of nature except the highest can find plenty to sigh over in the way the city

thrusts itself upon the country. But to those who think that the haunts and habits of the Man are not less worthy of observation than those of the Beaver and the Skunk, it is all rather interesting, and some of it is not so deeply deplorable.

There are certain old country taverns, here and there, up toward Westchester, and down beyond Brooklyn and over on Staten Island—not only those which everybody knows, like the Hermitage in the Bronx and Garrison's over by the fort at Willets Point, but remote ones which have not yet been exploited in plays or books, and which still have a fine old flavor, with faded prints of Dexter and Maud S. and much earlier favorites in the bar-room. In some cases, to be sure, though still situated at a country cross-roads, with green fields all about, they are now used for Tammany head-quarters with pictures of the new candidate for sheriff in the old-fashioned windows—but most of them would have gone out of existence entirely after the death of the stage coach, if it had not been for the approach of the city, and the side-whiskered New Yorkers of a previous generation who drove fast horses. If the ghosts of these men ever drive back to lament the good old days together, they must be somewhat surprised, possibly dis-

appointed, to find these rural road-houses doing a better business than even in their day. The bicycle revived the road-house, and though the bicycle has since been abandoned by those who prefer fashion to exercise, the places that the wheel dis-

though not so old by twenty-five years as it is painted in the sign which says "Built in 1695," will probably be preserved as a museum too.

Another relic in that locality well worth keeping is the Duryea place, a striking old stone farm-house with a wide window on the second floor, now shut in with a wooden cover supported by a long brace-pole reaching to the ground. Out of this window, it is said, a cannon used to point. This was while the house was headquarters for Hessian officers, during the long monotonous months when "the main army of the British army lay at Flushing from Whitestone to Jamaica;" and upon Flushing Heights there stood one of the tar-



A Peaceful Scene in New York.

In the distance is St. Andrew's Church, Borough of Richmond, Staten Island.

closed are not forgotten. They are visited now in automobiles.

There are all those historic country-houses within the city limits, well known, and in some cases restored, chiefly by reason of being within the city, like the Van Cortlandt house, now a part of the park, and the Jumel mansion standing over Manhattan Field, a house which gets into most historical novels of New York. Similarly Claremont

Park has adopted the impressive Zabriskie mansion; and the old Lorillard house in the Bronx might have been torn down by this time but that it has been made into a park house and restaurant. Nearly all these are tableted by the "patriotic" societies, and made to feel their importance. The Bowne place in Flushing, a very old type of Long Island farm-house, was turned into a museum by the Bowne family itself—an excellent idea. The Quaker Meeting-house in Flushing,



Cemetery Ridge, Near Richmond, Staten Island.

barrel beacons that reached from New York to Norwich Hill, near Oyster Bay. The British officers used to kill time by playing at Fives against the blank wall of the Quaker Meeting-house, or by riding over to Hempstead Plains to the fox-hunts—where the Meadowbrook Hunt Club rides to the hounds to-day. The common soldiers meanwhile stayed in Flushing and amused themselves, according to the same historian, by rolling cannon-balls about a course of nine holes. That was probably



Another Kind of City Life—Along the Marshes of Jamaica Bay.

the nearest approach to the great game at that time in America, and it may have been played on the site of the present Flushing Golf Club.

These same soldiers also amused themselves in less innocent ways, so that the Quakers and other non-combatants in and about this notorious Tory centre used to hide their live stock indoors over-night, to keep it from being made into meals by the British. That may account for the habit of the family occupying the Duryea place referred to ; they keep their cow in a room at one end of the house. At any rate it is not necessary for New Yorkers to go to Ireland to see sights of that sort.

Those are a few of the historic country places that have come to town. There is a surprisingly large number of them, and even when they are not adopted and tableted by the D. A. R. or D. R., or S. R. or S. A. R., they are at least known to local fame, and are pointed out and made much of.

But the many abandoned country houses which are not especially historic or significant—except to certain old persons to whom they once meant home—goodly old places, no longer even near

the country, but caught by the tide well within the city, that is the kind to be sorry for. Nobody pays much attention to them. A forlorn For Sale sign hangs out in front, weather-beaten and discouraged. The tall colonial columns still try to stand up straight and to appear unconscious of the faded paint and broken windows, hoping that no one notices the tangle of weeds in the old-fashioned garden, where old-fashioned children used to play hide-and-seek among the box-paths, now overgrown or buried under tin cans. . . . Across the way, perhaps, there has already squatted an unabashed row of cheap, vulgar houses, impudent, staring little city homes, vividly painted, and all exactly alike, with highly ornamented wooden stoops below and zinc cornices above, like false hair fronts. They look at times as though they were putting their heads together to gossip and smile about their odd, old neighbor that has such out-of-date fan-lights, that has no electric bell, no folding-beds, and not a bit of zinc cornicing.

Meanwhile the old house turns its gaze the other way, thinking of days gone by, patiently waiting the end—which will come soon enough.



JANNIK AND GENEVIEVE



Drawn by Henry McCarter.



JANNIK AND GENEVIEVE

(BRETON)



By Florence Wilkinson

SUN drips down in a well of gold ;
Flying geese like a line enscrolled,
Wild black writing across the gold.



OTHER, will he not come to night,
Jannik, Jannik ?
(The sun-burnt sound of his biniou ;
Oh, the dim sweet hour when he came to woo !)
He swung the scythe through the wet luzerne
And he sang to his swathe at the shining turn,
(Oh, the words of the song that he made me learn !)
It is long since he came ;
I will call his name,
Jannik, Jannik.

Sunset rusting the druid fell,
And the little sea-pools by Trégastel ;
Cromlechs grim on the druid fell.



LITTLE daughter, listen to me,
Belovèd one.
(Matin and vesper and holy bell ;
Let him fast and pray in his tower cell.)
He is now a priest that was Jannik ;
Cloak and cowl and the shaven cheek ;
(I have sealed his lips that he dare not speak.)
A little regret,
And then to forget,
Belovèd one.

Climbing the cliff of Dead Men's Bay,
Rock-hewn, desolate Saint Hervé ;
Finger of God over Dead Men's Bay.



OTHER, my little hands are cold,
The dark has come.
(I am sick of the swish of the dancers' feet
And the maniac measure the pipes repeat.)
Fling me away that gown of green
With its trailing length and its hateful sheen,
(Oh, the sarassin fields where the children glean !)
Shut me the door
And speak no more.
The dark has come.

Over the length of the languid land
Twilight, laid like a quiet hand ;
Step of the tide to the tremulous land.

Jannik and Genevieve



LITTLE daughter, we dance to-night
 In Rustéphan.
 (Jannik, the peasant, never again
 Will pipe to her, come to her over the fen,)
 Little daughter, they dance the gavotte,
 Young Corentin and Bernadotte.
 (She closes her eyes and answers not.)
 Candles and wine
 And the flame of the pine
 In Rustéphan.

Gossamer night like a web of black ;
 Flash of foam on the west wind's track ;
 Star of Saint Hervé pricking the black.



MOTHER, I am too tired to-night,
 Too tired to sleep.
 (Jannik alone in the belfry-tower,
 Mary have pity ! this was the hour.)
 Sing me a song of the Washers white,
 Women three in the house of night.
 (They are washing for me in the gray moonlight.)
 Sing me a song,
 Long and long ;
 Sing me to sleep.

Deep and deep in the bosom of sleep ;
 Fields of the poppy where peasants reap ;
 Trill of a skylark thrilling her sleep.



LITTLE daughter, my Genevieve,—
 She is asleep.
 (The pitiful hair, spread out like grain,
 The wasted hand 'on the counterpane.)
 Never and never a peasant can
 Wed with the house of Rustéphan.
 (Oh, the heart of a maid and the heart of a man !)
 I will kiss her brow
 And leave her now ;
 She is asleep.

Folded hands of Genevieve ;
 Tides that understand and grieve
 All night long for Genevieve.



FATHER-IN-GOD, when the sea goes out
 By Trégastel,
 (The marble calm of the buried face,
 The vanished voice and the empty place.)
 When the sea goes out on the orange rocks,
 And I hear the tinkle of homeward flocks,
 (Oh, a cruel calm is the calm that mocks.)
 I hear, I hear,
 In the evening clear
 By Trégastel,

Angelus pealing from Saint Hervé ;
Souls of the drowned in Dead Men's Bay
Reaching white hands to Saint Hervé.



WHEN the sea goes out to its mothering caves,
To Tal-Yvern,
(Oh, the voice of the priest that wept above her,
The voice of Jannik, her peasant lover !)
I hear the sound of his biniou,
And they walk in the fields as they used to do.
(Oh, the dim sweet hour when he came to woo !)
And the green of the sea
Is memory to me,
At Tal-Yvern.

Leagues of silence large and grave ;
Feathery moon that crinkles the wave ;
Liquid green and the silence grave.



FATHER-IN-GOD, when the dark comes down
On Rustéphan,
(The sleepers mutter as past each door
My garments whisper along the floor.)
Within the shadow of the stair,
Her bier stands there, the torches flare,
(Her face between the outspread hair.)
My tears down fall
Upon her pall
In Rustéphan.

Stroke of midnight from the tower ;
Sigh of a soul awake that hour ;
Sad small star in the belfry tower.



KNEEL and ask her to forgive,
Forgive my sin.
Father-in-God, my tears down
fall ;
She smiles and answers not at all.
That moonbeam on the floor by thee
Lies not so straight, so white as she,
(So still and smiling up at me.)
Ay, seven times seven,
Mary in Heaven,
Forgive my sin.

Skylark springing above her head ;
Wrinkled splash of a poppy red ;
Quiver of summer above her head.



A LITTLE SAVAGE GENTLEMAN

By Isobel Strong

"IF you want a child as badly as all that," my brother said, "why not adopt a chief's son, someone who is handsome and well-born, and will be a credit to you, instead of crying your eyes

foot and trying to make his lot easier to bear, and he had been spirited away. One may live long in Samoa without understanding the whys and wherefores. His mother may have been jealous of my care of the child and carried him away in the night; or the clan to which he belonged may have sent for him, though his reputed father was our assistant cook. At any rate, he had gone—departed as completely and entirely as though he had vanished into thin air, and I, sitting on the steps of the veranda, gave way to tears.

Two days later, as I hastened across the court-yard, I turned the corner suddenly, nearly falling over a small Samoan boy, who stood erect in a gallant pose before the house, leaning upon a long stick of sugar-cane, as though it were a spear.

"Who are you?" I asked, in the native language.

"I am your son," was the surprising reply.

"And what is your name?"

"Pola," he said. "Pola, of Tanugamanono, and my mother is the white chief lady, Teuila of Vailima."

He was a beautiful creature, of an even tint of light bronze brown; his slender body reflected the polish of scented coconut oil, the tiny garment he called his "lava lava" fastened at the waist was coquettishly kilted above one knee. He wore a necklace of scarlet berries across his shoulders, and a bright red hibiscus flower stuck behind his ear. On his round smooth cheek a single rose-leaf hid the dimple. His large black eyes looked up at me with an expression of terror, overcome by pure physical courage. From the top of his curly head to the soles of his high-arched slender foot he looked *tama'alii*—

out over a little common brat who is an ungrateful cub, and ugly into the bargain?"

I wasn't particularly fond of the "common brat," but I had grown used to tending him, bandaging his miserable little



high-bred. To all my inquiries he answered in purest high-chief Samoan that he was my son.

My brother came to the rescue with explanations. Taking pity on me, he had gone to our village (as we called Tanugamanono) and adopted the chief's second son in my name, and here he was come to present himself in person.

I shook hands with him, a ceremony he performed very gracefully with great dignity. Then he offered me the six feet of sugar-cane, with the remark that it was a small, trifling gift, unworthy of my high-chief notice. I accepted it with a show of great joy and appreciation, though by a turn of the head one could see acres of sugar-cane growing on the other side of the river.

There was an element of embarrassment in the possession of this charming creature. I could not speak the Samoan language very well at that time, and saw, by his vague but polite smile, that much of my conversation was incomprehensible to him. His language to me was so extremely "high-chief" that I couldn't understand more than three words in a sentence. What made the situation still more poignant was that look of repressed fear glinting in the depths of his black velvety eyes.

I took him by the hand (that trembled slightly in mine, though he walked boldly along with me) and led him about the house, thinking the sight of all the wonders of Vailima might divert his mind. When I threw open the door of the hall, with its pictures and statues, waxed floor and glitter of silver on the sideboard, Pola made the regulation quotation from Scripture, "And behold the half has not been told me."

He went quite close to the tiger-skin, with the glass eyes and big teeth. "It is not living?" he asked, and when I assured him it was dead he remarked that it was a large pussy, and then added, gravely, that he supposed the forests of London were filled with these animals.

He held my hand quite tightly going up the stairs, and I realized then that he could never have mounted a staircase before. Indeed, everything in the house, even chairs and tables, books and pictures, were new and strange to this little savage gentleman.

I took him to my room where I had a number of letters to write. He sat on the floor at my feet very obediently while I went on with my work. Looking down a few minutes later I saw that he had fallen asleep, lying on a white rug in a childish, graceful attitude, and I realized again his wild beauty and charm.

Late in the day, as it began to grow dark, I asked Pola if he did not want to go home.

"No, Teuila," he answered, bravely.

"But you will be my boy just the same," I explained. "Only you see Tumau (his real mother) will be lonely at first. So you can sleep at the village and come and see me during the day."

His eyes lit up with that and the first smile of the day overspread his face, showing the whitest teeth imaginable.

It was not long before he was perfectly at home in Vailima. He would arrive in the morning early, attended by a serving-man of his family who walked meekly in the young chief's footsteps, carrying the usual gift for me. Sometimes it was sugar-cane, or a wreath woven by the village girls, or a single fish wrapped in a piece of banana-leaf, or a few fresh water prawns, or even a bunch of wayside flowers; my little son seldom came empty-handed.

It was Pola who really taught me the Samoan language. Ordinarily the natives cannot simplify their remarks for foreigners, but Pola invented a sort of Samoan baby-talk for me; sometimes, if I could not understand, he would shake me with his fierce little brown hands, crying, "Stupid, stupid!" But generally he was extremely patient with me, trying a sentence in half a dozen different ways, with his bright eyes fixed eagerly on my face, and when the sense of what he said dawned upon me and I repeated it to prove that I understood, his own countenance would light up with an expression of absolute pride and triumph. "Good!" he would say, approvingly. "Great is your high chief wisdom!"

Once we spent a happy afternoon together in the forest picking up queer land shells, bright berries and curious flowers, while Pola dug up a number of plants by the roots. I asked him the next day what he had done with the beautiful red flowers. His reply was beyond me, so I

shook my head. He looked at me anxiously for a moment with that worried expression that so often crossed his face in conversation with me, and patting the floor scraped up an imaginary hole, "They sit down in the dusty," he said in baby Samoan. "Where?" I asked. "In front of Tumau." And then I understood that he had planted them in the ground before his mother's house.

Another time he came up all laughter and excitement to tell of an adventure.

"Your brother," he said, "the high chief Loia, he of the four eyes (eyeglasses) came riding by the village as I was walking up to Vailima. He offered me a ride on his chief-horse and gave me his chief-hand. I put my foot on the stirrup, and just as I jumped the horse shied, and, as I had hold of the high chief Loia, we both fell off into the road *palasi*."

"Yes," I said, "you both fell off. That was very funny."

"*Palasi!*" he reiterated.

But here I looked doubtful. Pola repeated his word several times as though the very sound ought to convey some idea to my bemuddled brain, and then a bright idea struck him. I heard his bare feet pattering swiftly down the stairs. He came flying back, still laughing, and laid a heavy dictionary in my lap. I hastily turned the leaves, Pola questing in each one like an excited little dog, till I found the definition of his word, "to fall squash like a ripe fruit on the ground."

"*Palasi!*" he cried, triumphantly, when he saw I understood, making a gesture downward with both hands the while laughing heartily. "We both fell off *palasi!*"

It was through Pola that I learned all the news of Tanugamanono. He would curl up on the floor at my feet as I sat in my room sewing, and pour forth an endless stream of village gossip. How Mata, the native parson, had whipped his daughter for going to a picnic on Sunday and drinking a glass of beer.

"Her father went whack! whack!" Pola illustrated the scene with gusto, "and Maua cried, ah! ah! But the village says Mata is right, for we must not let the white man's evil come near us."

"Evil?" I said; "what evil?"

"Drink," said Pola, solemnly.

Then he told how "the ladies of Tanugamanono" bought a pig of Mr. B., a trader, each contributing a dollar until forty dollars were collected. There was to be a grand feast among the ladies on account of the choosing of a maid or taupo, the young girl who represents the village on all state occasions. When the pig came it turned out to be an old boar, so tough and rank it could not be eaten. The ladies were much ashamed before their guests, and asked the white man for another pig, but he only laughed at them. He had their money, so he did not care.

"That was very, very bad of him," I exclaimed, indignantly.

"It is the way of white people," said Pola, philosophically.

It was through my little chief that we learned of a bit of fine hospitality. It seems that pigs were scarce in the village, so each house-chief pledged himself to refrain from killing one of them for six months. Anyone breaking this rule agreed to give over his house to be looted by the village.

Pola came up rather late one morning, and told me, hilariously, of the fun they had had looting Tupuola's house.

"But Tupuola is a friend of ours," I said. "I don't like to hear of all his belongings being scattered."

"It is all right," Pola explained. "Tupuola said to the village, 'Come and loot. I have broken the law and I will pay the forfeit.'"

"How did he break the law?" I asked.

"When the high-chief Loia, your brother of the four eyes, stopped the night at Tanugamanono, on his way to the shark fishing, he stayed with Tupuola, so of course it was chiefly to kill a pig in his honor."

"But it was against the law. My brother would not have liked it, and Tupuola must have felt badly to know his house was to be looted."

"He would have felt worse," said Pola, "to have acted unchiefly to a friend."

We never would have known of the famine in Tanugamanono if it had not been for Pola. The hurricane had blown off all the young nuts from the cocoanut-palms and the fruit from the breadfruit-trees, while the taro was not yet ripe. We passed the village daily. The chief was my broth-

er's dear friend, the girls often came up to decorate the place for a dinner-party, but we had no hint of any distress in the village.

One morning I gave Pola two large ship's biscuits from the pantry.

"Be not angry," said Pola. "But I prefer to carry these home."

"Eat them," I said, "and I will give you more."

Before leaving that night he came to remind me of this. I was swinging in a hammock reading a novel when Pola came to kiss my hand and bid me good-night.

"Love," I said, "*Talofa*."

"*Soifua*," Pola replied, "may you sleep;" and then he added, "Be not angry, but the ship's biscuits——"

"Are you hungry?" I asked. "Didn't you have your dinner?"

"Oh, yes, plenty of pea-soupo" (a general name for anything in tins); "but you said, in your high-chief kindness, that if I ate the two biscuits you would give me more to take home."

"And you ate them?"

He hesitated a perceptible moment, and then said :

"Yes, I ate them."

He looked so glowing and sweet, leaning forward to beg a favor, that I suddenly pulled him to me by his bare, brown shoulders for a kiss. He fell against the hammock and two large round ship's biscuits slipped from under his *lava-lava*.

"Oh, Pola!" I cried, reproachfully. It cut me to the heart that he should lie to me.

He picked them up in silence, repressing the tears that stood in his big black eyes and turned to go. I felt there was something strange in this, one of those mysterious Samoan affairs that had so often baffled me.

"I will give you two more biscuits," I said, quietly, "if you will explain why you told a wicked lie and pained the heart that loved you."

"Teuila," he cried, anxiously, "I love you. I would not pain your heart for all the world. But they are starving in the village. My father, the Chief, divides the food, so that each child and old person and all shall share alike, and to-day there was only green baked bananas, two for

each, and to-night when I return there will be again a division of one for each member of the village. It seems hard that I should come here and eat and eat, and my brother and my two little sisters, and the good Tumau also, should have only one banana. So I thought I would say to you 'behold I have eaten the two biscuits' and then you would give me two more and that would be enough for one each to my two sisters and Tumau and my brother, who is older than I."

That night my brother went down to the village and interviewed the Chief. It was all true, as Pola had said, only they had been too proud to mention it. Mr. Stevenson sent bags of rice and kegs of beef to the village, and gave them permission to dig for edible roots in our forest, so they were able to tide over until the *taro* and yams were ripe.

Pola always spoke of Vailima as "our place," and Mr. Stevenson as "my Chief." I had given him a little brown pony that exactly matched his own skin. A missionary, meeting him in the forest road as he was galloping along like a young Centaur, asked, "Who are you?"

"I," answered Pola, reining in his pony with a gallant air, "am one of the Vailima men!"

He proved, however, that he considered himself a true Samoan by a conversation we had together once when we were walking down to Apia. We passed a new house where a number of half-caste carpenters were briskly at work.

"See how clever these men are, Pola," I said, "building the white man's house. When you get older perhaps I will have you taught carpentering, that you may build houses and make money."

"Me?" asked Pola, surprised.

"Yes," I replied. "Don't you think that would be a good idea?"

"I am the son of a chief," said Pola.

"I know," I said, "that your highness is a very great personage, but all the same it is good to know how to make money. Wouldn't you like to be a carpenter?"

"No," said Pola, scornfully, adding, with a wave of his arm that took in acres of bread-fruit trees, banana groves, and taro patches, "Why should I work? All this land belongs to me."

Once, when Pola had been particu-

larly adorable, I told him, in a burst of affection, that he could have anything in the world he wanted, only begging him to name it.

He smiled, looked thoughtful for an instant, and then answered, promptly, that of all things in the world he would like ear-rings, like those the sailors wear.

I bought him a pair the next time I went to town. Then, armed with a cork and a needleful of white silk, I called Pola, and asked if he wanted the ear-rings badly enough to endure the necessary operation.

He smiled and walked up to me.

"Now, this is going to hurt, Pola," I said.

He stood perfectly straight when I pushed the needle through his ear and cut off the little piece of silk. I looked anxiously in his face as he turned his head for me to pierce the other one. I was so nervous that my hands trembled.

"Are you *sure* it does not hurt, Pola, my pigeon?" I asked, and I have never forgotten his answer.

"My father is a soldier," he said.

Pola's dress was a simple garment, a square of white muslin hemmed by his adopted mother. Like all Samoans, he was naturally very clean, going with the rest of the "Vailima men" to swim in the waterfall twice a day. He would wash his hair in the juice of wild oranges, clean his teeth with the inside husk of the cocoanut, and, putting on a fresh *lava-lava*, would wash out the discarded one in the river, laying it out in the sunshine to dry. He was always decorated with flowers in some way—a necklace of jessamine buds, pointed red peppers, or the scarlet fruit of the pandanas. Little white boys look naked without their clothes, but Pola in a strip of muslin, with his wreath of flowers, or sea-shells, some ferns twisted about one ankle, perhaps, or a boar's tusk fastened to his left arm with strands of horse-hair, looked completely, even handsomely, dressed.

He was not too proud to lend a helping hand at any work going—setting the table, polishing the floor of the hall or the brass handles of the old cabinet, leading the horses to water, carrying pails for the milkmen, helping the cook in the kitchen, the butler in the pantry, or the

cow-boy in the fields; holding skeins of wool for Mr. Stevenson's mother, or trotting beside the lady of the house, "Tamaitai," as they all called her, carrying seeds or plants for her garden. When my brother went out with a number of natives laden with surveying implements, Pola only stopped long enough to beg for a cane-knife before he was leading the party. If Mr. Stevenson called for his horse and started to town it was always Pola who flew to open the gate for him waving a "Talofa!" and "good luck to the travelling!"

The Samoans are not reserved, like the Indians, or haughty, like the Arabs. They are a cheerful, lively people, who keenly enjoy a joke, laughing at the slightest provocation. Pola bubbled over with fun, and his voice could be heard chattering and singing gayly at any hour of the day. He made up little verses about me, which he sang to the graceful gestures of the Siva or native dance, showing unaffected delight when commended. He cried out with joy and admiration when he first heard a hand-organ, and was excitedly happy when allowed to turn the handle. I gave him a box of tin soldiers, which he played with for hours in my room. He would arrange them on the floor, talking earnestly to himself in Samoan.

"These are brave brown men," he would mutter. "They are fighting for Mata'afa. Boom! boom! These are white men. They are fighting the Samoans. Pouf!" And with a wave of his arm he knocked down a whole battalion, with the scornful remark, "All white men are cowards."

After Mr. Stevenson's death so many of his Samoan friends begged for his photograph that we sent to Sydney for a supply, which was soon exhausted. One afternoon Pola came in and remarked, in a very hurt and aggrieved manner, that he had been neglected in the way of photographs.

"But your father, the Chief, has a large fine one."

"True," said Pola. "But that is not mine. I have the box presented to me by your high-chief goodness. It has a little cover, and there I wish to put the sun-shadow of Tusitala, the beloved Chief

whom we all revere, but I more than the others because he was the head of my clan."

"To be sure," I said, and looked about for a photograph. I found a picture cut from a weekly paper, one I remember that Mr. Stevenson himself had particularly disliked. He would have been pleased had he seen the scornful way Pola threw the picture on the floor.

"I will not have that!" he cried. "It is pig-faced. It is not the shadow of our Chief." He leaned against the door and wept.

"I have nothing else, Pola," I protested. "Truly, if I had another picture of Tusitala I would give it to you."

He brightened up at once. "There is the one in the smoking-room," he said, "where he walks back and forth. That pleases me, for it looks like him." He referred to an oil painting of Mr. Stevenson by Sargent. I explained that I could not give him that. "Then I will take the round one," he said, "of tin." This last was the bronze *bas-relief* by St. Gaudens. I must have laughed involuntarily, for he went out deeply hurt. Hearing a strange noise in the hall an hour or so later, I opened the door, and discovered Pola lying on his face, weeping bitterly.

"What *are* you crying about?" I asked.

"The shadow, the shadow," he sobbed. "I want the sun-shadow of Tusitala."

I knocked at my mother's door across the hall, and at the sight of that tear-stained face her heart melted, and he was given the last photograph we had, which he wrapped in a banana-leaf, tying it carefully with a ribbon of grass.

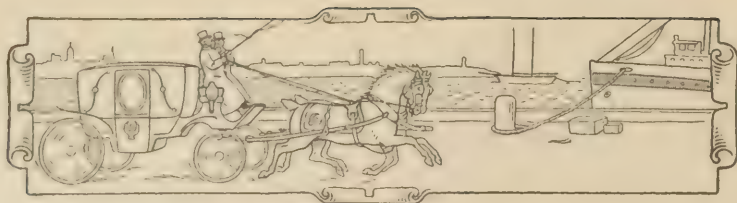
We left Samoa after Mr. Stevenson's death, staying away for more than a year. Pola wrote me letters by every mail in a large round hand, but they were too conventional to bear any impress of his mind.

He referred to our regretted separation, exhorting me to stand fast in the high-chief will of the Lord, and, with his love to each member of the family, mentioned by name and title, he prayed that I might live long, sleep well; and not forget Pola, my unworthy servant.

When we returned to Samoa we were up at dawn, on shipboard, watching the horizon for the first faint cloud that floats above the island of Upulu. Already the familiar perfume came floating over the waters—that sweet blending of many odors, of cocoanut oil and baking bread fruit, of jessamine and gardenia. It smelt of home to us, leaning over the rail and watching. First a cloud, then a shadow growing more and more distinct until we saw the outline of the island. Then, as we drew nearer, the deep purple of the distant hills, the green of the rich forests, and the silvery ribbons where the waterfalls reflect the sunshine.

Among the fleet of boats skimming out to meet us was one far ahead of the others, a lone canoe propelled by a woman, with a single figure standing in the prow. As the steamer drew near I made out the figure of Pola, dressed in wreaths and flowers in honor of my return. As the anchor went down in the bay of Apia and the custom-house officer started to board, I called out, begging him to let the child come on first. He drew aside. The canoe shot up to the gangway, and Pola, all in his finery of fresh flowers, ran up the gangway and stepped forth on the deck. The passengers drew back before the strange little figure, but he was too intent upon finding me to notice them.

"Teuila!" he cried, joyfully, with the tears rolling down his cheeks. I went forward to meet him, and, kneeling on the deck, caught him in my arms.



THE PINES OF LORY*

By J. A. Mitchell

I—A RELIC FROM AFRICA

THE *Maid of the North* was ready for sea.

Only the touch of the engineer was wanting to send her, once again, on a homeward voyage to the St. Lawrence. Meanwhile, in solemn undertones, she was breathing forth her superabundant steam.

Behind the wharf lay the city of Boston.

A score of passengers, together with friends who had come aboard to see them off, were scattered about the little steamer. Among them, on the after-deck, indifferent to the hot June sun, moved a gentleman of aristocratic mien. His raiment was above reproach. He gave the impression of being a distinguished person. But this impression was delusive, as his distinction was merely social. He was too well provided for, too easily clever and in too many ways, to achieve renown in any field requiring serious labor.

He inhaled the salt air as it came in from the sea, took out his watch, scanned the wharf, picked a thread from his sleeve and twirled, somewhat carefully, the ends of a yellow mustache. His glance moved indifferently over various passengers and things about him until it rested on a man, not far away. The man was leaning against the railing of the deck watching the scene upon the wharf below.

The extreme attenuation of this person had already rendered him an object of interest to several passengers. His clothing hung loosely from his shoulders. Both coat and vest were far too roomy for the body beneath, while the trousers bore no relation to his legs. But the emaciated face, deeply browned by exposure, told a story of hardship and star-

vation rather than of ordinary sickness. Two thin, dark hands, that rested on the ship's rail, seemed almost transparent.

The aristocratic gentleman regarded this person with increasing interest. He approached the railing himself and furtively studied the stranger's profile. Then, with an expression in his face less *blasé* than heretofore, he approached the man and stood behind him. Laying a hand on one of the shoulders to prevent his victim turning, he said :

"I beg your pardon, sir, but could you tell me the name of this town?"

There was a short silence. Then the stranger answered in a serious tone, and with no effort to see his questioner, "This is Boston, the city of respectability—and other delights."

"Yes?"

"It is also the home of a man who doesn't seem to have matured with the passing years."

"Well, who is that man?"

"A fellow that might have been a famous tenor if he had owned a voice—and some idea of music."

The other man laughed, removed his hand, and his friend turned about. Then followed a greeting as between old intimates, long separated. And such was the mutual pleasure of the reunion that a neighboring spectator, many years embittered by dyspepsia, so far forgot himself as to allow a smile of sympathy to occupy his face.

The countenance of the attenuated person was unusual; not from any peculiarity of feature, but from its invincible cheerfulness. This cheerfulness was constitutional and contagious. His face seemed nearly ten years younger than it was; for the unquenchable good-humor,

* Copyright, 1901, by J. A. Mitchell.

having settled there in infancy, had thwarted the hand of time. No signs of discouragement, of weariness or worry had gained a footing. There were no visible traces of unwelcome experience. While distinctly a thoughtful face, good-humor and a tranquil spirit were the two things most clearly written. His eyes were gray—frank, honest, mirthful, with little wrinkles at the corners when he smiled.

After many questions had been asked and answered, the more pretentious gentleman laid a hand affectionately on the other's arm, and said: "But what has happened to you, Pats? How thin you are! You look like a ghost—a mahogany ghost."

"Fever. A splendid case of South African fever."

"Too bad! Are you well over it?"

"Yes, over the fever, but still tottery. My strength has not come home yet. And the lead was a set back."

"You mean bullets?"

"Yes. I caught two, but they are both out. I am getting along all right now."

"And you have just reached America?"

"Landed in New York yesterday; got here this morning at half-past seven, found my family were up on the St. Lawrence, and here I am. But what are you doing on this boat?"

"Oh, I just came down to see somebody off."

An excess of indifference in the manner of this reply did not escape the friend from Africa. With a sidelong glance at his companion, he said, "A man, of course."

"How clever you are, Pats!"

"No need of being clever, Billy, when you advertise your secret by blushing like a girl of fifteen."

"Blush! I, blush! How old do you think I am? Ten?"

"Yes, all of that. But if you didn't actually blush, old man, you did look foolish. And this explains a state-room-full of flowers that I noticed. Is that *her* bower?"

"I think so."

"Well, who is she, Billy? You might as well tell me, for I shall be sure to discover if she goes on this boat."

"Elinor Marshall."

"Elinor Marshall? Why, that name is familiar. Where have I heard it?"

"She is a friend of your sisters."

"Of course!"

"And she is going to your place now, on a visit."

"Good! I'll cut you out. Is she fond of bones?"

Mr. William Townsend did not answer, but he looked at his watch. "She ought to be here now. The boat sails at ten thirty, doesn't it?"

"Yes."

"It's ten, now. I shall trot you up as soon as she arrives."

"Thanks. You will excuse my asking a cruel question, old man, but you certainly did not send *all* the flowers in that cabin?"

"Oh, no!"

"Then there are other—appreciators?"

"Yes."

Mr. Patrick Boyd, with a slight gesture toward two carefully attired gentlemen who were pacing the wharf, raised his eyebrows interrogatively.

His companion smiled. "Yes. She can also have either of them, and without the asking."

The attenuated man regarded the two gentlemen with interest. "That chap has a familiar face."

"Which? The one with the bouquet?"

"No; the one with the nose."

"That's Hamilton Goddard."

"To be sure! And I should know him for a lover. His anxious glances up the wharf, and those flowers, give him away. Such roses are for no aunt or sister."

"Better for him if they were!"

"Why? No chance?"

"Well, that is not for me to say. But he is one of those fearfully earnest chaps with a tragic soul; and a rebuff would be a dangerous thing for him."

"Poor devil!" And the man of cheerful countenance slowly wagged his head, as he added, in a sympathetic voice: "This being in love seems a painful pleasure."

Mr. William Townsend regarded his friend with half-shut eyes, and asked: "Are you still the superior person who defies the—the malady?"

"Even so."

"You never had it?"

"Never."

"How old are you?"

"Thirty."

"Then it's a lie."

"It's the truth. Of course I have known very fine girls who caused the usual thrills; whose conservatory kisses I should never undervalue. But when it comes to the fatuous delirium—the celestial idiocy that queers the brain and impairs the vision—why, I have been unlucky, that's all."

"You are a liar, Pats. Just a liar."

"Mumps have been mine, and measles; and I have fooled with grape-juice, but that other drunkenness has been denied me."

His companion's grunt of incredulity was followed by the exclamation:

"There she comes!"

The two men below had halted, wheeled about, and were watching an arriving carriage. Down the wharf with this equipage came an atmosphere of solidity and opulence, of luxury and perfect taste. On the box, in quiet livery, sat a driver and a footman. The driver, from his bearing and appearance, could easily have passed for the president of a college. As the carriage halted before the gang-plank the gentleman with the nose stepped forward and opened the door, while he of the roses stood by with a radiant visage, his hat in one hand, his offering in the other.

First emerged an elderly gentleman—tall, slender, and acutely respectable. After him a girl descended, also tall and slender. She was followed by a maid, and a Catholic priest. As the young lady stood for a moment conversing with the two admirers, her glance, in running over the little steamer, encountered Mr. Townsend, and she nodded pleasantly.

"Lovely! Enchanting!" murmured the man from Africa.

"Of course she is! Come down and I'll present you."

"But first, tell me something about her. What are the interesting facts?"

"Why—there's nothing to tell—that I can think of."

"Of course there is! There must be! Women like that don't bloom in every garden. What a patrician type! And all that black hair! She is unusual."

"Well, she *is* unusual, Pats. She is a splendid girl; an orphan—and she is giving her fortune all away."

"The devil! And to whom?"

"To philanthropy; to societies for the advancement of woman; to hospitals and other bottomless pits. But above all to the Catholic Church."

"Too bad! She doesn't look unintelligent."

"No: and she is not. Her mother and sister, all that remained of her family, were both drowned in the same accident, and the shock upset her for a time."

"And it was then the Holy Roman Church got in its work. That explains the Holy Roman guardian who seems to be along."

"Yes. That's Father Burke. He is a part of the comedy."

"Comedy! It's a blood-curdling drama! Hasn't she a brother or some relative to reach out a hand and save her?"

"She doesn't care to be saved. She is one of those women with a conscience. A big one: the sort that becomes a disease unless taken in time."

"I know. She feels guilty when she's happy. But she doesn't look all that. She seems a trifle earnest, perhaps, but very human, and with real blood in her veins."

Mr. Townsend sighed—a long, deep sigh that seemed to come from below his waist. "Yes, she was mighty good company and rather jolly before they closed in on her."

"Is she really in their toils?"

"You mean the Catholic prelates?"

"Of course."

"I am afraid so. She won't talk about it herself—at least, not with Protestants—but some of her friends say she thinks of going into a convent."

"Well," said Patrick Boyd, with a sudden warmth, as they turned to go below, "all I can say is, that the institution, sacred or secular, that tries to lure such a girl into a convent ought to be fired into space."

"Amen to that!"



II—FROTH OF THE SEA

AN hour later, as the *Maid of the North* was steaming for the open sea, the man from Africa and his new acquaintances formed a group on the after-deck.

The day was a rare one, even for early

June. Across the surface of the sea, now a sparkling, joyful blue, the air came free and full of life. This air was exhilarating. It inspired Father Burke to tell a funny anecdote, and he did it well. For not only did Father Burke possess a sense of humor, but his heavy, benevolent face, white hair and deep voice gave unusual impressiveness to whatever he chose to utter. Even Mr. Appleton Marshall, a victim of acute Bostonia, eluded for a time his own self-consciousness. He soon went below, however, to revel, undisturbed, in a conservative local paper. Mr. Patrick Boyd—or Pats, as we may as well call him—being always of a buoyant spirit, added liberally to the general cheer.

The young lady regarded this addition to her party with a peculiar interest. She knew that the mention of his name in his own family was for years a thing forbidden. Just how bad he was, or how innocent, she had never learned. And now, as she studied—furtively—this exile of uncertain reputation, and as she recognized the open nature, the fortitude, the tranquil spirit, all unmistakably written in his emaciated, sunburnt face, her curiosity was quickened. She knew that Sally, his elder sister—her own intimate friend—had persisted in a correspondence with this brother against her father's wishes. And that, perhaps, was in his favor. At least he had a good mouth and honest eyes. His neck, his hands and his legs were preternaturally thin, and she wondered if the gap between his collar and his throat told a truthful story of South African fever. If so, the change had been appalling. However, neither bullets nor fever had reduced his spirits.

The conversation touched on many things. When she happened to say that this was her first visit to the Boyd's Canadian house, he replied:

"And mine, too."

"Have you never seen it?" she asked, in surprise.

"Never. My father bought this place about ten years ago, and I have been away over thirteen years."

"I had forgotten you had been away so long."

With a smile and a slight inclination of his head, he replied: "That you should know of my existence is a flattering sur-

prise. Any mention of my name, I understand, was a State's prison offence until my father died."

"Not quite so bad as that."

"A man's fame is not apt to flourish when corked up in a bottle and laid away in a closet—with 'Poison' on the label."

Here was a chance to gratify a natural curiosity, and he seemed willing to throw light on the mystery. She was about to offer the necessary encouragement when Father Burke took the conversation into less personal fields. It may have been the contagion of this young man's cheerfulness or the reaction on the lady's part from an acute religious tension, but the priest had noticed Miss Marshall was awakening to a livelier enjoyment of her surroundings. The spontaneity and freedom of her laughter on one or two occasions had caused him a certain uneasiness. Not that Father Burke was averse to merriment. Too much of it, however, in this particular maiden and at this critical period might cause a divergence from the path along which he was now escorting her. So, he gave some interesting facts concerning this summer residence of the Boyd's, winding up with the information that the hunting and fishing all about there were unusual.

"But we women cannot hunt and fish all day!"

"Perhaps it's like Heaven," said Pats, "where there's nothing to do except to realize what a good time you are having."

"Is that your idea of a woman's ambition?" she asked.

"What better business on a summer's day?"

"Many things," replied the priest. "If she has a soul to expand and a mind to cultivate."

"But I was speaking of the human, natural, every-day woman we all enjoy—and are not afraid of."

Miss Marshall, in a politely contemptuous manner, inquired, "Then, personally, you find the intelligent woman of high ideals less congenial than—the other kind?"

"I find the superior woman with a gift of language makes brave men tremble. I think wisdom should be tempered with mercy."

After a pause and with a touch of sarcasm, she replied:

"That is quite interesting. A fresh point of view always broadens the horizon."

Ignoring her tone he answered, in an offhand, amiable way :

"Of course there is no reason why a woman should not enter politics or anything else, if she wishes. And there is no reason why a rose should not aspire to be a useful potato. But potatoes will always be cheaper than roses."

She smiled wearily and leaned back. As their eyes met he detected a look of disappointment—perhaps at her discovery of yet one more man like all the others, earthy and superficial. But she merely said, and in a gentle tone, "You forget that while all men are wise, all women are not beautiful."

With a deep sigh, he replied, "The profundity of your contempt I can only guess at. Whatever it is, I share it. We are a poor lot."

At thirty, man suspects himself a fool ;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan.

which is all true except the last line."

She smiled. "You are too severe. I consider man the highest form of animal life—after the dog and the elephant."

"Then where does woman come in ?"

"Oh—as man's satellite she is hard to place. Her proper position might be anywhere between the peacock and the parrot."

Pats shook his head, slowly and sadly. "That's an awful utterance !"

"But it enables you to realize her vanity in aspiring to the wisdom of man."

Father Burke laughed. "Fighting the Boer, Captain Boyd, is a different thing from skirmishing with the American girl."

"Indeed it is ! For in other encounters there is one chance of victory. But I have not been fighting the Boers. I was trying to help the Boers against the English."

"Ah, good !" said the priest. "You were on the right side."

But the lady shook her head. "I don't know about that. I should have joined the English and fought against the Boers."

"But, my dear child," exclaimed Father Burke, "the cause of the Boers is so manifestly the cause of right and justice. They were fighting for their freedom—the very existence of their country."

"Possibly, but the English officers are very handsome : and so stylish ! And the Boers are common creatures—mostly farmers."

Pats regarded her in surprise. "That doesn't affect the principle of the thing. Even a farmer has rights."

"Principles are so tiresome !" and she looked away, as if the subject wearied her.

"Does it make no difference with your sympathies," he asked, with some earnestness, "whether a man is in the right or in the wrong ? Would you have had no sympathy for the Greeks at Marathon ?"

She raised her eyebrows, and with a faint shrug replied, "I am sure I don't know. Was that an important battle ?"

"Very."

"In South Africa ?"

Pats thought at first this question was in jest. She looked him serenely in the face, however, and he saw nothing in her eyes but the expectation of a serious answer to a simple question. Before he was ready with a reply she inquired : "Were you at that battle ?"

He was so bewildered by this question and from such a woman, that for a moment he could not respond. Father Burke, however, in his calm, paternal voice, gave the required facts.

"The battle of Marathon was fought about twenty miles from Athens between the Greeks and invading Persians, nearly 500 years before Christ."

"Ah, yes, to be sure !" she murmured, indifferently, her eyes looking over the sea.

Pats, who was sitting in front of his two companions, regarded her in surprise. As she finished speaking he turned away his head, but still watching her from the corners of his eyes. Her own glance, with an amused expression, went at once to his face, as he anticipated. He laughed aloud in a frank, boyish way as their eyes met. "I knew you had some sinister motive in that speech. You almost fooled me."

And she smiled as she retorted : "I was merely trying to please you. You say you are averse to intelligence in a woman."

"Well, I take it all back. I am averse to nothing in a woman, except absence."

Father Burke took all this in, and he disapproved. Captain Boyd was by no means the sort of man he would have selected for companion to this maiden.

The young man's appreciation of the lady herself was too honest and too evident. It bore, to the observant priest, suspicious resemblance to a tender passion unskilfully concealed. Perilous food for a yearning spirit! Of course she was heavenly minded, and spiritual to the last degree, at present: but she was mortal. And the soul of a girl like Elinor Marshall was too precious an object to be thrown away on a single individual—above all, on a Protestant. Was it not already in the keeping of The Church? And then, there was little consolation in the knowledge that she was to be in constant intercourse with this man for a week, and during that time beyond all priestly influence.

The *Maid of the North*, until she passed Deer Island, bore a cheerful band of passengers. Then, in the open sea, she turned her nose a little more to the north, and while riding the waves as merrily as ever, she did it with a greater variety of motion. And this variety of motion, a complex, unhallowed shifting of the deck, first side-wise down, then lengthwise up, then all together and farther down—with a nauseating quiver—was emphasized by zephyrs from the engine-room and kitchen—zephyrs redolent with oil and cooking, and bilge water. All these, in time, began to trifle with the interiors of certain passengers, and to paralyze their mirth.

Among early victims was Mr. Appleton Marshall. After storing his mind with the financial news and social gossip of the morning paper he had rejoined his friends. Sitting beside his niece he participated, at intervals, in the conversation, his manner becoming more and more distant until, at last, it vanished altogether. To all who cared to see, it was plain that this stately and usually complacent gentleman was losing interest in external matters.

He seemed annoyed when a steward, about one o'clock, appeared on deck and rang a bell, announcing dinner. At this summons Patrick Boyd took out his watch and was obviously astonished at the flight of time.

"I had forgotten my friend," he exclaimed, and he hurried below.

At the dinner-table Elinor Marshall sat between her confessor and her uncle, the latter clinging bravely to his post through the soup and fish. Then, after watching

for a moment the various viands as they rose and fell with the heaving of the ship, accompanied, as it seemed to him, by a similar rising and sinking of his own digestive apparatus, he remarked, with some severity, that he felt no hunger. And he left the table with dignity, yet with a certain expedition. As the uncle disappeared, Patrick Boyd came in and took a seat opposite the lady and the priest.

"How did you find your friend?" Father Burke inquired.

"Discouraged."

"Poor fellow! Nothing serious, I hope."

"No. But he doesn't quite understand this starting right off again on another voyage."

"Is he—er—is his mind affected?"

This question appeared to surprise Captain Boyd. "No. But they have fastened him to a windlass, near the engine-room, and he resents it."

This reply merely intensified the curiosity of the questioner.

"Did you say they have fastened him?"

"Yes. It seems to be a rule of the boat."

The young lady also opened her eyes. After a pause she inquired, in a low voice, "Is he dangerous?"

"No, indeed! Not at all!"

"Then why tie him?"

"It is a rule of the boat, as I said."

"A rule of the boat to tie passengers?"

At this question Pat smiled, for a light broke in upon him. "My friend is a dog. I thought I told you."

"A dog!" and she seemed to find diversion in the seriousness with which Father Burke accepted the explanation. "I love dogs. Why shouldn't I go down and see him?"

"The honor would be appreciated."

"I will go after dinner. What sort of a dog is he?"

"A setter."

"And what is his name?"

Pats hesitated. "Do you really want to know?"

"Of course!"

"Well, his full name is Jan Bartholomeus Van Vlotens Couwenhorn Van der Helst Poffenburgh."

"Then he is Dutch."

"Yes. He was the property of four officers, and each owner bestowed a portion of his name."

"What do you call him for short?"

"Solomon. At first we called him Jan, but the other three sponsors objected. They said it was favoritism. So we all agreed on Solomon for every-day use."

"And he never resented it?"

"No. He understood it as a tribute to his extraordinary wisdom."

She seemed amused. "Is he so very remarkable?"

"Well," said Pats, laying down his knife and fork, and giving his whole attention to the subject, "as to general intelligence, foresight, logic, and a knowledge of human nature he is a wonder, even for a dog. And when it comes to dignity and tact, ease of manner and freedom from personal vanity, why—the other Solomon was a beginner."

She nodded and smiled approval. "I know something of dogs and men, and I believe it. Certain men exist, however, who are mentally superior to dogs. But it's the moral gulf between the two species that is so disheartening."

"All owing to the fatal power of speech."

"Possibly."

"I am sure of it. If dogs could talk, they would abuse the power, as humans do, and soon descend to the human level. They would lose the dignity that silence alone bestows and would become bores—like the rest of us." With a deferential movement of his head toward the priest, he added: "Except as they apply to myself, these remarks are in no way personal."

As Father Burke, with a perfunctory smile, bowed acknowledgment, the girl at his side inquired, with a serious face, "Well, what can be done?"

Pats, with equal seriousness, replied, "How would it do to establish an institute for the propagation of Silence?"

"The millennium would be in sight!" she exclaimed.

"And instead of rhetoric and declamation teach economy in words; show the pupils, by illustration and example, how much better they look when their mouths are not open."

"A very sensible idea! And award medals to those who attain the highest flights of silence."

"The very thought is restful," said

Pats. "And would you mind if I offered Solomon a professorship?"

"Not at all! It would look rather well in the catalogue, 'Solomon Boyd, Instructor in Moral Philosophy and Department.'"

With a glance at the mirthless face of the reverend gentleman beside her, she added: "And on the dome of the college shall be a colossal statue of Father Burke, in solid gold. He has not uttered a word in half an hour."

The priest answered pleasantly, but the tone of the conversation had given him little pleasure. Folly was in the air, and Elinor Marshall, to his surprise, seemed in harmony with it. Heretofore he had known her as a thoughtful, serious-minded woman, with a leaning to melancholy; and this unexpected and evidently enjoyable flight—or plunge—into pure nonsense, caused him a distinct uneasiness. The girl was brightening up, even becoming merry; a state of mind that never leads to a nunnery.

In this conversation, which ran on with rare intervals of seriousness until the meal was ended, Father Burke took no part. And when the younger people had gone below for their interview with Solomon, he decided, after long reflection, that considering the gravity of the case, his obvious duty was to drop a word in the lady's ear concerning this new acquaintance. The rest of the Boyds—the two sisters—were good Catholics, and from them there was nothing to fear. But if he, Father Burke, could counteract the influence of this interesting heretic, it would be a pious work. He must find his opportunity for an earnest conversation, and before she landed.

The more he meditated, the more anxious he became. But Fate, the practical joker—the fickle, the ruthless, forever mocking—was only waiting to lay his enemy at his feet.



III—A FOOL AT THIRTY

TOWARD the end of that day it became evident, in the west, that preparations were going on for an American sunset.

Preliminary colors, chiefly gold and crimson, crept swiftly across the sky. These colors, more dazzling as the sun approached the water, were caught and tossed about upon the surface of the sea until all the universe seemed ablaze.

Of this gorgeous spectacle Elinor Marshall, in a sheltered corner of the deck, was an appreciative witness.

Pats, in his mercy, had decided to allow the lady a respite from his society, at least during a portion of the afternoon. The lady, however, was so much more interesting than anything else aboard that he finally ignored his better judgment. And, now, leaning against the rail in front of her, he found the sunset duller, more monotonous and commonplace than the human combination in the steamer-chair. She, however, her head thrown back, with half-closed eyes, seemed fascinated by the glories in the west, and almost unconscious of his presence. As too much staring might cause annoyance, he did most of it on the sly. And the opportunity was good. As a mystery she proved an absorbing study: an irresistible blending of contradictions, of sympathy and reserve, of sadness—and of wit—of a character and temperament not half divulged. Whenever their eyes met he felt a mild commotion, a curious, unfamiliar excitement; something that made him less at ease. For it invariably brought the keenest anxiety as to her good opinion. He also experienced a consciousness of guilt; why, he knew not, unless from the expression of her eyes. They seemed to be reading his thoughts, and to be a trifle saddened by the result. That, alone, was disconcerting.

He began to see why those other fellows were in love with her. Although fireproof himself, he understood, now that he knew her better, the nature of the conflagration that devoured the men in Boston.

In her sensitive face, in her reserve and in her sometimes melancholy air, he saw traces of inward struggles between a passionate, impulsive, pleasure-loving nature and standards of virtue unattainably high. And when he remembered that she was doomed to the seclusion of a convent, that this life, with every promise of being exceptionally rich and full, was to be crushed, deadened and forever lost to the

outer human world, his resentment became difficult to suppress. He wondered, in a hot, disjointed way, if there was no possibility of a rescue.

Awakening from a reverie she caught him in the act, regarding her with earnest eyes, and with a frown. He also came back to earth—or to the boat—suddenly, and he observed a slight movement of her eyebrows as in surprise or disapproval. With a guilty air he looked away, and she wondered if the warmer color in his mahogany cheeks came entirely from the sunset. After an awkward silence, he said:

"I beg your pardon for staring at you. You are so very contradictory, and in so many ways, that I took the liberty of guessing at your real character; whether after all you are unpleasantly perfect, or whether it is merely your luck to possess an awe-inspiring exterior."

She was unable to repress a laugh. "And what have you decided?"

"I have not decided. That is, not finally. I keep arriving at new conclusions. My first impression was that you were a person of frigid altitudes; severe, exacting, and abnormally superior. Then, later, I have thought you warm-hearted—even impulsive: that your indifference is not always real. But of that, I am not sure. Still, I believe you possess a lower and a better nature."

"You seem to have made wonderful discoveries in a very few hours."

"I have been working hard."

"I hope the verdict is favorable."

"Well, yes—in a way."

"So bad as that!"

"No, not bad at all. It is merely that you have bullied your natural character. You have made it toe the mark and behave itself. Never given it any vacations, perhaps."

She regarded him intently, as if in doubt as to his meaning.

"But you don't know the cause," he added.

She made no reply.

"The cause," he said, "is the expression of your face."

"Ah!"

"Yes. It is impossible for any being of earthly origin to possess the celestial qualities promised in your countenance."

It is out of harmony with terrestrial things. Why, when those three men put out their hands this morning for you to touch, I held my breath at their presumption. I looked for three bolts from heaven to wither the extended arms."

"And your own face, Mr. Boyd, gives no indication of the subtleness of your irony : unkind, perhaps, but extremely clever."

"Irony ! Never ! I had no such thought ! I am merely announcing the discovery that with a different exterior you would have been less perfect, but more comfortable."

"If this is not irony it is something still more offensive. I gave you credit for a finer touch."

"I may be clumsy, but not malicious."

"Then explain."

"Well, you see, having a tender conscience, you have felt a sense of fraud whenever confronted by your own reflection. Being human you have had, presumably, ambitions, envies, appetites, prejudices, vanities, and other human ills of which the face before you gave no indication. And so, feeling the preternatural excellence of that face a lie, you have tried to live up to it ; that is, to avoid being a humbug. In short, your life has been a strenuous endeavor to be unnecessarily wise and impossibly good."

As their side of the steamer rose high above the sea after an unusual plunge, he added : "And I am afraid you have succeeded."

She remained silent, lost apparently in another revery, watching the changes in the west.

The light was fading. On sea and sky a more melancholy tone had come ; dull, slaty grays crowding in from every quarter. And over the darkening waters there seemed a tragic note, half-threatening, intensified by every plunge of the steamer and by the swish of waters very near the deck. There was a touch of melancholy, also, in the steady thumping of the engines.

She said, at last, pleasantly, but in a serious tone :

"I have been reflecting on your discourse. If ironical, it was unkind. If sincere it was—not impertinent, perhaps, but certainly not justified by our short acquaintance."

"True : and I beg your pardon. But was it correct ?"

"I hope not."

Something in her manner invited a discontinuance of that particular topic. He drew an attenuated hand across his mouth, changed his position, as if on the point of saying more ; but he held his peace.

Some minutes later, when Miss Marshall's maid approached this silent couple, her progress, owing to the movement of the deck, consisted of rapid little runs followed by sudden pauses, during which she clung, with one hand, to the rail and with the other held down her hat. She had come up to ask if her mistress needed anything. Was she warm enough ? Would she have another wrap ?

Miss Marshall needed nothing herself, but asked for news of Mr. Appleton Marshall, and if Father Burke was feeling better. Louise had seen nothing of Mr. Marshall since dinner, but she had left Father Burke reclining in the main saloon, not very sick, nor very well, but lower in his mind.

As her maid departed, the lady expressed sympathy for the suffering uncle. "And poor Father Burke ! He is terribly uncomfortable, I am sure."

"Yes," said Pats. "I saw in his face a look of uncertainty : the wavering faith that comes from meals with an upward tendency."

Pats thought this want of sympathy was resented.

"He is a most lovable man," she said, "of fine character, and with a splendid mind. You would like him if you knew him better."

Here was his opportunity ; his chance for a rescue. He would snatch her from the clutches of her captor. So he answered, sadly, in a tone of brotherly affection :

"I like him now. That is why I regret that he should devote himself to such a questionable enterprise."

"What enterprise ?"

"His church."

With a forced calmness, she replied : "This is the first time I ever heard the first religion of Christendom called a 'questionable enterprise.'"

"Leo X. spoke of it as a 'profitable fable.' Perhaps that was better."

"Did Leo X. say that of the Catholic Church?"

"Yes."

"I don't believe it."

"Because you have too high an opinion of Leo?"

"No; but he was a Pope of Rome, and I simply cannot believe it."

"Some popes of Rome have been awful examples for the young."

"So have men in all positions."

"Yes, but when they set up as Christ's Apostles they should not be."

Then, in a reflective, somewhat sorrowful manner, he continued:

"But the Enterprise has an enemy in the printing-press. The two can't live together."

Of this statement there was no recognition, except a straightening up in the steamer-chair.

He continued, pleasantly: "In England, Germany, and America, for instance."

"Perhaps you forget that in the United States alone there are more than seven million Catholics."

In the dim light which had gathered over everything, he could see the delicate eyebrows drawing together in a frown. But he went on, cheerfully, as if giving offence had not occurred to him. "Now, Spain is enthusiastically Catholic. And for ignorance—solid, comprehensive, reliable ignorance—there is nothing like it in the solar system."

"Their ignorance is their own fault. Education and progress have always been encouraged by the Catholic Church."

"You mean by the rack and stake."

"I do not."

"When, for example, she notified Galileo that if he maintained the earth was round instead of flat, she would roast him alive, as she had already roasted Bruno?"

"If you are happy in that belief, I will not destroy it."

"It is a historic fact, but I am no happier for believing it. However, too much education is a nuisance, and very likely Mother Church was wise in toasting an astronomer now and then."

"Your conclusions are rather entertaining. I am a Catholic myself, and my own reading has brought conclusions that are quite different."

She spoke calmly, but in her voice he detected a less friendly note. In a joking, incredulous tone, he replied: "Well, then, I am a Catholic, too."

"I am serious. My faith to me is a sacred thing. It has brought me a more tranquil spirit, a deeper knowledge, and a fuller conception of what I owe to others—and to myself."

She was very much in earnest.

"Then I beg your pardon," he said, "for speaking as I did."

She tried to smile. "It is more my fault than yours. Religious discussions never do any good."

Then she arose from her chair, and he knew from the exceeding dignity of her manner that his offence was serious. But this dignity met with cruel reverses. As she stood up, their side of the steamer was just starting on a downward lurch; one of those long, deep, quivering plunges, apparently for the bottom of the sea; slow at first, but gaining in rapidity. And Elinor Marshall, instead of turning away with frigid ceremony, as she intended, first stood irresolute, as if taken unawares—yet suspecting danger—then tip-toed forward and rushed impetuously into the gentleman's arms. These arms were forced to encircle the sudden arrival, otherwise both man and woman would have tumbled to the deck. Then, she pushed him hard against the rail. But even that was not the end. For there she held him, to her shame, pressing against him with the whole weight of her body. And this lasted, it seemed to her, an hour—a year—a lifetime of mortification and of helpless rage; the wind all the time screaming louder and louder with a brutish glee.

Her choking exclamations of chagrin were close to his ears, and he felt her hair against his face. But he was powerless to aid in her struggles to regain the lost equilibrium. However good his wishes he could do nothing but stand as a cushion—a poor one at that—between herself and the rail.

Finally, at the end of time, when the deck came up again, she backed away with flaming cheeks. Pats apologized: so did she. He wished to assist her to the cabin-stairs, but the offer was ignored, and she left him.



IV—NORTHWARD

NOT since her change of faith—never in fact—had Elinor Marshall listened to such open abuse of a sacred institution. And the memory of it kept her wide awake during a portion of that night.

Although she had decided to ignore his argument of the printing-press it wormed itself into the inner chambers of her brain; and it refused to yield to better thoughts. As the possessor of a despotic conscience she suffered the miseries of guilt. For, despite all reasoning of her own, she began to feel that unless those arguments were refuted her faith might suffer; and, with her, an untarnished faith was vital.

The motion of her berth, the rhythmic pounding of the engines, the muffled sound at intervals of feet upon the deck, all were soothing; but the remembrance of that discussion, with its mortifying climax, made sleep impossible. This childish sensitiveness she fully realized—and despised—but nerves achieved an easy victory over reason.

She was glad when daylight came. Long before the breakfast hour she had left her state-room and sought the deck for fresher air, and for Father Burke. He, also an early riser, was discovered in the lee of the upper cabins, his little prayer-book in his hand. Sitting close beside him she gave, in detail, the story of her conversation with Mr. Boyd. It was in the nature of a confession, but delivered in the hope and in the faith of the enemy's discomfiture. She felt, of course, that the statements concerning the press and ignorance were false and foolish, and she knew that Father Burke could tell her why.

Her confidence was not misplaced. It was not the first time Father Burke had been called upon to stiffen the faith of wavering converts. Considerable experience and a perfect familiarity with the subject rendered the task an easy one. The tones of Father Burke's voice were, in themselves, almost sufficient for the purpose. Deep, calm, mellow, ravish-

ingly sympathetic, they played like celestial zephyrs upon the chords of the maiden's heart. They filled the inmost recesses of her soul with security and peace. His arguments were the old, familiar ones; but he knew his audience. And when the spell had worked, when the wings beside him ceased to flutter, he drove the final bolt.

"You know, my child, that the value of a statement depends largely upon the character of him who utters it. I have no desire to injure this young man, nor to prejudice you in any way against him; but it is clearly my duty to warn you that he is not a person with whom it would be safe for you to permit a very close acquaintance."

"You need have no anxiety on that point."

"I am very glad to hear it."

"But tell me what you know about him, Father Burke. His family never mention his name, and I supposed there was something to conceal. Was it anything very bad?"

"Yes, bad enough. I have always heard of him as a wilful man, of a perverse and violent temper. His utterances of yesterday are in perfect accord with the spirit he displayed in youth. He broke his father's heart."

"From his face one would never suspect that part of it—the violent temper. He appears to be a person of unusual cheerfulness and serenity—most *offensively* serene at times."

"Very possible, my child. One of the hardest things to learn, and we seldom achieve it in youth, is that outward appearances often bear no relation to the inner man; that the most inviting face can hide a vicious nature."

"Do you really think him a bad man? I mean thoroughly unprincipled and wicked? I don't like him, but somehow it doesn't seem as if he could be utterly bad, with such a face."

"Ah, my daughter, be on your guard against those very things! Heed the voice of experience. Remember his career."

"But what especial thing did he do? What drove him away from home?"

"In a fit of temper he tried to kill his father."

"Really!"

"As an old friend of the family I knew the circumstances."

"Awful! How did it happen?"

"They were in the garden—in an arbor—engaged in a controversy. In his anger he struck the old gentleman and knocked him down, and would have killed him had not others interfered."

A silence followed, not broken by Father Burke. He desired his listener to realize the iniquity of the deed.

At last she inquired, half-timidly:

"And there was no provocation?"

"None whatever."

After another pause she said, reflectively:

"The father had a temper too, I fancy, from what I know of him."

Toward the face beside him the priest cast a sidelong look—which was detected.

"I am not defending the son," she said, hastily. "Heaven forbid! I almost hate him. But you must admit that the father was not an especially lovable character—nor very gentle in his ways."

"He had his faults, like the rest of us, but he was a rare man; a religious man of deep convictions; and the soul of honor."

"Yes, I suppose so, but I was always afraid of him."

Father Burke laid his hand on her arm and said, very gently but with unusual seriousness:

"I should regret exceedingly, my child, to have you listen to the flippant sacrilege of this young man, or be subjected to his influence in any way."

"There is no cause for alarm. I shall have as little to do with him as possible."

"An excellent resolve. And now, will you grant me a request?"

"Certainly."

"I have no right to exact a promise. I only suggest that while on this boat you avoid as far as possible his companionship."

"I promise."

They both arose. His voice and manner were always impressive, even in ordinary conversation. But now a moisture gathered in the maiden's eyes as he gazed benignly into her face and murmured, in tones tremulous with feeling:

"May Heaven bless you, my daughter, for your noble spirit, and for your unswerving devotion to a holy cause."

VOL. XXX.—22

Then they went below to breakfast.

The girl was hungry; Father Burke was not. The undulations of the boat had so tempered his appetite that food had lost its charm. A cup of tea and a bite of toast were the limits of his endeavor. Even these descended under protest and threatened to return. When the heretic—the victim of the plot—appeared soon after and took his seat at the table, he noticed that the greetings he received, while friendly and all that etiquette required, were less cordial than on the day before.

And this was emphasized, later, when he joined Miss Marshall on the deck. After a moment's conversation, which was obviously from a sense of duty, she spoke of letters to be written and went below.

And once again, to make sure that this disgrace was no fancy of his own, he approached her as she sat reading, or, at least, with a book in her hand. In his best and most easy manner, he inquired:

"Did you ever hear of the Magdalen Islands, Miss Marshall?"

She looked up and nodded pleasantly.

"Well, we are passing them now."

"Indeed?"

"They are off there to the westward, between twenty and thirty miles away, but out of sight, of course."

Amiably she inclined her head in recognition of the news, but made no reply.

It began to be awkward for Pats. But he resolved to suppress any outward manifestations of that state. This task was all the harder as his legs embarrassed him. He knew them to be thin—of a thinness that was startling and unprecedented—and now, as he confronted the northeast wind, their shrunken and ridiculous outlines were cruelly exposed. He was sensitive about these members, and he thought she had glanced furtively in their direction. However, with his usual buoyancy, he continued:

"And now we leave land behind us until we reach the northern shore of the gulf."

"Yes?"

Although she gazed pensively over the water, and with conspicuous amiability, something seemed to suggest that the present conversation had reached a natural end. So the skeleton moved away.

With Pats a hint was enough. During the remainder of the voyage, at meals and the few occasions on which he met the lady, he also was genial and outwardly undisturbed, but he took every care that she should be subjected to no annoyance from his companionship. This outward calmness, however, bore no resemblance to his inward tribulation. Such was his desire for her good opinion that this sudden plunge from favor to disgrace—or, at least, to a frigid toleration—brought a keen distress. Moreover, he was mortified at having allowed himself, under any pretext, to jeer at her religion.

"Ass, ass! impossible ass!" he muttered a dozen times that day.

Meanwhile the *Maid of the North* was driving steadily along, always to the north and east. On the morning of the second day her passengers had glimpses, to the larboard, of the shores of Nova Scotia. Later they rounded Cape Breton, and then, against a howling wind and a choppy sea, headed north into the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The *Maid of the North* was a sturdy boat, and though she pitched and tossed in a way that disarranged the mechanism of her passengers, she did nothing to destroy their confidence.

It was the evening of this last day of the voyage, when Pats, feeling the need of companionship in his misery, descended for a final interview with Solomon. Through a dismal part of the steamer he groped his way until his eyes became accustomed to the gloom. Solomon heard his step and knew him from afar. He whined, pulled hard at his chain, and stood up on his hind legs, waving his front ones in excited welcome.

"There is *somebody* glad to see me, anyway," thought Pats, as he sat on an anchor bar with the dog's head between his knees. There had always been more or less conversation between these two: not that Solomon understood the exact meaning of all the words, but he did thoroughly understand that trust and affection formed the bulk of the sentiments expressed. And these things being the basis of Solomon's character rendered him a sympathetic and grateful listener. The monologue, address, oration, confidence—or whatever—was delivered in a low tone, accompanied by strokings of the listener's head, taps,

friendly pinches and the wandering of fingers about the ears.

"Bad place for a dog, old chap. Lots of motion here, and smells, but 'twill soon be over. So, cheer up. Anyway, you are lots better off than I am. In a single interview I have secured the contempt of an exceptionally fine woman. Yes, your Pats has done well."

He smiled in the darkness—a melancholy smile.

"She probably told everything to the priest, and he has explained to her satisfaction wherein I am a fool—a malicious, blaspheming, dangerous villain, and a stupendous ass. And he is right. Perhaps, in time—a long time—I may learn that insulting people's religion isn't the shortest road to popularity."

In his abstraction the hand, for an instant, was withdrawn. Solomon protested, and the attentions were resumed. "Keep still, old man, I am not going. And don't get that chain around your legs. But she is a fine girl, Sol; *too* fine, perhaps. Just a little, wee bit too everlastingly high-minded and superior for ordinary dogs like us."

While administering these pearls of wisdom, the speaker had become interested in two approaching figures, dimly visible in the obscurity. As they came nearer he saw that one, the older of the two—a man with gray chin whiskers and a blue jersey—was drunk. This man stopped, and holding the other by the arm exclaimed:

"It's so, damn it! It's so, I tell yer! What's he doin' this minute? He's blind drunk in his cabin. Why, the jag on him would sink a man-o'-war. Oh, he's a daisy cap'n, he is!"

"He'll be all right in the mornin'."

"All right in the mornin'! It'll be a week! And where'll *we* be to-morrow mornin'? Where are we now? God knows, and *He* ain't tellin'."

With a maudlin gesture and a reverberating hiccup, the speaker, following the motion of the boat, pushed his friend against the wall and held him there. "I'll tell yer where we are; we are more'n fifty miles east of where we think we are. We ain't sighted Anticosti yet. And we ain't goin' to."

The other man laughed, "Oh, shut up, Bart. You are gettin' a jag on, yerself."

"Yes, sir! We are fifty miles too far to easterd now, and by to-morrer mornin' it'll be a hundred miles."

They passed on, the older man still holding forth. "I've been this cruise a dozen times, but this is the first time I ever tried to get there by headin' for Labrador."

They disappeared in the darkness, in the direction of the fore-castle, the sound of their footsteps dying away among the other noises of the boat.

Here was food for thought. But, then, the man was distinctly drunk. And his companion, who probably knew him well, paid no attention to his words. However, Pats took a look about the boat when he went on deck. The pilot and second officer were in the wheel-house, both silent, serious, and attending to their duty. The watches were all at their posts, and the *Maid of the North* was ploughing bravely through the night as if she, at least, had no misgivings. By the time Pats went to bed, an hour later, the drunken sailor was forgotten.

It was a long time before he slept: and the sleep, when it came, was fitful. Perhaps he had brooded too much over his fall from grace.

As the night wore on he was not sure, half the time, whether he was dreaming or awake. And so eventful were his slumbers and so real the events therein that his dreams and his wakeful moments became painfully intermingled. For instance, when he entered the Cathedral, he halted for a moment, overcome by its vastness and by the size of the congregation. Truly an imposing assemblage! And the great edifice was ablaze with light. Apparently a wedding was in hand, for there, before the altar, stood the bride, awaiting the groom.

As Pats sauntered up the nave she turned about and smiled. And, lo! it was Miss Marshall! more beautiful than ever, more stately and more patrician if possible, than in her travelling dress. For now she was all in white with a long veil—and orange

blossoms. She smiled at him and beckoned.

Yes! He was to be the groom! It was for him they waited!

He strove to get ahead, but his feet refused to budge. The harder he tried, the tighter he stuck. He opened his mouth to explain, but no sound came forth. Again and again he tried. Again and again he failed. The huge congregation began to murmur and he could hear them whispering, "What a fool!" Then, from behind him came three men: Billy Townsend, the man with the nose and the other fellow with the flowers. They walked by him easily, all in wedding array, and they lined up by the bride. Pats tried to raise his voice and stop it, but in vain. The Pope stepped forward and performed the ceremony, uniting them all in marriage. The four bowed their heads and received a blessing.

And when the happy grooms with their bride came down the main aisle, they gave Pats a look; a look so triumphant and so contemptuous that it set his soul afire. He boiled with fury and humiliation. But stir he could not; nor speak. The bride's contempt, and she showed it, was beyond endurance. Gasping with passion he tried to rush forward and smite the grooms—to scream—to do anything. But he could only stand—immovable.

Suddenly the music changed. From a stately march it galloped into the air of a comic song that he had always hated. The Pope, as he marched by, seemed to pronounce a curse upon him.

But in the midst of it came tremendous blows against the outer walls, resounding through the whole interior of the Cathedral; then an awful voice reverberated down the aisle:

"Time to get up! We are there!"

The martyr, in the violence of his struggle, banged his head against the berth above, and shouted,

"Where?"

"At Boyd's Island, sir, where you get off."

(To be continued.)



FROM REYKJAVIK TO GLOUCESTER

By James B. Connolly

ILLUSTRATIONS BY M. J. BURNS

'Twas sou' sou'-west,
Then west sou'-west,
From Rik-ie-vik to Gloucester;
'Twas strainin' sails
And buried rails
Aboard the Lucy Foster.

Her planks did creak
From post to peak,
Her topm'sts bent like willow;
"I'll bust her spars,"
Says Wesley Marrs,
"But I'll beat the Bounding Billow."
—GLOUCESTER FISHERMEN'S SONG.



ELEVATED above the head of a deep wharf-slip, low flanked by a ship-chandler's shop to one side and a sail-maker's loft to another, commanding a fine view of the docks and harbor beneath, and of the bay beyond, perched up where nothing coming or going past Eastern Point will fail to be noticed—this is the look-out tower of the Great Eastern Fish Company of the port of Gloucester, which, be it known, is the first fish mart of our country. In the official bulletins of the company this place is known as the "Observatory," but, in the every-day speech of the fishermen of Gloucester, it is better and more fittingly described as the "Crow's Nest."

To attain this eyrie it is needful to go round and round long flights of steps, that creak to your weight and sway to the wind as you climb. After you get there, you find a room of three flat walls and a rounded front, of which the rear, or west side, is blocked off by the staircase whereby you came. Coast charts, bank soundings, world maps, and magazine illustrations of a nautical and sporting nature are tacked to the wall on your left. On the wall at your right—the southerly—are several pairs of marine glasses, a long telescope, and an aneroid barometer, hung from nails driven here and there, wherever space is to be found among the relief models of what all men know to be fast-sailing fishermen. A fresh varnished but much dented spar,

an old topmast most likely, butts through the centre of the ceiling and is braced to the floor.

The east side is all of glass. This is the side that opens on to a little quarter-deck balcony, and looks out to sea. This balcony may be entirely closed in by an arrangement of shutters that work over and down like companion hatches, although you find out later that you have to climb to the upper deck by way of an outside rope ladder to make them work. In the centre of one of the hatches, when you come to look, is a brass-bound port-hole, plainly intended for stormy weather. A realistic bit of railing, really the taffrail of a fisherman wrecked off Thacher's, is there to guard the unwary—once over the low rail and you are down to the waters of the dock. There is a row of scuppers along the balcony's deck, and under the rail are a couple of cleats, to which are made fast the halliards that run to the flag at the masthead.

Only one chair is in this place, after the fashion of up-to-date fishermen, which always carry a hinged chair in the cabin for the skipper's use. This chair is for the lookout on duty. All others must sit on the lockers against the walls, or squat on the stair-landing at the rear, or content themselves with leaning over the stern of the quarter-deck. All this goes to make up the famous "Crow's Nest," of that abode of modern vikings, the fishing port of Gloucester.



Drawn by M. J. Burns.

Wesley . . . just laid to wind'ard of her.—Page 225.

It is the business of the lookout on duty to take his station in front of the window and watch for incoming vessels. If it is a fine day, like this one, he will hoist the window-sashes back to the pulleys, push forward his chair, and rest his feet on the rail. When he sights an inbound fisherman, he will identify her at the earliest possible moment, and make immediate report of same to the office.

Three men are paid for this work—two to stand watch in turn, and one to act as

are aided by a volunteer staff of regular callers, who much prefer to put in time at this congenial observatory than to attend to any fatiguing business that might arise to meet them were they to stroll incautiously along the wharves.

What subject might suggest itself to the council of Crow's Nest at any particular lull, no prophet could say with certainty; but on a day like this, a beautiful summer morning, with a gentle easterly sighing in over the rail, and the docks and the harbor



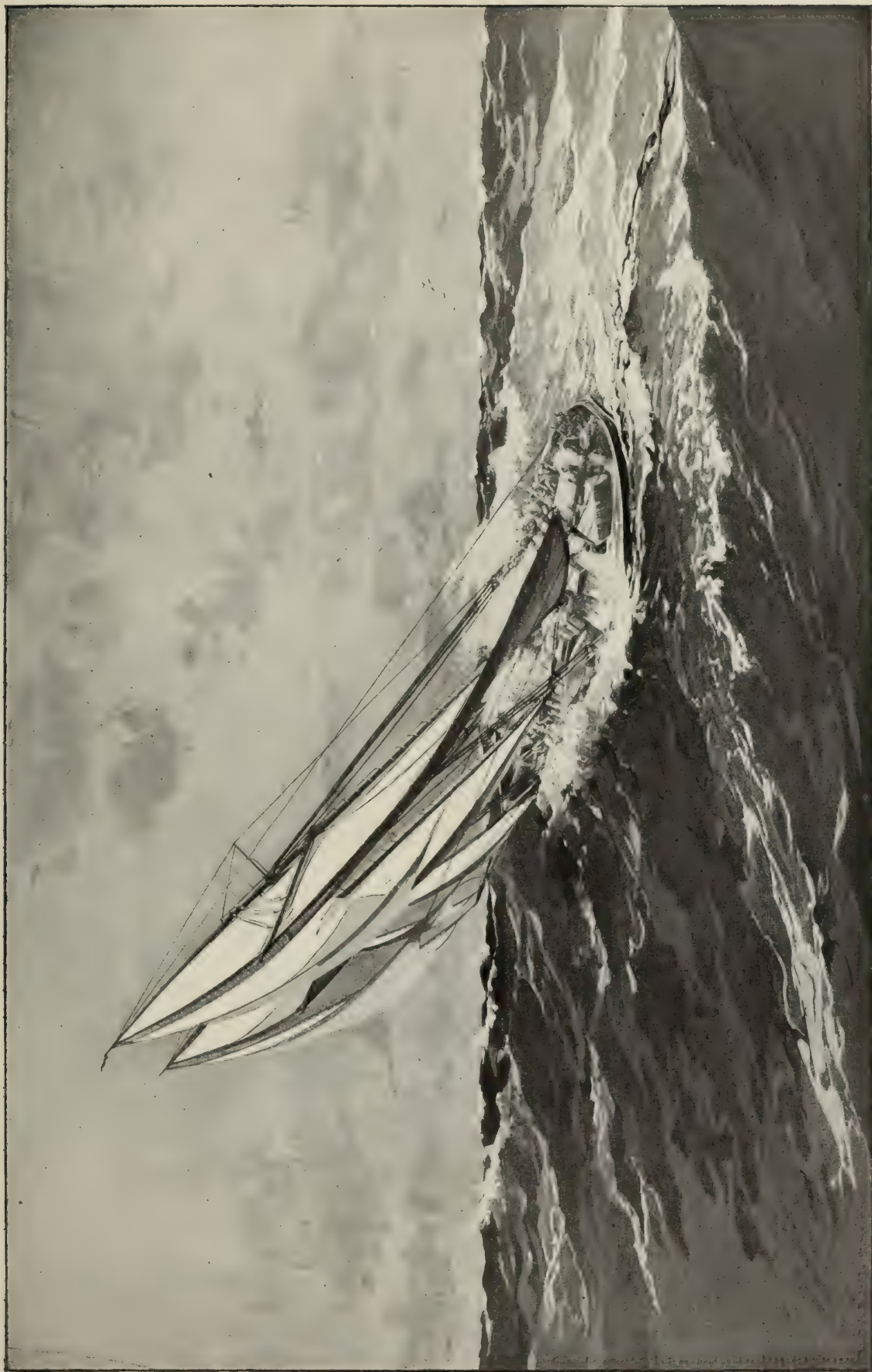
The "Crow's Nest."—Page 216.

messenger. Being keen of eye and acquainted with the minutest peculiarities of every schooner in the fleet, these men can name vessels at incredible distances. In some cases, where neither knowledge nor eyesight could possibly avail, they make marvellous guesses—for which they do not attempt to account. It may be a sixth sense that enables them to pick out and identify a vessel while she is yet but a blur in the haze to most of us.

Their business, as has been said, is to make early report of incoming vessels. They do that very well, and it is for that they are paid; but their pleasure and their most nearly continuous occupation lies in the absorbing art of conversation. In the skilful development of this science they

below alive with the loading and outfitting of many seiners, it could not very well get far away from the doings of the mackerel fleet.

Fourteen of the seining fleet were in, and this favorable easterly would be sure to bring in more. It had been an extraordinary season for the seiners. There was plenty of mackerel to be had, and they were bringing great prices. Stocks of three and four thousand dollars were getting common for vessels, and men no longer boasted of sharing anything under a hundred dollars for a short trip. It promised to be an unprecedented season altogether, and the watchers in the tower, when next they resumed the conversation, were disposed to rejoice.



Drawn by M. J. Burns.

A regular old buster of a no'theaster.—Page 225.

"It's a good thing for Gloucester, it's a fine thing for the men," observed the lookout in the chair. "Won't be so many have to go to Georges or the big banks this winter to find grub and rent for the wife

against getting married this fall. He's certainly piling up a stock and hustlin' as if he intended to have a little salvage to draw on when he made up his mind to stop ashore a winter and start house-keeping."

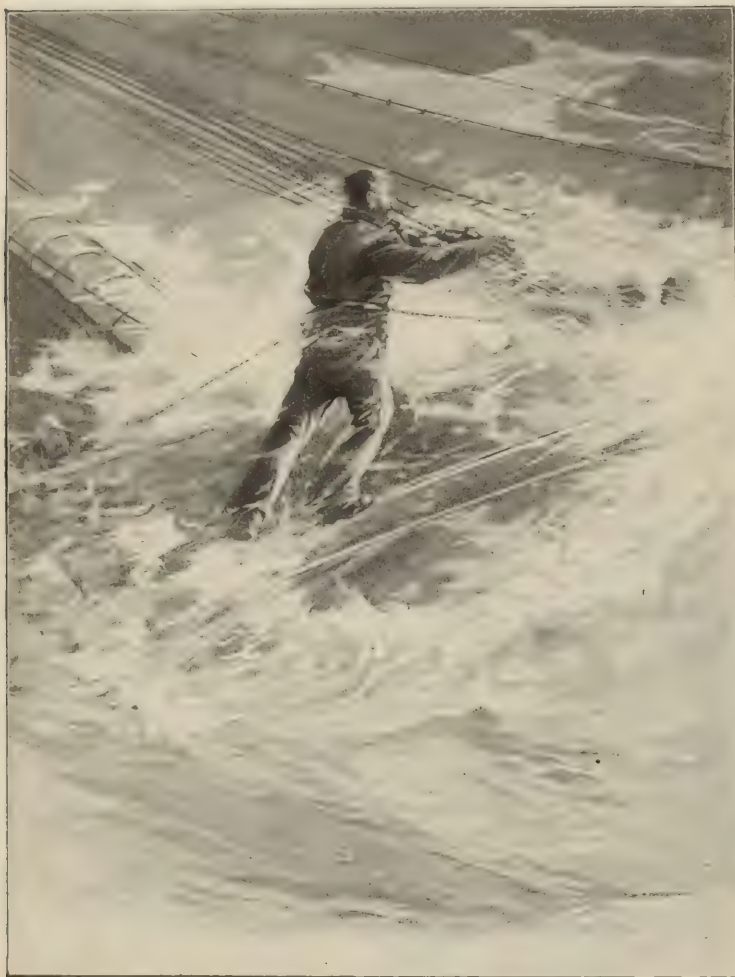
"And if he does get married, I s'pose that ends the Lucy for carryin' the broom. I don't expect we'll hear of any more piling on sail to see how much she really can stand up under, or layin' her over to see how far she will go without capsizing."

"Why?" put in one of those slow-witted ones, who must always have things explained in detail.

"Why? why?" snorted the man in the chair. "Did y'ever see any of the drivers keep it up long after gettin' married? Don't it tame the wildest of 'em when they get to thinkin' that p'raps the wife and children's waiting for them at the end of the trip?"

"Well, I dunno. I don't see as Archie Nichols slacked any since he got married."

"Archie Nichols? Good Lord! does he count? Married a no-use woman that's druv him to drink and worse things than he ever took up with before. Leave Archie



We had a line on him in case he slipped.—Page 225.

and children. Here's a lad coming in now—wait, till I make sure with the glass—yes, the Lucy Foster. Bill, report the Lucy Foster, Captain Marrs, to the office, will you? Ten days she's been gone. This lad'll be glad enough for a good mackerel season, for he does hate haddockin' in winter. He went last winter, and he says he's had enough of that kind of fishin'."

"Shouldn't think he'd have to—the money he's made, Petie."

"No, he oughtn't to, but Wesley's been a spender. But this spring, before he went on the southern mackerel cruise, he gave it out that he was going to save. I don't know myself what's drivin' him—he's close-mouthed enough for all he's so reckless some ways. But I wouldn't be surprised if he was stowin' away something

out. And look at the others. There's Tommie Bolton now. What do his crew tell you about him now? Do you hear of him pullin' the spars out of his vessel since he settled down to a home of his own? Can't you see him any afternoon now between trips walking down Main Street abreast of his little woman and the latest fat baby on his arm? Ever hear of Billie Simms in this year o' grace havin' to go on the railway 'bout every other trip or so to have the Henry Clay Parker overhauled for strained seams for'ard? I guess not. Nor Wesley Marrs, nowadays; and he's only engaged, at the worst—tryin' to see what he can do with the Lucy without getting her hove down. I guess not."

"I say, Peter," inserted a subtle one, who measured exactly the temper of the



Leapin' from the top of one sea to the top of another.—Page 226.

sage in the chair, and was eager to forward the psychological moment, "was Wesley Marrs such a devil for driving, after all?"

"Devil? He was all the devils, when it came to carryin' sail. Now I was with him three years. My last trip, when I fell from the mast-head in among the gurry-kids and broke my knee-cap, I was with Wesley Marrs in the Lucy Foster. I'm

telling you this man'd spread a whole mains'l to a gale as quick as your wife or mine'd hang out a bed-sheet to the sun. When a sail went into the air—busted—Wesley used to follow it with his eyes and then say, surprised-like: "Don't it beat hell—the rotten canvas they puts on vessels these days?"

"You must have been with him, Peter, when that record run was made from Ice-



"If there ain't the Englishman ahead!"—Page 226.

land—when the Lucy and the English yacht had their big race."

"Was I? Twenty-eight hundred miles, they call it, from Rikievik to Gloucester, and the Lucy came down in nine days and ten hours. That's going, people, for any vessel; but this one that time had her hold full of fletched halibut."

"What was it brought him along so fast?"

"Well—I guess wind has as much to do with it as anything. Just plain wind, out of the bosom of the North Atlantic, and p'raps a little, just a little, of Wesley Marrs' drivin' her."

"Who beat?" interjected a voice that should never have been allowed to disturb the silence of this generally well-posted company.

The man in the chair looked around with much curiosity to discover the inquirer. It was a young fellow, plainly not long in Gloucester, one of those lads who so frequently come there to try fishing—and quite often make good fishermen—

but who are sometimes a great trial to their friends while acquiring the rudiments.

"Who beat?" echoed Peter in scorn. "And *when* did you get in and *where* did you get your fish?"

"I say, Peter," put in the subtle questioner on whom devolved the duty of holding the story to its course, "were you there when the match was made?"

"Was I? Warn't the skipper and me and Joe Lane gittin' down to a little table over a glass—you don't stand up to a bar there generally—and the skipper was pretty well pleased. You see he'd only bought out the Wild Irishman's half of the Lucy late that spring and this was his first trip. He paid \$5,000 cash for the Irishman's half—our firm owned the other half same as now. And the last thing the Irishman did when he signed the papers and took the money was: 'Now, Wesley,

b'y, you're gettin' a great vessel—fourteen thousand to build, but we'll say nothing of that. You're gettin' a vessel that nothing of her tonnage anywhere can sail away from. While I owned her she was the jewel of the fleet. Don't let anything cross her bow, Wesley b'y.' The Irishman went to the Pacific Coast that time to look up seals Behring Sea way.

"Well, Wesley was telling us about that very talk with the Irishman and saying how the Lucy could sail and everything like that. You know how he'd be likely to carry on talkin' 'bout his vessel. This swell-dressed Englishman was takin' it all in. We didn't know who he was, though we suspicioned he was English every time we looked at him. At last he mixes in. He says:

"Excuse me, but I gather you are fishermen up here for halibut?"

"You're right," says Wesley.

"From the States?"

"From America? Yes — from Gloucester," says Wesley.

“‘Ah, from Gloucester. Fine, able fishermen from there, I hear,’—he kind of drew his words out—‘hardy, courageous, fine, able seamen——’

“‘And fine, able vessels,’ says Wesley, warmin’ up right away. We guessed easy enough what was in Wesley’s mind. Somebody or other’d been writing stories about

Gloucester fishermen ’bout that time and putting them in the old style pinkies and square-ended tubs that was the fashion when some of your fathers and mine went to sea. I never yet went among strangers in any of the new vessels that they didn’t seem to be surprised at the build of our vessels, and, of course, the Lucy Foster



“That’s one end of the stays’l halliards.”—Page 226.



If she was leapin' before, she was high-diving now. —Page 226.

and a few others of that model struck 'em dumb. Anyway, to get along with the story, the Englishman was surprised to hear that the Lucy was a fisherman—he'd an eye for fine vessels, you see—and had noticed her in the harbor. But he didn't know much about our kind of people and Wesley kind of explained some things to him.

"Then the Englishman told his story. He owned the big schooner yacht, the all-white fellow with the varnished top-rails and yellow stripe along the run. We'd had an eye on her by the way and a handsome craft she was. That was his cruiser. He'd come in the day before from some queer place on the coast of Norway and he didn't see anything in Rikievik to hold him. He was bound for America next by way of Boston, Newport, New York, Baltimore, and so on down, so's to be among the West Indies for the winter.

"Well, he was a pretty hot sport, this one, and you all know the kind of a boy Wesley used to be when anybody spoke against his Lucy. They had an argument, back to the days of the old America and all that. Finally, they 'greed to race to Gloucester. The Englishman said he'd just as leave run into Gloucester so long as it was so handy to Boston.

"This Englishman was all right. He says about the money: 'Your word is sufficient for me, Captain.' Men that look like you will pay up. If you lose, you pay over a thousand dollars. If I lose, I pay over to you a thousand, to settle as soon as both boats get into Gloucester. And in the matter of time allowance—the Bounding Billow, you must have noticed, is half as big again as you are. She isn't loaded down like you, and I can afford to give it. She has never been beaten at ocean racing, by the way, and I am willing to give you time allowance for our larger measurement.'

"'To hell with time allowance,' says Wesley. 'When fishermen race, they all start together. And first vessel home wins. You're a little longer and more beam and draught—let it go. And's for being loaded down—the Lucy could stow away half as many more halibut, and I wish she had it, the way halibut's been this summer. Don't worry about the Lucy. Those couple of hundred thousand of fletched halibut down below 'll just give her a grip on things—sort o' stiffen her up and keep her from layin' over too much when it comes to blow—and it's coming to blow or I don't know. There'll be wind stirrin' before you or me see Eastern Point, and the vessel that'll carry the sail 'll be the lad for the trip. I tell

you, man, with all of these September gales coming our way, you won't think you're yachting off Cowes. I hope your gear's been overhauled lately,' says Wesley. And with that they left to get things ready.

"There was a gentle gale stirrin' from the no'th'ard when we sailed out of Rikievik next day, Friday. Wesley liked the look o' things pretty well. We put out behind the Englishman, him under two-reefed mains'l and the Lucy under a single reef—two jibs and whole fores'l, both of us. That was along 'bout dark. Wesley didn't make any attempt to push by the yacht—just laid to wind'ard of her. He did love to get to wind'ard of a vessel—lay off her quarter and watch her. And for most of the rest of that night, we stayed there so.

"When the sun ought to have been pretty near to showin' up again, Wesley says: 'Boys, I can't see but what the Lucy's holdin' her own, and I guess we'll wear off to the east'ard just a little. We might's well get out of sight of this fellow quick's we can now. I've a notion, too, this breeze 'll be coming from that quarter before a great while, and there's nothing the Lucy likes quite so well as to take it just a tri-i-fle slanting when it blows.'

"I don't know whether the Bounding Billow people saw us get away or not—p'raps they didn't care. Anyway, they didn't come after us. We sunk their port light down afore daylight, and by good sun-up there wasn't a sail of her in sight.

"Well, it didn't come to blow same's Wesley thought it would and, nacherally, he was roarin' 'round fine. We shook out the reef in the mains'l before noon-time of that first day, and later we set both tops'ls and that whoppin' gauze balloon of the Lucy's. And she carried 'em easy, too. We warn't loafing altogether; we was makin' nine knots right straight along. But that wasn't pleasing Wesley.

"Next day and the next it was the same story, and part of the next day it was lighter yet. We hove the log, and got only eight knots for twenty-four hours hand-runnin'. Then, almost all at once, from a nice summer breeze it jumped to a gale. And it was a gale—one of those healthy, able zephyrs that makes up north there and gets a good runnin' start afore it tears things loose in the forties.

"Whoo-o-ish it whistled! A regular

old buster of a no'theaster—whoo-o-ish!—and Wesley dancin' on and off the break while he watched it comin' on. 'I'm thinkin',' he says, 'we can stow some of those summer kites for a while. Might put the tops'ls in gaskets, boys, and that balloon in stops. We won't be likely to need them any more this trip. This is the breeze I've been waiting for—struck in a little late, but it'll make up for lost time soon.'

"And it sure was making up for lost time. The mains'l pretty soon had to be tucked up, and on the next day tucked again. And before another day we had to take it in altogether, get the trys'l out the hold and fit that on. Now you know it was blowing some when Wesley Marrs had the Lucy under a trys'l and a yachtin' fellow somewhere 'round racing him for a thousand dollars a side; and, what was more, the name of the thing after they got into Gloucester.

"We went that way for thirty-odd hours, and Wesley was almost satisfied. 'Maybe,' says he, 'if this fine breeze holds, we'll make up for those yachtin' days in the fifties. What kind of weather, fellows, do you s'pose, the Bounding Billow's making of it? Think now she's handling it like the Lucy, hay? I'd give something to know if she's carryin' a whole fores'l and both jibs right now. Boys,' he says, 'but this is fine weather. In forty-eight hours, and this fine breeze holds, we'll be raisin' Thacher's twin lights!' Wesley was mighty well satisfied with the way things was lookin' just then.

"That was Friday night late. After midnight it was, for I went on watch at twelve o'clock. I remember well Wesley and Murdie Greenlaw at the wheel when I came out of the cabin door to go for'ard. We was driving through it and she layin' over. Man, but she was layin' over. I'll tell you how she was layin' over. That very afternoon it was that Billie Henderson had walked along her weather run from her stern to her fore-rigging. You've heard of that trick, some of you. Yes, sir—we had a line on him in case he slipped—that's the truth.

"Well, it must have been getting on towards one o'clock, for I was figuring on being called aft to take the wheel for my second hour; and then in one more hour

a fellow could go below and dry off and have a good sleep. We were driving through it—two jibs, fores'l and trys'l. We hadn't seen the top of her port-rail for more than two days: and this was one of those nights when the water gets full of phosphorus. It 'd been a new moon gone down, and rain that morning, and you all know how the water fires after rain and a new moon. It was fair afire now. And the Lucy! she was leapin' from the top of one sea to the top of another. We made a lane you could see for a cable length behind, and there was blue smoke, I swear, coming from each side.

"Her nose would poke under and we would get it all over. I had my elbow crooked in the fore-rigging so I wouldn't wash off. When she'd rise, she'd throw the water over her shoulder, and it'd run the whole length of her deck and race over the taffrail. That was only the spray, mind you. She was taking it over the rail all the time, besides, as if she had no rail at all. The skipper and Murdie at the wheel must 'a been pulp. Three or four others were in the waist—five or six men besides the skipper had to be on deck all the time. We was all in oilskins and red-jacks, of course, and we was all properly soaked.

"Well, we was whoopin' along; we'd just shot by some lumberin' old tramp steamer that was making awful bad weather of it, and somebody in the waist'd just called out, 'We're this far, anyway, thank the Lord.' The cook had his head out the fo'c's'le gangway—just a narrow slit to sing out to us on deck—when we saw the skipper jump into the main riggin' and look ahead, and then jump back on deck again as if he saw a ghost. He hollers:

"'If there ain't the Englishman ahead, and carryin' a two-reefed mains'l! A two-reefed mains'l! And goin' like a liner! I'll be damned if I'll stand on the deck of the Lucy Foster and see the Bounding Billow beat her home. I'll bust the Lucy's spars, but I'll beat him. Bend on the stays'l. I guess the Lucy can carry as much sail as that window-frame boat. Bend on that stays'l.'

"You can bet that shook the boys up. A stays'l! And her planks rattlin' then! Dan Ross—most of you know Dan—big Dan, that was lost on the Fredonia after-

wards—Dan was nearest me under the weather rail. He says, 'I'll fix that stays'l.' And he did fix her, as he thought. He yanks the halliards loose and they goes flyin' aloft. We could just make them out slinging between the fore and main rigging—like long devils, with the block on the end.

"Dan hollers out: 'Stays'l halliard-ends loose and can't get hold of 'em—they're aloft.'

"The skipper says: 'Go after them.'

"Dan roars back: 'What do you take me for?'

"'For a man,' hollers the skipper; 'but I guess I was mistaken.'

"'Show me a man crazy enough to go after them,' says Dan.

"'Here's one,' roars the skipper, and so help me, if he didn't start aloft. Blowing? My blessed soul, we needed cotton hooks to hang on by. The boys was curled up under the wind'ard rail with their fingers into the ring-bolts. And up went Wesley Marrs—to le'ward, mind you. And however he managed it—we couldn't half make out what he was doing up there—but he got hold of them.

"Down he comes with the ends fast around his waist. 'Here,' he says to Dan, 'take hold of that.' He unwound about two fathom of it. 'That's one end of the stays'l halliards you run aloft a little while back. That snaps into the after upper corner of the stays'l, so long as we got to make things plain to you. And this'—he gave him the other end—'this is what you haul on. Is that plain enough? Then see if you can hang on to it, so's better men than yourself won't have to go aloft in a gale to get them down again. Now then, up with that stays'l. Call all hands for'ard there, cook—and call all hands aft there, Murdie—and up with that stays'l! Up with it.'

"And up she went. Such a slattin' afore we got her up! But she got there—and then! If she was leapin' before, she was high-diving now. The water was firing like I was telling you, firing like an ocean of big diamonds and white sulphur mixed; and there was that blue smoke you could almost smell coming out from both sides of her wake. I misdoubted if we'd ever get home. If I'd had a knife handy, you'd have seen the stays'l go into

the sky. But I didn't have a knife, nor nobody else on deck, and all we could do was to hope we'd get in to walk down Main Street just once again, and swearin' we'd never ship another trip with that crazy Wesley Marrs, so long's we lived again. Yes, sir, that was an awful run home. We carried our stays'l past the Point. And that's the same Lucy and the same Wesley Marrs coming in the dock there now."

"And what happened to the Bounding Billow? Did you pass her?"

"The Bounding Billow? Hell, no. We got in Monday morning at five o'clock. There warn't any Bounding Billow in sight that night—just one of them ghost dreams of Wesley's. The Englishman didn't get along till about the middle of the week."

"And what did he have to say?"

"The Englishman? Oh, that was funny, too—but hold up a second and see what that telephone wants, one of you."

"It's the office, Petie. They want to know what Captain Marrs got."

"Oh, all right. He'll make fast and be up the wharf in a minute, tell them. He's getting ready to step ashore now."

It was a man of medium height and easy swing who came up the dock with half his crew in tow. He had the sunburned skin of a healthy boy and the vigorous jaw of a man of action. He spat out tobacco-juice as he rolled along, but his teeth showed white and unconquerable when he grinned up at the look-out. It was the voice of a moderate blow, a summer gale at play, that answered the hail from Crow's Nest.

"Hulloh, Peter," it roared. "Any signs of fish up there, boy?"

"Hulloh, skipper. What you got?"

"Four hundred barrels."

"Good. Where'd you get 'em?"

"Off Monhegan mostly. One school off Middle Bank on the way down. All medium schools. How's the market?"

"Fourteen and a quarter to-day."

"Good. Report me to the office, will you?—four hundred barrels. Come along down, Peter, and wash the gurly out your throat. Tell 'em all up there to come."

"In a minute. Here, Johnnie"—Peter lit on a boy of tender years, a boy of an age that ordinarily would not have been allowed to breathe this smoky atmosphere, but in this case a boy who was sometimes suffered to skirt the edge of the blessed circle because of his tractable ways and certain useful connections. He was a purveyor of supplies and a nephew of the firm, a willing boy and not too obtrusive. "Here, Johnnie, telephone the office that the Lucy Foster hails for four hundred barrels, small schools and fine fish—and take charge while we're gone. We'll be at the Anchorage—if anything heaves in sight. But make sure before you disturb us; don't get worried by any coasters or yachts, mind. Do a good job now, and I'll tell your uncle about you, and maybe some day he'll let you have a vessel of your own. Come along, fellows, and p'raps we can get it out of Wesley himself just what the Englishman did say after he got in and found the Lucy three days before him. And p'raps we c'n get a word out him 'bout his marriage—if it *is* comin' off this fall."

And down the winding stairs the chief look-out and his staff worked their way. It was tack and jibe, until they reached the street below; then it was wear off and a straight run of it, in the wake of Wesley to the Anchorage.

Up in the Crow's Nest the flag went to the mast-head for the Lucy Foster, arrived with four hundred barrels of fine mackerel. And Johnnie, a born hero-worshipper, looked out to sea for incoming fishermen, bravely singing all the while:

"I'll bust her spars,"

Says Wesley Marrs,

"But I'll beat the Bounding Billow."

THE MEMPHIS PACKET

A MISSISSIPPI RIVER STORY

By Willis Gibson

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHNS



BUSINESS was brisk in the St. Louis - Memphis trade during the summer of 1880, but not brisk enough to support both the St. Louis Packet Company and Captain Jo Benton. The St. Louis Company, fresh in the field with half a dozen fine new steamers operated on a daily schedule, was steadily increasing its revenues. Captain Jo, with his single steamboat, the Southerner, was as steadily losing money.

The Southerner was a stern-wheeler, of moderate size and ante-bellum design. She leaked unreasonably, and was, as a rule, a day or two behind time. But the Captain cared for none of these things—to him she was, by all odds, the finest packet on the Mississippi. Where she came from originally no one knew, although tradition favored Pittsburg. She had been on the Memphis run so long that even the oldest authorities were uncertain as to the date of her maiden trip.

Captain Jo was something of a veteran himself. The son of a pilot, from his earliest remembrance the intricacies of the profession had been pushed and pounded into him. At ten he had become a helper in the engine-room, at fifteen a cub steersman, at twenty-one a pilot, and at thirty a master, and a good one. He was a master of the old school, however. Such improvements as electric lights and steam steering-gear he regarded as "frills"; and the Government engineers, with their elaborate plans for taming the unruly current, he abominated. But outside the engineers' department he was so universally popular, and his boat so widely known, that in the past he had prospered greatly.

With the advent of the new line his passengers and freight rapidly diminished. At first he was unruffled, but the defection

increased day by day, and before long his income began to resemble the river during a dry season. He realized, at last, that he must do something to protect himself, and quickly. He decided upon a reduction in running time, and accordingly arranged a new card which would have worried the great record-breaker, R. E. Lee. The new card was not a success. The engines of the Southerner, accustomed to long years of deliberate, peaceful motion, balked at the racing speed now suddenly forced upon them—the very first day a steam-pipe burst, a shaft broke, and a cylinder head blew out. As a result, the steamer was compelled to lay up for two weeks, and when she came back the cause was lost. The luxury and frequency of the rival boats had securely anchored both tourists and shippers. The Southerner made a few trips with an idle crew, and a cabin full of waiters and empty chairs, and then the Captain gave it up.

It was not easy for him to abandon the scenes of his former glory—in all his forty-two years he had been outside that five hundred miles of river but twice; in the settlements along its banks he knew nearly every man, woman, and child—but there seemed nothing else to be done. So one October day he said good-by to his agents, collected all the musty stationery of the line, and steered away to his Illinois farm, a few miles above the city of Alton. There he hauled his steam-boat out of water, propped her up on his front lawn, and then retired to a quiet agricultural life.

At least, that was his intention when he came ashore, but he soon discovered that the habits of his steam-boat days were not to be shaken off. The management of his farm, which he had partially assumed at the start, he relinquished more and more to his men, until, at the end of six months, he gave scarcely a thought to the property.



F. C. YOHAN

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

Some day he would resume his place in the trade.—Page 230.

Then it was that Captain Jo came into an ill-defined, glorious idea : some day he would resume his place in the trade. Sooner or later there must be an opening. As for the present, it was his plain duty to keep the Southerner in instant readiness for her return.

So reasoning, he devised for himself a daily routine. Immediately after breakfast he hurried over to his steam-boat and went to work. Naturally the steward's department first took his attention. One hour was allotted to a scrupulous sweeping of floors, promenades, and roof, a task which he disliked, but thought necessary. Next came the inspection of the cabin. The Captain took more interest in this—there was some variety to it. There were chairs and tables to be dusted, and table-covers to be shaken, and the piano had to be looked after. The Captain regarded the piano with a good deal of awe. He was densely ignorant of its construction, and, as for playing upon it—"Home, Sweet Home," with one finger, was beyond him. Still, he felt it needful to test the instrument in some manner, so every day he threw back the cover, and sent both hands crashing into the key-board—after which he retired, satisfied. He was as particular about the arrangement of his cabin furniture as an ambitious house-keeper of her parlor. He was continually shifting about his rugs, pictures, chairs and tables, but was never quite able to decide whether the chairs appeared to better advantage circled about the tables or placed, with hair-line precision, along the walls. A glance at the pantry and another into the linen closet, and the cares of the Steward were ended, and with them the second hour.

He now descended to the main deck and became the Engineer. The engines, swathed, like Esquimaux youngsters, in many thicknesses of tarpaulin, were tenderly uncovered. Every part was oiled and polished, an occasional nut tightened, and the covers replaced.

Then, as the Carpenter, he made a lengthy trip over the boat in search of possible broken boards and frayed rigging. This accomplished, the strenuous part of the day was over.

Now came dinner at the farm-house. The Captain's meals, by the way, were

bright spots in his existence, for they were cooked and served in strict river style, by three ex-employees of the Southerner.

Dinner over, Captain Jo returned to his steamer, but as the Captain now. If the weather were favorable, he sat for hours at a time, either on the hurricane deck or high up in the pilot-house. If it were stormy, he retired to the clerk's office and pored over the old passenger lists, on which appeared the names of many notables, including one President.

He rather enjoyed these long afternoons. Close beside him, his beloved river—the resistless, giant Mississippi—swept silently by, carrying on its surface the variegated pageant of river craft—the down boats slipping along with the current, the up boats fighting hard against it. Every passing steamer, from the wheezy tow-boat to the majestic packet, saluted the Southerner with a mighty whistle blast, and every master and every pilot shouted a cheery greeting across the water to Captain Jo. The Captain had no steam with which to blow his whistle in reply, a circumstance which he regretted keenly, but he possessed a capable substitute in the steamer's big bell.

At two o'clock the mail arrived from Alton, and with it the St. Louis, Cairo, and Memphis papers ; and for a time the Captain was perfectly contented while he studied the steam-boat columns.

At six he departed to supper, and with the twilight revisited the old packet long enough to hoist on her chimneys the red and green lanterns which marine law demands of every floating steam-boat. The introduction of this novelty was not accomplished without opposition. The inspectors declared it ridiculous and misleading that a boat high and dry on land should display these signals. They ordered them removed. But the Pilots' Association could see no harm in the Captain's little pleasantry, and came to his rescue. There was a discussion, during which many weighty opinions were unloaded on both sides, and the order was revoked.

The night boats were as anxious as the day steamers to salute the Southerner, and disturb the Captain at outrageous hours ; but he enjoyed it all, and, in order that no one's feelings should be injured,



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

One hour was allotted to a scrupulous sweeping.—Page 230.

strung a wire from the Southerner's bell to his bedroom, and was never too sleepy to bang away whenever a steamboat passed.

Sunday was an exception. On that day Captain Jo omitted his sweeping and dusting, and in the early forenoon transferred his commissary staff to the kitchen of the Southerner, with full directions for the preparation of the Sunday dinner. This

Sunday dinner was an important event. It was served in the steamer's long cabin, with all the splendor of linen, glass, and silver that the pantries could muster, and was largely attended by the Captain's neighbors. Usually a few old river friends ran up from St. Louis by train. The menu was elaborate, the Captain and his friends told improbable steam-boat stories, the



He possessed a capable substitute in the steamer's big bell.—Page 230.



The Sunday Dinner.

rural belles rattled away on the patriarchal piano, and the unaccomplished guests earnestly devoted themselves to the eatables.

Every summer the crops were allowed to shrivel while the farm hands joined with the Captain in the annual two weeks' renovation of the steamer. During this period dust rose like smoke from a prairie fire. Paint was daubed about recklessly.

For eight years Captain Jo swept and scrubbed, and patched and petted his steamboat. For eight years he watched the river items and waited for his chance—and at last it came: the St. Louis Packet Company dismally collapsed. He read

the news on a Monday afternoon; the following Wednesday night the Southerner, with a light crew and a lighter head of steam, was slowly but surely working her way St. Louisward. Captain Jo was jubilant—his steamer was no longer the stranded relic of Benton's farm, an object of curiosity for the travelling public, but once more the Memphis Weekly Packet. The wash of the water along the hull, the hum of the pent-up steam about the boilers, and even the rattle of the dishes in the cabin, delighted him. With the enthusiasm of a new-fledged Master, he raced from deck to deck, watching his boat's every

move, cramming his officers with countless instructions.

The trip was successfully completed. At ten o'clock the Southerner passed under the Eads bridge, and tied up at the St. Louis levee. On the wharf-boats the Captain learned for the first time that he was to have competition. Somebody from the Ohio River had built a new boat, the Telegram, for the St. Louis-Memphis trade. She had already left Memphis on her first trip. But the Captain was in too good spirits to worry over the matter—there was room enough for two.

The next afternoon, at the good old-fashioned hour of five, the Southerner cleared for Memphis with a good patronage. Captain Jo dreaded this first trip not a little. He looked for many unwelcome changes in the river; he feared his old friends had forgotten him. In both instances he was mistaken. There were a few strange boats, and here and there a new building stood on the shore; but otherwise the Mississippi was as it should be. The water was low and troublesome, a familiar condition; the same number of treacherous snags and shifting sand-bars lay in ambush; and the crew, as in the old days, shamelessly stole the eatables, and slumbered in hiding whenever there was any work on hand. The Captain noted all these things, and was relieved.

And when the Southerner whistled for St. Genevieve, the first landing, at ten, he learned a good deal about the memories of his friends. As the first jet of steam shot up from the whistle, there came from out of the darkness an answering uproar. The flickery headlight, turned on the landing, dimly disclosed a wide area of waving hats, canes, and umbrellas, under which the best part of the town's populace danced about. In the foreground the local band panted futilely. Captain Jo, hat in hand, came down on the forecastle, and from the capstan bowed his thanks. At Chester, far after midnight, there was a similar demonstration. As for the following day—it was a sort of triumphal tour. The news that Captain Jo Benton and his famous Southerner were coming down river travelled fast, and every landing did its share to swell the welcome.

Toward four in the afternoon, Cairo was sighted. The Captain, from his van-

tage ground on the hurricane deck, noticed a large side-wheeler approaching from the south. She was a stranger to him.

"What boat, Arthur?" he inquired of the pilot on watch.

"The Telegram," was the answer.

"Umm," commented the Captain, interestedly. "Get in ahead of her if you can."

"Yes, sir," replied Arthur, and rang for more speed.

The Southerner managed to arrive opposite the city a little in advance, and, after a warning whistle, commenced to turn about with the intention of crossing in front of the Telegram just before making the landing. The manœuvre was nicely executed, and as the two boats neared the shore the Southerner started to make the crossing. Captain Jo was admiring the skill of his pilot, and idly watching the spray tumbling from the cutwater of the Telegram, when he suddenly felt the Southerner swerve sharply toward the oncoming steamer. He knew instantly what had happened; the well-worn wire tiller-rope had parted somewhere.

"Set her back on both!" he shouted frantically to the pilot. As he spoke there was a furious jangle of bells below, a hurried rush of steam, and the engines backed powerfully. The pilot of the Telegram spun his wheel hard down, and set his engines back also, but it was a wasted endeavor. There was a few seconds helpless interval, then, with a terrifying sound of breaking and splitting woodwork, the steel bow of the Telegram ground its way far into the flimsy hull of the Southerner. A moment after, the entangled boats jolted against the levee, and the frightened passengers of the Southerner, and most of her crew, scurried ashore.

Captain Jo saw at once that the accident, while serious, was by no means fatal, for the water at the levee was slack—barely five feet. But the catastrophe had just begun. The pilot of the Telegram, in his anxiety to get clear of the Southerner, and unmindful of possible consequences, attempted to back away. The Southerner refused to be shaken off, and, still locked together, the two steamers floated from the bank. Captain Jo was horrified to find his boat being towed out into deep water, and rushed to the side,



Drawn by F. C. Vohn.

When the final smash came, Captain Jo was standing well forward.—Page 236.

protesting wildly. By the time the flurried pilot saw his error he was fully fifty feet from shore. He reversed the wheels, and tried to push the Southerner back again, but the stiff current, crowding the stern of the old-timer, freed her from the grasp of her assailant, and exposed to the water an unhealthy chasm in her side extending almost to the keel.

Rapidly the Southerner settled, until in ten feet of water she touched, and the Captain breathed more freely. He did not foresee the startling climax. The steamer was aground at bow and stern only, and her centre continued to sink. One after another the stanchions bent and snapped, lower and lower sagged the decks; then with a dull report the keel broke, and cabin, texas, pilot-house, and chimneys folded and twisted themselves into a tangled wreckage, like the remains of a telescoped express train. It was as if a mighty hand, sparing the boat's ends, had seized upon her middle, and relentlessly crushed it flat against the river bottom.

When the final smash came, Captain Jo was standing well forward. The hurricane deck, breaking away at his feet, left him perched high in air, gazing dizzily through the choking steam into the débris below. He was stunned by the magnitude of the disaster. The spectators on shore saw only the loss of a wornout packet of small value, but the Captain saw the wiping out of his grand hopes and plans, the absolute end of his career.

A boat came out quickly and took him off, together with Arthur, who was seated nonchalantly astride a capsized chimney with a spoke of the wheel in each hand. Once ashore, the Captain was hemmed in by a crowd of sympathizers and advisers. One friend suggested a possibility of raising the Southerner. The Captain glanced toward the wreck, then turned away; he could not bear to look at it.

By the first train he went back to his farm and tried to forget, but it was no use. His occupation, and his beautiful steamboat—all he had in the world—were gone. All day he smoked on his front porch, wearily watching the river. His neighbors called, but he took no interest in their visits, and after a time they stopped coming. He tried to comfort himself with the St. Louis and Memphis papers. One day

he read that the engineers had dynamited the sunken Southerner from her obstructive place in the channel. After that he threw the papers away, unopened. The passing boats saluted him louder than ever, but he no longer had any means of reply. Often, when awakened by a whistle echoing through the valley, he reached hastily for his bell-cord, only to let his hand fall sadly when he remembered that the big bell of which he had been so proud was slowly rusting two hundred miles away.

Six months dragged by in this fashion, and then a new chapter was added to the Captain's history. One night he was aroused by a whistle, a weird, jumbled roar, that made him sit bolt upright in bed. He knew that whistle—there was not another like it from St. Paul to New Orleans—the whistle of the Southerner. Some one had raised her, after all. Breathlessly he listened for the pounding of her machinery, but could hear nothing. Then he thought of the item about the dynamiting.

"A dream," he remarked, grimly, and lay back on his pillow. He was half asleep when he was again disturbed, this time by the tolling of a familiar bell—the Southerner's—calling for soundings. But he was prepared this time.

"I'll wake up in a minute," he commented, and, so soliloquizing, went to sleep.

He rose early and began his dressing, pondering the while over his vivid dream. Chancing to glance out, he saw something which caused him to start violently. There was a boat moored at the bank—a wonderful white monster, all glistening in the early morning sun. Above her steel hull mounted tier on tier of fanciful woodwork, terminating in a marvellous pilot-house with a gilded roof. Above her chimneys hung a picturesque haze of light brown smoke. From her restless engines clouds of steam floated lazily up. And on her paddle-boxes, in letters of blue and gold, was painted the name "Southerner."

Captain Jo gazed fixedly in admiration and astonishment. It had not been a dream after all—this was the boat he had heard in the night. What was she doing at his farm, why had she taken his old name, and whence came her bell and whistle? He finished dressing and, breakfastless, ran down the river-path.



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

The Captain was hemmed in by sympathizers.—Page 236.



"This is no joke, Arthur?"

Boarding the steamer, he climbed the stairs to the boiler deck, and entered the cabin. He stopped, bewildered. Here was a cabin twice as large as the old Southerner's, carpeted the whole length, and furnished with a lavish display of electric lights, mirrors, and colored glass. Parlor for the ladies, smoking-room for the gentlemen—but at this point he was interrupted by the appearance of Arthur Wilson, his former pilot, in a brass buttoned uniform now. Captain Jo viewed him with undisguised amazement.

"Who's the Captain of this boat, Arthur?" he asked, weakly.

Arthur grinned. "I brought her up, sir. She hasn't a master as yet."

"But what is she doing up here?"

"Come upstairs with me, Captain. The explanation's all written out for you."

The Captain, very much puzzled, followed the young man to the Captain's cabin, where the following letter lay spread on the desk:

SOUTHERN LINE.
ST. LOUIS AND MEMPHIS,
OPERATING THE MAGNIFICENT NEW
SIDE-WHEEL STEAMER
SOUTHERNER.

CAPTAIN JO BENTON.

General Offices, St. Louis.

CAPT. JO BENTON,

Benton's Farm, Ill.

DEAR CAPTAIN: We, the undersigned, residents of the river towns between St. Louis and

Memphis, inclusive, realizing the lack of proper steam-boat facilities since the failure of the St. Louis Company, and the sinking of your own steamer, have decided to enter the packet business.

At a recent meeting of the stockholders you were chosen to act as the practical man of the Company. We therefore take pleasure in offering you the Captaincy of the new Southerner, and a half interest in the Southern Line.

We sincerely hope you will look favorably on this proposition, as we have taken great pains to persuade you. As a little compliment we have renamed this boat, formerly the Valley Queen, of the St. Louis Company. And in order that you might feel at home on board, we spent a week poking around in the mud at Cairo in search of the old Southerner's bell and whistle.

The Southerner is advertised to leave the city on her first trip this afternoon. We trust you will be able to arrange your affairs so as to be on hand for her second trip, a week hence.

Yours very truly,
STEPHEN MALLOY, St. Louis;
JOHN A. GREYSON, St. Genevieve;
HORACE EALEY, Cairo;
HENRY WELLS, Memphis,

Directors.

For a second time in his life, the Captain was stunned. He read the note through again, dwelling with scorn on the passage, "We trust you will be able to arrange your affairs so as to be on hand for her second trip."

"This is no joke, Arthur?" he hazarded.

"No joke, sir," smiled the pilot.

Together they went out on deck. Captain Jo pondered. Some men would have scented charity in this new company, but Captain Jo saw only a good business undertaking. He looked toward the farm house—his foreman was lounging doubtfully out.

"I'll write to-morrow," the Captain howled.

The foreman stared, open-mouthed.

The Captain straightened with a quick return of his old-time dignity, and touched the pilot's arm.

"Ask the engineer if he's ready," he said.

Arthur took his place at the wheel, and in a few moments announced, "All ready, sir."

Captain Jo seized the bell-rope, shook himself to see if he was really awake, then sharply struck the one tap "let go" signal.

"All ready, Arthur!" he shouted. An engine bell tinkled. All at once the wheels churned the shallow water viciously, and the big steamer, with becoming dignity, backed out toward the channel.

Captain Jo Benton was in the trade again with his steamer Southerner, the Memphis Packet.

THE OBJECT OF THE FEDERATION

By Octave Thanet

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

"I JOINED a woman's club in the Federation a little over two years ago," said Mrs. Hardy, "I didn't know what was the object, then; and to tell you the truth, I am no wiser, now."

"You know as much as I," was her neighbor's reply, politely given, the neighbor, however, feeling no real interest, at the moment, in anything outside the approaching election of president, and the gossip regarding a possible "dark horse" which was buzzing behind her, between some better informed members of the delegation.

The babble of mighty waters is like the noise that filled the theatre. It surged from the plant-bedecked platform (where it

might be likened to nothing more resonant than the hum of insects of a summer night) through the auditorium, to the dais under the balconies. The dais was noisy, always, not because its occupants were any more inclined to talk than other women, but because it was the rarest thing in the world for them to hear anyone either on the stage or the floor; and generally, they had to vote by their eyes, watching the advocates of their pet measures; and rising or sitting by their example; hence they solaced themselves with conversation.

At this moment, however, the quiet gentlewoman with the gavel, behind the long table, had not lifted her hand; and the upper part of the hall (which being in



Drawn by Howard Chandler Christy.

Myrtie came back from College.—Page 243.

good hearing distance, was used to keep silence and criticise the talkers) was as busy with tongues and hands as its neighbors. So Mrs. Hardy, smiling a little at her neighbor's absent glance, listened until her thoughts wandered far afield. She only half caught the enthusiasm of the neighbor to her right, over an address on village improvement, or the indignation of the dames to the left, who were rehearsing the political baseness of Massachusetts. She was recalling a day thirty-three years ago. She did not see the secretary behind the table, whispering to the president; she did not notice a little group to the left near where the silk banner of Massachusetts fluttered, putting their heads together and gesticulating above their whispers. She forgot her surroundings and saw only a tall young man whose ardent eyes sank as they met her own, a handsome young fellow, who caught her hand in his, as they sat alone in the carriage, driving to the depot, and kissed the fingers and the wedding-ring, crying out he was not half good enough for her. "He was in love with me, *then!*" she thought. But now? Well, it was not to be expected a man with a great business and cares and money to think about and political affairs (for they were importuning Darius to go to the Senate) should be paying romantic compliments to his middle-aged wife. Nevertheless, Darius had never forgotten their anniversary until last year. On her reminding him, he had whistled and laughed. "So it is," says he, "we ought to spend it together; it's a shame I have to go to Chicago; why don't you come with me?"

Smiling (yet a foolish something not merry was twitching at her nerves), she had declined. But she made a good excuse; Darius never guessed that she was so silly as to mind; and he brought her a sweet pigeon-blood ruby ring, set in diamonds, from Chicago; and he kissed her when he slipped it on her finger—kissed her cheek, not her hand. She wondered, at this minute, why she should wish that he had kissed the hand instead; an elderly woman ought to be content with a calm, assured, faithful affection, and let beautiful youngsters have the frills. That evening, she planned a dinner carefully to his liking, and she would not let herself be disappointed when he brought a political mag-

nate, who talked politics, from the terrapin to the coffee. She smiled, again, as she thought how much more of interest she would have found in the conversation, to-day, after the club's year on Our Colonial Policies. This last anniversary Darius had clean forgotten. In fact, he had advised her to go to the Federation meeting; saying, lightly, that it came at an opportune moment because he must be away, that week, himself. "Milwaukee is a pretty city," he ended, amiably. "and there will be lots of hen-functions and you'll enjoy yourself; but what's the object of it all, your Federation?"

"I don't know"—she astonished him with her frank levity—"when I do I'll tell you."

"Well, don't get into any rows you can help," said he, easily; "want any more money? Got plenty?"

"Plenty, thank you," said she, "although I am going to be rather extravagant and get some very smart toilets."

He looked over his glasses at her; and she was not able to decipher his smile. Didn't he approve of her clothes? she sent her fine eyes into the mirror of her dressing-table, after he had gone, and studied the picture there with a frown and a smile, at last with a moisture over her eyes.

But, although he said nothing, when she next examined her bank-book she found her credit larger. "Maybe he *does* like my spending more money on my gowns," she thought.

She went to Milwaukee. She did not remind him of the anniversary. She said to herself that she would seriously try to discover the object of the Federation; then, she would tell Darius. Her daughter-in-law accompanied her; and her daughter was to meet her. "Quite a family party," said her son; "well, I hope you girls will have a good lark! And, I say, Hester, find out what it's all about—if you can!"

At first, Myrtle Hardy was more bewildered than excited. The scene was unlike anything in her experience. The hotels glittering with feminine finery and humming with feminine voices; the placards over doorways in rotundas or corridors, announcing head-quarters; the vast crooning bulk of the lake, the iridescent gleam of water that came to one in glimpses

as one was whirled down the wide and breeze-swept avenues, amid a dazzle of lovely fabrics and smiling faces, blooming like flowers in swiftly passing victorias or rattling cabs, or rippling over the sidewalks into the wide vestibules where Milwaukee welcomed her guests ; the noisy rush of the city ; the ceaseless rattle and clang of the electric-cars which were like an orchestral accompaniment to the magnetic excitement pulsing under the decorous calm of the meetings in the flower-decked theatres, or eddying through the foyer these at first dazed the woman unused to clubs. But only for a brief time. Presently, she began to be consulted ; her advice was asked ; she made a speech in a meeting of the state delegation. There was, in the speech, her natural clear sense—which goes for something always and everywhere—there was, also, the mark in voice and speech and pose, of her years' training with the teachers. "I believe you could be heard all right, in the theatre," said the president of the state delegation, afterward, "will you make a motion or two for us, this afternoon?" She made the motions ; and, strangely enough, she wasn't so frightened as she had been in the state delegation ; in fact, she proposed a simple short cut through an unnecessary dilemma with not much feeling beyond wonderment that so many clever women could get themselves into such a tangle. The applause and delight of her companions of the delegation touched her. "I'm in it, again," she thought, railing at her own vanity, but curiously pleased. Now, her thoughts were back, groping through the years when she was not "in it." Not the days of her youth, not at all ; she had been the leader of her mates, an ingenious, tolerant, easy-going leader, admired and loved, shining among them by right of two years in an Eastern boarding-school and a trip to Europe.

Not in her early married life, either ; although, at first, Darius was poor and the great wagon manufactory was but a daring experiment. In those days she knew all her husband's hopes and plans as well as his troubles. He used to say, often, that she had a good business head. Those days they lived in a little brown wooden house with a five-foot piazza ; and Darius mowed the tiny lawn himself ; and she put up her

own preserves and made all the children's clothes—pretty clothes they were, too ; she was a housewife whose praise was in all the churches. But it does not follow that she had ceased to be a leader, far from it ; she was the president of the "Ladies' Sewing Society" of her church ; and of the first woman's club, classically named the "Clionian." She was a progressive spirit ; she it was who introduced the regular motion into the business meetings ; before her reign it having been the artless custom of the societies to talk until the discussion either languished or grew too violent, when some promoter of harmony would call out, "Let us put it to vote," whereupon there would be a few timid ayes and a self-respecting silence instead of no ; and the measure would be adopted. Pertaining to this custom was an inevitable sequel of plaintive criticism from all the modest souls who "didn't like to speak," but who were full of foreboding wisdom. Myrtle Hardy was one of the few who could speak ; and she was considered to speak very much to the point. Those days, she was keenly interested in all the life of a young, hopeful, bustling little Western city. She belonged to a musical society and would rise at five in the morning to practice, and she was one of an anxious band of women who had bought a library and were running an amateur entertainment bureau to support it. Then, Darrie was in home-made knickerbockers ; Myrtie was a sweet, little, loving hoyden who was her mother's despair because she would climb trees in her white frocks ; Ralph was a baby, and the two little girls that died were their mother's tiny helpers, with the willingest little hands and feet. Sitting there in the crowded and noisy theatre, a quiver ran over the mother's face. Her friends had forgotten, the brothers and sisters had forgotten, even Darius seemed to forget ; but, day and night, she remembered the eager little faces, lighting so happily at her praise, the shining little heads that used to nestle against her heart. The two died of scarlet fever in one terrible week. In that week, the first gray threads had crept into Myrtle Hardy's beautiful brown hair. She was nurse and comforter and helper, then, to Darius. She felt her eyes cloud with the vision of him, as he flung himself on the babies' little bed,

sobbing in the terrible, racking passion of a man's grief. "Not now, dear, not now, not till the others are safe," she had whispered; "we have them still; they need us."

She wondered was it after the babies went that she began to drop out of things. Somehow she was so busy comforting Darius and nursing the others back to health, and crowding back her own ceaseless grief out of sight; and thinking of cheerful things to say and new interests for the others, that the library passed out of corporate existence and into endowed rest with hardly a thought from her. Nearly at the same time, the musical society perished in a cataclysm, due to the sensitive musical temperament; and the literary society died of inanition, after browsing through literature from Milton to Dante; and after each member had written one or two papers, thus sating the natural curiosity of the other members. Myrtle did not lift a hand to save either of the societies. She heard the wrathful accusations of the musical warriors, and put in the unappreciated word for peace, but did not resent its failure. She consoled the literary mourners with the reflection that they could read up about things in the magazines or the books of the new library; and masked her secret listlessness with perfunctory regret. Long after, she came to wonder whether it was not she who went into prison, then; rather than the world that left her on one side. Did she not gently but rigidly exclude the friends who would have called upon her, and shut herself apart with her own? Continually, she used to pray for cheerfulness, for patience; but it never occurred to her to pray for interest. When other societies were formed, she did not care to join them; she followed her own advice and read apart by herself. By and by, although so much more of a personage, she was no longer beset with invitations. The younger women organized a new club with new methods; and Myrtle Hardy read her books, peacefully, on her wide piazzas, amid her plants and flowers. When Myrtle came back from college, Darius asked her wasn't she going to help Myrtle by joining the club with her?

"Dear, no," said she, blithely, "they are all so young."

"Why don't you get up a club of your

own, then, and take in the other left outs?" said he.

"I don't fancy women's clubs much; you know I did belong to them; they are half-baked things, and they take their own improvement with such deadly seriousness. And it is such a smattering that you get in them. A smattering is always forgotten; unless you know a lot about a thing you forget it all."

"Oh, well, you know best what you like," said Darius, easily; "I only thought you seemed a little dull." He dropped the subject; but she repeated his words, often to herself; he never had thought her dull, before. She noticed that Myrtle did not talk of her club. She was puzzled. Outwardly, Myrtle was a handsome young woman with a highbred repose of manner which she had acquired as a college editor and the protector of new girls; inwardly, she was still shy, desperately in dread of awkwardness, and brimming with enthusiasms. Not until she was about to be married did her mother find a trace of her little girl in this gently haughty young creature. And, then, there remained only Myrtle's last photographs and Myrtle's empty chamber, and the weekly letters for her mother's hungry heart. "I am not sure I know her," she would often muse, those days, "I am only sure she doesn't know me!"

Myrtle lived in Chicago; she had married very well indeed; and had a prosperous husband who was a graduate of Harvard and dallied with Reform; and there were two sweet little children who called Mrs. Hardy "Granny"; and Myrtle always consulted her mother when they were ill; she was a devoted daughter. "When my dear mother was alive," said Mrs. Hardy, smiling rather grimly, "grannies were not very nice old crones who smoked pipes in the chimney corner; and 'Grandma' was good enough for any grandmother; now, 'Grandma' is provincial and I am a granny, myself. It is a little puzzling."

The children were all out of the house, now. Ralph, the youngest, was at college; she was well acquainted with him; she used to write him about the books she read and he wrote her about the boys and football; she knew a great deal about football. She lived in a stately new colonial house

with quaint little window-panes wherever they would not obstruct the view, and snowy tiled bath-rooms, such as no colonial ever knew; and terraces decked with pink and blue hydrangeas; and dazzling window gardens. Myrtie had been as kind as possible about the house; and Myrtie's taste was charming; it had been an education in colonial history as well as architecture to have Myrtie help build the house; even the architect was deferential to her. Across the street was Darrie's less costly but no less correctly charming house. Hester had done Myrtie's architectural bidding, also. Darrie was the best of sons. She was proud of him; and his father depended more and more on him. She loved his wife; and his children were her vivid delight. Darrie used to fetch her flowers and new plants for the window gardens; and tell her about the children's funny sayings. Darius, her husband, grew kinder and more generous all the time; he gave her a check-book of her own; she told her old friends that she had the best husband and children in the world; and that she was a grateful woman: she duly remembered her abundant mercies in her prayers; and yet—and yet she began to feel herself retired. A most respectable position, that of a retired officer; but, somehow, generals and admirals do not covet it. Nor did Myrtle Hardy. She had been in the centre of her own stage; now she felt herself most gently, most civilly, pushed into the wings. Her daughter-in-law, with all her admiration and her dutiful respect, had interests which she never discussed; had a point of view and ideals which were outside her comprehension. She felt fatigued and puzzled when she heard the younger generation's familiar speech with itself. "I am not in it," she said to herself. Darius, too, no longer consulted her; the old fashion of confidence had somehow slipped away; he had not very much to say when they were alone; and he was beginning to call her "Mother." Myrtle Hardy considered. She thought for weeks and thought hard. She sat in her sewing-room, upstairs, where were the only two rocking-chairs that Myrtie's impeccable taste had allowed to abide in the house. She sat first in one and then in the other of the chairs, her

needlework unheeded in her lap; and watched her little grandson and his sister playing while the nurse made an interminable German lace on the back porch; and just across from her window, Hester, her daughter-in-law, sat amid a heap of books, reading and making notes. "That child has been studying for three months, every spare moment, on her paper about 'Scientific Plumbing in the Modern Mansion.'" Mrs. Hardy muttered, with a frown, "well, I hope she will know something, if she keeps her mind!" That was not the way we prepared club papers in my day; we decided on our subjects one meeting and we read our essays on them the next; and two weeks was enough for us; now, they spend a half year making a programme and have it hanging over them a year in advance." She watched her daughter-in-law, smiling grimly; then, suddenly, she rose, with the motion of one who has come to a decision. "At least they are not superficial, nowadays," she said, "and perhaps it is better to take one's self too seriously than not seriously enough. And after all, Hester did find out what was the matter with the laundry faucets."

One day she told her daughter-in-law that she wanted to join a class in parliamentary law.

"But we haven't any," objected Mrs. Darius Hardy, Jr., meekly.

"Then get up one," said the one time president of clubs. "Get all you can to join a class, send for a teacher, and I will make up the deficit, in the subscription list."

A parliamentary teacher of renown came; she was also a teacher of expression—that was her poetical word. Hester caught her breath the first time her mother-in-law rose in the class to "speak to the motion." She embraced her with beaming eyes and the prettiest rose of delight on her cheeks. "Oh, how did you learn it?" she sighed, happily, "you are the best of us all!"

"I took some private lessons in Chicago," said Mrs. Hardy—her quiet manner did not betray an unexpected thrill.

"You're *beautiful*!" cried Hester.

After that, Hester always seconded her mother-in-law's motions; and fought in the mimic debates as valiantly on her side as a natural, timid reticence would let her.



Drawn by Howard Chandler Christy.

Hester . . . sat amid a heap of books.—Page 244.

VOL. XXX.—27

It was odd (to Mrs. Hardy) what a different relation grew up between them; a sense of comradeship and the pleasures of partisanship, wherein it is not only the leader who exults in the winning fray, the follower has a simpler and a nobler joy. The first natural consequence of Hester's admiration was that she begged her mother-in-law to join her club. Before the end of the year, Mrs. Hardy was elected president of the club; before the end of the next year, she was burrowing in books and magazines, as absorbed as Hester, in the conduct of Great Britain to her colonies. She found herself suddenly interested in the newspapers; Darrie talked politics with her; and they were no longer unintelligible.

"Whew, isn't mother getting cultivated!" Darius whispered to his boy; and they both grinned.

"She's growing handsomer, too," said Darius the younger.

"I hope she won't go to any of those fakirs in the newspapers who paint you all over, so's you crack when you laugh," commented Darius, anxiously, "and, say, Darrie, there's a way they have, nowadays, of burning off your skin and giving you a new skin—they call it being '*done over*'; it must be frightful torture—I'm not going to have your mother's face sizzled up, that fashion."

"She doesn't need it; mother's skin is lovely," said the loyal son.

"Her not needing it is no reason why she won't want it—being a woman—Darrie. Your mother is the most sensible woman in the world, Darrie; but she's a woman. And I'm not sure whether a woman ought to monkey with her age, the way mother is doing. What do you suppose I saw with my own eyes, yesterday? There was mother, swinging her arms over her head and bowing like a heathen Chineese, until her fingers touched the floor; and then she went to kicking over the chairs—high kicks!"

"Oh, that's only Delsarte—they only do that to limber up and make themselves graceful. Hetty can kick the chandelier."

Myrtle caught echoes of this conversation; and was base enough to listen behind her sewing-room curtains, giving no sign. It was true that a change had come over her, and that her mirror reflected smarter toilets, a different carriage, and a

fresher charm. For one reason, she looked younger because she was much more cheerful. "I am a child with a new toy," she would say to herself. But there is no question that she found a pungent enjoyment in her new activity. One of the perpetual wonders of life is how small a figure the stake cuts in the game. It is infinitely more exciting to make money, for example, than to have it. To keep our souls in repair they need exercise; and the vicissitudes, the emotions, the excitement of a career happily do not depend on the size of the stage. The great stake, the large stage, count; but they count less than their claims. What comes to more than the pomp of success (as the vulgar name an intangible thing) is the elation of using all one's powers; nor is there any tawdry applause comparable to the rich and fine content of accomplishment. But often Myrtle caught Darius's pondering eyes and wondered to herself what he was thinking. Really, Darius was experiencing the rather piquant emotions of a man who discovers an entirely new creature in his own wife. By a natural transition his thoughts went back to the days when he was courting Myrtle Danforth, and "couldn't make her out;" by an equally natural process of selection, he fumbled through dim passages in his soul, striving to see the relation between this assured and graceful woman of affairs and the joyous young beauty that he had won, the high-hearted comrade of his poverty and struggles, the tender comforter of his sorrows. A hundred little trivial, affecting incidents rose out of the hazy years to gripe his heart. He felt a novel shyness, however; and the only token of his feelings (outside the check-book) was a habit he had fallen into of watching his wife when she was not looking.

Of course, she was aware of it; she was thinking of it at this moment, while the Massachusetts woman behind her unpacked her conscience on her nearest Indiana neighbor.

"And how does Indiana stand?" said the evangelist, finally.

"Well, if you ask *me*," said the Indian, wearily, "we have troubles of our own; and we are not thinking much about it!"

At this, her companion (also from Mas-

sachusetts, but with a sense of humor), giggled and essayed to cover her indecorum by asking Mrs. Hardy if she had attended the industrial sessions. "I have

Georgia delegation. Between them, I didn't hear a word of the industrial question. I'm told Missouri has been studying preventive legislation in regard to woman



"Oh, how did you learn it?" she sighed, happily.—Page 244.

tried to go to them," she confessed, later, after they had become confidential. "My husband is a manufacturer, and I was anxious to see whether they would try to get light on the questions that they are tackling, or would simply form an opinion beforehand and talk about it."

"Well, how did they strike you?"

"They didn't strike me at all; I went to two of them; but the first one, two Southern acquaintances of mine lured me out into a committee-room, to tell me the dreadful things Massachusetts was going to do about the color question—not one of which had entered our heads, by the way—and the other meeting, I sat back in the hall and couldn't hear anything, and a Massachusetts friend came in, very calm but deeply excited, and got me out in the hall to tell me the plots of the

and child labor for the last year; what did they decide to recommend?"

"Well," said Mrs. Hardy, drily, "you see they were studying for a *year*; if they had taken the subject for a month or two, no doubt they would have had opinions; but as it was, they didn't recommend anything. But what you say about the sessions made me think. I find that there are two classes of delegates, those who are interested in the meetings and those who simply go to the meetings to get a better chance to pull wires. It makes me more at sea than ever about the object of the Federation. What do *you* think it is?"

The Massachusetts woman meditated. She was a handsome woman, a woman with ancestors, it was evident, for the blue and gold of the Colonial Dames badge,



"Hasn't she covered us with glory?" one of the followers called.—Page 250.

and the enamel star and scarlet ribbon of the Order of Colonial Governors illuminated the white chiffon of her bodice; and there were five bars on the scarlet ribbon. "My idea of the object is simply that it is a clearing-house," said she; "and so far it is democratic, for it brings us all together; and I," said the descendant of

governors and warriors, "*I'm* democratic. Look at us, it is not only that we represent so many different classes, we represent so many sections of the country. In fact, about this color question, I feel that it is more important for the North and the South to get acquainted and friendly, working together, than it is for us to give

the opportunities of the Federation to a few colored people."

"I don't look at it that way, it is a question of right and wrong"—thus the earnest sister from Massachusetts unfurled her banner to the breeze—"are you going to do what is right or what is expedient?" The smouldering fire which had made the deck hot walking all through the meetings, showed signs of breaking out of cover; everybody in hearing craned her neck; there were murmurs of approval and polite sniffings of dissent to the right and to the left. The Massachusetts woman said, "Life is a compromise;" and shrugged her shoulders. Mrs. Hardy put up the white flag in a mild sentence: "Mrs. Lowe is calling us to order, I think."

The convention had passed safely to the ballot. The opposition had sprung its mines; and the regulars had discharged their heavy artillery behind the proper parliamentary subterfuges. The undecided voters had, as usual, asked to take back their ballots, and as usual had been refused. The excitement had risen until it showed in white or flushed faces and strained voices, in clappings, and hisses; but the chairman's inscrutable calm never changed, and through it all she held the convention perfectly in hand.

Two men had safely run the gauntlet of ticket takers, and were seated in the lower gallery. They were a middle-aged man, dark, portly, carefully dressed in silver-gray tweeds, with a silk shirt; and a young man, dark, slender, in a lighter suit, with a stiff white collar on his pink negligee shirt. There was an air of distinction about both men; they looked to be men of importance in their own locality, men accustomed to command and deference; but nothing of gentler modesty and meekness than their demeanor can be imagined. They shrank back in their seats and sat close to each other, as one will observe timid children sitting, who have wandered into a strange house.

"You—you don't suppose they will put us out? eh, Darrie?" said the elder, in a low voice, "not *now*?"

"Of course not," responded Darrie, with simulated lightness; "look there to the left, there's Myrtie. That president is a good presiding officer, you would not

guess all this row is over her, she's absolutely impartial—by Jove!"

"What's the matter? Do you see Mother anywhere?"

"No, sir; did you catch that, the secretary's explanation of the parliamentary question? Pretty clear, I call it; but their getting in all their points, I observe, working questions of privilege for all they are worth."

"Very clever, very clever," assented Darius; "there's Hester, mother isn't with *her*; you don't suppose mother would stay away, this afternoon?"

"Never; this is the election afternoon."

"Myrtie said mother was very much admired and sought after, lots of invitations; maybe she has gone out to some tea——"

"They wouldn't have anything this afternoon; don't you see how keyed up they all are?"

"I thought I was monstrous clever planning all this," pursued Darius, with a knitted brow; "your mother forgot this was our anniversary, but I didn't; I have her present in my pocket; and the dinner ordered; and I was expecting to surprise her; but if she isn't here—she couldn't have gone *home*?"

"Of course not—there she is, don't you see her? looking fresh as paint!"

A lady had risen, her voice, mellow and clear, dove through the sonorous buzz of the hall.

"Why it's *mother*!" cried Darius, "and if she isn't taking an appeal from the chair; mother has her nerve with her, to-day."

Darrie grinned; but as he watched his father's face kindle, his own changed; he laid his hand on his father's, nodding, softly: "I tell you, mother's *great*," said he.

"That little dark-eyed lady is speaking on mother's side"—Darius was leaning forward with excited interest—"isn't she a pretty creature, she's little—but, oh my! How clearly she puts it; these Southerners have a natural gift of oratory. Don't think much of that woman who's trying to call mother down!"

He was as eager as a boy, the man whose cool head and hard sense had won him a great fortune; his eyes glistened, the color crept into his cheek; and he

drew a long sigh when the appeal was withdrawn. "Very pretty, Darrie," he said, "appeal withdrawn, but they have got in their work on the voters; chairman had to decide against her own friends, and did it like a Roman soldier. The extraordinary thing to me, Darrie, is how well they are all keeping their temper. Darrie, didn't you think mother's voice was good when she spoke; how'd she learn to speak so well?"

"Oh, she took lessons," returned Darrie, easily; "Hester got her into them; Hester and mother are great pals."

"I know; Hester is a remarkable girl, Darrie; she has always appreciated your mother. Begun again, have they? started something else while the ballots are counted, good deal of a continuous show, isn't it?"

He listened with a slackened zest while the questions of reorganization and details of the duties of chairmen pattered through the hour, the rain after the thunder-storm. Then, unexpectedly, Mrs. Hardy made her little speech. It was an excellent little speech, good-natured, full of sense, and with a dash of humor. At first, she was a little nervous, but she was too interested in her subject to be nervous more than an instant. Had she known of the presence of two auditors in the gallery, perhaps her composure had wavered. There could be no doubt regarding their agitation. They turned pale and clutched each other; then, first on Darrie's, next on his father's features, dawned and spread a light of exceeding confidence; with shameless effrontery—considering their relationship—they stimulated the applause; they beamed over the hits; and at the close they were radiant. Without a word Darius held out his hand to his son, who wrung it. Then, they both took a long, long breath of relief and satisfaction. Darius was the first to speak: "My son," said he, "I have known your mother for forty years and have been her husband for thirty-three, but she can surprise me still!"

"Mother certainly *is* great," assented

Darrie, solemnly; he added his own little feather of marital triumph: "Hetty always told me so," said he.

"Look at those women all around her," said Darius, "patting her on the shoulder and whispering; *they* know. Darrie, I'll bet you anything, there hasn't been another speech in this convention that has put things as clearly as mother's."

Myrtle started when she saw her husband and son smiling in the doorway. Her daughter-in-law was on one side her, her daughter on the other, half a dozen of her delegation radiated complacency in her wake. "Hasn't she covered us with glory?" one of the followers called, gleefully to another. And a little din of compliments fell upon Darius's ears. It is pleasant to reflect that all over the hall similar groups were exulting unselfishly over their own prowess and their own heroines. Little did Darius Hardy concern himself with them. He took his wife under his arm with a proud and blissful smile. He waved a direction at Darrie: "You take the girls, Darrie, you'll find a cab, somewhere; I want your mother to myself. Now, Myrtle, if sated vanity can demand any more, I'll give it to you in the carriage!"

A few minutes later, she was gazing, through a happy mist, at the gems on her heart-shaped locket, murmuring: "And I thought you had forgotten the day! And you planning this lovely, lovely surprise for me. Oh, I am so glad, Dar, I didn't know you were there, I couldn't have said a *word*! Did I—were you—was it *passable*?"

"You're fishing!" chuckled he; and he kissed her hand. But he whispered in her ear; and she blushed like a young girl.

Presently he laughed. "By the way, Myrtle, you haven't told me; have you discovered what is the object of the Federation?"

"Certainly," said she, "I don't know what it is for others, but in my case it is to help me find myself—and my husband!"

THE POINT OF VIEW

IT is much to be wished that some such beneficent societies as those which occupy themselves with the planting and preservation of trees and the improvement of villages, would take up seriously the subject of fountains in our cities. It seems a

Fountains in
Modern Cities.

propaganda especially adapted to feminine activities. So much enthusiasm is expended by women, here and there, on civic matters; why not some of it on this vital question of beautifying the town?

Probably the new type of commercial city has lost in nothing so much, to the sight and the imagination, as in the suppression of those multitudinous water-jets, falling into shallow basins, which were common in the towns of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Fountains against palace walls, in the centre of market-places, in the courtyards of houses of the more important sort, had, to be sure, a long period of direct utility, and were not provided solely for embellishment. When every housewife could turn on a faucet in her own domain a source of inexhaustible civic picturesqueness was, by the same token, turned off. But fountains were not among the most salient and significant possessions of the town of the Middle Age and later, for nothing but the daily procession of women carrying water-jugs to their sparkling rivers. The jugs filled, there was a loitering; groups of idlers and gossips formed naturally at that spot; it was a place for usefulness, but it was also a place for sorcery. For there is strange hypnotizing power in the sight of water purling up and out amidst paving-stones and masonry. Whether it pours forth in an iridescent shower from the monumental fountains of Paris and Rome, and dimples in the great basins of Versailles and Caserta, or drops noiselessly into a cracked marble receptacle at the street corner of an old, obscure, little provincial town, it catches the eye, and arrests and prolongs the attention in a measure equalled by no other feature in the outward physiognomy of a place. Of the thousands who in the course of a day pass the base of a statue, perhaps less than a hundred glance above the level of their heads and receive an impression of beauty from the marble. They are the fraction who

are prepared for such impressions, and are looking for them. All the rest barely know that the statue is there. But a fountain is not thus passed by. Not everyone is conscious that fountains can stir and stimulate him; but to watch a circle of heavy-visaged park-loungers staring absurdly into one by the hour is to gain a strong idea of the way in which they may unconsciously affect the most dormant, or the most embryonic, beauty-sense. Fountains are, altogether, to the public life of cities, what the open hearth is to the private life of homes. An open fire draws the gaze continually, brings all the room about it as if it were a magnet; and this not half so much because of the physical reason of the warmth it gives as because of the escape that it provides for the imagination. To pause and watch the silver spray a moment is to feel the lure of watching it indefinitely. The play of the changeful water speaks of spontaneity, of spiritual freedom; it is ecstatic; it is neither to hold nor to bind; it is pure, soaring inspiration. It is everything, precisely, that the life of the busy man or the plodder of either sex is not and can't be.

Just because of this is it so greatly a matter of regret that fountains enter so little nowadays into our plans of municipal improvement. Their practical utility may be at an end, but their æsthetic influence, should not on that account be foregone. It is strangely short-sighted to ignore that influence. The modern feeling with regard to the importance given to fountains at the close of the seventeenth century in France, for instance, is rather, that it was founded on a puerile fancy. Yet Le Nôtre was a genius in his kind, and what he did with the parks of Louis XIV., and with the water brought into them, would satisfy the taste and feeling of the most brilliant minds that France ever had. The liking for the spectacular use of water, such use of it as was exemplified in the "grandes eaux" of Versailles and St. Cloud, has been lost by modern society. One might say that its substitute in our times was the popular liking for pyrotechnics. As food for the lover of suggestive beauty and of romantic effects, it may safely be asserted that the "grandes eaux" were far better than fireworks.

But fountains need not be spectacular. They can be touching and interesting when they are quite humble. They can also be—such is their unique prerogative—full of inspiration and delight when they are quite baroque and ugly. Then why go on building miles of stony thoroughfares in our great towns without so much as a spray of water, in any part of them, to make rainbows in the sun, and to cause our spirits to take wings a little at the sight? We build under conditions which shut out inexorably the pleasantness of gardens and other verdure; and we lament the fact; but fountains demand so little space that we could have them where traffic most presses. Our forefathers placed them as often as possible down in the street itself.

THE old dispute whether a little learning is a help or a handicap to a poet, has lately been revived in connection with one of the lower flights of the Muse. Who can best do comic verse, metrical caricature, rhyming political squibs? If we accept Nodier's definition of the poet as a man who makes verses, we must admit that many poets are engaged in that branch of versification; and the question is if they do more clever work for having had a scholastic training. In England, the universities have it. From Canning to Calverley, and from J. K. Stephen to Owen Seaman, the classically educated competitor has carried off the prize for lightly tripping *vers de société*, for rolling burlesque of public men and measure, for the poetry, in short, which, if not a criticism of life, has at least the old ability to tell a pungent truth *quamquam ridentem*. The explanation given after the fact is that the capacity for neat and crisp expression in English is directly developed by familiarity with the weapons of precision stored in the arsenals of Greek and Latin. It would seem that recent American experience tends to bear out this theory. As the demand for lighter verse has risen with us, its production has become more and more a specialty of the young graduate. The successful author of poetical trifles in college papers finds, more readily than any other outsider, a market for his wares in our multiplying journals *pour rire*. But the young poets of our hours of ease, who first fleshed their maiden pens in the *Lampoon* or *Courant*, can boast in but few cases of the long familiarity with Persius and Juvenal and Horace

and Aristophanes which is held to account for the lettered felicity of their brothers across the sea. Yet it is hard to resist the conclusion that, somehow, it is the university which must be considered, in either case, the nourishing mother of the best poetical *jocoseria*.

As for the general effect of scholarship upon poetry in general, a safe conclusion would be, as the diplomatic student said when asked what was the Anglican doctrine of good works, "a few of them won't do any harm." There are here two fallacies to avoid. One is the assumption that the true lyrical *cri du cœur* must necessarily be untutored. The other is the notion that exact scholarship will surely narrow the poet into a precision. Tennyson was a scholar, if he knew half the books that Mr. Churton Collins makes him out familiar with; yet whose lyrics are fresher of wood and field and the common joys and tears of life than his? Browning's apparatus of scholarship was more in sight, yet few men could produce broader effects when he set about it. Matthew Arnold's case, indeed, seems more to favor the conventional view. In spite of his unconsciously complacent view of himself, expressed in his letter to his mother, as a kind of happy combination of the best qualities of Tennyson and Browning, he often has the air of a poet oppressed by too much learning. Yet perhaps it was the inspiration that was lacking more than the scholarship that was superabundant. In a less degree he displayed that Hamlet blight on the productive faculty which Clough, with so many others, was said to have fallen into by way of reaction from the over-strain and precocity of the Rugby ideal. Yet Clough's poet that was to be was surely thought of as a scholar, since part of his task was to aid those who

—trembling on the brink
Shiver, and know not how to think.

At any rate, with such a man as Lowell before the mind's eye, last of the race of giant readers, as he humorously but truthfully described himself, one need not fear that the true poet will not make wings of his scholarship. And to all others than true poets, be they learned or simple, our kindly question should always be that addressed by Lady Holland to Lord Porchester: "I am sorry to hear you are going to publish a poem. Can't you suppress it?"

THE FIELD OF ART

THE NEW HERITAGE OF PAINTING OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

I

IF one were asked what contribution the century just closed had made to the art of painting, and which branch of painting had most advanced, it would be a question well put and one well worth considering. As England held supremacy in the eighteenth century and gave, as we shall see, the impetus to France, it is to France we must look for the greatest achievements in painting in the last hundred years; and it is along the line of landscape that the century has made greatest progress. Let us trace briefly the development of painting in France since the year 1800. At that time David and Ingres were the notable figures in French art. Cold, formal, and traditional in their methods, with no sense of color, from the painter's stand-point, they built up their compositions on conventional lines. Painters they were not, but draughtsmen, rather, and everything they did was a reminder of the academic spirit of the "School," although Ingres, in his portraits, showed a strong feeling for individual character and often a searching sense of line. It was not until the reaction of 1830 against this pseudo-classic sentiment, a revolt which occurred almost simultaneously in literature, that France produced canvases characterized by that freedom of brushwork which stands for competent and cultured painting. These came from the hands of Géricault, Delacroix, and other of the Romanticists who did much to break down the barriers of the so-called classic school. Delacroix drew his inspiration from some admired master or masters who worked before him in the free ages of painting. Great Nature was not his mistress, nor the loving recording of her truths his preoccupation. Men like Géricault, Delacroix, and others who emancipated Painting from the bonds of the cold antique did not yet free her completely, for they employed her in a kind of large and heroic illustrative service, where their ease and manner of pro-

duction yielded a more intimate suggestion of Nature, but that which was not yet Nature herself. Géricault's "Wreck of the Medusa" thrills by its vivid pictorial power, by an energy of statement that would have been beyond the compass of the arid classic period preceding him; but as for truthful presentation of natural effects, the result of an intimate knowledge of the color, moods, and structure of the sea in motion, such as might be given to-day, thanks to the new school of light, this work as painting judged by modern standards does not truly exist. A histrionic and forceful portrayal, but revealing no proof of the painter's closeness of observation or fidelity in recording certain truths concerning sky and sea. No, it was for a later set of men, under the stimulus received from Constable and others, to place France in the foremost rank of nineteenth-century painting.

II

IT was for them, as though scales had fallen from their eyes, to look out upon nature and see light and air, planes, surfaces, and "values" which seemed suddenly, as it were, to be born into the world of landscape art. It was a revelation—a surprise. Easels went up by the roadsides, in the forests, by the sea. Sunlight pierced leaves with yellow glow, or shone on their polished surfaces with the blue glint of steel. A whole new world of beautiful visual facts was revealed to them through the new scrutiny their new curiosity concerning nature had taught them to employ. And this brings us to that group of painters who, enamoured of this new light and stimulated by a new sense of sight, sought the Forest of Fontainebleau for inspiration, and year after year produced canvases which are the glory of France to-day—Rousseau, Troyon, Millet were the shining representatives of that brilliant circle, the high priests of what is now known as the Barbizon School. Corot, that lyricist of landscape, was also of this time, and nothing that has succeeded this splendid period has diminished the lustre of their fame. A "new day" dawned for French art, because

nature, not tradition, swayed the minds of these painters of rural scenes. No phase of nature seemed to daunt them; with clarified palette and penetrating sight they appeared rather to seek subtleties of sky and air; and in this search, although mists might rise, dew glisten, sun blaze, clouds float, sea dazzle, or storm rage, each and every mood found a ready and competent interpreter. Now, in studying to adequately convey these effects and impressions to canvas these men became conscious that the historic palette, or in any case, the historic method of manipulating pigment did not suffice for recording with the vivacity of their actual vision the thing seen. Little by little new and more vibrant notes of color would appear in their foregrounds, trees, and distances; how to make more resonant and telling a green, how more light-emitting a cloud, was earnestly discussed and experimented with. These men found no more reason for "placing" their "brown tree" than Nature did, or Constable, who, when solicitously asked by Sir John Beaumont if he did not find it sometimes difficult to know where to place his "brown tree," replied, "No, for I never paint one." And yet, with all this heritage of "light" and revelation of color and "values" that the new century has entered upon, there are doubtless men still painting landscape who have the "brown tree" in their property-room. These Barbizon painters discovered through the initiative possibly, of Constable, that color retained or rather gained in luminosity the more lightly it was mixed, and that a color arrived at by, as much as possible, the juxtaposition of pure pigment was more effective; nearer to the brilliance of out-door nature than that which, by over-mixing, had lost its property of reflecting its own peculiar color ray. Now, in thus experimenting with, and as it were, dissecting the solar spectrum, the great landscape painters of this time threw wide the doors of the outside world. New emotions, stirred by pictured nature, which their great science permitted them to portray in full color, filled the human mind, and landscape struck, in art, the highest note of nineteenth-century achievement. After the Fontainebleau group appears one of the boldest innovators of them all; one who would be supposed to appeal only to those who could follow, with unblinking eyes, his eagle glances into the blinding mysteries of light—without sentiment as conventionally accepted—but stirring senti-

ment, as nature does, by the blazing splendor of its truth. Whoever in the presence of the volume-weighted tide has been impressed by its fateful, slow, but overwhelming approach—whoever on clear, sunny days has seen this sea dash joyously on wind-swept rocks, catching color from the sky, the clouds, the very reflection of itself against itself, and has felt in any of these phases of the natural world the emotion that is named sentiment, then Monet can supply it also; and he may not narrowly be charged with the lack of a quality which is his in a large measure.

III

It would be well if the public could be convinced that by experimenting in impressionism, in vividly striking the eye in order to touch more potently the mind, Monet and others have been, and are, an influence for good. We are not lauding this painter to the exclusion of other successful workers possessed of this new faculty of "seeing"—he is cited as a distinguished disciple of "light," and as one of the most brilliant accessions to the ranks of those who have given to art a new and clarified manner of using pigment to express certain aspects of nature not heretofore attained by means of color. When phases of nature are thus realized they touch the imagination, and in turn become recognized as representing the natural aspect of the world by those who regarded its normal shape and color as something quite other than it is. To then go back and study what has passed for its natural appearance in the dark-brown transcripts of the early landscapists, is to feel that these earlier painters saw "as in a glass, darkly," while we now see "face to face." For it is undeniably true that a new and finer vision has been developed in recent years which has made it possible for painting to touch a wider range of emotions than it awakened in the past. This is of great importance, for it adds much to the value of all painted art. Painters may now express their thoughts about nature because of remembered natural effects, not of remembered methods. Géricault and Delacroix remembered methods in order to picture a scene or an idea—Rousseau and Millet remembered Nature in order to express their thoughts about her—their emotions.

This, indeed, is the great gain to painting. Men who to express their thoughts must make

use of the images and sights of nature which are modified, in landscape, by every accident of atmosphere, and by every hour of the day, have inherited from earnest workers of the century just gone, a finer sense of vision, and a palette of greater clarity and wider range. The gain has not been without its revenges—its losses. For this advance has been achieved through a certain laxity of form. Drawing has suffered many neglects. If, however, the fascinations of light and new secrets of color have carried painters' thoughts away, for the time being, from the virtue and integrity of form, there are already indications of a return to the sincerity of the Renaissance with the added treasure of a subtler appreciation of the bewitching charm of light. This light-emitting palette bequeathed us by these men was discovered by long experimenting and patient practice. The former mixing of color was arbitrary and heavy. Men knew that the mingling of certain pigments would produce nominally other colors. This mixing then was done, but with no lightness of hand—no living tint was the result. A hard, nominal red or green or gray was produced, without vibration, and practically dead. There was, indeed, an early method employed by painters of laying in their pictures in what they were pleased to term "dead color," as a kind of foundation or preparation for their succeeding painting. In many cases the "dead color" was never called to life. This was because even in the subsequent painting the new manner of manipulating pigment was not known. It was not known that the more freely the primary colors were permitted to reflect their respective rays, the greater the vigor and vitality of the tone produced under such conditions. If the work of a master in this new method of painting be examined closely, strands of pure color will be discovered in the greens or blues or reds he has made use of to record those corresponding tints in nature. Through a magnifying glass the effect is amazing when applied to the green of a tree or the blue of a painted sky; the same test to most early landscape art reveals the traditional and nominal green and blue. Under the new conditions of painting one can look into the colorful depths of trees and into azure distances of sky. Atmosphere, ether, is more largely the possession of recent landscape art than it has ever been in the past. Thackeray's Clive Newcome, a comparatively recent hero, for our purpose, ex-

claims, somewhere, at the futility of achieving color as compared with form: "A line *must* come right; you can force that into its place, but you can't compel the circumambient air." Since that time Monet and others—Monet, perhaps, above all, have succeeded in a large measure in "compelling" the all-embracing ether, and their contribution to landscape means a revelation of the possibilities of pigment. Art could no more evade this modern note than could other fields of human thought escape the stimulating effect of widening horizons. Nor is this note confined to landscape painting. It sounded in the schools and ateliers of the figure painters as well. The painter Monet struck it when his portrait study "Le bon Bock" was shown, and he, too, was hailed as an innovator, a deliverer.

Conventional lighting and arbitrary color received a shock that was wholesome. Surface lights on garments, varying textures, hard or soft, were given with a truthfulness and with an authority that truthfulness inspires. No more "studio" painting, or if, indeed, in-doors, with the fidelity of vision and faithfulness of record that the "plein-air" painters practised. Accidental lights, happy reflections, a frank statement of indoor effects make as imperative a call for truthful record as the more transient and evanescent movement of light and air outside. Monet believed this, and said so in his work. He established his planes, values, and play of surface lights with a precision that was convincing, and although not in a great sense a colorist, he contributed much that was sound to the painting of these latter days.

IV

BUT it is the unfamiliar, the unusual which always excites suspicion, if not ridicule. When Constable painted the lilac, or even bluish or whitish light which exists on the varnished surface of a violin, or on the sparkling, glistening surfaces of green leaves, reflecting from their polished planes the blue or white light of the sky, then "Constable's snow" became a witticism with connoisseurs and critics. But thanks to the steady and persistent practise of landscapists since that time, and to the public whose eyes, through their efforts, have become more sensitive and more attuned to the harmonious sights of out-door nature, there is to-day no surprise

when these obvious facts are stated. It is now, rather, if they be missed, that criticism takes up their cause and condemns—it is no world of ours to-day without them. And our sense of outside things has become so keen, that the visual aspect of all objects under all conditions of illumination, in-doors or out-of-doors, seems in fair way to become the general property, the common attribute of human sight. Progress may be recorded here, undoubtedly; and so subtle are the statements now sometimes made in painted art, that one is moved to speculate as to the limit of the suggestive possibilities of human vision. Surely, with this new power of obtaining verisimilitude of a high order, painting may stride into a new realm of suggestive thought—interior work become more interesting and varied, portraiture more intimate, and still-life painting, even, less lifeless. Every object on which the light of heaven falls becomes a problem of fascinating and picturesque importance, a more beautiful world is disclosed to the sight, thence to the mind. It is very possible that the decline of panoramic art is due to the fact that mere breadth, extent, physical bigness, yields no such mental elation as does the contemplation of a corner of the world viewed by an artist of distinguished temperament, lyrical in his emotions, and possessed of all those sanctities of sight that a loving study of, and living with, nature has endowed him.

This searching inquiry into the visual potentialities of outward things has really affected all branches of painting, so that mural art, even—a comparatively recent revival of painted thought—has been touched by it, and one has only to compare the Raphaelesque designs of Baudry with the primitive simplicity of form, but thoroughly modern note in color, of Puvis, to be convinced of this. In

Puvis we have the modern vision trained into the service of decorative art. His mind, richly stored with the multitudinous facts of sight, is so controlled, that in his use of them, in mural art, he always obeys the demands of architectural fitness. With the material in his hand to create a world of realistically natural images, he has the conscience and the character to so transform them, as never to offend the laws of mural rectitude. But the note is modern all the same, and has given a new life to pictured walls. In making legitimate use, as Puvis does, of this “new sight” in painted panels, the heavens are brought down and vistas opened: still ceiling is supported and walls stand firm. The bogey of “holes in the wall” need not be feared, if tempered and intelligent use is made of this new visual sense. This sense has penetrated and influenced all recent painted art—there is no getting away from it, nor any evident disposition to do so.

A resistless curiosity to peer into the world of things, to understand the laws which affect the semblance of any and all objects in nature—without and within—accidents of proximity, reflections, variations of color, the natural aspect of the different hours of the day, or the gloom of night—for night, too, has never been so adequately presented in art—all this, and myriads more of beautiful visual truths have been found in that great arsenal of nature, the storehouse of all facts, and been brought out by the painter to make use of in his art. In this limited review there has been space, perhaps, for an encouraging glance. Let us hope that, after all “fads” and neglects have passed, drawing will again assert itself and the artist of the future be equipped to tell, in fairer colors and purer form, the radiant story of the world.

FRANK FOWLER.



Drawn by Howard Pyle.

GENERAL WAYNE ENDEAVORING TO QUELL THE MUTINY OF THE PENNSYLVANIA
REGIMENTS AT MORRISTOWN, N. J.

—"The United States Army," page 300.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XXX

SEPTEMBER, 1901

NO. 3

THE POOR IN SUMMER

By Robert Alston Stevenson

NEW YORK is not a bad summer-resort when you take your golf clubs to the office Saturday morning, run away somewhere over Sunday, and look forward to a fortnight's vacation with the family during the hot spell that sets the weather man gossiping ; when newspapers tell a daily weather story, record heat prostrations, contributions to the free ice funds—and coats come off on lower Broadway.

The hot days are uncomfortable, but bearable incidents ; managed easily with the aid of vacations, air-space, and bathtubs, but without them—there are a great many people who hardly know what they mean.

Those whose acquaintance with the poor people of New York is limited to what they see from the windows of the L trains and from the platforms of cross-town cars find it very easy to forget them when the hot weather comes. Anyone who has shivered can imagine the sensation of no coal in the tenement in winter. But in summer, surely everyone is comfortably warm ; it is not the season for social and educational work ; the deserving poor can scabble along somehow. There is a kind of philanthropy in New York, however, that does not go by the calendar. The ordinary, normal human requires in summer a certain amount of recreation, air, water, outing, and relief, and those who are busy with the idea that poor people are pretty much like other people are as much interested in their welfare during July, August, and September as they are

when cold weather complicates the problem. They cannot do as much as they would like ; nobody can, in the philanthropic way, but they are doing a great deal more than most people dream of, and with discrimination that does not outrage one's views as to the survival of the fit. It is worth while to look on for a day or two at least, if only for the fun and new interests to be got out of it.

It sizzles in the neighborhood of Hester Street on a sultry day. The pale-faced, stern-eyed push-cart men cry their wares, but competition dulls in the mugginess. On the shady side of the street the little mothers and fathers of the poor tend the babies ; hot, sweat-splashed little things that get jounced up and down when they get too fretful, on the knees of their elders, who are often as many as ten years old. Sometimes they sleep in odd corners, while the caretakers play jacks, covered only with prickly heat and dirty shifts.

Wherever they can find room, on the pavement, in the street or hallways, the boys play their games, dodging, instinctively it seems, the pedestrian's foot or the horse's hoof. They are chided very often by the push-cart men, for Izzy is a mischievous lad and must have fun. He has a way of getting it with hopping games, and does not look when he hops backward or mind when he is pushed aside. He is used to bumping against people.

The crowd is warm. Blindness would not conceal the fact. The tenements



HENRY McCARTER

Often as many as fifty children crowd into the sand-box in Seward Park.

crowd close ; windows and fire escapes bulge with bedding ; one bumps against people in the street, on the stairs, in the hallways, and the life of each man, woman, and child is so close, physically, to another, like the inside of an uptown car in the evening, that one wonders why the whole East Side does not get snappy as the conductors do.

It doesn't. It sweats and gasps and gets what relief it can. The little children suffer most. A walk with a physician who sees things in red-blotched faces is not recommended.

When it gets out and out painful—too much for Nature even—and thunder, a whirl of dust and papers, come over the high buildings out of the west, and slanting rain splashes into the street, there is a great scatterment of the elders. The children whoop. It is as good as an unguarded ice-wagon. They do not think of their clothes—they haven't many to

think of—and jump their hot, dirty little bodies up and down in the puddles, sail ship ships in the torrents, dam the gutters, and get as close to alleviating Nature as they can. Sometimes they sit down in it, paying scant attention to the Izzy, Izzy ! Abey, Abey ! with which anxious mothers rend the air up along the sky-line after they get in the clothes from the bellying lines.

The fun they get out of a pelting rain or the splutter and splash of a fire-plug turned on when the authorities discover that it is piping hot is the fun of all small fry and something more. It is relief, and can be appreciated after a day's separation from a tub in this part of New York when the thermometer dallies in the vicinity of 100 degrees Fahrenheit.

It is not very hard about three o'clock on a hot, sultry day east of the Bowery to become interested in the efforts of those



Drawn by Denman Fink.

The Swings in De Witt Clinton Park.

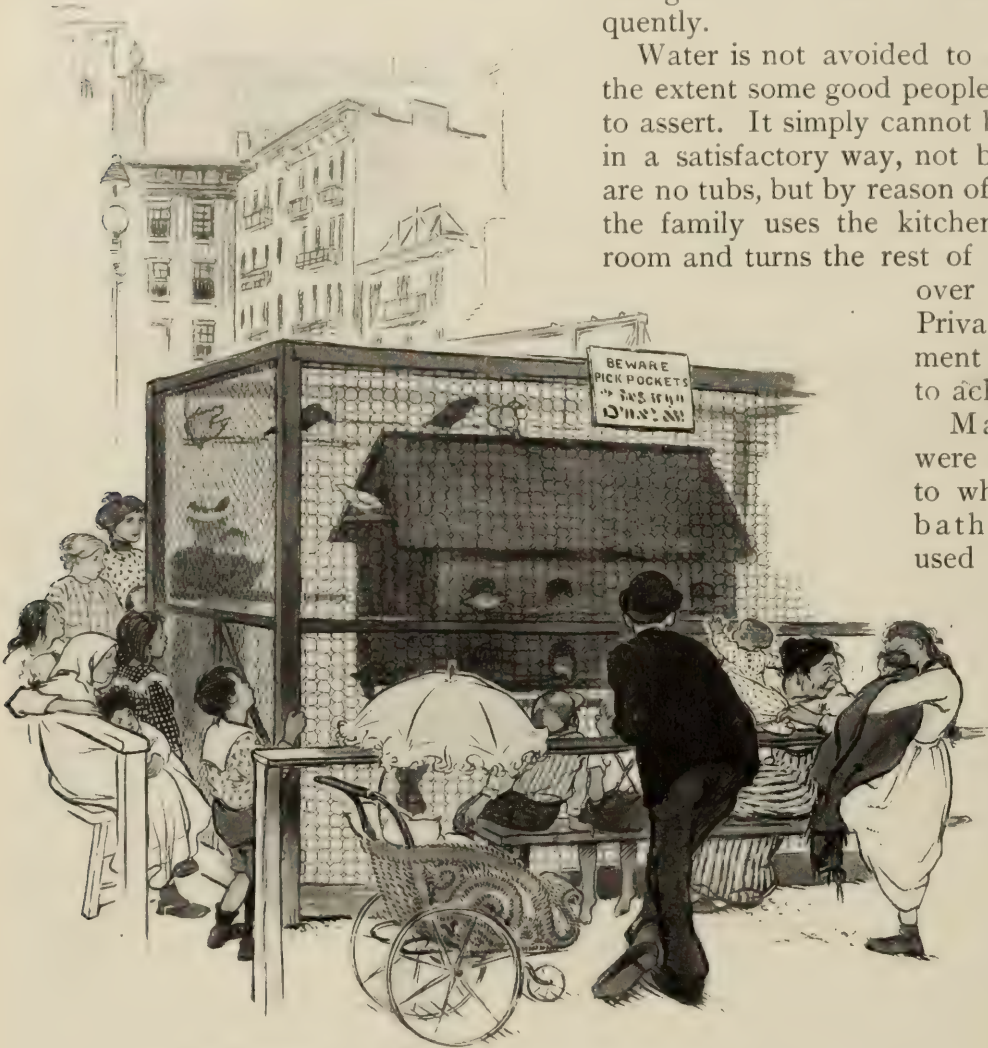
who are agitating the subject of free public baths. Water, lots of it, does not hurt anyone, and can hardly be classed among the pauperizing influences. The novices at work among the poor, feeling keenly the differences between their own environ-

public bath around the corner is another matter and seems in reason. Those who wished to use it could do so, they are the people we are after; those who prefer the other thing could stay at home. Besides, they might succumb to the temptation and get into the habit of using water frequently.

Water is not avoided to anything like the extent some good people are disposed to assert. It simply cannot be used often in a satisfactory way, not because there are no tubs, but by reason of the fact that the family uses the kitchen as a living room and turns the rest of the tenement

over to boarders. Privacy in a tenement is often hard to achieve.

Many doubts were expressed as to whether public baths would be used until the As-



HENRY MCCARTER.

The Little Zoo in Seward Park.—Page 272.

ment and that of those they visit, are always full of the soap and water gospel. They would preface their social movement, whatever it is, by a crusade with soap and a scrubbing-brush—and there is truth in what they feel. These articles are not unknown or unused, however, by the deserving poor. We are not thinking now of those who get their names on the books of the charity organizations, but of the thousands who do not. The undeserving poor always shy at water.

A bath-tub in every tenement is an idle dream, they cost too much and run very good chances of being used for coal. A

sociation for the Improvement of the Condition of the Poor tried the experiment. Last year 130,000 people paid five cents for soap and towel and the privilege of using the People's Baths at Centre Market Place.

This bath, one at the University Settlement, and the one shortly to be opened by the city, seem somewhat inadequate when the tub is thought of especially for the relief it affords in hot weather. Probably this thought was in the minds of the 4,000,000 and more men, women, and children who found their way to the free floating baths last summer in the



Drawn by Henry McCarter.



A Recreation Pier.

Kindergarten classes are held in the mornings; children play on it in the afternoons; and at night it is hard to find a seat.

East and North Rivers. There is no record of their having been forced to the water, and no good reason to believe that the elderly people and children left behind would not avail themselves of opportunities nearer home. Perhaps those 4,000,000 people would bathe in winter, too.

I never saw an East Side boy hold up two fingers, as country boys do, when they yearn for a swim, but they go swimming just the same. Taking their lives in their hands, a diminutive bathing suit sometimes, the adventuresome spirits,

scorning the confining legality of the floating baths, seek the docks and the vacant lots on the upper East Side. It is a risky business, for the tides race fast in the river and a clothes-appropriating policeman can cause no end of trouble. There is always a smaller boy sentinel, whose "Cheese it, Cops!" fetches brown, slippery little bodies out of the water in wonderfully quick time. To escape the policeman, dressing while running at full speed is an accomplishment; to get pinched a disgrace: to stay out of the water longer

than the policeman remains in the immediate vicinity, unheard of.

Drownings occur, of course, but every gang of boys numbers a life-saver. They are not more than enough sentimental in their humanitarian efforts, for one of them one day brought two exhausted boys in from midstream and then gave each a licking for having been the cause of the loss of his derby hat. He had jumped in shoes and all.

The East and North Rivers, pinching Manhattan out long and thin, are often blamed for many of the discomforts we have to endure and ride uptown in, but they prove in summer one of the main comforts of our poorer friends. There is fascination in loafing near running water at all times, better air too, when it races as does the East River. In the mornings at daylight, mothers take their babies to the water fronts and nurse them on the dock string-pieces and on the rocks in the empty lots. Quiet is there, some space, a kinder air, and the sun coming up over Long Island through the haze cannot be more uncomfortable than the several times heated and used air back in the brick-lined street and stuffy rooms.

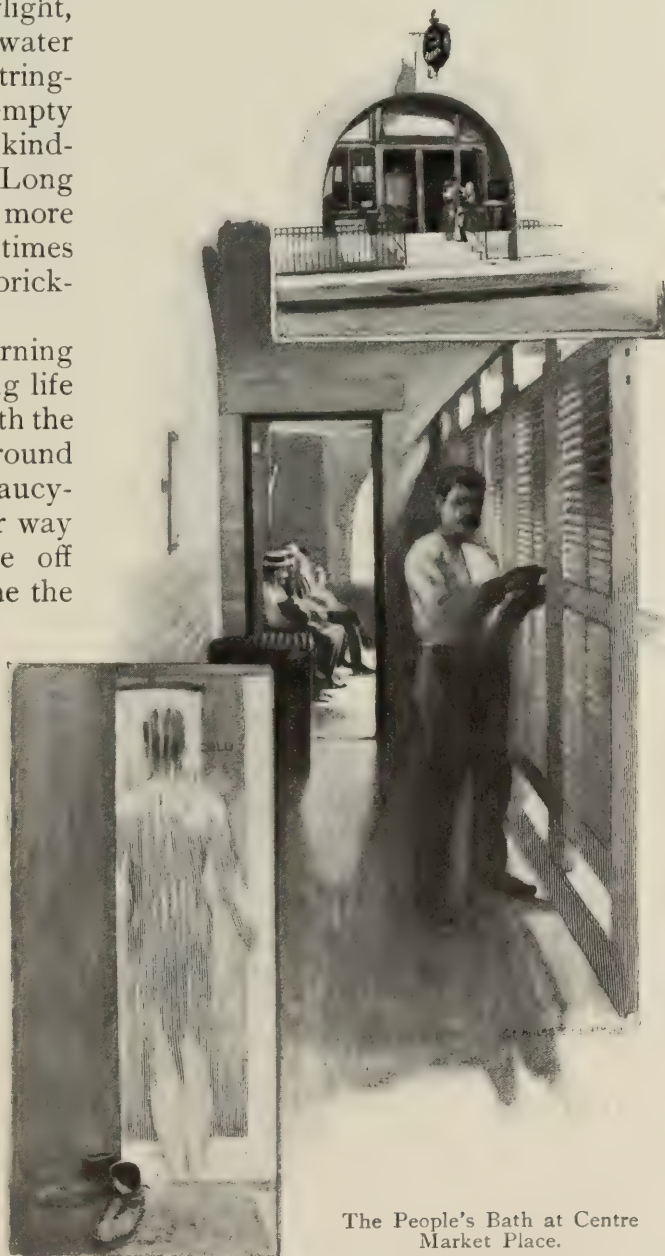
They fondle the babies in the morning stillness, watching the quiet, changing life on the river. Schooners flap out with the tide, big Fall River boats thump around Hell Gate and shortly the sharp saucy-bowed steam-yachts slip by on their way from the Sound to the anchorage off Twenty-second Street. By that time the East Side has yawned, stretched, and the mothers go wearily inland to cook breakfast for another hot day.

The real philanthropist who first suggested the recreation pier must have known the docks in summer. It was a good day for us when the notion began to work in his mind. We have six of them now, four south of Fifty-ninth Street, and could get along very well with more.

It is quite the thing in the evenings when the stored-up heat of the day begins to ooze out of brick walls and mushy asphalt to take the wife and family from the crowded stoop to the pier.

There one escapes the sullen discomfort of reflected heat but not the crowd. The benches fill early. The babies cry their evening songs and one must crowd one's neighbors; chatty, rather hot individuals who good-humoredly scrouge close for it is all part of the day's fun for them. There is the chatter of the opera-house until the band-master raises his baton and then an encore-loving appreciation of what the band does for them.

It is a jolly crowd, not too noisy. The slapping tide below, the far-away flare of the electric advertisements high over the docks on the Jersey shore, the lights slipping, slipping, up and down and across the river, and the grateful breeze are quieting influences. The bigness of a big city seems to make itself felt along the docks and that



The People's Bath at Centre Market Place.



The Roof Garden on Top of the Educational Alliance Building.

Open to children and mothers with their babies, and to boys who will play games fairly. Kindergarten classes meet in the mornings; entertainments in the evenings for men and women.

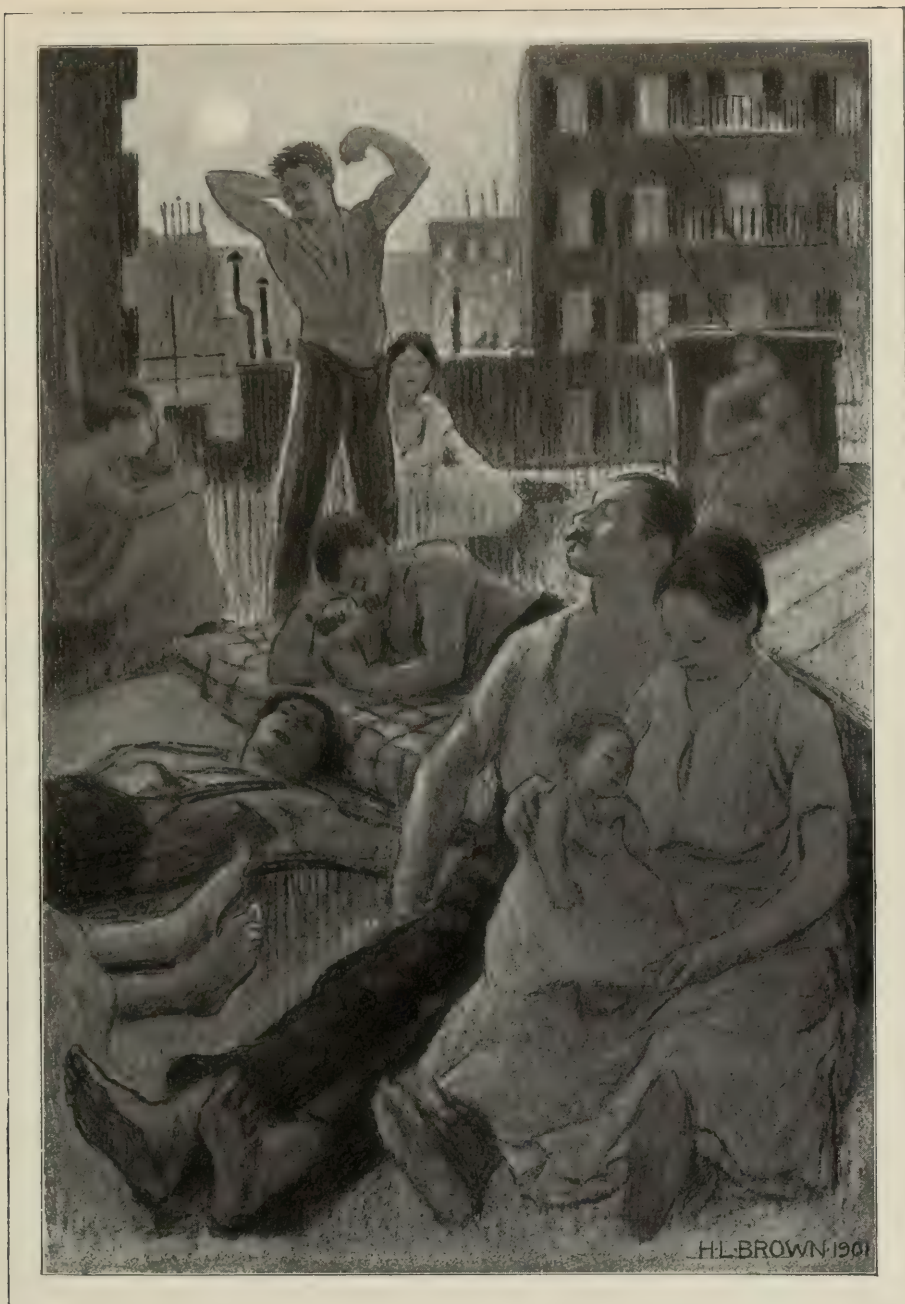
is not a hilarious thought. It is a pleasing way to spend an evening for anyone. When it is all over and the crowd scatters in the seething, sweating city behind, tugging the children, carrying the babies, or talking with the sweetheart, you wander uptown with more new thoughts than can be got in a vaudeville or on a roof garden.

Walking close to the crowd in the street and in their homes is sure to bring a feeling of uncomfortable adjacency. There is something almost physical in the relief to the eye and body a park in the crowded districts gives, to say nothing of the better air. Fortunately this matter of parks has got rooted in the public mind and we shall have more of them. The Legislature, limiting the time allowed condemnation commissions, has removed one of the barriers to speedy action. So much per meeting encouraged frequent discussion and developed fat political jobs.

As an investment to the city a park soon pays for itself through increased values of

adjoining property. No one doubts their value as breathing places for the poor. They are health spots in the city. How they are used depends largely on their location. It is a far cry for instance from the Ghetto to Central Park, and means car-fare. It is much more convenient to slip into Hamilton Fish Park on the Saturday holiday, dressed in your best clothes and rusty top hat, to gossip on the benches, or better still to while away what time you have on Corlears Hook, for there the river is near and the new East River Bridge lifts the eye high over Grand Street.

Each bench, edging the sacred grass, has its story to tell of rest, weariness, no job, or what is more cheerful, the loafing, breathing hours. The gift of getting into bench conversations is a good one to take into any of the parks, and nothing is seen save a crowd of people without a seeing pair of eyes. The man next on the bench may have a tale to tell of religious persecution that drove him from other lands to liberty and his push-cart on Rivington



Taking Refuge on a Roof on a Hot Night—Lower East Side.

Street. He talks politics with a slant toward weird theories, and reads books on political philosophy you have put off reading—say till next winter. They are trying at the Educational Alliance to set him on the right track because they know the great fear and suspicion that besets him after sudden release from social and political repression.

It is merrier in Mulberry Bend. Italy, big and little, chatters and laughs, wears bright ties and shawls, and gives the impression in good-humored conversation that a fight is on. It is hard to understand the merriment, after a walk down from Mott Street, past rickety tenements, dingy hallways, and dark cellars, all buzzing and whirring with hot life. Perhaps

it is because many of them knew worse alleys in sunny Italy and hope to go back to them some day retired vendors, peanut kings. What the Bend was before the day of the Park is known. What the Park has done toward letting in light and sunshine into a plague spot cannot be set down opposite an arithmetical equivalent, but that it breathes while the streets hard by gasp on a hot night cannot be doubted and that is what parks are for, notwithstanding the fact that the police cannot get the grass notion out of their heads.

In the good old colony days dainty folk took the air on the Battery wall. Nowadays they do it on Riverside or in the weary round of Central Park with two men on the box ; yet Battery Park is still



The Rocky Shore Opposite Blackwell's Island on the Upper East Side.

A breathing spot—used, in the early morning, by fathers and mothers with their babies; will soon be made into a park.

one of the finest places on Manhattan. It is worth while any time of the year, and you get a great return for the trouble on a Sunday afternoon in summer, and this is the way to do it:

Stroll out on the bridge in the late afternoon and wait in the shade of one of the towers until a peanut-eating family comes along. Follow it out into City Hall

Square, and while it looks at the slab over the spot where the tunnel was officially begun, wait for others coming out Park Row from the East Side. There is no need for haste; this is the way some people make the best of a holiday evening; besides, the sun is still up.

Down Broadway to the Battery is not a long walk and is quickly managed, for

the green of the trees ahead, touched by the slanting sun, the whiffs of saltish breeze that sift in through the tall buildings, and the fear of not getting a seat hasten one's steps a bit. Our family finds one facing Liberty, and sits down to look and wait for the wind puffs that come out of the bay. Afternoon slips by into evening, Liberty flashes out official warning that night is come, and still they look, quietly, peacefully, notwithstanding the chatter of the L trains as they bustle out of Greenwich Street.

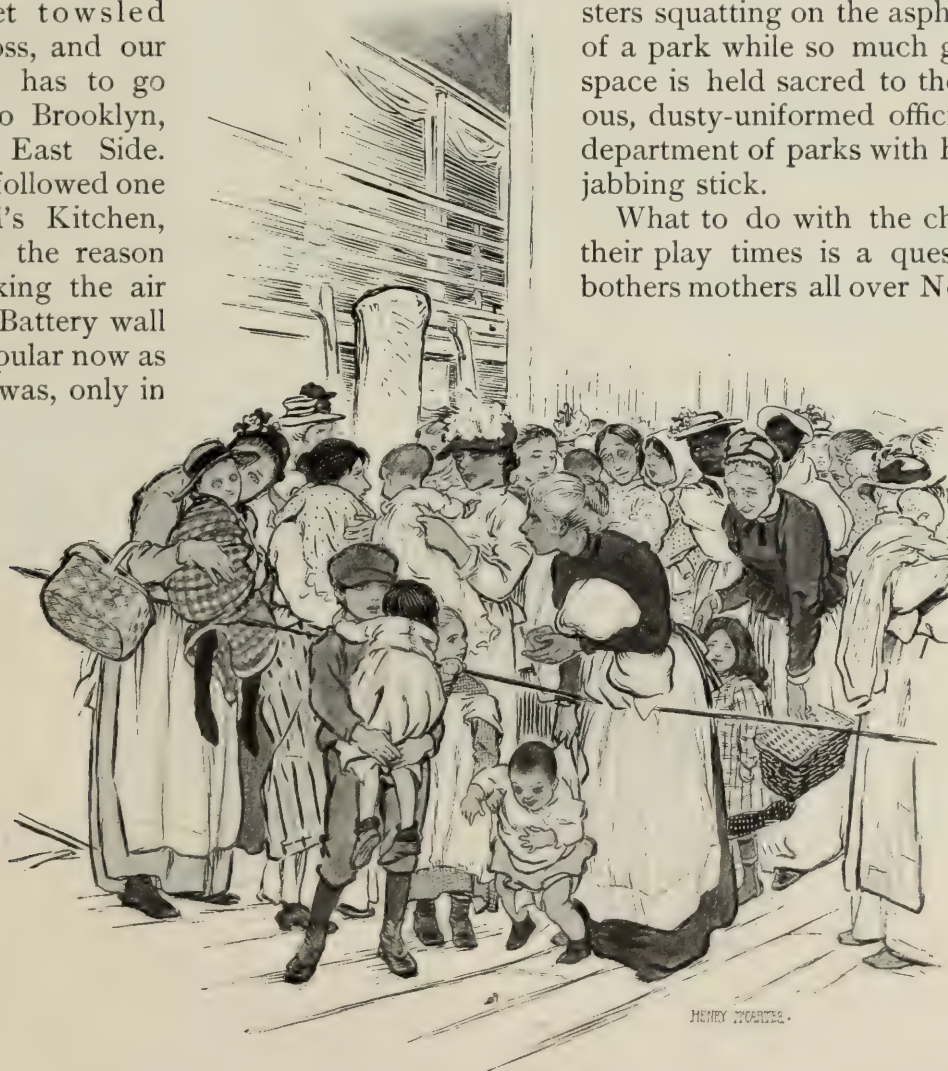
The boats show lights now, the ferries whole broadsides of them, and the curve of Brooklyn Bridge twinkles and is streaked with the lights of moving cars. Pipe-lighting matches flare all over the Park, showing tired faces, but no one seems to be in a hurry to go home. It is better than the room yonder opening on a shaft, better even than sleeping on the tenement roof. The children, however, get towlsed and cross, and our family has to go home, to Brooklyn, to the East Side. Once I followed one to Hell's Kitchen, and felt the reason why taking the air on the Battery wall is as popular now as it ever was, only in

a different way and by people who really need it. Stay in town some Sunday and try it.

To the children of the tenement a park means play. They are slow to appreciate the æsthetic values of trees, grass, or landscape gardening, and make the lives of the policemen who do miserable. I met two little girls one day, each holding a baby in her arms, gazing through the fence around one of the small triangle parks downtown, beautiful examples I thought of what nature studies in the schools can do; but when I asked one of them whether they were ever allowed to go inside, she hitched up the baby and said: "No, it ain't a park, it's grass."

I know it is all wrong to agree with her notion of what a park should be; we ought to be thankful we have any parks at all, but it is hard not to sympathize less with the grass and more with the little girl when you see the youngsters squatting on the asphalt fringe of a park while so much good play space is held sacred to the ponderous, dusty-uniformed official of the department of parks with his paper-jabbing stick.

What to do with the children in their play times is a question that bothers mothers all over New York;



Sick Children and their Mothers Waiting to Go on the Hospital Barges.

the mother up-town does not escape it. Her children parade with the nurse to the Mall in Central Park and have a very proper, stupid time of it until the country season comes. The mother in the tenement has to let her children take to the street, where they fit their fun to their opportunities. "Gee," said one of my little up-town friends when we were walking through Rivington Street, "wouldn't Marie jabber if she had to look after these kids?"

When the long vacation comes, the boy who races down the dark tenement-stairway, after doing his chores and stops in the doorway a moment looking out on a hot, crowded street where a hundred other children are doing their best to get rid of their animal spirits, does not know that he is a problem; that a great many good people stop there with him and his boyish indecision as to what he shall do

—and ask themselves what shall we do?

He, in all probability, joins his gang in about four seconds. They work for parks, playgrounds, open-air gymnasiums, fresh-air funds, excursions and vacations in the country for him and the little sister who follows him shortly into the street, lugging the baby.

Johnny meantime darts through the crowds, joins his intimates and informs himself as to the boy situation in that block. The gang in the next street may need attending to; that means warfare; the policeman on the beat may need exercise; that means swiping from the peanut man, or it may be a matter of the current game, marbles, tops, hopping games, fire-engine or pussy.

Several hundred people in the block, doing a push-cart business along the curb, swarming the pavement and street; add

wagons, drays, and bicycles, and you have what confronts Johnny when he goes out to play.

Not at all discouraged—he lets you do the worrying—he sets out to amuse himself. He has a highly developed instinct of adjacency and unconsciously avoids the dangers of impact with moving bodies. A heavy truck, bearing down on a group of children playing in a street, sends cold chills down an onlooker's back—needlessly—for nothing happens save a temporary interruption to the game and the driver's profanity.

They play fire-engine vigorously with a piece of string and restive snorting boy-horses; a real fire sets them wild. They tool lordly soap-box coaches into your shins, and get more fun out of a piece of wire and an old wheel than can be offered by a modern toy-shop up-town. An abandoned tri-

cycle is a joy. They

make from it a wobbly bicycle, and mounted thereon, thread sidewalk mazes that are not sympathetic. In his gentler moods Johnny is not above swinging the jumping-rope for his girl friends, and before noon he is hot and dirty, but he has had fun according to his lights and the population of his block.

The force in crowded streets, like other forces, shoves the boy to the point of least resistance. Sometime, during the day, he is sure to find himself in a park, if one exists within a half mile of home. Otherwise the boy atom is pushed hither and yon in the crowd where the line of least resistance leads to an intimate knowledge of thieving, immorality, and intemperance.

Appreciation of this fact, sympathy for the boy and ordinary common-sense on the part of those who remember their own mud-pie days, are responsible for the most



"No, it ain't a park, it's grass."—Page 269.



East River Park, at Eighty-sixth Street and East River.

One of the best on Manhattan.

cheerful work that is being done. The work that provides fun for the youngsters—there lies a hope for the afterwhile.

Seward Park has not a blade of grass in it; horticulturally, it is a rank failure. Consequently the policeman leans against the fence and talks politics, little feared or noticed by the thousands of children who play there. There are three enclosures for ball-players; ladders, bars, flying-rings, basket-ball, and a punching bag for the gymnasts in the large enclosure. The swings creak all day long, moving pictures

of shrieking fun. The babies are not forgotten. Under the shed in a corner, little tots tied tightly in their swing-chairs are pushed gently back and forth by tired but proud mothers. There are grandfathers, too, who go there with their little *Schätzchen*.

There is plenty of sand in the boxes for little architects, and the see-saws, four bump-anticipating children on a side, are hard worked. They do not sing "See Saw, Margery Daw" as the board slowly rises from the bump, but they shriek in

good form—and the little girls skipping rope sing :

"Jacob, Jacob, do you love me? Yes, no—yes, no?"

The faulty skip revealing the state of Jacob's mind brings out the teasing taunt, "Oh, Becky!"

Becky tosses her head, in a pretty, self-conscious way, and says, "It ain't so."



Doctor and Nurse Examining Sick Child on Board the Hospital Ship.

It is their way of finding out what the daisy petals tell little dreamers along a country road, and as one watches, knowing of the things they often see at the very doors of their homes, how easy it is for them to become familiar with impure lives and impure traffic, it is easy to understand the tenderness of men and women who are willing to be called sentimental; anything as long as they can make the lives of little children happier and the temptations less. They have a hard fight, for the police are on the other side.

Charity supports six bantam chickens, four rabbits, and a score or so of pigeons in a wire cage in one corner of Seward Park. They earn their feed, for with a humanitarian indifference to their surroundings they lead a life of patient sacrifice. The rooster swells his breast and crows, the rabbits hop, and the pigeons coo to the three-deep row of children that crowds close to the wire netting.

It seems hard that this spot is the only one in the park that suggests human de-

pravity. A sign over the cage warns the unwary to beware of pickpockets, and, curiously enough, it was there I saw my first real display of ill-temper.

A well-dressed, sour-looking woman stood near the railing. A boy with a baby brushed past and bumped her on his way to the cage.

"Can't you mind where yer goin'?" said the woman.

"Can't you see I've got the baby?" was the boy's answer.

"Ignorant. Ain't ye seen an animal?"

"Only unfortunate," I suggested.

"Mind your business," said the woman.

"Go chase yourself," said the boy.

I tell this incident because of its unusualness. With all the crowding, the East Side is almost always patient.

The Outdoor Recreation League maintains this park and one on Stryker's Lane, Fifty-fifth Street and Eleventh Avenue. Up there the boys are more aggressive. Hell's Kitchen lies to the south, wherein are cooked the red-nosed loafers one sees standing on saloon corners, and rushing growlers to the board piles on the side streets. They seem to loaf as hard as they can. In the Ghetto the drone is not so much in evidence.

"Say, Mister, gim me a swing?" the boys demand of the visitor, as by right—but that is only their way. They are the products of a raw, dare-devil part of New York, but should not be neglected on that account.

Those little Pats, Mikes, and Petes, shooting craps in the avenue, dangling overhead on the ladders, rocking their enemies in the vacant lots, are embryo Honorables, our future rulers maybe, by the divine right inherent in their race.

They say England's greatest battle was won on the Eton football field. Why not win some of our skirmishes against bad city government on playgrounds for our future citizens—say the members of the Recreation League. These little chaps have rough and tumble in their blood. It must out, and common-sense philanthropy would direct the boy steam into proper exhaust pipes. Every effort made to boost the urchins into health, normal boy development, decent play and better living is warranted by the hope that it is a step toward healthier citizenship some

day, and if Mike Duffy is ever persuaded or coaxed to go in for good government there will be no business for the reform movements.

The Board of Education has confronting it many difficulties. The question of housing schoolless children is not the least, but with all their problems of school work they find time to devote a great deal of energy to the problem of child play. Nearly 1,000 men and women are employed to conduct summer vacation schools and playgrounds in the boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx. That their efforts were worth while, to the child mind worth much fun, is likely, for last summer more than 100,000 boys and girls were in more or less constant attendance.

The scheme is very simple. In the densely populated districts, schools, kindergarten tents, out-door gymnasiums, recreation piers, parks, roof gardens, and the floating baths were utilized under skilful supervision, of course, for the purpose of cultivating and directing a healthy instinct of play. Not aimlessly, however, for boy play was encouraged that led later to useful trades and occupations, and the little girls played housekeeping, nursing babies, and numerous other things that experience has shown they have need for in their cramped lives; solemn, earnest duties—but there is no reason why they should not learn how to do them well and get some fun in the learning.

This does not mean that the children were fooled into the belief that they were having fun to illustrate a theory. In the mornings their play was directed systematically—but they could remain outside in the playgrounds if they preferred: prepare for the athletic tournament, learn to turn back flip-flaps, do the grasshopper,

swim the breast-stroke, or walk on their hands, and, above all, to play fair and honestly, whether in the sand-box or on the flying rings.

This latter aim may not seem important, but a woman who knows gang boys well feels that her year's work is done if she can see something more than a glimmer of fair dealing in the play of her gang. Little fellows who are compelled to exercise their wits to keep alive are not squeamish about using them to win in games by hook or crook.

Give a country boy a jack-knife and he will provide pine and the ingenuity to whittle out anything from a wind-mill to a terrible tomahawk. There is something pathetic in the page of the Board's report that records the necessity of a course in whittling. I showed it to a country boy who read it seriously and remarked:

"I guess they never traded knives, no sight no see."



To get pinched a disgrace.—Page 264.

There is one nameless gentleman in New York who enjoys himself very thoroughly in the summer-time. He equips barges with a band, policemen, life-saver, doctor and fresh milk ; crowds them with as many children as they will hold without sinking, and away they go up the Hudson for a day's excursion, band playing, flags flying, with a chatter and buzz that can be heard on shore.

There is no use being solemn about this sort of thing, those who have it in charge think, nor is there any reason in being reckless in the distribution of a day's fun, and if you ever meet one of these fresh-air excursions screaming at your boat's salute, yell back merrily and without reserve your approval, for all of those women and children are there because they deserve the fun, have something of hard luck, grinding work or child sacrifice in their lives.

They do not throw a drag-net over the East Side in these days when they do charity and net good, bad, and indifferent for the dispensation. An examination must be passed before even a day's excursion or a fortnight's vacation in the country can be enjoyed. The examiners take into account little girls who have weak mothers, drunken fathers maybe, and the responsibility of caring for the tenement-home, the last baby and several others already here ; little girls one sees tugging bundles home, the little mothers of the poor. Widows are marked high, too ; women with several children who are fighting against the cold, hard fact that it is next to impossible for a mother to support more than two children unaided. The day's outing gives her fresh courage to face that fight against the dreaded institution for little Ted and eight-year-old Mamie. Boys are passed who help the mother in the fight. Sickly children, too young to know what it is all about, are taken, too, by courtesy, not because they get any fun perhaps, but because their lives need saving.

It is a curious fact that, however underfed a baby may be, it is almost always overdressed. One infant arrived at Coney Island last summer during the hot weather clothed in a heavy flannel binder, two woollen undergarments, a cotton shirt, and a heavy woollen cloak.

Almost all of the societies that consider children at all make some sort of an arrangement for excursions and vacations far in the country. The children and their mothers are taken to Coney Island, to Long Island, up the Hudson and to Jersey—and give as much fun as they get—for those who look after them come back with stories and enthusiasm. There are not very many long faces in a children's summer home.

Sometimes in July and August a group of children huddle around baskets, scatter papers and make a great deal of noise in Central Park. They offend one's sense of neatness, and muss up the ordinarily prim grass-plots we admire as we pass on our sedate Sunday walks home from church—but be patient. There are as many children downtown ignorant of the beauties of Central Park as there are little shavers uptown who never heard of Jeannette Park—and think of what it means when, as an inducement to being good, children are promised all of the excitements of a day's outing in Central Park.

It is a far-off country to them. They line up somewhere downtown in that part of New York we know so little about, dressed in their best, each clutching tightly the nickel he is expected to pay—half the car-fare. In the hot early morning they chatter and squabble until the expedition moves.

The journey north is exciting. With knees on seats they view the changing sights on the Bowery. Fourteenth Street is not like Baxter Street ; Twenty-third Street is a novel experience ; Fourth Avenue and the tunnel are interesting ; Forty-second Street is a strange land ; and then dumped out in one of the quiet, deserted, burglar-protected sixties they get into the shade of the Park, where one little girl is said to have remarked : " I seen the most wonderful things we ain't used to seein' in our neighborhood."

I suppose she scattered papers and worried the slow-moving park policeman—but what of it ?

While all this is going on in New York, country papers as far inland as central Pennsylvania record, in local gossip columns, items like this :

" A car-load of fresh-air children ar-



Flushing the Streets During a Hot Wave.

rived in our midst Saturday. Dave Yoder took two of them to his farm. Give 'em a good time, Dave."

Dave gives them a good time, and re-sents the imputation that he is doing charity. He treats them as guests, and Bill McVitt is not above strolling across fields of an evening to take a look at the city kids.

There is something final about a quiet, peaceful farm; something that makes us all slyly dream of having one some day when our ship comes in. Seen through a pair of eyes that for ten years have looked out on the environs of Mulberry Bend a farm is dreamland. Dave Yoder hitches up his trousers and looks at the youngsters in pure amazement. He cannot understand it—nor can anyone appreciate the joys of sliding down a hay-mow that fill the soul of a boy who has been accustomed to stolen slides down the stone sides of the steps of the Park pavilions—and the crack

of the ever-watchful policeman's switch. They give Dave more to talk and think about in the winter, in the mornings when he sits by the kitchen stove waiting for sun up, than he gives them. Their curiosity, their funny questions, their appetites make him forget for a time to go even to the post-office, and make him maybe a little more content on the old farm in the valley.

"I guess," said a Dave to me once as we sat by my camp-fire, "they'd have the laugh on me if I went to the city." Dave had been telling the strange experience of two boys on his farm, and not once had he suggested the thought that he had been doing any good. But Dave had never been to the city—knew nothing of crowds, bigger than those on circus days—never spent a hot night in a back tenement, and from boyhood up had always had the green of trees to look at. I think the fresh-air funds are splendid charities for the country folks.

With all their ways of lending a helping hand, during the time when vacations and summer fun are in the air, there is a steadily growing feeling among very practical folks that if by far the larger part of our people have to stay in town in summer as well as in winter, and are compelled to go home to tenements after the day's work, a good tenement is more desirable than a bad one—for them, for the general welfare of the city. There are some thousands of people in New York who tackle cheerfully the job of living, push hard all the time away from the line between pauperism and independence, ask no help and are compelled to pay high rents for homes that in the matter of light, ventilation, water-supply, and plumbing do not compare favorably with the homes of average carriage horses.

You are liable to arrest if you allow your stable to become filthy and a nuisance. The landlord may do pretty much what he pleases with his tenement. That is because you and I do not live near it, never smell it, and think it a man's own fault if he prefers to live in one. We do not realize that the people of the tenements pay really high rents, a large proportion of the daily wages, for inferior homes because they cannot get anything better and pay the grocer's bill.

We hear so much from East Side workers about uncleanly homes they visit that we forget that they are acquainted in the main only with the uncleanly. There are spick and span homes in the worst of tenements—people who use water, children that go to school with shining faces and clean frocks, women that take pride in their tenement keeping and keep alive the something that makes any little place, wherever it is, if it is pure with the honest living of parents and the growth and care of children, home. The landlord offers them as little as the feebly enforced law, in many respects, allows, and differs greatly from the polite individual who does business with apartment-seeking applicants in an office on Broadway, with roll-top desks and hard-wood finish.

But there is no reason why we should be more than healthily discouraged about the housing of the poor. There is one active man who is always ready to lead a fight in print or in person against dishonest builders—grasping owners. With his friends

and sympathizers he has pushed them hard, and they have been touched on the raw more than once—witness the to-do they made recently when the tenement-house bill was before the Governor.

It is simply a contest between honest building and management against greed—as anyone can see after looking the matter over.

The City and Suburban Homes Company said little until its model tenements were ready for occupancy. They provided homes for men who wanted to live decently; gave them light, air-space, baths, individual closets, water-supply, gas-stoves, wardrobes, laundries with stationary tubs, drying chambers, steam heat, lighted halls, and a room for baby carriages on the first floor. Besides, they complied with the law in building, and offered investors a good interest.

"Wait," said their opponents, "until the year is out, and see how much money you have lost."

Several years have passed, and a report of the company reads like the report of a get-rich-quick concern. Nothing seems to go wrong. Interest has been paid to stockholders regularly and a contingency fund set aside. The tenants keep their apartments in good order, and pay the rent, averaging a dollar a week per room. Many applicants have been turned away because of lack of space—and the result has been so encouraging that the company has no difficulty in finding all the money it needs for an extension of its business.

The people for whom the tenements at Sixty-eighth Street and Amsterdam Avenue and at Sixty-fifth Street and First Avenue were erected have used them; they have kept their health well and show no disposition to abuse the comforts provided.

All of the old tiresome stories told by builders and owners about the piggishness of the poor, their fondness for dirt, and their preferences for just what they had have turned out to be interested statements.

Pretty much the same sort of thing was said about the Mills Hotels before they were opened to the public. Let the out-of-works, the young bachelors who do not

like to board five in a room, go to the Bowery lodging-houses if they have not money enough to go to better places.

Both hotels are now crowded with men who seem to enjoy the accommodations they get. You see men loafing about the courts, chatting over games, growling about something or other, as some hotel patrons always do, and sitting alone, staring with unseeing eyes at a future or past—who knows—just as you do at any other hotel.

There are things to complain of, naturally. You may not like the gravy furnished with the beef or the dessert of the day, but men out of work or living on an uncertain dollar and a half a day are not so particular. They get what they pay for—not much more, for these hotels are a paying investment.

Charities, or interest in others, of this sort are not dangerous. If men who have concentrated industries, crowded workmen in cities where the old-time ambition of each man to own a little home is idle because of the impossibility of realization; if such men build tenements and hotels, help along a little the scheme of things, and get much fun in helping, they are doing only what they feel they ought to do.

They are hard-headed business men, and are not given to sentimentality, but it

is quite possible that underneath it all there is more heart than head.

And after all, this whole business of thinking of others that evidences itself in summer and in winter too, is simply a matter of kindly feeling, showing itself in a variety of ways. Some of us pooh-pooh at any philanthropic movement that does not show a definite result, others like to see a balance on the right side of the sheet. There are those who sneak in their sympathy with the bald contribution of "a friend," and a large number of men and women do their work because they like it and feel in a measure that it is their duty. Whether they build tenements or provide potted plants for the sick, there is little real difference between them. They are all tarred with the same stick, kindly feeling.

The intensely practical philanthropist who likes to see a well-kept set of books, and be able at the end of the year to say: "We have done this and that," cannot understand the dreamer who walks the city full of big bulging thoughts, careless as to whether he spends a few dollars he cannot account for, but both have their places and their fun. When all is said and done it seems that whatever may be happening to faith these days, hope and charity are not being neglected. If charity covers a multitude of sins there is some hope for New York.

LOVE

By Marguerite Merington

My love for thee is like ——— my love for thee ———
 Soul of my universe, it stands alone!
 On all by poets dreamed, or prophets shown
 It levies tribute, yet lacks simile.
 'Tis of the elements, God's earth, the sea
 And sun. 'Tis all the human heart hath known
 For lover, parent, friend and child in one ———
 Spirit made flesh, as flesh shall spirit be.
 'Tis suffering supreme, whose passioned tide
 Ceaseless beats back and forth from joy to pain,
 But Godlike most of all when most belied
 By giving life a crown of thorns to gain.
 Yet, though its Heaven is snatched from Hell's abyss,
 The greatest grief would be its Heaven to miss!

“A BURRO-PUNCHER”

By Walter A. Wyckoff



MIKE PRICE was a prospector by nature ; his prospecting through the summer and autumn of 1892 in the Wagon Wheel Gap country of southwestern Colorado was a mere incident in a long career. Phoenix, Ariz., was his head-quarters, and he would fain return there for the Indian summer of its winter climate ; for he hated snow and the hard cold of the Rocky Mountain camps, where, as he said, a man must hibernate until spring. But Phoenix was the best part of 600 miles away across a thinly settled frontier. Burros and blankets and food for the journey were to be had only for ready money, and Price had not “struck it rich” ; indeed, he had not struck it at all. One after another the parts of his camping outfit had gone into a pawnbroker’s shop at Creede, in the progress of a luckless season, until the late autumn found him without burro or blanket or bacon, and bereft even of the “gun” (a six-shooter) which General ——— had given him in recognition of his services as a scout.

It was late November when I met him, and Price was making a precarious living at odd jobs for civil engineers. One of these was my friend Hamilton, who had known Price for years and who proved himself a friend in need to both of us, for he brought us together and proposed the journey which took us to Phoenix, and which gave me six weeks’ experience as a “burro-puncher.”

You could trust Hamilton to find a way out. There is scarcely a phase of frontier life that he did not know from personal experience, and he saw at a glance that Price’s position and my own would exactly complement each other in furthering a plan which was common to us both. Price wanted to reach Phoenix, and so did I ; he knew the way but was without the means of travel, while I, knowing nothing of the country, yet had some store of savings.

Wages were high at Creede. The min-

ers were getting \$3, and I, as an unskilled laborer, working with a gang that was cutting a road down Bachelor Mountain from the New York Chance Mine to Creede, was paid \$2.50 a day. Our board and lodging cost us \$7 a week, but they were worth it, and, even at that rate, there remained a considerable margin for possible saving.

Hamilton knew my plans ; he was one of the few whom I had told, in the course of my wandering, of the object of the expedition. We had been spending an evening with a company of kindred Bohemians at the house of a mine superintendent, and were returning together to his quarters in the quiet of two o’clock in the morning through a world white with the first snow of winter and dazzling under a full moon.

I had money enough to take me to Phoenix by rail, and it seemed the height of folly to go in any other way, so I began to explain why I wished to walk and why I had already walked most of the way from the Atlantic. Hamilton listened patiently, but without interest, I thought, until abruptly he turned upon me with approval, immeasurably beyond my desert, yet showing so sympathetic an insight into the possible service of such work, that I saw again, as by a flash, the rich human quality that had already endeared the man.

“And so you worked with the road gang on Bachelor Mountain to get enough to grub stake you to Phoenix?” he said, and he laughed aloud. Then he swore—deeply, resonantly, and from the heart.

Price was sent for on the next day, and, in the afternoon, he turned up in Hamilton’s office, a dark, bearded, keen-eyed Irishman, slender and wiry, and all alert at the prospect of getting back to “God’s country,” which in his phrase meant Arizona. Soon, not merely Hamilton and I, but our friends the barrister and the editor and the grave mine superintendent were involved in preparation for the trip. We accompanied Price to the pawnbroker’s shop, where he identified his belong-

ings, and I redeemed them. Then we all set about selecting additional blankets and a fresh store of food.

Our pack animals could not have carried their loads, had we taken all that was pressed upon us for the journey. Price borrowed a shot-gun from the private arsenal that was put at our disposal, and I a six-shooter, and we gladly accepted gifts of tobacco until our pockets were bursting with plenty.

Weird as it was, our little caravan was but the typical prospector's outfit as we moved in single file through the winding street of the mining camp, an object of interest only to the four friends who bade us good-by with many slaps on the back and with affectionate oaths. Price was mounted on his Indian pony and I on Sacramento, a burro of uncommon size, while our effects were packed on the backs of two other burros, Beecher and California by name, with two of California's foals trotting abreast as a running accompaniment to the show.

Past the shops and saloons and dance-halls and hotels we wound our way on among the frail shanties at the outskirts of the camp, until we struck the wagon trail that led southward through a ranching country in the direction of the pass over the mountain to Durango. Snow lay lightly on the ground; vast tracts, however, had been swept clear by the wind, so that ours was an unobstructed course, except where we had to plough through occasional drifts, which our animals did with ease, tossing the feathery flakes until they flashed again in the clear sunlight of a frosty morning. The burros were at their best, keeping the trail at a steady pace that never hinted at the habit of wandering. Price was high-spirited at the thought of Phoenix, and, between snatches of song, he regaled me with the glories of the Indian summer which we should find across the range. I could well share his light-heartedness. As far as Creede I had walked alone, picking the way with ease, but, between Creede and Phoenix, there lay a stretch of the fast-fading frontier which I longed to cross on foot, yet knew that I could not without a guide. And here, as by miracle, one had appeared in the person of Price, who knew the land and them that dwelt there-

in, and who was more than guide in being a philosopher and friend. The keen air quickened our blood, as we breathed deep of its rarified purity and felt the mild warmth of the winter sun like the glow of rising spirits. The mountain-peaks rose white and still above the dark ruling of the timber line, yet radiant in the light, and serene in a peace that passeth knowledge; and the head waters of the Rio Grande swept past us in streams that were dark against the snow, but ablaze where they reflected the sun.

It was long past noon before I thought of stopping, and then I found that there were to be no mid-day stops on this expedition, for the days were so short that camp had to be made between four and five in the afternoon, and, as it was difficult to get started in the morning much before eight o'clock, we could give at the best but little more than eight hours in the day to travel.

For some time that afternoon we had been in the shadow of a mountain to the west, and the light was fading fast, when, as we rose upon a knoll above the stream whose bed we were ascending, Price saw that it was a good camping-ground, and the caravan came to a halt. Wood was abundant about us, so that water was soon boiling, and slices cut from a frozen shoulder of beef were presently frying in the saucepan, while the tea drew to a fearful strength at the fire's edge. After supper and a smoke, we made ready our bed. An old piece of canvas, some seven feet by fourteen, was first spread upon level ground; then we arranged upon half of it all the gunny-sacks that we had brought as cushions for the pack-saddles. These formed a mattress, over which we spread our blankets, drawing up finally the unused half of the canvas as a top covering. Going to bed consisted simply of taking off our boots and folding our coats for pillows, then disappearing with all speed under the blankets, with the canvas drawn well over our heads to keep out the bitter night cold of that altitude in late November. Our animals browsed near the camp, the bells about their necks tinkling as they moved, until they, too, found shelter and settled down to rest.

When I wakened it was from deepest sleep, and I looked out from under cover

for some sign of day, but there was none. The stars were shining undimmed, with the effect of nearness which brought back vividly an illusion of childhood. Nothing in their position gave me a hint of the time, but Price, on waking, saw at a glance that the dawn was near. Scarcely was the fire lit and water put on to boil before we saw the dark bulks of the mountains to the east clean out against a brightening sky. Breakfast over and the dishes washed, we had a smoke and, having fed the animals from a little store of grain, we saddled and packed them for the day's march.

Nothing in the previous day's experience suggested the rigor of this afternoon's progress. All went prosperously in the morning, for we were still following the wagon trail, and the burros kept it as by instinct. Only the snow was deepening, which was a reminder of the warnings we received in Creede that we were attempting the pass dangerously late in the year. What with snow and the loss of leaves, the "look" of the region had so far changed since Price passed that way in spring that, with small wonder, he could not find the lead of the foot-trail that crosses the Divide. Again and again we struck in to the left only to discover presently that we were following a false lead, until Price, impatient of further dallying, boldly led the way in an ascent of a trackless mountain whose farther side, he knew, would disclose the lost trail.

A long, steep climb by a well-trodden way is difficult at the best for pack animals, but we were now in a forest with the course obstructed by undergrowth and the trunks of fallen trees, and the uncertain footing covered with treacherous snow. The burros took it splendidly from the first, straining their muscles in a toilsome climb that was doubly hard because of its obstacles. But as the hours passed and the way grew more difficult, their strength began to fail. Then came long resting spells, followed by spurts of frantic climbing. Again and again we seemed to be nearing the top, only to find the crest of a ridge with another summit towering far beyond. Presently the burros were falling from sheer fatigue. With a few yards of upward struggle, down they would sink exhausted, and, after letting

them rest, Price and I had our hands full in dragging them to their feet again.

It was nearing sunset when we gained the top, and, once there, all our troubles vanished. We passed from the cover of the wood out upon a treeless slope, swept clear of snow and covered by the past summer's growth of grass, brown and dry and excellent fodder. A stream flowed through the natural meadow, and on a ledge above it, as plain as day, was the winding trail making off in the direction of the Divide. We gratefully camped there that night, while our tired beasts gorged themselves with grass.

Whatever the difficulties of crossing were to be, we were clearly not to be hampered by foul weather. The night was as still and cold as the last had been, and the morning again was cloudless. We were up by starlight as before, and the camp-fire was sending volleys of glowing sparks into the surrounding darkness when the signs of dawn appeared. I went to the brook for water and was back just in time to see the sunrise from the camp. We were in a narrow valley that stretched southwestward in an upward trend toward the summit of the range. From its northeastern opening we could see far over a confused mass of mountains whose outlines grew clearer in the return of day. With infinite majesty the light streamers flung themselves across the sky, paling the bright stars; and, when a distant snow-peak caught the first clear ray, all the others seemed to lift their heads in an ecstasy of praise and welcome. In another moment the eastern wall of our valley was fringed by a tracery of fire, where level beams shone through the trees which stood out against the sky. And last, upon us in the depth of the valley, the sun rose, prodigal of his splendor and of his gifts of light and life.

I had left Price squatting near the fire with his face to the east as he cut slices of bacon into a saucepan. On my return from the brook I found him still sitting there, but grown oblivious to bacon. His forearms were resting on his knees, while loosely in one hand he held a knife and a piece of bacon in the other. From under an old felt hat, long, black, matted hair fell upon his neck and mingled with a dark, unkempt beard. His face, blackened by

the smoke of the camp-fire, was lifted to the eastern sky, and his eyes were on the sunrise. Such a look, transfixed with reverence and wonder, seemed to link him with some early epoch of the race, when the sense of power and beauty awoke in man; and as he drew himself erect without lifting his eyes from the scene before him, "It's not strange," he remarked, "that men have worshipped the sun."

The snow grew deeper with every mile of the march that morning. We were nearing the Divide, and one evidence of it was the piercing wind that blew down the gorge. Not since the morning of the first day out had either of us ridden; for the animals had as much as they could do to carry themselves and their packs, and now we found that we must help them by opening a path through the snow. It lay a foot deep before us, then two feet and more as we mounted the Divide, so that Price and I were soon alternating in the work of breaking a way. One of us would plunge through until fagged out, then the other would take his place in treading down the drift, and so we forged ahead, a few yards at a time, wet to the skin with melting snow and cut to the bone by the wind.

I do not know how far we travelled that day; it could not have been many miles, and I do not care to think of possible consequences, had we been overtaken by a storm, instead of having the fairest possible winter weather. But we put in more than eight hours of continuous work and were repaid in the late afternoon by reaching camping-ground on the western side of the Divide, almost as good as that which we found for the night before.

The next day's, Tuesday's, march was one that dwells delightfully in memory—not for any element of excitement, but for the simple joy of it. All day we descended by a trail that wound through cañon after cañon, crossing and recrossing the streams whose waters were flowing toward the Pacific, as those of the day before were to find a final outlet in the Atlantic. It was cold, but it seemed like spring in contrast with the day before, for the sun shone bright, and birds were in the trees, and here and there the snow had melted, giving to the soil the suggestion of returning life.

The burros plainly shared the feeling of relief in reaching a more passable region, and the art of burro-punching began, consequently, to disclose its difficulties. From one side and then the other of the trail they would break away in all directions, exploring the surrounding country, never with an air of mischief, but always with a sober, dogged perversity that was the more exasperating because it wore a mask of reason. Once back into the trail, they might keep it faultlessly for miles on end, and then, from no apparent cause, begin once more to wander. They were most difficult to manage at the fords. Generally they scattered to the four winds of heaven at the first approach to water, and when we had corralled them again and forced them down to the brink, they would stand firmly, planted ankle-deep in the stream, resolutely determined not to move. It was then that Price gave vent to real profanity, and I am bound to own that it was effective. When beating and prodding and the milder invective failed to urge the burros forward, Price would stand back, pale with rage, and begin to swear, calling upon all his gods and blasting the reputations of his beasts unto the third and fourth generation of their ancestors. By some subtle perception they seemed to understand that this meant business, and slowly at first, but presently, as though they rather enjoyed the water, they waded through and started down the trail beyond.

We camped that night in a narrow cañon whose level bed was well grown with trees and walled by scarped cliffs, which rose sheer above it. Price said that it formed a miniature Yosemite, and certainly it made good camping-ground; for with plenty of wood and water, it was well protected from the wind, and we slept there in great comfort. But our fare was growing monotonous. We soon exhausted the supply of beef and had since been living upon bacon and bread, so that we heartily welcomed the sight of a ranchman's cabin near the end of the next day's march, for there we purchased a peck of potatoes and thus enlarged our bill of fare to bacon and "spuds" and bread and gravy.

Thanksgiving-day was celebrated by faring sumptuously in the evening and

sleeping under cover. And it was the more delightful celebration for being wholly unpremeditated. There was no prospect through the day of anything but the usual march and camp in the open at night. We were plainly in a more populous region, for we had struck a wagon-trail again, and repeatedly, in the morning, we met farm wagons laden with solemn families in Sunday dress. As the afternoon wore on we grew hungrier for thinking of Thanksgiving dinners. At dusk we were passing a ranch upon which the hay presses had just ceased working for the day. A little farther down the road we overtook two men who were about to enter a wooden building, which proved to be a deserted school-house. Price hailed them and they turned, standing in the open door. Practised as he was in the amenities of the frontier, it took him no time to strike up an acquaintance, and soon we were bade welcome to share the school-house as a camping-place.

Our hosts were a young American frontiersman and his "partner," an Indian, who together had a contract for pressing hay on the neighboring ranch, and who were living meanwhile in this deserted building. Having admitted us, they completed their welcome by doing everything in their power for our comfort. They arranged with the owner to pasture our animals on the ranch for the night, and showed us where to find wood for a fire and where on the floor to spread our bed. And when the evening meal was ready, they proposed that we should club together, giving us of their fresh meat and roasted Indian corn and steaming hot bread in exchange for our "spuds" and bacon. But we had some chance of making return, for they had no tobacco to compare with ours, and far into the night we sat talking, over pipes fragrant of good weed.

Price and I were making progress in acquaintance, and every day I had fresh cause for self-congratulation at my extraordinary luck in having fallen in with so good a guide. Of excellent Irish family, Price was not without education and a taste for letters, although he had chosen, almost as a boy, the career of an adventurer on the frontier. And now at middle life, having ranged the Southwest as few men have done, and having seen all

phases of its life and shared most of them, he was looking forward to further casual living, perfectly content so long as he had a camping outfit and could wander as he pleased over the face of nature. That some day he would "strike it rich" he never doubted—and may his faith come true. Meanwhile he was getting a good deal out of life. Nature in her milder moods was a constant solace and a joy to him. In long marches through golden Indian summer days, he sang and spouted verses of his own and told me veritable Ulysses's tales of men and their strange ways. The few books which he read he had made his own, for his memory was retentive, and he never forgot, apparently, a face or a name, so that his progress through the country was like a walk about his own neighborhood.

With the instinctive, gentlemanlike reserve of the Western frontiersman, he never questioned me about myself; he was far more interested in what knowledge I might have gathered, which he could add to his own. Oddly enough, it was the little reading that I had done in philosophy that seemed to attract him most. Many a night when it was mild enough to sleep with our heads uncovered we lay side by side, "overarched by gorgeous night," gazing into the starry firmament, and I would tell him what I could of theories of the universe from Thales to Herbert Spencer, feeling all the while the tension of his mind as he reached out eagerly for these guesses at the mystery of things.

It happened that I had been reading "Coningsby," at Creede, and Price slipped the copy into his pocket as we left the camp. He devoured it by our campfires at night. The story held him, but most of all he was spellbound by its literary charm, and he added a quaint reason for his liking in the remark:

"You know," he said to me, "Lord Beaconsfield was always square with the Irish."

His national partisanship was of the stanchest, and he had always given to the Irish fund when he could; but the outcome of the fight in Committee Room No. 15 had been too much for him, and he would stoutly maintain that never again, so long as the "traitors" who had

turned against Parnell were in the ascendant, would he interest himself in furthering Home Rule—threads of vital connection which were a little strange, I thought, between points so widely severed as St. Stephen's and the deserts of Arizona.

Elsewhere I have already sketched in outline our trip as we walked south together from Durango to the San Juan, then through the Navajo Reservation to the high plateau of northern New Mexico, where, utterly deserted by fair weather, we camped for a week, while a cold wave swept over us, forcing the thermometer down to ten and twelve degrees below zero, and nearly freezing us and our animals in the still cold of the nights.

Even after we got under way again and were making progress southward in the direction of the "rimrock" of the Mogollon Mountains, persistent ill-luck followed us in the shape of almost nightly falls of snow and rain, which added nothing to the comfort of sleeping on the ground or walking across an almost trackless waste. But if we were disappointed here, Price's promise of Indian summer was abundantly fulfilled when once we had waded through the snow in the great primeval forests that cover the northern slopes of the Mogollons, and made the abrupt descent of the "rimrock." It was like the contrast of Florida with our Northern winter. The live-oak and budding cottonwood and the warm sun and sprouting grass gave us royal welcome from the cold and snow beyond; and, at the end of the first day's journey in this region, we came out upon a ranch. It was thirty miles to the nearest neighbor, and the ranchman and his wife were glad to see anyone, even casual "burro-punchers," like Price and me. There chanced to be a considerable number at the ranch that night. An outfit of three men who were hunting mountain lion through the range for the sake of the bounty on their scalps had come there to camp, bringing with them the carcass of a bear. And the postman, whose beat took him from the Santa Fé line southward through some Mormon settlements and on to scattered ranches north of the Tonto Basin, was also quartered there. So that we sat down more than a dozen strong to dine on bear steak and potatoes and bread and coffee; and

when dinner was over, Price and I again had the good fortune to find that our tobacco suited well the taste of the company. We were gathered now in the living-room of the cabin. Some of the men were seated on the floor and others in rough, hand-made chairs about a wood fire in a large, open fire-place. The talk ranged at random over phases of hard living known to such men as these. It was varied and rich and sometimes racy. In it Price shone as a bright, particular star. None had travelled the Southwest so thoroughly as he, or experienced so much of its characteristic life. Then his native readiness at narrative stood him in good stead, and, penniless prospector that he was, he held unchallenged the centre of the stage.

The door of the dining-room stood open, and, when I had finished my pipe, I joined the ranchman's wife, who sat beside the table in a rocking-chair, holding in her arms her oldest child, a boy of five or six. She seemed glad to have someone to talk to. The conversation at table had swept from end to end in a manner diverting to her, but in which she as little dreamed of joining as a bird would venture with untried wings into a high wind. She was too delicately reared to be at home in the thickening tobacco-smoke of the living-room and so she was alone with the child, the hired woman being in the kitchen. I praised the country side which she and her husband had chosen as their home, and told her how well it contrasted with a region only a few miles to the north; but, if I found a way to her heart at all, it was in genuine admiration of the boy, whose light hair rested in moist curls about his glowing face, as he lay sleeping in his mother's arms. She was not a discontented woman—far from it; she was young, and her eyes shone with health and with vital interest in the things about her. But it was rarely that she saw anyone from the world outside, and I was a stranger, and when I owned to having been in the Northwest, she told me eagerly that her own people and her husband's lived "back east in Minnesota," where they both were born and bred.

How can I suggest the pathos of it? She was not complaining and yet, as she went on telling me of an earlier time, it

was almost as a captive might have spoken of the wide range of living when he was free. Life in constant contact with her friends and the breadth of their many interests was in such striking contrast to existence on a ranch, with the nearest neighbor thirty miles in the offing, and with never a look from year to year over the rugged hills that formed the horizon. One could see at a glance the opposite effects of the change upon the two natures. Her husband, native-born and country-bred, like herself, and schooled as a man must be whose bringing up is in a community which draws its blood and traditions pure from New England, yet had become more a frontiersman every year, in whom the memories of earlier things faded fast before the dominant realities of his new surroundings. She, on the contrary, cherished these memories of her own—her home and friends and church associations and Chautauqua circle (she told me particularly of that) until they were enshrined within her, and one could but see that, however loneliness might oppress her, she had an escape which must have furnished at times an enjoyment keener, perhaps, than any which real experience would have brought.

I have forgotten its name, but I think that it was known as "Young's Valley," a region some distance south of the "rim-rock" and north of the hills which hem in the Tonto Basin. There were several ranches there, and a well-defined trail led on, by way of San Reno Pass, to Phoenix. When we entered the valley Price was all for veering off to the southwest and reaching Phoenix by the Natural Bridge, which he wished me to see. We left the trail near the first cabin which we passed in the valley, a deserted cabin for the time, and struck across the grass-grown hills in search of another way. Soon we were in a maze of trails; they were leading in every direction, but they were cattle-paths, and we came upon herds feeding over the winter-brown hills. It was a gently rolling country at the first, where Price had not the smallest difficulty in steering a course; for, although he had never been there before, yet the way had been described to him and he had no fear of losing it. Our only danger lay, apparently, in exhausting our provisions before reach-

ing an inhabited region beyond. But we thought little of that, and entered light-heartedly enough upon an exploration that was new and attractive to us both.

Trouble began with the weakening of our burros. We had very little grain when we left the Tonto trail, and we counted upon fodder enough from a grazing country. But the grass grew thinner as we went, and the leanness of the cattle attested the leanness of the land, until we began to fear that our beasts would not have strength enough to pull through. Moreover, the country became increasingly rough, so that the effort of travel was the greater. Soon there came a day when our animals were weak and tottering under their loads, and we ourselves had to begin the march on a breakfast of tea and a few boiled beans, which exhausted our store. Still Price was confident of getting through, and, if the burros could hold out, there was prospect of plenty by night.

In the middle of the morning we found lying beside the trail a cow that was plainly dying. For an hour we worked over her, trying to discover evidences of a wound or of a broken leg, and trying, too, to ease her pain. I left her alive regretfully, but Price advised against shooting her.

Matters grew serious that afternoon. The trail became hopelessly lost, so that not even Price, with his developed instinct, could find it again. We were in the heart of the hills now, with cañons opening in strange confusion about us. One after another we explored them, only to find each a "box-cañon" at the end. Price was sure that our desired country lay just beyond, and it was maddening, late in the day, to acknowledge that he could find no way out but the one by which we entered. It was a sorry retreat; hungry and worn we went supperless into camp. By rare good luck, however, we hit upon camping-ground where there was more grass than we had seen for some time, and in the morning our burros and the pony were comparatively revived, fit again for a hard journey. And we gave it them.

Price and I had had nothing to eat for twenty-four hours, and very little then. Meanwhile we had been working hard in

keen mountain air, and I was so hungry by the time that we got back to the cow, now dead beside the trail, that I proposed our eating some of her. Price quickly put an end to the plan, however; not on hygienic grounds, but by explaining that the cattlemen, if they found her mutilated, would conclude that she had been killed, and would make matters lively for us in consequence, hanging being the not uncommon penalty for this offence.

One does not keep close count of days in wandering over a frontier, and it was only an aggravation of our plight to remember that it was not Sunday merely but Christmas-day as well. But if Christmas heightened the sense of hardship, it furnished an admirable setting to its end. By trusting his instinct for a short cut, Price brought us out in the middle of the afternoon upon open hills, from which we not only saw a section of Young's Valley, but, rising clear from the middle of it, a column of blue smoke from the chimney of a ranchman's cabin. We wasted no time in covering the intervening miles and then we lifted, light-heartedly, the latch of the road-gate and, with the easy assurance of the frontier, drove our animals into the yard beside the corral. For some reason we had not been seen from the cabin, so Price walked on to the door, while I mounted guard over the burros. From a seat in the sun on an old hen-coop I could watch them as they nibbled the short grass, while from the cabin came peals of laughter denoting that Price had fallen among friends who were keeping Christmas festival.

I was willing enough to rest outside, knowing that we had reached a hospitable roof and that a dinner was assured. Sitting there for some time, I presently began to question what had become of Price, when the cabin-door opened and two women appeared. As they walked down the footpath to the gate, I gathered that they were neighbors returning from a Christmas call. But this was the least interesting inference, and I was totally at a loss for others. The wonder grew as they came nearer. They were young and faultlessly dressed, and one of them was beautiful. Their dress was of the kind that charms with its perfect simplicity and the air of natural distinction with which it is

worn. They rested frank eyes on me for a moment as they passed and nodded pleasantly, speaking their thanks with sweet voices, as I stood holding open the gate. Who they were remained a mystery, and I was content to have it so, for they left me not without a sense of Christmas visitation, which stirred again the memories of my own "God's country."

The ranchman was a Virginian, tall, fair-eyed, and soft of speech, and when he and Price came out together they were stanch friends on the strength of an earlier acquaintance, and we had the freedom of the ranch. We unpacked and corralled the animals and then made ready for dinner. Not for two days had we tasted food, and now we were seated with our host and hostess and their two sons at a table which groaned under sweet potatoes and roast corn and piles of bread and great dishes full of steaming "hog and hominy," and with it all, the best of Christmas cheer. For two days we stayed at the Virginian's ranch and then, having purchased from him a fresh store of food, we resumed the march by way of the Tonto Basin and Fort McDowell to Phoenix.

On New-Year's-day we were camped at Fort McDowell; and, when we set out early on the next morning, there remained but about thirty miles to Phoenix, so we resolved to cover it in a single march. Night found us still some miles from the city, but the night was clear and flooded with moonlight. The moon made plain the way, yet played fantastically over the face of the country. Long reaches of white sand were converted into Arabian deserts, with pilgrim caravans moving across them; the irrigated ranches were transformed into tropical gardens, whose luxuriance was heightened by the exquisite softness of the night, and then there were stretches of uncompromising Arizona desert, dusty and cactus-grown and redolent of alkali.

It was nearing midnight when we entered the town. Price directed the way to a corral where he was known, and where we left the animals feasting on fresh alfalfa, while we fared forth to see his friends. It was precisely as though Price had invited me around to his club. He led the way to a saloon, and as we entered it, I saw at once its typical character.

At the left of the entrance was a bar, gorgeous with mirrors and cut glass, while down the deep recesses of the room were faro and roulette tables and tables for poker. The groups about them were formed of "cow-punchers," and prospectors and "Greasers" and Chinamen, and even Indians, all mingling and intermingling with a freedom that suggested that in gambling there is a touch of nature that makes the whole world kin.

But more immediately interesting to us was a group which stood beside the bar. It was made up, as I found, of politicians, high in territorial office, all of whom knew Price and hailed him cordially while asking after his luck. For some time we stood talking with them, then one of their number, himself not a politician but a business man, proposed our joining him at supper. We accepted, I the more delightedly because he, of all the group,

had most attracted me. Tall and very handsome, he had the bearing of a gentleman, and what he told me of himself confirmed my own impression of a richly varied past. Far into the night we talked, and I could well believe him when he said that the fascination of the life which he had led on the frontier had so far grown upon him that, while he was glad to go back at times to his former home in New York, he could no longer remain contented there, hearing, as he always did after a few months, at most, the call back to the wild freedom of the plains. It was under the spell of what he said, enforced by my little experience as a "burro-puncher," that I went to sleep that night on a bed of alfalfa in the corral; and when I awakened in the morning and found letters urging my return to the East, I was conscious of an indifference to the idea which was wholly new to my experience.

THE UNITED STATES ARMY

BY FRANCIS V. GREENE

(Late Major-General U. S. V.)

FIRST PAPER



IN the month of June, 1775, the Continental Congress in session at Philadelphia passed three important resolutions. The first adopted and took over as a Continental army the force of New England troops which, under the lead of Massachusetts, had assembled at Boston soon after the battles of Lexington and Concord; the second appointed George Washington "General and Commander-in-Chief of all the Continental forces, raised, or to be raised, for the defence of American liberty"; the third adopted "rules and regulations for the government of the Army"—the Articles of War, which, modified and amended from time to time, still govern the army and form the basis of the military law.

This was the origin of the American Army. In the intervening 126 years nearly 5,000,000 men have worn its uniform; it has conducted with success five great wars, covering a period of seventeen years, and numerous minor campaigns against hostile Indians and Filipino insurgents; it has been the chief instrument in restoring order and inaugurating civil government after the war with Mexico, the Civil War, and the war with Spain; from its ranks have come eleven of the twenty-four Presidents of the United States and many hundreds of men occupying the highest civil offices, Governors of States, Senators and Representatives in Congress, Cabinet Ministers, Ambassadors, and Judges of the most important courts. For a people who have never sought war and have only resorted to it when reluctantly forced to do so, the army has filled a large place in our history. It has always been the subordi-

nate and loyal instrument of the civil power. In spite of this it has ever been regarded with a certain jealousy and suspicion, born of other times and conditions and surviving with extraordinary tenacity for generations after those conditions have ceased to exist. Its deeds, its history, its traditions and ideals, the spirit which animates it, the manner in which it has been organized and maintained, and its relations to the people whose faithful servant it is and always has been, are worthy of thoughtful study.

The force of which Washington took command at Cambridge in 1775 numbered 20,242 officers and men, of whom 17,115 were present for duty. Three-fourths of them were from Massachusetts and the rest from Connecticut, New Hampshire, and Rhode Island. They were deficient in discipline, in instruction, in equipment, in arms and ammunition, in every military essential—as was inevitable in view of the manner in which they had been brought together and the short time which had elapsed since their organization. They were enlisted to serve until the end of the year only, their company officers had been elected by the men, the field officers by the company officers, and the general officers had been appointed by Congress. The essential thing was to raise men, and whoever could get together fifty men became a captain, and 500 men a colonel, regardless of qualifications for command. A few of the officers and men had served in the French and Indian wars, but the number of these was small, and outside of them military training and experience did not exist.

From such materials Washington created an army, and in spite of almost annual reorganizations due to short terms of enlistment kept it together for over seven years. It suffered many defeats, but it gained many victories, and finally, with the all-important aid of trained French soldiers, it accomplished its task of gaining our independence.

In bringing about this great result Washington established the military system which we have ever since followed, viz., that of relying upon untrained volunteers; and curiously enough he established it in spite of himself and in the face of his own letters and opinions expressed to

Congress incessantly during the Revolution and afterward on every suitable occasion during the last twenty-five years of his life. In September, 1776, he wrote: "The jealousy of a standing army, and the evils to be apprehended from one, are remote, and in my judgment, situated and circumstanced as we are, not at all to be dreaded; but the consequences of wanting one, according to my ideas formed from the present view of things, is certain and inevitable ruin."

On other occasions he spoke most contemptuously of the militia, as, for instance, when he wrote to his brother John from Harlem under date of September 22, 1776:

"The dependence which Congress have placed upon the militia has already greatly injured, and I fear will totally ruin, our cause. Being subject to no control themselves, they introduce disorder among the troops, whom we have attempted to discipline, while the change in living brings on sickness; this causes an impatience to get home, which spreads universally, and introduces abominable desertions."

And in the same month to the President of Congress:

"To place any dependence upon the militia is assuredly resting upon a broken staff. Men just dragged from the tender scenes of domestic life, unaccustomed to the din of arms, totally unacquainted with every kind of military skill, are timid and ready to fly from their own shadows. . . . Again, men accustomed to unbounded freedom and no control cannot brook the restraint which is indispensably necessary to the good order and government of an army; without which licentiousness and every kind of disorder triumphantly reign!"

And again to the same officer under date of December 20, 1776:

"It is needless to add that short enlistments, and a mistaken dependence upon the militia, have been the origin of all our misfortunes and the great accumulation of our debt. . . . Can anything be more destructive to the recruiting service than giving ten dollars bounty for six weeks' service of the militia, who come in, you cannot tell how, go, you cannot tell when, and act, you cannot tell where, consume your provisions, exhaust your

stores, and leave you at last at a critical moment ?

"These, sir, are the men I am to depend upon, ten days hence ; this is the basis on which your cause will and must forever depend until you get a large standing army sufficient itself to oppose the enemy."

In order to show that he had duly weighed his words and in anticipation of being criticised for advising thus freely, he added :

"A character to lose, an estate to forfeit, the inestimable blessings of liberty at stake, and a life devoted, must be my excuse."

It thus appears that Washington considered the militia as practically worthless in a military sense, and not to be depended upon as a military force ; that he was in favor of a regular standing army, composed of men enlisted to serve until the end of the war, and the officers in all cases to

be appointed by the central authority, and not to be elected by their subordinates. These views were rejected by Congress in 1775. They were partially adopted in 1776 and subsequent years, but not vigorously carried into effect. They never received the sanction of popular approval.

I have said that Washington created an army and kept it together, and no student of the military operations of the Revolution will dispute the accuracy of these words. Between Washington and any of his subordinates there was an enormous gap in ability, in tact, in knowledge, in patience and in influence either with the army itself or with Congress. At the close of 1775, while still besieging Boston, the term of service of the army raised by the

New England States expired and a new force had to be raised and organized without disturbing the progress of the siege. We sometimes wonder at the skill of an engineer who can entirely reconstruct a bridge over a chasm like that of the Ni-

agara River without interrupting the daily and almost hourly passage of trains. How much greater is the skill of a military commander who, while besieging a trained force of regulars, can one by one discharge every man in his army and replace him with a new man and so constitute a new army, and yet never interrupt the daily events of the siege and never show its enemy so weak a front as to invite attack ? This is what Washington did at Cambridge in 1775. But he could not obtain either from Congress or the people enlistments for a longer term than one year, so that in the autumn of 1776, while retreating through

New Jersey with a discouraged and despondent force, which had sustained almost constant defeat at Long Island, at Harlem, at White Plains, and at Fort Washington, he had to repeat the same operation. He then laid the matter before Congress in forcible terms.

In a series of letters written between September and December, 1776, he urged the establishment of a regular or standing army, with well-paid officers and with men enlisted to serve during the war. In order to secure enlistments he advised the payment of a bounty, the issuing of clothing and blankets, and the promise of a grant of land to both officers and men who served till the close of the war. Congress adopted these suggestions, and

REGULATIONS
FOR THE
ORDER AND DISCIPLINE
OF THE
TROOPS OF THE UNITED STATES,
By BARON DE STUBEN,
TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED THE
LAWS AND REGULATIONS
FOR
GOVERNING AND DISCIPLINING
THE MILITIA OF THE UNITED STATES,
AND THE
LAWS FOR FORMING AND REGULATING
THE
MILITIA OF THE STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE HON. GENERAL-COURT
OF THE STATE OF NEW-HAMPSHIRE.

P O R T S M O U T H :
PAINTED BY J. MELCHER, PRINTER TO THE STATE OF
NEW-HAMPSHIRE, 1794.



Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum.

An Inspection by Baron de Steuben.

Swearing in three languages at their lack of knowledge of the most elementary evolutions.—Page 296.

the strength of the army was fixed at eighty-eight battalions, or about 66,000 men, distributed among the different colonies. Subsequently this was increased by sixteen battalions, to be raised at large under Washington's own direction, and three regiments of artillery, 3,000 light horse, and a corps of engineers. Washington was finally given unlimited power to raise and equip this force; to establish the pay; to discharge and appoint all officers below the rank of Brigadier-General, and, in short, to have absolute power in the premises. But the auspicious moment for raising an army on this basis had passed; as Washington remarked, "there is a material difference between voting battalions and raising men." It was impossible to get men to enlist for the period of the war, and therefore the term was reduced to three years on condition that the grant of land be not made. But even this was not found very attractive, and the final result was that the period of enlistment was practically fixed by the men themselves. A few enlisted for the war, some for three years, some for one year, some for nine months, and some for three months; they were taken on their own terms.

This army was recruited and organized during the winter and spring at Morristown, and at the beginning of summer numbered forty-three regiments, divided into ten brigades and five divisions, and numbering barely 30,000 men on paper, and less than half that number present for duty. With it the campaign in Pennsylvania was fought, resulting in the defeats of Brandywine and Germantown and the establishment of the camp at Valley Forge at the close of the year (1777).

Gradually reduced to a mere handful in numbers, half naked, and almost starved, this army was about to disband when in the spring of 1778 news was received of the treaty with France. This revived the hopes of those who were struggling for their independence, and caused them to look with more favor upon the strict dis-

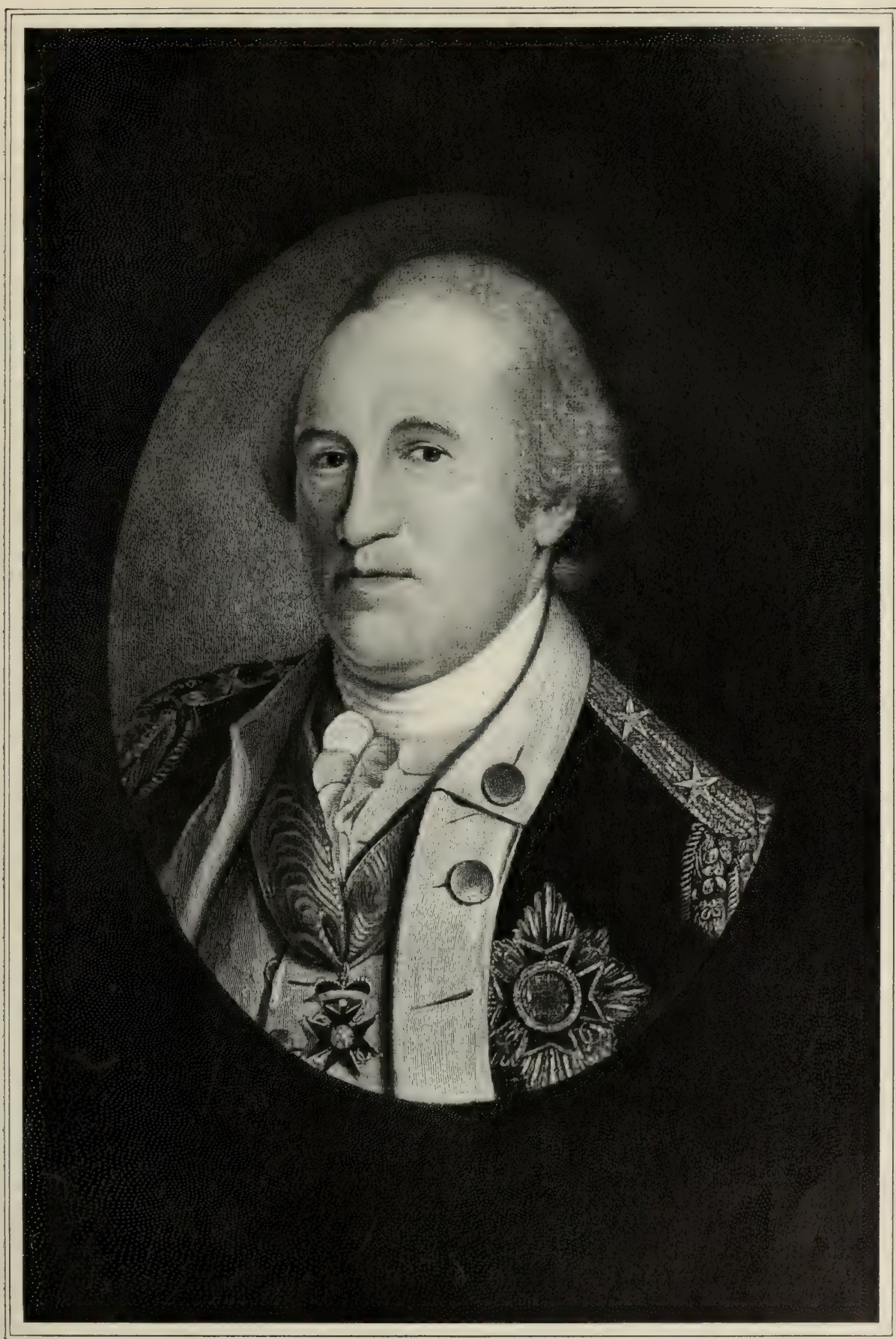
cipline which Washington enjoined and the endless drills which Baron Steuben had inaugurated. Recruiting was revived and the efficiency of the army increased; so that when it started in pursuit of the British in June, 1778, and overtook them at Monmouth, it was probably in a higher state of discipline and efficiency than at any other period during the war. At all events, it so impressed the British army with its value and importance that no offensive operations were again undertaken at the North, although the treaty of peace was not signed until five years later. On our side, the expedition under Sullivan against Newport was undertaken in August, 1778, but this being unsuccessful, both the British and American armies in the North played a waiting game. In 1780 the French troops landed, and at the same time Greene was sent to take command in the South. A year later he had manœuvred Cornwallis out of the Carolinas and into Virginia, and Washington saw that the long-looked-for moment to resume the offensive had arrived. Seizing it with unerring judgment and extraordinary celerity he marched from Connecticut to Virginia, surrounded Cornwallis,

captured his army, and put an end to the military operations of the war.

The total number of French troops actually in service in America was about 6,000. They landed at Newport in July, 1780, remained in New England until they marched to Yorktown in 1781, returned to the Hudson River in the spring of 1782, and sailed for the West Indies in the autumn of that year. Small as were their numbers, they were of immense benefit not only because of the service they rendered at Yorktown, but because of the example of military training which they gave to the Continental army. Whether the Revolution could have been successful without the aid of France and its soldiers, is one of those questions which can be debated at great length without ever reaching a definite and certain conclusion. It must be remembered that the



Infantry Private, 1783.



Baron de Steuben.

Painted by C. W. Peale in 1780

French took part in only one engagement, namely, that at Yorktown, whereas the Americans had fought the British at Boston in 1775; at Long Island, Harlem, White Plains, Fort Washington, Trenton, and Princeton in 1776; at Bemis's Heights, Saratoga, Brandywine, and Germantown in 1777; at Monmouth and Newport in

ry on war without one. This belief has survived with remarkable vitality and has influenced the whole course of our military history.

Another factor, of hardly less potent influence, and of similar endurance, was the attitude of public men toward the army. This attitude was one of suspicion, of



Brigadier-General Zebulon M. Pike.
(Explorer of the Mississippi and Platte Rivers.)

Governor William Clark.
(Of the Lewis and Clark Expedition.)

1778. However great an advantage may have been derived from the aid of the French, it is certainly true that the great bulk of the fighting was done by the Americans and only a small portion by the French; that it was the Americans who had, so to speak, fought the British to a standstill in 1778, so that no further offensive operations were ever undertaken in the North. It may, therefore, fairly be said that the bulk of the military work, the battles, campaigns, and marches of the Revolution were conducted by the Americans, and that the greater portion of the success—to say the least—was due to them.

The great object for which all were contending, viz., the defeat of the British armies and the establishment of American independence, was thus accomplished by an irregular army, composed of successive relays of untrained volunteers. From this great fact arose the popular belief that however it might be with other people, for Americans a standing army was unnecessary; they could successfully car-

jealousy, and of lack of sympathy. At the time it was formed by Massachusetts in 1774-75 apologies were framed for having to resort to its use. If it had been possible by any means to achieve independence without organizing an army, most certainly none would have been organized; an army was accepted as a necessary evil, to be made as little efficient as possible for fear of creating a power which could not be controlled. It was desired to get rid of it at the earliest possible moment, and while the sufferings and hardships of the Revolutionary army were fully appreciated in after years, and so far as was possible were compensated, yet the soldiers of the Revolution received but slight consideration from their contemporaries—except possibly in the Southern States. The attitude of the New England statesmen toward military men and military ideals is illustrated by the sentiments of John Adams, who wrote in March, 1776: "I hope, for my own part, that Congress will elect annually all the general officers. If in consequence of this

some great men should be obliged at the year's end to go home and serve their country in some other capacity not less necessary and better adapted to their genius, I do not think that the country would be ruined." In the previous year at Philadelphia, when Washington, after being appointed Commander-

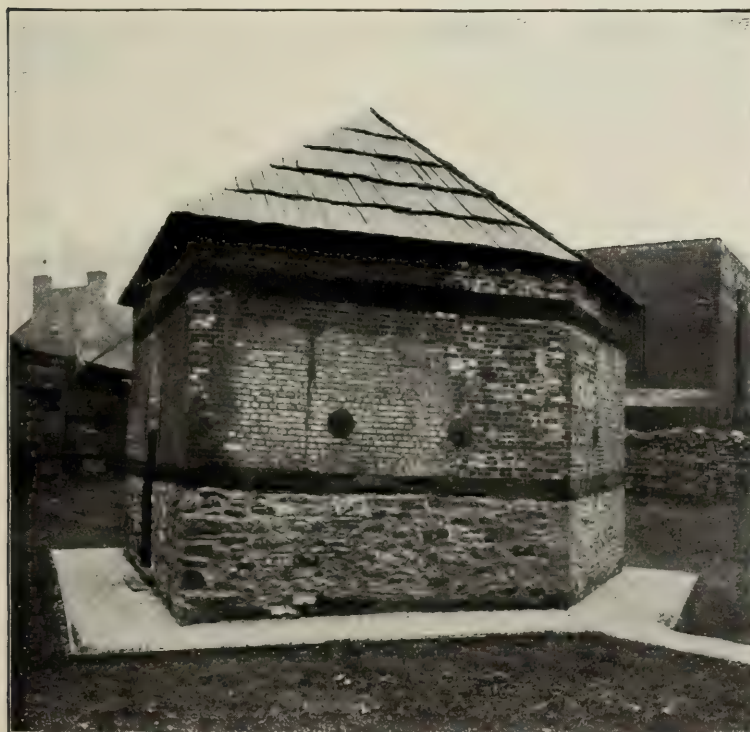
in-Chief, was escorted out of that city on his way to Cambridge, and with some pomp and ceremony, Adams sat down and wrote to his wife: "I, poor creature, worn out with scribbling for my bread and my liberty, low in spirits and weak in health, must leave others to wear the laurels which I have sown, others to

eat the bread which I have earned." Nearly five years later his distrust of the army was undiminished when he wrote to Baron von Coppelien (January 21, 1781): "I am sure you will applaud the people for keeping a watchful eye over the army, to see that it does not ravish from them that liberty for which all have been con-

tending." By contrast, how wise and well considered are the words of Washington (April 21, 1778): "The other point is the jealousy which Congress unhappily entertains of the army. . . . You may be assured there is nothing more injurious, or more unfounded. This jealousy stands upon the commonly received opinion, which, under proper limitations, is certainly true, that standing armies are dangerous to a State. The prejudices in other countries have only gone to them in time of peace, and these from their not having in general cases any of the ties, the concerns, or interests of citizens, or any other dependence than what flowed from their military



Site of Fort Washington, Valley Forge, at the Present Day.



Block House of Fort Pitt, Built 1764.

employ ; in short, from their being mercenaries, hirelings. It is our policy to be prejudicial against them in time of war ; though they are citizens, having all the ties and interests of citizens and in most cases property totally unconnected with the military line.

"If we would pursue a right system of policy, in my opinion, there should be none of these distinctions. We should all, Congress and army, be considered as one people, embarked in one cause, in one interest, acting on the same principle, and to the same end. The jealousies set up . . . are impolitic in the extreme . . . and the very jealousy, which the narrow politics of some may affect to entertain of the army, in order to a due subordination to the supreme civil authority, is a likely means to produce a contrary effect ; to incline it to the pursuit of those measures which they may wish it to avoid. It is unjust, because no order of men in the thirteen States has paid a more sacred regard to the proceedings of Congress than the army ; for, without arrogance or the smallest deviation from the truth, it may be said, that no history now extant can furnish an instance of an army suffering such uncommon hardships as ours has done, and bearing them with the same patience and fortitude."

How clear and sharply defined were the opinions of John Marshall, writing twenty years later : "The problem, that a nation can be defended against a permanent force, by temporary armies, by occasional calls of the husbandman from his plough to the field, was completely disproved ; and in demonstrating its fallacy, the independence of America had nearly perished in its cradle."

As in the matter of recruiting and organization, so also in regard to supplies, arms, equipment, and pay, the army was terribly deficient at all times throughout the long struggle. It lived from hand to mouth and was incapable of offensive movements during the three years from 1778 to 1781.

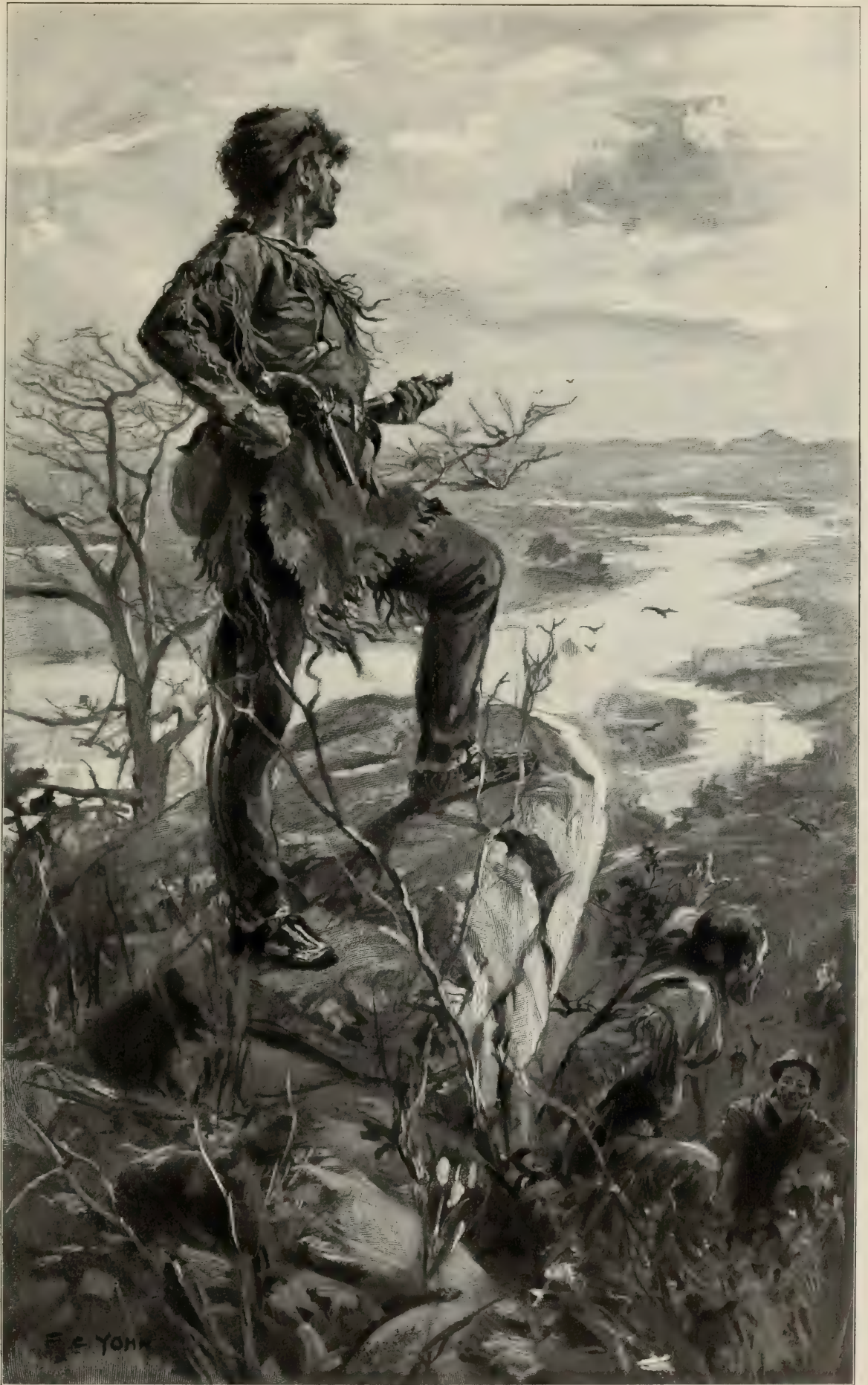
The total number of enlistments in the Continental or so-called regular forces, from 1775 to 1783, was 231,791, exclusive of the militia who were called out for short service in greater or less numbers every year, aggregating a total variously estimated from 60,000 to 150,000. The greatest number of enlistments in any year was 46,901 in 1776, and the smallest number was 13,076 in 1783. The average was about 25,000 per annum, which was greater than the average number on the rolls ; so that the service of each man was usually less than a year, and the army was discharged and renewed nine times over during the progress of the struggle.

Fully one-half of the total enlistments were from New England ; less than one-fourth were from New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania ; and something over one-fourth were from the Southern States. Massachusetts headed the list with 67,907, and Connecticut came next with 31,939 ; Virginia followed with 26,678, Pennsylvania 25,678, and New York 17,781.

During the war there were appointed twenty-nine major-generals, and seventy-six brigadiers. On the organization of the army in 1775 there were four major-generals, Artemas Ward, Charles Lee, Philip Schuyler, Israel Putnam ; and nine brigadiers, Gates, Pomroy, Montgomery, Wooster, Heath, Spencer, Thomas, Sullivan, and Greene. Of these, Greene was the only one who remained in active service until the close of the war, exercising, during its last three years, an independent command in the South. By common consent he is considered the ablest of Washington's lieutenants. John Fiske says of him : "In every campaign since the beginning of the war Greene had been Washington's right arm ; and for indefatigable industry, for strength and breadth of intelligence, and for unselfish devotion to the public service, he was scarcely inferior to the Commander-in-Chief. . . . So consummate had been his strategy that whether victorious or defeated on the field, he had, in every



Cavalry Private, 1801.



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

Lewis's First Glimpse of the Rockies.
(Lewis and Clark Expedition, 1804.)

instance, gained the object for which the campaign was made."

As happened in the Civil War, three generations later, so in the Revolution, those who were appointed to high command in the beginning gradually disappeared and their places were taken by junior officers who were developed by actual service. Ward was the commander of the Massachusetts militia, and he resigned at the close of the siege of Boston. Schuyler rendered most valuable service in the northern campaign, but he was forced out of the army by the intrigues of Gates. Charles Lee was court-martialed for cowardice and inefficiency at Monmouth, sentenced to a year's suspension, and then allowed to resign. It was afterward discovered that he was as vile a traitor as Arnold. Putnam was a brave soldier and patriot, but displayed no military ability and resigned on account of ill-health. Gates possessed considerable talent, and had had much military experience, but he was devoid of loyalty, full of intrigue, appropriated to himself the credit that was due to others in the northern campaign, and when thrown on his own resources in the South was ignominiously defeated. Sullivan was a fine soldier, commanding a division in all the campaigns from 1775 to 1778, rendering splendid service at Trenton, Princeton, Brandywine, and Germantown, in command at Newport, in 1778, and against the northern Indians in 1779. Ill-health then compelled him to leave the army and enter Congress.

Of the younger men, Knox became Chief of Artillery at the age of twenty-five and served in that capacity during the war; Wayne gained lasting fame by his brilliant capture of Stony Point in 1779; Morgan organized the Rifles and with them won a splendid victory at the Cowpens in 1781; and young Henry Lee was the finest cavalry leader developed by the war.

In order to compensate for the lack of trained and experienced officers at the outbreak of the war, a large number of foreign officers were engaged—so many, in fact, as to create serious trouble in the army as well as in Congress. Many of them were worthless adventurers; others rendered good service, such as du Portail,

chief engineer at Yorktown; Kosciuszko, chief engineer in Greene's Southern campaign; de Kalb, who was killed at Camden, and Pulaski, who was mortally wounded at Savannah. But the two foreign officers whose services were of pre-eminent and almost inestimable value were Lafayette and Steuben. They were very different in character, temperament, and position. One a rich and brilliant nobleman, inspired by generous enthusiasm to leave his home and country while a mere boy, a major-general at twenty; yet developing fine abilities as a diplomatist and as a soldier, the friend and confidant of Washington, commanding an independent force in Virginia just prior to Yorktown, with conspicuous success, and above all, giving vitality to the French alliance, during his visit home in 1779, by securing the despatch of French troops to America, and the acceptance of American loans.

Steuben, on the other hand, had worked his way up by long and arduous service in war; he had fought at Prague and Rossbach, and had seen twenty years of active military duty under the great Frederick of Prussia. He joined the army at Valley Forge, in February, 1778, was made inspector-general, and immediately inaugurated measures of the highest importance for improving its military efficiency. He began with a squad drill, of which he was the drill-master, marching his men up and down in the snow and swearing in three languages at their lack of knowledge of the most elementary evolutions. He wrote the first drill-regulations ever used in our service, he organized for the first time a system of accountability for arms, equipments, and supplies, he improved the organization of regiments and companies, he introduced system and economy in every branch of the service, he gave the instruction which only a military expert could give, and which the army had never had before.

Of the generals of the Revolution it may be fairly said that their military ability was, at least, superior to that of their opponents. They never lost an army, while Burgoyne lost his at Saratoga, and Cornwallis his at Yorktown. Howe gained victories at Long Island, the Brandywine, and Germantown, but they were



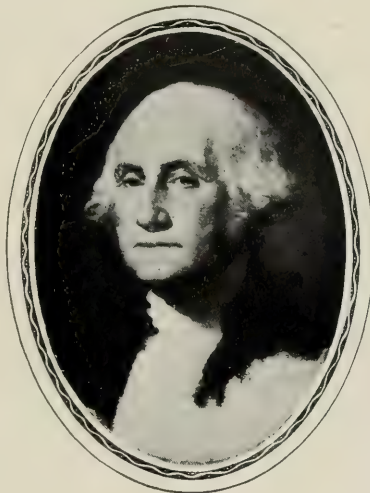
Henry Knox.
Major-General, 1783-1784.



Anthony Wayne.
Major-General, 1792-1796.



James Wilkinson.
Brigadier-General, 1796-1798.
Brigadier-General, 1800-1812.



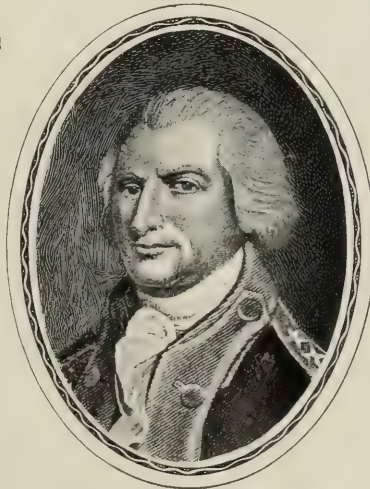
George Washington.
Major-General, 1775-1783.
Lieutenant-General, 1798-1799.



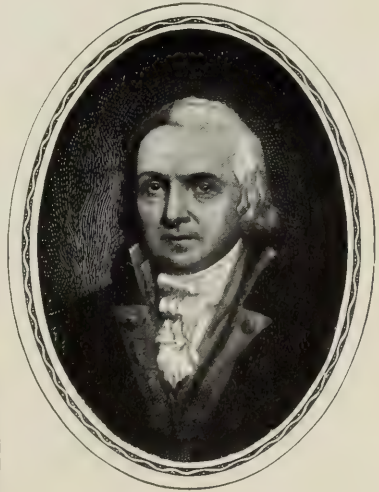
Henry Dearborn.
Major-General, 1812-1815.



Alexander Hamilton.
Major-General, 1799-1800.



Arthur St. Clair.
Major-General, 1791-1792.



Josiah Harmer.
Lieutenant-Colonel, 1784-1791.

Generals Who Commanded the Army from 1775-1815.

not due to his skill, but to the fact that he commanded regular, trained troops and was opposed by undisciplined levies; he escaped defeat at Monmouth, but this was due to Lee's treachery and cowardice. Similarly, Cornwallis gained victories at Guilford and Eutaw Springs, and for the same reasons. But neither Howe nor Cornwallis was ever able to destroy or capture the army opposed to him; and Clinton did not think it prudent to attempt any decisive operations. On the other hand, Washington constantly showed military ability of the very highest order. There is no greater mistake than to call him a good man, but a second-rate soldier. At Boston, the manoeuvre by which he seized Dorchester Heights rightly made him master of the situation and compelled Gage to evacuate. At Long Island he extricated a defeated army from a perilous position and conducted it safely across a deep and rapid river, with a skill which has never been surpassed in an operation of this kind. At Trenton he turned upon his foe and inaugurated a series of manoeuvres so ably planned and so brilliantly executed as to call forth the warmest eulogy from the great Frederick, the foremost soldier of the day. Finally, in marching to Yorktown, surrounding and capturing Cornwallis's army, he showed a military instinct, a capacity for prompt action and a skill in execution, which stamps him as a great soldier.

The rank and file of the army contained as fine material as ever carried a musket. Its patriotism, its devotion, its endurance, its patience under suffering have never been excelled. These qualities were not utilized so as to produce the best military results, because the people were imbued with the militia ideas which they had inherited from their ancestors, and because there was no central authority to devise and put into operation proper military plans of organization. Congress neither had nor assumed the power to bring out the full military strength of the nation. There was, in fact, no nation, but only thirteen independent States. There was,

therefore, an enormous waste of resources and of good material, in men as well as in money, credit, and supplies.

These administrative failures, in conjunction with the feeling of jealousy and almost of contempt toward the Army on the part of Congress, finally led to mutiny. The first outbreak was in the

Connecticut line at Morristown in May, 1780. It was suppressed without difficulty. But in the following winter it was succeeded by another of the most serious character, which threatened for a time to result in the disbanding of the Army and the summary collapse of the Revolution. The history of it is most interesting as showing the character of the men in the ranks, who were men of independent thought, accustomed to exercising their own will; they were as far as possible from being unthinking mercenaries or hirelings, but on the contrary were as ardent patriots as any who sat in Congress. If, when driven to desperation by injustice, they determined to assert their rights in defiance of all military discipline, it must be acknowledged that they had ex-

traordinary provocation. Their grievances were that they "were perpetually on the point of starving, were often entirely without food; were exposed without proper clothing to the rigors of the season, and had now served almost twelve months without pay." These privations were common to the whole army, but the Pennsylvania division, consisting of six regiments with about 1,300 men, cantoned in huts at Morristown for the winter and commanded by Brigadier-General Anthony Wayne, had a peculiar and special grievance of their own. The greater number of the men had been enlisted in 1777 to serve "for three years or the war." The same form of enlistment was afterward used in the Civil War, and when the enlistments expired in 1864, the war not being ended, the alternative was invariably decided in favor of the soldier who was granted a furlough if he was willing to re-enlist, or given his discharge if he desired it. But in 1780



Infantry Private, 1802.



Drawn by Louis Betts.

Charge of Harrison's Troops at Tippecanoe



West Point in 1835.

(From an old print.)

the alternative was decided in favor of the Government, and the soldier was held to serve indefinitely so long as the war lasted. The soldier considered this a breach of contract, all the more flagrant and unjust as immense bounties were being paid for new recruits. The result was a practically unanimous revolt on the part of the Pennsylvania troops. On the night of January 1, 1781, at a given signal, they paraded under arms, and under command of their non-commissioned officers, announcing their intention to march to the seat of Congress and demand redress. In attempting to quell the mutiny one officer was killed and several were wounded. Wayne himself appeared in their midst and drew his pistol; the soldiers placed their bayonets at his breast, and Wayne, seeing that resistance was useless, withdrew. The six regiments then marched off under command of their sergeants to Princeton. Wayne and two of the colonels followed them the next day and on overtaking them made a written proposal that they should appoint a committee of one man from each regiment to state their grievances. This they did, and their demands were that those who had served three years should receive their discharge; that all should be given immediately their arrears of pay and clothing, and that those who saw fit to re-enlist should receive the full bounty

and "real pay" (not worthless paper) in the future. Wayne was powerless to grant these requests and referred the men to the civil power; meantime remaining at Princeton with the men, but in a most anomalous position. The facts were reported to Washington at Newburg, and to Congress at Philadelphia; and they became known to Clinton at New York. To Washington the case was one of extraordinary embarrassment. His first impulse was to march to New Jersey and suppress the mutiny; but if he did so he put it in the power of Clinton to seize the highlands of the Hudson and detach New England from the Middle States, and moreover, if he could not count on a sufficient force of faithful troops to carry out his orders, he would be placed in the position of Wayne, and such a result in the case of the Commander-in-Chief would be absolutely fatal. Washington therefore remained at Newburg; but he sent Knox, with letters to the Governors of the New England States, urging them to raise money and clothing, wrote Wayne approving his plan of keeping in touch with the revolted regiments, ordered St. Clair, who was in command at Morristown, to march to the south side of the Delaware at Trenton and prevent the mutineers from crossing, and reported the matter fully to Congress.

This body appointed a committee to

proceed to Princeton in company with Governor Reed, of Pennsylvania, and hear the claims of the men. Meanwhile Clinton assembled the greater part of his troops in New York, ready to move at a moment's notice to West Point or to Princeton, as circumstances should require; and he sent three emissaries to the mutineers in the hope of winning them over. These men succeeded in reaching the camp at Princeton during the night of January 7th, carrying a letter enclosed in a piece of tea lead. To their astonishment they were promptly arrested by the sergeants in command and forthwith taken to Wayne's tent and delivered up to him, the sergeants stating that they "spurned the idea of turning Arnolds"! The emissaries were kept under guard until the trouble was over, when they were tried as spies and hanged.

The Committee of Congress prac-

tically granted all the demands of the mutineers, and it was agreed that three commissioners should be appointed to ascertain what men had been enlisted for the war, and what men for three years or the war, and when the enlistment papers could not be produced the oath of the interested party was to be sufficient; pending these proceedings, the sergeants were to remain in command. In point of fact, without waiting to find the enlistment papers, nearly the whole command was discharged on

their oaths that they were enlisted for three years or the war. When the papers were produced it was found that most of the men had enlisted absolutely for the war. Nevertheless the discharges already granted were not cancelled, the few who

remained in service were granted a furlough of forty days, and before that time had expired nearly all of those who had been discharged were anxious to re-enlist. Wayne designated the towns where the different regiments should rendezvous in March, and the men were then re-enlisted, with the full bounty. As soon as organized they were ordered to Virginia, took part in the Yorktown campaign, and then joined Greene in Georgia.

Thus terminated a mutiny which, in its various phases, is quite unique in military annals. It led to others, which, however, were quickly quelled.

The first was that of the New

Jersey troops. They were stationed at Pompton, near Paterson, and on January 20, 1781, they attempted to follow the example of the Pennsylvanians. But Washington was now sure of the fidelity of the Eastern troops, and he instantly sent a detachment from Newburg, under General Robert Howe, with these instructions which may well be considered a model: "The object of your detachment is to compel the mutineers to unconditional submission; and I am to desire,



that you will grant no terms while they are with arms in their hands in a state of resistance. The manner of executing this I leave to your discretion. If you succeed in compelling the revolted troops to a surrender, you will instantly execute a few of the most active and incendiary leaders." Howe carried out his instructions to the letter, surprised and surrounded the camp of the mutineers, disarmed them, selected one ringleader from each regiment, tried and hanged him forthwith. Washington then issued a general order to the army approving Howe's action, stating his regret that such action had been necessary, expressing his deep appreciation and sympathy in the terrible hardships the army had been compelled to undergo, but saying, in the strongest language, that these were no excuse for flying "in the face of law and government to procure redress." He concluded: "It is our duty to bear present evils with fortitude, looking forward to the period when our country will have it more in its power to reward our services."

At no time did Washington's genius for leading and controlling men appear in a stronger light than during this trying period. He had to use the same tact and firmness in dealing with another incipient mutiny at Newburg at the close of the war, though in this case he was not obliged to use force.

The third mutiny was in Greene's army after the Pennsylvania line had joined it in 1782. The ringleader was one of the sergeants who had commanded a regiment at Princeton. He was arrested, tried, sentenced, and executed. Five other conspirators were sent into the interior under heavy guard, and the mutiny was thus suppressed before it gained headway.

Finally, in 1783, a single company of Pennsylvania troops, just discharged, openly insulted and defied Congress at Philadelphia. It was this act which led to the provision in the Constitution of 1789 for a federal district, under absolute control of Congress, as the seat of government.

In 1783 the Army of the Revolution melted away. The preliminary treaty of peace had been signed November 30, 1782, the definite treaty was not signed until September 3, 1783, and news of it

was not received until November of that year. Throughout the spring and summer of 1783 numerous furloughs were granted, and on October 18th Congress issued a proclamation discharging all officers and soldiers absent on furlough from further service. There was no formal leave-taking, no review of assembled troops; the organizations simply disbanded and the men went to their homes in squads, unpaid and unrewarded except by a resolution of Congress giving them "the thanks of their country, for their long, eminent, and faithful service."

A few men were retained in service to guard the military stores, and throughout the winter of 1783-84 there were long debates as to what should be the peace establishment of the army. The New England delegates were unanimously in favor of a resolution declaring that "standing armies in time of peace are inconsistent with the principles of republican government, dangerous to the liberties of a free people, and generally converted into destructive engines for establishing despotism"; they therefore advised that "recommendations instead of requisitions shall be sent to the several States for raising the troops necessary for garrisoning the Western posts," etc. The Middle and Southern States on the other hand were equally unanimous in favor of enlisting a small force of United States troops for this purpose to serve three years. The matter was finally settled in June, 1784, by a resolution discharging all troops in the service of the United States except twenty-five privates to guard the stores at Fort Pitt (Pittsburg) and fifty-five to do similar duty at West Point; and another resolution requesting the States of Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania to furnish from their militia a force of 700 men, to be supported at the expense of the United States, for garrisoning the Western posts, protecting the frontier, and guarding the public stores. At the end of a year (April, 1785) the services of these militia expired and it was then determined to raise a force of equal numbers of United States troops, to serve for three years. It was to consist of eight companies of infantry and two of artillery; in 1789, two companies of artillery were added and the total force increased to 840

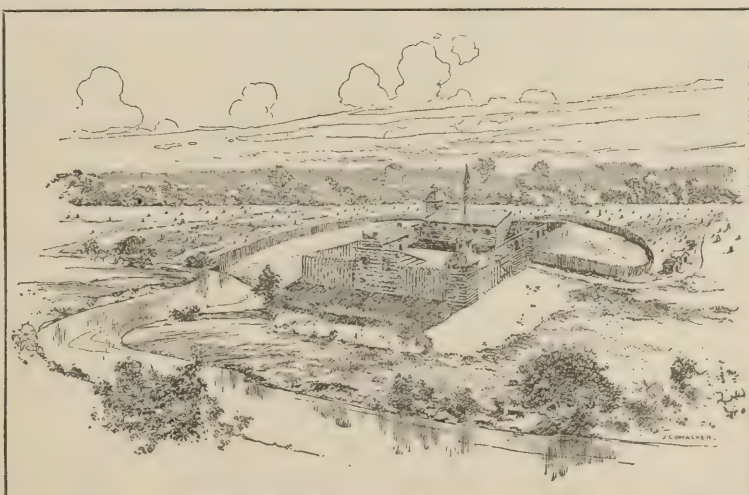


Fort Wayne, 1795. (After an old print.)

men. Knox was made Secretary of War in 1785, and continued in that office by Washington when he became President in 1789. Lieutenant-Colonel Josiah Harmer, of Pennsylvania, was made Commander-in-Chief, his rank being increased to that of Brigadier-General by brevet in 1787. In 1790 the force was increased to 1,216 men, and, with about 300 of these and over 1,000 militia from Pennsylvania and Kentucky, Harmer started out in the autumn of 1790 from Fort Washington (Cincinnati) to subdue the hostile Indians northwest of the Ohio River—the first of a long series of Indian campaigns in which the army was to be engaged at intervals during the succeeding hundred years. Harmer was not successful, although he inflicted severe losses on the Indians along the Scioto. At the next session of Congress the army was increased by an additional regiment, and the President was given full authority to call out such force of militia as he deemed necessary. Major-General Arthur St. Clair was now made Commanding General of the Army, and conducted a still larger force against the Indians in the autumn of 1791. He was disastrously defeated on the Miami, losing 800 out of a total force of 1,800 men. Knox, as Secretary of War, now brought forward his plans for permanent military organization; they were approved by Washington and adopted by Congress in the spring of 1792. There was an elaborate system for organizing the militia, which never was carried into

effect, and has been obsolete for three-quarters of a century, although it still remains on the statute books unrepealed. The regular establishment consisted of a "Legion" commanded by a major-general and comprising a staff and four sub-legions; each of the latter contained one troop of dragoons, one company of artillery, four companies of rifles, and eight companies of infantry. The

strength of each sub-legion was 1,280 men, and of the Legion 5,120. St. Clair having resigned, Major-General Anthony Wayne was appointed to the command, and with a force of about 3,000 men he left Fort Washington (Cincinnati) in the summer of 1793 and began his campaign along the Maumee River and its tributaries. It was carried on with prudence and skill during the next two years, posts being established at Fort Recovery, Fort Defiance, and Fort Wayne. In the summer of 1794 he penetrated almost to the mouth of the Maumee (Toledo), inflicting severe punishment on the Indians and burning their villages. In the following summer the Indians sued for peace, a treaty was concluded and the first of our Indian wars, which had lasted nearly five years, was brought to a successful conclusion. In this war the celebrated Indian Chief Tecumseh was one of the most active braves. He joined in the



Fort Washington, Cincinnati. (After an old print.)

Treaty of Peace, but ten years later he renewed the war and kept it up until he was killed in the battle of the Thames in 1813.

WE the Subscribers do hereby severally inlist ourselves into the Service of the United American Colonies, until the first Day of January next, if the Service should require it ;—and each of us do engage to furnish and carry with us into the Service aforesaid, a good effective Fire Arm and Blanket ; (also, a good Bayonet, Cartridge Pouch, and a Hatchet, or Tomahawk, or Cutting Sword, if possible ;) and we severally consent to be formed by such Person or Persons as the General Court shall appoint, into a Company of Ninety Men, including one Captain, two Lieutenants, one Ensign, four Serjeants, four Corporals, one Drum, and one Fife, to be elected by the Company and commissioned by the Council, and when formed, we engage to March into Canada with the utmost Expedition, and to be under such Field Officers as the General Court have appointed, or shall appoint; and we further agree, during the Time aforesaid, to be subject to such Generals, or superior Officers, as are or shall be appointed; and to be under such Regulations, in every Respect, as are provided for the Army aforesaid. Dated the
of
A. D. 1776.

Enlistment Blank of 1776.

Wayne died in 1796 and was succeeded in command of the army by Brigadier-General James Wilkinson, who had served under Wayne in the campaigns of the last three years. The army was reduced to about 2,800 men, and so remained until the troubles with France arose in 1798. Then Congress provided for a large increase. The two artillery and four infantry regiments were to be increased to 700 men each; twelve additional regiments of infantry and six troops of dragoons were to be organized, and in addition there was to be a provisional army of 10,000 men, and the President was authorized to accept the services of such volunteer corps as might offer. Washington was appointed Lieutenant-General and Hamilton, Pinckney, and Knox Major-Generals. At the next session (January, 1799) twenty-four additional regiments of infantry, three of cavalry, two of rifles, and one of artillery were authorized, carrying the total strength of the regular army to over 40,000 men, in a total population of 5,250,000, and a force of volunteers limited only by the President's discretion. Only a small part of these projected troops were ever raised, and in 1802 the army was reduced to the strength of 1796, one regiment of artillery and two of infantry, about 3,000 men in all. On Washington's death in 1799 Hamilton became Commanding General of the Army, but resigned the following year, and Wilkinson resumed the command, with the rank of Major-General by brevet.

Thomas Jefferson was a firm believer in

the doctrine that a standing army is a dangerous thing; yet it was during his administration that the regular army was first definitely and permanently established, and though its numbers have been increased or diminished from time to time as circumstances required, it has never since been disbanded. Washington had argued for years in favor of an efficient regular army, a well-organized and *disciplined* militia, and the establishment of a military academy—all as parts of one general plan, in time of peace prepare for war. But he saw none of these projects adopted. On the other hand, Jefferson, who looked upon any military force as an evil and believed that war could be averted by diplomacy, was forced by the course of events while he was President to establish a military academy, and to organize a standing army; the formation of a well-drilled and disciplined militia was never accomplished by the National Government, and was only brought about by the united efforts of the individual States more than two generations later.

It was also during Jefferson's administration that the army was first intrusted with the survey of the Great West. Within a year after the acquisition of Louisiana, Jefferson gave his personal attention to the organization of an exploring expedition under the command of two army officers, Captain Meriwether Lewis of the infantry, who was Jefferson's private secretary, and Second Lieutenant William Clark of the artillery. With a party of fourteen soldiers and an equal number of civilian employees they left St. Louis in the spring of

1804, ascended the Missouri to its source, thence crossed the Rocky Mountains to the head waters of the Columbia, descended that stream to the Pacific Ocean and then retraced their steps to St. Louis, arriving there in the autumn of 1806, after an absence of two years and four months, and a journey on foot, on horseback, and in canoes, of over 10,000 miles through the wilderness. The expedition was remarkable for the courage and skill shown by the two officers, their tact in dealing with the numerous Indian tribes through whom they safely passed, their endurance of extraordinary hardships, and the variety and accuracy of the information which they brought back and published in their report. It was the worthy beginning of that long series of exploring and surveying expeditions which were carried on by the army during the next seventy years and which were of such inestimable benefit in the development of the country. A similar expedition was sent out in 1805 to explore the sources of the Mississippi. It was commanded by Captain Zebulon Pike of the 1st Infantry, a young officer of twenty-six, whose father had served through the Revolution, and who was destined to close his own career as brigadier-general in command of the force which attacked and captured York (Toronto) in 1813, where he was killed by the explosion of the British magazine. His name is perpetuated in Pike's Peak, the highest point in the world reached by the locomotive, which was the landmark and point of direction for all the emigrant trains crossing the plains before the transcontinental railroad was opened in 1869. In his first expedition Pike ascended the Mississippi from St. Louis to its source and spent nine months in explorations in what is now Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Dakota. In his second expedition (1806-7) he followed up the Platte River to its source in the Rocky Mountains, thence worked south until he reached the head-waters of the Rio Grande del Norte, where he was made prisoner by the Spaniards, carried to Santa Fé in New Mexico, and thence escorted to Natchitoches on the Red River and there set free in July, 1807. By these three expeditions, within a few years after the acquisition of Louisiana, the valleys of its three great rivers, the Missouri-Missis-

siippi, the Columbia, and the Rio Grande, had been explored by the army under circumstances of extraordinary difficulty and hardship.

The Military Academy at West Point was established by the Act of Congress of March 16, 1802. It appears that when Congress was deliberating, in 1776, upon the urgent letters sent by Washington in regard to the organization of the army, it appointed a committee to proceed to camp for consultation with Washington, and among other things this committee recommended "that the Board of War be directed to prepare . . . a military academy, and provide the same with proper officers." Before this report was received, Congress itself had passed a resolution (October 1st), appointing a committee of five "to prepare and bring in a plan of a Military Academy at the Army." The report of the committee at camp was the result of suggestions made by Henry Knox, Chief of Artillery. John Adams was a member both of the Committee and of the Board of War. No report was made and no action taken by either body, possibly on account of the well-known views of Adams in opposition to a permanent military establishment. The matter was not brought forward again until Knox, as Secretary of War, made his celebrated report of January 18, 1790, on the proper basis of military defence for the United States. His plan was to "reject a standing army . . . as possessing too fierce an aspect, and being hostile to the principles of liberty" . . . "to provide a corps of artillerists and engineers, and a legion for the protection of the frontiers and the magazines and arsenals," . . . "to regard an energetic national militia as the *capital security* of a free people," and to attain this by means of "adequate institutions for the military education of youth." Knox's plan was adopted in the law of 1792 so far as to organize the legion and provide a plan for the militia, but nothing was done about the institutions for military education. When it was discussed in the Cabinet Jefferson was of opinion that such a project was unconstitutional. Washington strongly recommended the plan to Congress in 1793 and again in his last message (December, 1796), but no action was taken. Dr.

James McHenry, who had served as a surgeon in the Revolutionary Army, and afterward as Washington's secretary, was appointed Secretary of War in 1796 and was retained in that office until the last year of Adams's administration. During the excitement of the anticipated war with France in 1798, he was in constant communication with Washington on military matters, including this project of a military academy, concerning which he made elaborate notes embodying Washington's views. These he incorporated in a report dated January 5, 1800, to President Adams, which the latter transmitted to Congress with a brief message. Again, no action was taken. But in the winter after Jefferson's inauguration the Secretary of War (Dearborn) was called upon for a report upon the military establishment and to what extent it could be reduced. As a result the law of March 16, 1802, was passed, by which what remained of the army organized to fight France was reduced to 3,000 men, and Washington's plan of a military academy, as elaborated by his Secretaries of War, Knox and McHenry, was adopted. The act authorized the President "to organize a corps of Engineers," which, "when so organized, shall be stationed at West Point, in the State of New York, and shall constitute a Military Academy." The corps was to consist of seven officers and ten cadets, the senior officer was to "have the Superintendence of the said Military Academy," and the Secretary of War, under the President's direction, was to make regulations for its government and to procure the necessary books, implements, and apparatus for its use and benefit.

This was the small beginning of what has since become a unique and famous educational establishment. Unlike military schools in other countries it educates officers for all branches of the service. It is a special and technical school, in no sense a university or even a college, devoted to the sole purpose of educating and training soldiers; but as the basis of its teaching was mathematical and analytical, it was for many years, prior to the formation of the schools of Technology at the great Universities and independent of them, the only institution in the country where a scientific education was given.

As Henry Adams says: "Great as the influence of this new establishment was upon the army, its bearing on the general education of the people was still greater, for the government thus assumed the charge of introducing the first systematic study of science in the United States."

Jefferson took a warm interest in his bantling, increased its numbers by sending to it the forty cadets of artillery authorized by a previous law, and in 1808 sent a special message to Congress recommending its enlargement. But during the first years of Madison's administration, Dr. Eustis, of Massachusetts, the Secretary of War, did everything in his power to break up the institution by the simple process of not appointing any cadets, until finally there were no cadets and only one instructor. Eustis was forced out of office for incompetency in 1813, and at the same time a law was passed reorganizing the academy on a more secure foundation and enlarging the number of cadets. It was not until 1817, however, that it was fully organized on its present basis. In that year Major Sylvanus Thayer was appointed Superintendent. He was an officer of great ability and unbending will, himself a graduate of West Point in 1808 having previously graduated from Dartmouth, who, after distinguished service throughout the War of 1812, had been sent to Europe in 1815 to witness the operations of the allied armies before Paris, and afterward to study fortifications in France and the Netherlands. He introduced among the cadets the rigid discipline for which the academy has ever since been distinguished, organized and arranged the classes, prepared for the approval of the War Department the curriculum of studies, established the system of drills, and inculcated the highest principles of honor, integrity, and truthfulness as the basis of their moral education. He remained at the head of the institution for sixteen years and gave it the character which it has ever since maintained.

The results of his great work were first made evident to the public in the War with Mexico, where the company officers and some of the field officers were West Point graduates of the preceding thirty years; Scott was so delighted with their gallantry and their intelligent efficiency

that he eulogized them in the most generous terms, declaring that the success of his brilliant campaign was due more to them than to any other cause. The splendid service of its graduates in this war and again in the Civil War protected the academy from the attacks which were constantly made upon it, and at times with such force as nearly to destroy it. Those who believed in the theory of militia and temporary armies as a means of conducting war contended that it was aristocratic in tendency and useless in results; whereas those who shared the views of Washington, Hamilton, and Marshall, that war can only be successfully carried on by trained soldiers, supported the institution as the best means for providing military training.

From this academy there have now been graduated a little more than 4,000 officers; among them, Grant, Lee, Sherman, Johnston, Sheridan, Jackson, Thomas, Longstreet, Meade, McClellan, Hancock, and a host of other famous soldiers. For a few years preceding the Mexican War, and again just before the Civil War, and before the War with Spain, its graduates have constituted a large majority of the officers of the army, and nearly all its captains and lieutenants. At other periods its graduates have been in the minority. But at all times for the last sixty years the teachings of West Point have been the guiding principles of the army. None are more desirous to have their sons educated there than those officers who have gained their military education in the fiery school of war. None more than they realize the immense advantages of sound military education. The academy is now so securely intrenched in the affection of the people and the approval of the military authorities, the method of appointing the cadets is so thoroughly representative and democratic, that the attacks upon it are comparatively feeble, and it is firmly established as an integral part of our military system.

The enlargement and establishment of the army, which took place during Jefferson's administration, occurred in 1808. Prior to that time the military force, hardly large enough to be called an army, had fluctuated in numbers: in 1789, two regiments; in 1791, three regiments; in 1792 the Legion, equivalent to six regiments; in 1796, six regiments; in 1798, nine regi-

ments; in 1800, six regiments; in 1802, three regiments. In 1807 these three regiments, with the staff and engineers, numbered 3,356 men, the greater part of whom were stationed on the frontier in the Northwest Territory. In June of that year our strained relations with Great Britain were stretched to the breaking-point, when news was received of the attack on the Chesapeake by the Leopard. Not since Lexington had the blood of the American people been stirred as it was by this high-handed outrage. An increase of the army was immediately demanded, and the Governors of States were called upon to furnish the muster and inspection returns of their respective quotas of 100,000 militia. At the next session of Congress the army was increased to eleven regiments, seven of infantry and one each of heavy artillery, light artillery, riflemen and dragoons, numbering in all about 10,000 men. This force was soon recruited, officered, and organized, and for the first time since the adoption of the Constitution the United States possessed a regular force comprising all arms of the service. Its numbers have since fluctuated, but at no time has the number of regiments been less than in 1808.

Among the officers who entered the army at this time were Captain Winfield Scott of the Light Artillery, aged twenty-two, and First Lieutenant Zachary Taylor, of the 7th Infantry, aged twenty-four. Their fathers had both served in the Revolutionary Army. In his memoirs, written fifty-five years later, Scott says: "The army of that day, including its general staff, the three old and the nine new regiments, presented no pleasing aspect. The old officers had very generally sunk into either sloth, ignorance, or habits of intemperance. Among the honorable exceptions were" Macomb, Swift, Totten, Thayer, and others. "Many of the appointments were positively bad, and a majority of the remainder indifferent. Party spirit of that day knew no bounds, and of course was blind to policy. Federalists were almost entirely excluded from selection, though great numbers were eager for the field, and in the New England and some other States there were but very few educated Republicans. Hence the selections from these communities consisted mostly of coarse and igno-

rant men. In the other States, where there was no lack of educated men in the dominant party, the appointments consisted generally of swaggerers, dependants, decayed gentlemen and others, 'fit for nothing else,' which always turned out to be utterly unfit for any military purpose whatever. These were the men who, on the return of peace, became the 'unscarred braggarts of the war,' a heavy burden to the Government and, as beggars, to the country. Such were the results of Mr. Jefferson's low estimate of, or rather contempt for, the military character, the consequence of the old hostility between him and the principal officers who achieved our independence."

After making all allowance for the exaggeration due to Scott's prejudices, this is probably not very far from the truth. It is universally admitted that the appointments of all grades at this time and until after the War of 1812 were based almost wholly on political considerations. The commanding general was Brigadier-General James Wilkinson, who had a varied and picturesque career. He was Gates's adjutant-general at Saratoga, and was a member of the Conway Cabal. In a convivial moment he disclosed this to Lord Stirling, by whom it was communicated to Washington; and after challenging both Gates and Stirling and then withdrawing the challenges, he was forced to leave the army. At the close of the war he entered into commercial arrangements of a dishonorable character at New Orleans, but succeeded in getting back into the army in 1791, served in Wayne's campaigns against the Indians, 1793-95, and in 1796 succeeded Wayne in command of the army. In 1801 he took part in Burr's conspiracy, although the proof of this was not discovered until long after his death. In 1807 he turned state's evidence against Burr at his trial; but was himself tried for conspiracy and treason in 1811, being acquitted for lack of evidence. He was a conspicuous failure as a general in the campaigns of 1813 and 1814, and in 1815 he was discharged from the army and passed the few remaining years of his life in Mexico.

With such a man as commanding general, it could hardly be expected that the tone of the army would be high; the offi-

cers were divided into his partisans, who were in the majority, and those of his next in command, Brigadier-General Wade Hampton, of South Carolina. In 1809 Scott expressed the opinion that he "believed Wilkinson to have been equally a traitor with Burr." For this he was tried by court-martial, and sentenced to a year's suspension.

The war for which this army was organized did not come until four years later. Meanwhile the troops served in the Northwest and the Southwest. When war seemed imminent in the winter of 1808-9, Wilkinson was ordered to New Orleans with 2,000 of the new troops, to organize them and defend the place. The inefficiency of his administration was extraordinary, his camp abounded with "filth and nastiness of almost every kind," his men were badly organized and poorly equipped, and in a few months nearly forty per cent. of them had died of disease. When he moved up to the high ground of Natchez in the autumn of 1809, of the survivors fully three-fifths were on the sick list.

There were no actual wars with the Indians during Jefferson's administration, but in the new territory of Indiana, of which Harrison was made governor in 1807, the tribes under Tecumseh and his brother were restless and discontented; they feared the advance of the whites, there were frequent murders of the settlers, and the chiefs were making an effort to unite all the tribes into one great federation. To keep the Indians in check, Harrison was authorized to erect a fort in the vicinity of their village of Tippecanoe on the Wabash River, near the present town of Lafayette. For this purpose he organized an expedition at Vincennes of about 1,100 men, consisting of the 4th Infantry, which was sent to him from Pittsburg, and of militia and volunteers from Indiana and Kentucky. With these he marched up the Wabash Valley, in October, 1811, stopping to build a fort on the present site of Terre Haute, and arrived near Tippecanoe on November 6th. We probably never had in the service a better Indian fighter or one who more thoroughly understood the Indian character than Harrison. He was then thirty-eight years of age, had served with dis-

tion as a young officer in Wayne's campaigns on the Maumee, eighteen years before, and had since lived on the frontier with the exception of one year when he was a delegate in Congress. The Indians used every art to lead him into an ambush, but without success; his camp and his march were always well guarded. The night of November 6th was dark and rainy; his little force was camped about a mile and a half from the village, fully protected by sentries. Harrison himself was up before four o'clock in the morning of the 7th, and at that hour a shot was fired, followed by a rush of the Indians upon the angle of his camp. A sharp fight ensued at close quarters, lasting about two hours until day broke, when the troops took the offensive and the Indians fled. The losses were heavy, amounting to 188, of whom 61 were killed; of the officers nine were killed and twenty-five wounded. The Indians left thirty-eight bodies on the field, but carried off the rest of their dead and all their wounded. The village was burned, and Harrison then began his return march, carrying his wounded with him, and reaching Vincennes on November 18th.

This was one of the most decisive defeats ever inflicted on the Indians. It gave Harrison great reputation. Although he served with distinction throughout the War of 1812, and afterward was a senator and a foreign minister, yet the chief source of his popularity was this battle with the Indians, and nearly thirty years after it the campaign song which carried him into the Presidency was "Tippecanoe and Tyler too."

The declaration of war against England was signed on June 12, 1812. In anticipation of it and subsequently, laws were passed for raising the necessary military forces as follows: In January, 1812, an act was passed increasing the regular army from 10,000 to 35,000 men, to consist of two regiments of dragoons, four of artillery, one of riflemen, and twenty-five of infantry. The men were to serve for five years, to receive \$5 per month in pay, \$16 in bounty, and on discharge, three months' extra pay and 160 acres of land. In February, a second act was passed, authorizing the President to accept the services of 50,000 volunteers, to serve twelve

months, to be officered by the States, and to have the same pay as the regulars. In April, a third act was passed authorizing the President to call out 100,000 militia to serve six months, and while in service to have the same pay as regulars. In the same month another act was passed, for the purpose of filling up the new regiments, by which it was provided that 15,000 men might be enlisted to serve for eighteen months. A man desiring to serve in the war had thus a variety of options open to him, and he usually chose the most favorable, which was undoubtedly the service in the militia.

The next year, between January and March, 1813, a somewhat different programme was adopted. The law authorizing volunteers was repealed, and the regular army was increased by twenty additional regiments of infantry, carrying its total strength to 58,000 men; the enlistments were to be for twelve months, the pay was increased to \$8 per month, with three months' pay in advance in addition to the bounty, and a promise of invalid pensions at the rate of \$5 per month.

In the following year, January, 1814, the regular army was again increased by about 5,000 men, consisting of three additional regiments of riflemen and one of infantry, carrying its nominal strength to 63,000 men; at the same time the term of enlistment was changed back to five years, the pay was increased to \$10 per month, the bounty raised to \$124, the land grant to 320 acres, and recruiting agents were to be paid \$8 for each recruit. The President was also authorized to accept the services of volunteers in such number as he thought proper, and on the same terms as the regulars.

None of these laws was effective; at no time during the war was the strength of the regular army as great as one-half of what the law authorized; a bill was even introduced in Congress, in 1814, providing for conscription, but it failed to pass. It was impossible to get recruits for the regular army.

While we achieved splendid and unexpected success on the sea during this war, our operations on the land were in the main unsuccessful and at times disgraceful. Inadequate laws in Congress, incompetence in the War Department,

inefficiency in the field, were the characteristics of the three-years campaigns. There was no Washington to counteract the defects of the militia system by his profound wisdom and sound judgment. Within sixty days after the declaration of war the Western posts at Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis and Mackinac had been captured, and those at Fort Wayne, Fort Harrison, and Vincennes were besieged by the Indians. In New York it was planned to attack Montreal by the Champlain route, to attack Kingston from Sackett's Harbor, and to cross the Niagara River and attack Queenston. The Montreal expedition went no farther than Plattsburg, the Kingston expedition did not start at all, and the attack on Queenston resulted in a most shameful defeat. For these disasters the commanding general, Henry Dearborn, was largely responsible. He had served through the Revolution as a young officer, had afterward been a Representative in Congress, Secretary of War and Collector of the Port of Boston. From the latter position he was appointed Senior Major-General of the army in January, 1812, an office for which he was hopelessly incompetent.

In 1813, we were not so entirely unsuccessful. At the beginning of the year Dearborn captured and burnt York (Toronto) and seized Lewiston and Fort George, and later in the year Harrison relieved the Western posts, defeated the British and Indians in the battle of the Thames, and regained Detroit. In the South Jackson conducted a successful campaign against the Creek Indians. But at the close of the year the British not only regained control of their own side of the Niagara River but occupied the American side from Fort Niagara to Buffalo; and an expedition under Wilkinson, which moved down the St. Lawrence toward Montreal, resulted in a complete fiasco and defeat at Chrystler's Farm. The events of the year led to the retirement from active service of Dearborn, Wilkinson, Hampton and Lewis, the senior officers of the army and all about equally incompetent.

In 1814, the army for the first time acquitted itself creditably. Under the command of Brown, with Scott and Ripley as brigadiers, it fought a series of

engagements at Chippewa, Lundy's Lane, and Fort Erie, on the Canadian side of the Niagara River, against the best British regulars just arrived from Europe. The fighting was severe, the losses large in proportion to numbers engaged, and the advantage lay with the Americans. At Plattsburg, chiefly owing to McDonough's great naval victory, the British troops were defeated and fell back to Montreal. On the other hand, in the South, the city of Washington was captured, the public buildings burned, and the Government put to flight. This disaster was in a measure redeemed in the following month by the defeat of the British at Baltimore and the death of their commander, Lord Ross. In the extreme South Jackson had carried his campaign against the Creeks to a successful conclusion, and was then ordered to the defence of New Orleans where, on January 8, 1815, he gained the one really great victory of the war—one of the most brilliant achievements in all our history.

Meanwhile the treaty of peace had been signed at Ghent two weeks before. The war settled nothing; the objects for which it was undertaken were not even mentioned in the treaty. It had been in progress for nearly three years. The number of regulars enlisted is said to have been 85,000, and the number of militia called out over 470,000, although at no time were more than 30,000 regulars under arms, and not as many militia in the field. In none of the battles were more than 4,000 men actually engaged on our side. The aggregate of all the losses on the American side was about 1,900 killed and 3,700 wounded.

During this war, two questions of a fundamental character were raised in regard to the militia. The Constitution gives Congress power, "To provide for calling forth the militia to execute the laws of the Union, suppress insurrections and repel invasions." In April, 1812, a law was passed authorizing the President to call out 100,000 militia. When he issued the call the Governors of three New England States: Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Massachusetts, flatly refused to obey the call; and similar action was taken by the Governor of Vermont in 1814. They were sustained by the legislatures and courts of their respective States. The Supreme

Court of Massachusetts decided that the President had no power to determine whether any one of the three conditions named in the Constitution had arisen; that decision rested with the Governor of each State, and as the Governors of the New England States were of opinion that neither invasion, insurrection, nor defiance of the laws existed, they declined to order out the militia. This decision was squarely overruled by the Supreme Court of the United States in 1820 in the case of *Martin vs. Mott*, in unequivocal language as follows: "We are all of opinion that the authority to decide whether the exigency has arisen belongs exclusively to the President, and that his decision is conclusive upon all other persons." In another case, *Houston vs. Moore*, the United States Supreme Court also decided that "The President's order may be given to the Chief Executive magistrate of the State, or to any militia officer he may think proper." The law in the case was thus settled in such a manner that no doubt concerning it has since existed.

The other question was the right to order the militia beyond the limits of their respective States, or of the United States. At the battle of Queenston, the New York militia, although they had clamored to be led into battle, refused to cross the Niagara River on the ground that they could not be ordered out of the United States. At

that time, as now, the act of February 28, 1795, was in force prescribing penalties for any officer, non-commissioned officer, or private of the militia, when called into the service of the United States, who fails to obey the orders of the President, and this would seem to give ample authority to order them wherever he saw fit. But the precise question of his right to order them out of the limits of the United States has never, so far as I know, been passed upon by the Supreme Court.

The question has never arisen since the War of 1812. With that war the militia, as it had been understood for several generations, passed into well-merited contempt, and it has never since been called out by the President. In subsequent wars the President has been authorized to call for volunteers, who have been individually enlisted and mustered into the service of the United States, and for the time being constituted part of its army, subject to the articles of war, and bound by the enlistment oath to obey the orders of the President and the officers appointed over them.

The National Guard regiments of New York and other States which were ordered out for temporary service during an emergency in 1861, 1862, and 1863 were organized military bodies, uniformed, equipped, and drilled. They were totally different from the militia as understood in the Revolution and in the War of 1812.



SUSPENSE

By Rosina Hubley Emmet

WE waited through the darkness of the morning,
We listened through the silence of the night.
No sound had come of comfort or of warning,
The aching emptiness clung close and tight—
No human breath to ease our bosom's anguish,
No note of sweet companionship we heard,
No grateful breeze across our brows to languish,
As we sat on and listened for the word.

Without, the heartless winter morn was breaking ;
Within, the creeping light was still and gray ;
Through night and morn, through sleeping and through waking,
One mortal fear had filled us with dismay.
The icy pane, the pale, unliving ember,
Our souls with sombre prophecy did fill,
As on that darkening morn of dim December
We listened and we waited and were still.

The sun began to peer above the branches
And lingered like a blessing on the snow,
It filled our joyless room with avalanches
Of light, that made more dark our darksome woe.
The shadeless sky looked in, nor blinked, nor wondered
To see our silent outlines resting there ;
No watching thing our waiting souls had sundered,
No listening ear our wedded pain might share.

Then glittering day stepped fearless o'er the mountains,
And glittering sun hung fearless in the sky ;
Strange pulsings seemed to stir our beings' fountains,
A gush of pain that stifled on the cry.
The night was done—another day had broken
The heartless force of Nature's heartless will—
And yet our naked lips no word had spoken,
We listened and we waited and were still.



A Trapped Bear.



THE BEGUILING OF THE BEARS

By Frederic Irland

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



SOME people like the woods in summer, and some go there in the fall. This year I visited a far-away fastness before the spring awoke, and stayed till summer abounded in the land.

The most remote and inaccessible stream in the province of New Brunswick is the North Pole Branch. No road or trail approaches it. Mountain ramparts guard its birthplace. Falls and rapids, which even the salmon cannot climb, are a barrier to its ascent.

Henry sometimes goes there to hunt, and he has a shed camp at the foot of a mountain. Many years ago the trees on

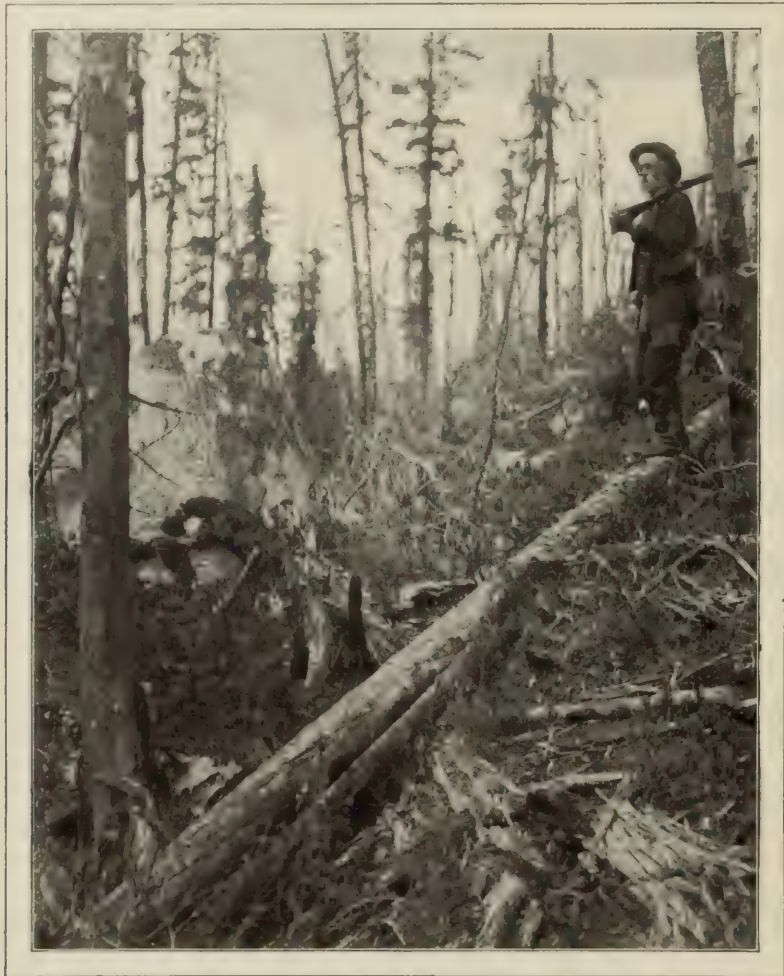
this mountain were burned, and you can see the scar of the old fire when you are miles away. Dunc Moon was sent to this camp last summer with flour on his back and the burnt mountain for his landmark. He reported, on his return to humanity, that his feet "never teched the ground fer three mile." This is why the fallen tree-trunks, which mark the pathway of an unrecorded cyclone, are known to the chosen few as "Dunc's Three Mile."

Much of the North Pole Branch is fine canoeing water; a smooth, silent, strong-flowing stream, with banks which the beavers climb even at noon-day, to feast on

balsam-boughs; and interminable alder-swales, where the bears roll in the wet places, while little birds sing above them. When the flies are bad, the moose stand in the water up to their ears, and in their search for river-grass keep their noses submerged long enough to down three men.

joyed it a great deal more than the bears did.

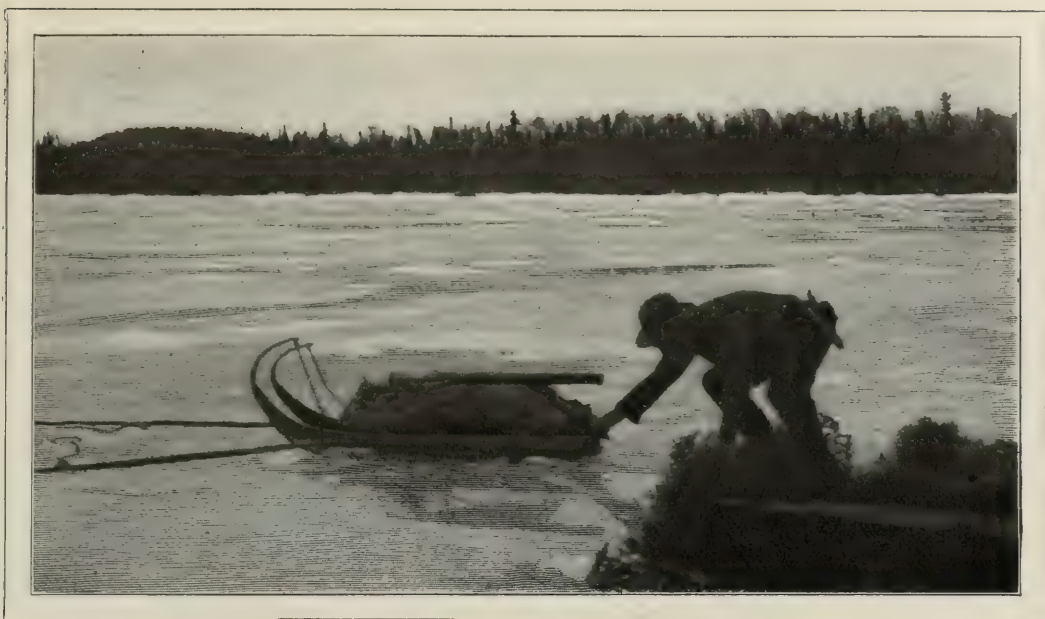
If we had been famous arctic explorers, we should have run fifty or sixty miles the first day. As we were going for pleasure, we found twenty miles of snowy road ample to engage our daily attention. When



Dunc's Three Mile—"Never teched the ground fer three mile."—Page 313.

At great pains Henry packed a rip-saw to the banks of the Pole, and worked out enough thin boards to make a canoe. This craft had been built about a week when a bear came along and bit a hole in the bottom through which a cat might crawl. Another bear visited Henry's camp on Mitchell Lake, a few miles from the Pole, and made it look as though a primary election had been held there. These things occurred in the fall of 1900, and Henry concluded that the bears in the Pole precinct needed suppressing. So in the spring of 1901 he spread desolation among them. I was allowed to accompany him on this campaign, and en-

we had gone above all the lumbering operations, and reached the country where the trees are too small for commercial purposes, we could travel in the early morning on the crusted snow. After ten o'clock, when the warm April sun had set things dripping, we would break through a few times and find the snow more than leg-deep. Then we would spread our raw-hide wings and sail along finely for a while. After the snow got very soft, and a shovelful caught on each toe at every step, we did a little penance for our sins. But it was nothing. A week of rather bad going, and then we used the snowshoes only for the worst places.



Rescuing the Toboggan.

There are as many sorts and conditions of snow-shoes as there are of guides. Poor snow-shoes sag when subjected to severe trial. The raw-hide fillings slacken, and the journey of the wearer is a joyless progress. Well-made shoes are strung with caribou-skin, so stretched that as the filling becomes wet it draws more tight. Few Indians make good shoes. Henry fills his own, and at the close of a day's march, in the sloppiest snow, his shoes are as tight as drum-heads. There is also a nice knack in tying the strings that hold the shoes to the feet. I believe Henry is the inventor of the tie most commonly used in that region.

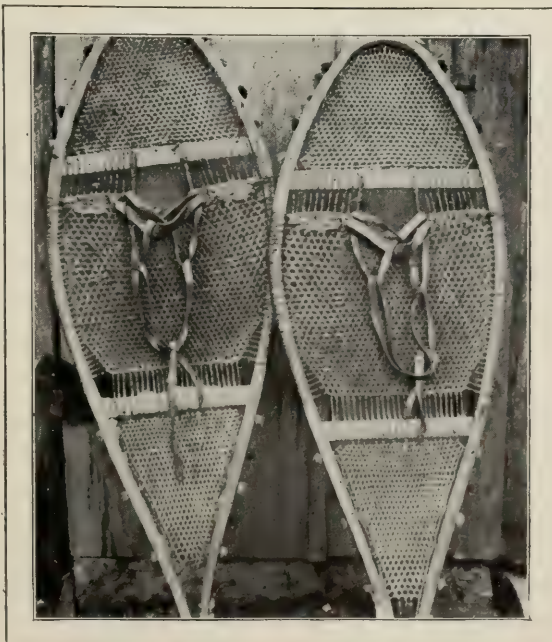
It is an interesting study to those who have walking to do on deep snow, and is plainly shown in the photograph.

Henry had a lot of big steel bear-traps hidden in the woods, which he wished to put where they would do the most good, and it was desirable to transport them while the lakes were still frozen over. All woodland trails take to the water as much as possible, both in

summer and winter, because the hauling of loads is easiest there, whether by canoe or toboggan. There is a short time in the fall and spring when travel is almost impossible, because the ice is unsafe and canoes cannot run. The dangerous period is very short in the fall, for the thin, new ice of a single night will often bear one with perfect safety; but in the spring ice six inches thick may be so rotten that it will give way without warning. There are several ways to tell whether ice is good. As long as the caribou and moose cross it freely, it may be relied on implicitly. When it begins to soften, the dangerous

spots get brown or black as the water soaks through, while the strong ice remains white or blue.

We had a merry adventure with the ice one day. It was getting near the limit of winter travel. The trail led across a narrow neck of Birch Lake, only a few minutes' walk. The toboggan track of two days ago went straight to the other shore. There were ominous brownspots all over the lake, but it would take hours



The Correct Thing in Snow-shoes.



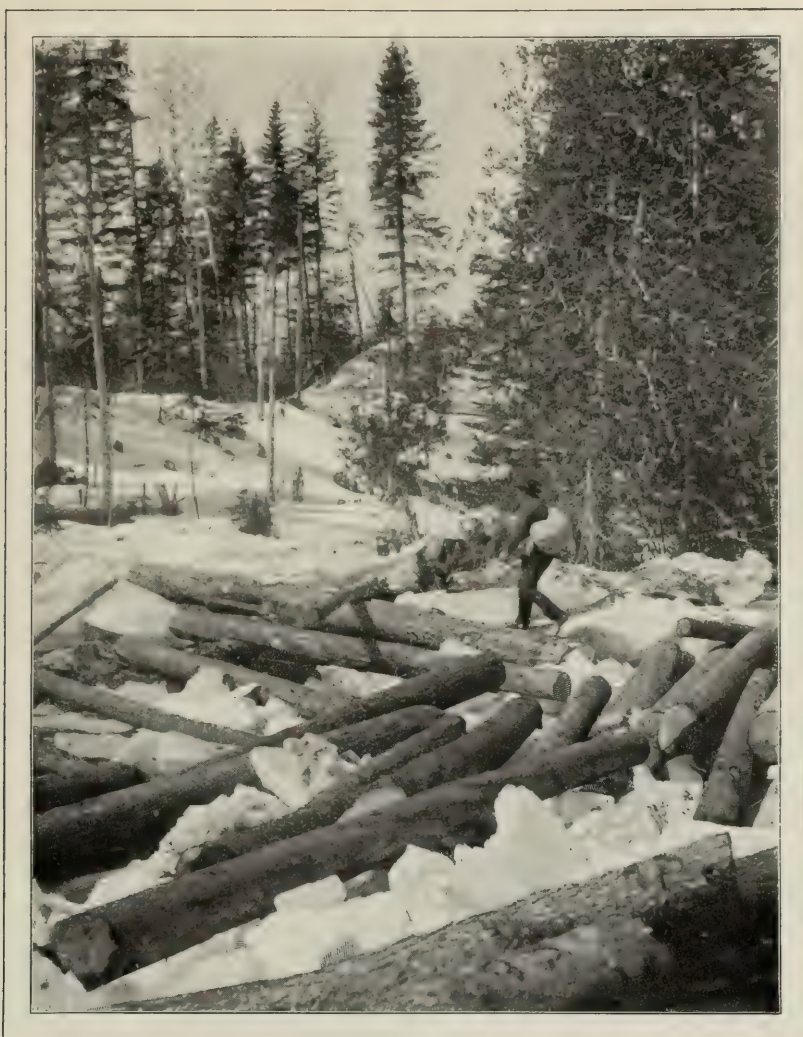
The Opening of the Lake.

to drag the sleds around the shore, among the fallen trees and thick bushes. Henry thought we could steer a devious course over the ice. We climbed down the steep bank by a fallen tree, and got the sleds on the ice. A few rods from shore, where it looked doubtful, Henry sounded with his axe, while I hesitated and was lost. I felt the ice going, and told Henry so. "Look out for the camera," he warned, as I plunged waist-deep. So as I fell I held the camera on high. Henry stretched forth the saving hand, and in an instant he also broke through, and found how cold the water was. We were not in a particle of danger, but the toboggans were. Henry broke a path back to shore and I followed him. After the first plunge the water did not seem so cold, and we managed to coax the sleds along till they were in reach of safety. Then Henry floundered ashore, felled some little trees onto the ice, and sneaking gingerly out, rescued our food and blankets from a watery grave.

In a few days the streams began to open, and another picture in the infinite panorama of the wilderness spread out before us. Wherever the water ran with a fair current the ice was gone in the centre of the stream, so that canoe navigation was practicable. We could go sometimes for miles through narrow aisles, with ice and snow between us and the shore on either side. Where the river widened into

a lake the winter coverlet was still spread, and there was often trouble in making a landing on the edge of the ice. One morning we hauled the canoe far from the water's edge and walked securely down the frozen dead-water. At evening, when we retraced our steps, our morning snow-shoe tracks led straight into black depths, and a long détour was necessary to bring us around the newly opened water.

One day when Henry had gone on a solitary cruise, to look out a new trail somewhere, Albert, the cook, went with me canoeing. We floated quietly along, and presently I heard the splashing of some large animal walking slowly through the slush close to the shore. Watching an opening in the evergreen growth, I saw the shape of a large bull moose, with his new antlers already grown a foot or more. I saw he would come out at the head of a little bogan not far away. We paddled as fast as possible to the nearest point, and jumping on the ice, I went ashore with the ever-present camera. In front of me was a little hillock covered with scattering spruces. From the top of this the ground fell to an open barren, but along the water's edge the growth was thick. The moose was not in sight, and I stood a couple of minutes, watching for him to cross the open ground in front, hoping to make a picture. The snow on the land side of the hillock was drifted



Logs Waiting for Spring Freshet.

very deep. The footing seemed fairly secure, and I walked along the edge of the drift, toward the bushes where I knew the moose must be. Without preliminaries the snow gave way, and I was floundering in the soft mass. Then it was that, looking over my right shoulder, I beheld at my side the great motionless moose, with ears thrown forward, nostrils distended and eyes solemnly bulging. a black statue of dignified curiosity. Even in my momentary panic, I could not help noticing how cunningly he kept a bush between himself and me. This habit of the moose is one thing which makes him so hard to photograph. But I was chiefly concerned then to get out of that soft snow. Had the moose known it, he had a fine chance to avenge some of his brothers whom I had slain in former years. Two jumps would have put him on me. But he only pulled his gray muzzle back into the bushes, faced about, and stole

away without making a sound. I took the camera to the canoe and shook the snow out of the bellows. Then Albert and I went back to look at the tracks, and we saw that the moose had not run, but carefully placed each foot where the walking was best, and so taken himself away without turmoil.

That evening when I told Henry about it, he said the moose was harmless, that his ears thrown forward were a sign of interrogation. "But," said he, "if you ever meet a moose in the snow and he lays his ears back and begins to lick his lips, then look out. And don't you go to clawing at a tree to climb it either. To scrape the bark of a tree in front of a moose is the deadliest insult you can offer him; for that is the way one bull dares another to fight. Never run away from a moose either. Stand your ground and call him all the names you can think of."

The opening of the shallow dead-wa-



Setting the Bear Trap.

ters disclosed a curious phenomenon of spring which I have seen described. The canoe passed over extensive patches of ice stuck fast to the bottom, showing where the water had frozen clear through. The rising flood of spring finally lifted these ice patches clear, bringing with them masses of lily roots and mud. After the ice melted, a great many of these lily roots, thick as a girl's wrist, were left floating on the surface.

Henry got his bear traps and provisions pretty well scattered out before the snow went away, and finally the time came when he concluded that the bears must be abroad. We visited the bones of two or three moose shot last fall, miles apart. At one place we found the tracks of a large bear. Henry thought it would be a good idea to set a trap here, as the bear might return.

The trapping of bears is an arduous art. Henry believes it to be justified from the sportsman's standpoint, because the bear is the deadly enemy of the moose. During the first few days of its life the baby moose is a clumsy, helpless creature, that wobbles feebly on its long legs, and can scarcely get out of the way of a man, to say nothing of a bear.

All the bears go moose-hunting at this season, and any bear killed in May is almost certain to have moose-hair in its stomach. Since Henry and a few other trappers have decimated the bears and lynxes, the moose have increased enormously. Henry and one other man trapped eighty-four bears in three consecutive springs, a few years ago. Now, the bears are comparatively scarce, and the moose are certainly ten times as plentiful as they were in the early nineties, when I first began going to New Brunswick.

You cannot set a bear-trap anywhere and anyhow, and expect success. Bears like green woods when the sun is warm, and they must get to water about as



There stands a big ill-tempered bear.—Page 321.

often as a man must. Therefore a bunch of green timber close by the water, in the midst of burnt woods or barrens is an ideal bear-set. One trap in a place where bears are sure to come is better than ten set haphazard. A dozen traps, there-

ter, for a bear will not go through dry limbs if he can help it. The twigs break off and stick in his clothes. The trap is set in the opening on the fourth side. The steel springs are so strong that they cannot be pressed down by a man's weight.



Getting His Clog Snubbed by a Root.—Page 321.

fore, may be strung out on a line twenty-five or thirty miles long. Henry scoured the country, and set traps in the neighborhood of all the bear-tracks he saw.

The trap itself is simply a large, double-spring affair, with jaws a foot wide. It weighs fifteen or twenty pounds. The New Brunswick forest is well marked with paths made by the wild animals. Traps are never set in the paths, for fear of catching something not wanted. There was once a game-warden who walked into a bear-trap; but that was a long time ago.

A place is selected where three or four small trees grow close together, and these are surrounded with brush on three sides. In this little enclosure the bait is placed. If the brush is old and prickly all the bet-

They are held down by levers, as shown in the photograph [page 318]. Then the trap is covered with moss, and slender sticks are stuck in the ground, crosswise, in such a way that the bear, in avoiding them, will put one foot on the pan of the trap and spring it. The placing of these sticks is the finest art in bear-catching. The people in the Harvey settlement have a peculiarity of speech by which they are known throughout the province. It was a man from Harvey who brought back a bear-trap to the blacksmith, saying: "This twop's no gude. It won't gwob a baw." But a skilful trapper can set a trap so as to "grab a bear" by any foot he pleases.

And what is the bait used? You would not guess in a long time. The very best



Spruce Partridge.

is a mixture of honey and cheese. Henry simply took a stick and split it, and into the opening plastered a tiny morsel of honey and a little slice of cheese. He placed the stick in the brush back of the trap, and left it; a patient, alert invention of the evil one of beardom. Almost anything will do for bear-bait. An old mocasin, a piece of birch-bark twisted up, a bit of raw-hide; any unusual thing will attract the attention of a bear, and he must stop to turn it over, as he comes loose-jointed along the path, swinging his head from side to side, and seeing everything with his shrewd little pig-eyes. He falls a victim not to his necessities, but to his curiosity, and his liking for dainties.

The trap is not chained to a tree. If it were solid, the bear would surely break it or pull his foot out of the trap. So it is fastened to a light clog, which allows considerable freedom, and at the same time catches in trees, roots, and bushes, to the great hindrance and vexation of the bear. Some of the large ones go a long way, though. Our biggest bear picked up the trap, chain, and clog, and carried them over a mountain, nearly three miles.

You would feel imposed on if you were

forced to travel as far daily as you will willingly walk to inspect traps. You reach the first one. There it is, mossy covering undisturbed, the bushes intact, and the dreadful thing beneath almost hypnotizing you to put your foot on it, to see if it is really there. Not a sign of a bear anywhere. Never mind. Three miles away, on the other side of yonder tangled mountain, is another trap. It takes two hours to get there. Clothes are torn by the prostrate trees, and muscles tried by constant climbing. The moss here, too, conceals only yawning ennui. Now we are at the river, and the next trap can be reached by canoe. But how high the water is! If we run down the next rapid we shall not get back to-day. So we canoe as far as the head of the rapid, and climb painfully up out of the deep gorge, to avoid the bushes. When the journey was made by canoe, it seemed no distance at all. Now the road has stretched out like a rubber string.



Bears' Striking Tree.

But see the moose ! There he is, swinging across the burnt upland at what seems to be a lazy walk. Yet a man would soon be winded who tried to equal his pace. This is the season of safety for all moose. We are not even carrying a gun. He is

black against the pale green of the spring foliage, as life-like as though in a cage at the zoo, stands a big ill-tempered bear.

"Well, old fellow, are you the boy that bit a hole in my canoe ?" inquires Henry, pointedly. The bear deigns no reply,



A June Twilight—9 P.M.

crossing ahead, and will probably get wind of us. Henry says perhaps not, as the sun is hot and the moisture rises. Sure enough, the big beast never turns his head, but trudges on, four feet at a stride, his black winter coat a little rusty, and his antlers nothing to speak of. In three months he will have a head-piece that will catch in all the trees, and then he will be very proud and important.

Now the moose has gone, and we have rested from our climb. It is all down hill to the dead birches which mark the location of the next trap. As we approach, unconsciously we increase our pace, and crane our necks to see. "Here's trouble," says Henry. The brush is scattered. The moss is torn. The trees show marks of frantic teeth. The ground is clawed, and trap and clog are gone. But not far. There is a broad plain trail. We break into a run as we follow, and there,

but when Henry gently touches the black nose with the end of his axe-handle, the bear snaps his teeth in fury. There is a very decent sunlight among the trees, and as I focus the camera, the bear concludes it is some new trap, and makes a rush for it, getting his clog snubbed by a root when five feet or so away. I make a picture, and Henry gives the bear a quick one-handed tap on the head with his axe. An instant ago the bear was biting great strips from that green tree. Now he lies as still as a log.

There were days at a time when there was nothing doing in bear-traps. The real rushing business did not begin until about the first of June, when the moose calves had got big enough to run fast. Then Henry discovered to his great joy that the bears had begun marking anew their striking trees. The trapper who takes possession of a stream by blazing



A Beaver House.

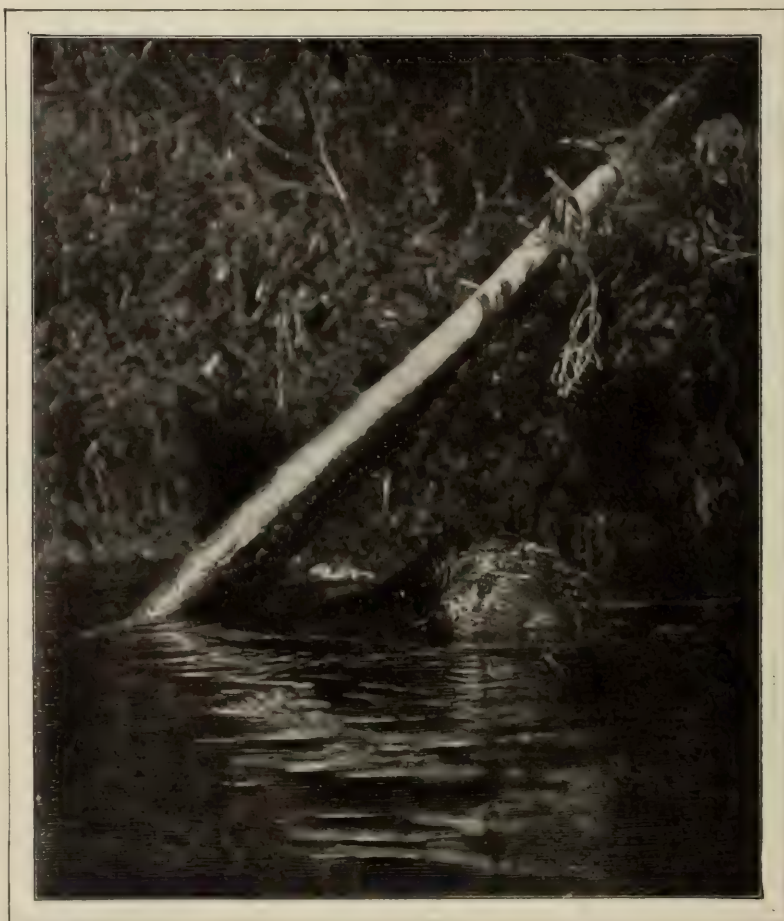
come entangled in a snarl of blow-downs, and having fought the trap and bushes for hours, lay flat on his back as we approached, wailing his despair. Henry said he never heard a bear make so much noise.

There was a great difference in the way the bears acted. Some of them tried to get away, some became furious at our coming. But all of them took the final blow quietly, and died instantly. Henry seldom carries a gun while bear-

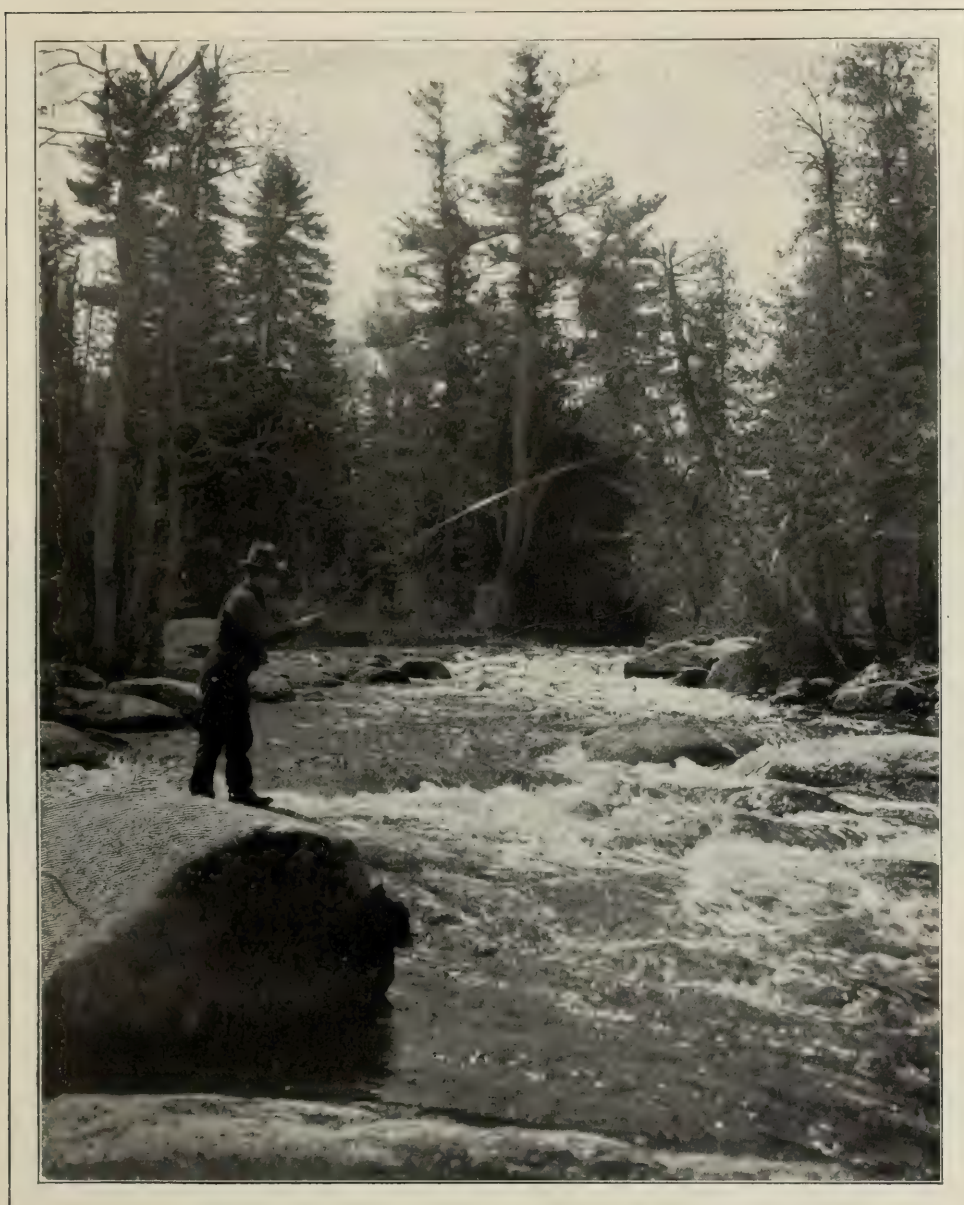
hunting. He thinks the axe is the most useful weapon a woodsman can have, and that, except when he goes out to trees with his axe is only imitating a custom that was old before Elisha studied bear culture. The big bears stand up as high as they can by certain trees and mark them with their teeth. Each year they bite them anew, at the beginning of summer, and Henry showed me several freshly struck trees one day. "That bear is an old settler," said Henry, as we looked at the bites on the tree, higher than a tall man's head. So he rebaited the nearest traps, and burnt the feathers of a loon which had come too close to camp. "I think he will smell those burnt feathers a mile," said Henry. Also he toasted cheese and stuck bits of it in cleft sticks about the neighborhood, to get the bear interested.

This diabolism worked its spell, for on approaching the trap, three days later, we heard roars and howls a quarter of a mile away. The bear had be-

come entangled in a snarl of blow-downs, and having fought the trap and bushes for hours, lay flat on his back as we approached, wailing his despair. Henry said he never heard a bear make so much noise.



The Astonished Beaver.



Pocket Lake Pool.
(A Three Pound Brook Trout.)



get his one moose a year, he need carry no rifle.

The winter-birds were with us from the first. Flocks of friendly cross-bills, red and yellow, and the tiny speckled thistle-bird which we always saw in their company, were daily working about our various camps. They seemed to have a great liking for salt; and an old bag in which pork had been carried would furnish them pickings for days. These little birds are particularly fearless. Time and again while standing at the camp door they alighted on my fishing-rod, my shoulder, my hat. I would sit perfectly still, watching them feed within six feet of me, and they would peck away while watch-

ing me with their bright round eyes. The old red ones fought a good many sham-battles. Suddenly some nervous one would fly, for no reason at all, and with mimic thunder the whole flock would rise, only to return in a few moments, one by one. Henry caught several in his hands, right in open daylight, but I could not learn that trick. And when released they would not fly far, but soon return to their endless eating of nothing in particular.

I wish the partridge hunters of these United States could see how coolly the ruffed grouse took us. We saw them daily, seldom more than one or two at a time. But there was none of the alert



Moose Standing on Shore.

rigidity and noisy flight so familiar to us all. Cocks and hens alike would scarcely get out of our way. There are two kinds of partridge in New Brunswick, locally known as the birch and spruce. The birch partridge is the pheasant of Virginia, and the common friend of all bird-shooters of North America. Even this most suspicious fowl would not easily take alarm. I photographed one at six feet as it was walking on a log.

The woods in May are a continual Saengerfest. There are a great many people who never heard the morning song of a wren. I would willingly go a thousand miles to hear this little bird make his joyous prediction of fine weather. The lumbermen want rain to fall in the spring, so the streams will be full of water to float their logs to mill, and they have a saying

that "two wrens will hang a drive." But as I heard their happy songs, I did not care if they hung up all the logs in the province.

It was a splendid thing to see the wonderful increase in the beavers. In our pursuit of bears we were on many lakes and streams. In scores of places the old dams and houses had been repaired, and at almost every turn the sticks, denuded of their bark, showed beaver-work. One day, running down the North Pole, we came upon a whole family at work. The Indians say "Beaver big fool; work all time, same as white man." One beaver we took wholly by surprise. He was dragging a stick down the bank, and it seemed to have caught on something. He was dragging it backward, beaver fashion, and had his head turned away



Cross-bills Feeding.



Moose in the Water—Evening.

from us as the canoe shot toward him. I had the camera in my hand as usual and instantly hoped for a picture. We almost ran the beaver down before he suddenly let go the stick and whirled around. For an instant he was the most astonished-looking animal you ever saw. I snapped the shutter, and the beaver dived almost under the bow of the canoe, not even having time to slap the water with his tail, as we heard others do. Sometimes a frightened beaver will whack the water so loudly that you would think a tree had fallen into it. Beavers have been entirely protected in New Brunswick for some years, and it is certain that we saw fresh

signs of scores of them in the different waters we crossed. We only heard of two being caught, and this was done by a man in a lumber crew away down river.

The fishing this spring after the trout began to gather in the pools as the water warmed, was the finest I have ever seen. I do not kill many fish, but I love to know they are about. At some of our camps the trout supply was ample without going beyond the water-hole. One morning, as we were coming out of the woods, Henry and I made a business of going to fish at Pocket Lake pool, where the stream pours out among big rocks. I got out of the canoe onto a boulder, just big enough to

The Beguiling of the Bears

stand upon, using the canoe as a bridge, the other end being ashore. Henry went up the trail to see if he could find a toboggan that the driving crew's cook had borrowed and not returned. I hooked a fine two-pound trout, and trailed him about till he was tired out. Then I discovered that the canoe had drifted away from my rock, leaving me without place or means to land my fish. So I coaxed him close to my feet and firmly seized him by the mouth and one gill, getting my fingers nicely bitten. I pray I may have fingers torn by trout's teeth for a great many years yet. Lifting the trout from the water and keeping my balance on the little rock, I disengaged the hook, and let the fly trail on the water while I reached in my pocket for a large jack-knife to stop the struggles of the fish, which I had strung on my left thumb. And it is only the narrative of truth that as my fly dangled unwatched on the water, a wicked trout, much larger than the first, seeing my embarrassed condition, grabbed the fly and ran with it. I had a big flapping trout in one hand, a water-devil running out my line from the rod in my other hand, and no way to let go or get ashore. So Henry found me when he came back, trying my best to fight the two fish at once. We landed the second one, and the two of them weighed five pounds. That was the most concentrated fishing I had on the trip.

There is a general impression among those who take an interest in wild animals that their days on this continent are numbered. Some years ago the editor of a sportsman's magazine in New York wrote a very doleful article on "The Vanishing Moose." It is only the commonplace statement of an obvious fact to say that in New Brunswick the moose and deer are increasing in numbers. Henry reads a great deal, and often when we would come upon a bull or a cow and her calves in the woods he would laugh and say: "There are some more of those vanishing moose." The season when they go into the water to feed and to escape the insects had hardly come when we left the woods. Yet we saw more than thirty moose in three weeks while we kept count, and there were fresh tracks everywhere.

The last week or two, after the snow water had all gone, we began to see the moose feeding on lily roots. One day we were paddling home and on rounding a familiar bend I had a queer sensation that I had not before seen a rock which stood out of the water two hundred yards ahead. The canoe ran on for perhaps a minute, when suddenly there was a splash, and a long neck, head, and ears grew on the rock. What we had seen was the back of a moose, with her head submerged. She would not have seen us probably till we were close to her, but the wind blow-



Slightly out of focus and none the worse for that.

ing fair upon her from us caught her attention, and in a moment she began a springy trot for shore, leaving a wake of muddy water after she had disappeared in the woods. One evening at dusk we came upon a moose similarly feeding, and I touched her back with my paddle as we swept past her. She tore up the lily roots by the dozen with her feet, in her frantic rush for shore.

Bear-hunting was just becoming good when we left the woods and returned to the settlement, where we found the dwellers in the Miramichi beginning the attack

on the first run of sea-trout and salmon. Some day the salmon rivers of New Brunswick will be rehabilitated as the woods have been.

I went into the forest on the snow. I came out in the miracle of the northern summer, when the daylight was eighteen hours long. I travelled many miles up and down that indescribable wilderness, and saw many things which will ever linger in memory, a little indistinctly perhaps, like a photograph slightly out of focus and none the worse for that. After all, what can a man do in two months, in the woods?

THE CLOCK IN THE SKY

By George W. Cable

ILLUSTRATION BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

"NOW, Maud," said uncle jovially as he, aunt, and I drove into the confines of their beautiful place one spring afternoon of 1860, "don't forget that to be too near a thing is as bad for a good view of it as to be too far away."

I was a slim, tallish girl of scant sixteen, who had never seen a slave-holder on his plantation, though I had known these two for years, and loved them dearly, as guests in our Northern home before it was broken up by the death of my mother. Father was an abolitionist, and yet he and they had never had a harsh word between them. If the general goodness of those who do some particular thing were any proof that that particular thing is good to do, they would have convinced me, without a word, that slave-holding was entirely right. But they were not trying to do any such thing. "Remember," continued my uncle, smiling round at me, "your dad's trusting you not to bring back our honest opinion—of anything—in place of your own."

"Maud," my aunt hurried to put in, for she knew the advice I had just heard was not the kind I most needed, "you're going to have for your own maid the blackest girl you ever saw."

"And the best," added my uncle; "she's as good as she is black."

"She's no common ducky, that Sidney," said aunt. "She'll keep you busy answering questions, my dear, and I say now, you may tell her anything she wants to know; we give you perfect liberty; and you may be just as free with Hester; that's her mother; or with her father, Silas."

"We draw the line at Mingo," said uncle.

"And who is Mingo?" I inquired.

"Mingo? he's her brother; a very low and trailing branch of the family tree."

As we neared the house I was told more of the father and mother; their sweet content, their piety, their diligence. "If we lived in town, where there's better chance to pick up small earnings," remarked uncle, "those two and Sidney would have bought their freedom by now, and Mingo's too. Silas has got nearly enough to buy his own, as it is."

Silas, my aunt explained, was a carpenter. "He hands your uncle so much a week; all he can make beyond that he's allowed to keep." The carriage stopped at the door; half a dozen servants came, smiling, and I knew Sidney and Hester at a glance, they were so finely different from their fellows.

That night the daughter and I made



Drawn by Howard Chandler Christy.

"De moon shine full at His comman'
An' all de stahs obey."—Page 332.

acquaintance. She was eighteen, tall, lithe and as straight as an arrow. She had not one of the physical traits that so often make her race uncomely to our eyes; even her nose was good; her very feet were well made, her hands were slim and shapely, the fingers long and neatly jointed, and there was nothing inky in her amazing blackness, her red blood so enriched it. Yet she was as really African in her strong, eager mind as in her color, and the English language, on her tongue, was like a painter's palette and brushes in the hands of a monkey. Her first question to me after my last want was supplied came cautiously, after a long gaze at my lighted lamp, from a seat on the floor. "Miss Maud, when was de convention o' coal-oil 'scuvvud?" And to her good-night she added, in allusion to my eventual return to the North, "I hope it be a long time afo' you make dat repass!"

At the next bedtime she began on me with the innocent question of my favorite flower, but I had not answered three other questions before she had placed me where I must either say I did not believe in the right to hold slaves, or must keep silence; and when I kept silence of course she knew. For a long moment she dropped her eyes, and then, with a soft smile, asked if I would tell her some bible stories, preferably that of "Moses in de bound'ries o' Egyp'."

She listened in gloating silence, rarely interrupting; but at the words, "Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, Let my people go," the response, "Pra-aise Gawd!" rose from her lips in such volume that she threw her hands to her mouth. After that she spoke only soft queries, but they grew more and more significant, and I soon saw that her supposed content was purely a pious endurance, and that her soul felt bondage as her body would have felt a harrow. So I left the fugitives of Egyptian slavery under the frown of the Almighty in the wilderness of Sin; Sidney was trusting me, uncle and aunt were trusting me, and between them I was getting into a narrow corner. After a meditative silence my questioner asked:

"Miss Maud, do de bible anywhuz capitulate dat Moses aw Aaron aw Josh-away aw Cable *buy* his freedom—wid money?"

Her manner was childlike, yet she always seemed to come up out of deep thought when she asked a question; she smiled diffidently until the reply began to come, then took on a reverential gravity, and as soon as it was fully given sank back into thought. "Miss Maud, don't you reckon dat ef Moses had a-save' up money enough to a-boughtened his freedom, dat'd a-been de wery sign mos' pleasin' to Gawd dat he 'uz highly fitten to be sot free wid-out paying?" To that puzzle she waited for no answer beyond the distress I betrayed, but turned to matters less speculative, and soon said good-night.

On the third evening—my! If I could have given all the topography of the entire country between uncle's plantation and my native city on the margin of the great lakes, with full account of its every natural and social condition, her questions would have wholly gathered them in. She asked if our climate was very hard on negroes; what clothing we wore in summer, and how we kept from freezing in midwinter; about wages, the price of food, what crops were raised, and what the "patarolers" did with a negro when they caught one at night without a pass.

She made me desperate, and when the fourth night saw her crouched on my floor it found me prepared; I plied her with questions from start to finish. She yielded with a perfect courtesy; told of the poor lot of the few free negroes of whom she knew, and of the time-serving and shifty indolence, the thievishness, faithlessness and unaspiring torpidity of "some niggehs"; and when I opened the way for her to speak of uncle and aunt she poured forth their praises with an ardor that brought her own tears. I asked her if she believed she could ever be happy away from them.

She smiled with brimming eyes: "Why, I dunno, Miss Maud; whatsomeveh come, and whensomeveh and howsomeveh de Lawd sen' it, ef us feels his ahm und' us, us ought to be 'shame' not to be happy, oughtn't us?" All at once she sprang half up: "I tell you de Lawd neveh gi'n no niggeh de rights to snuggle down anywhuz an' fo'git de auction block!"

As suddenly the outbreak passed, yet as she settled down again her exaltation still showed through her fond smile. "You

know what dat inqui'ance o' yone bring to my memb'ance? Dass ow ole Canaan hymn—

O I mus' climb de stony hill
Pas' many a sweet desiah;
De flow'ry road is not fo' me,
I follows cloud an' fiah."

After she was gone I lay trying so to contrive our next conversation that it should not flow, as all before it had so irresistibly done, into that one deep channel of her thoughts which took in everything that fell upon her mind, as a great river drinks the rains of all its valleys. Presently the open window gave me my cue: the stars! the unvexed and unvexing stars, that shone before human wrongs ever began, and that will be shining after all human wrongs are ended—our talk should be of them.

At the supper-table on the following evening I became convinced of something which I had felt coming for two or three days, wondering the while whether Sidney did not feel the same thing. When we rose aunt drew me aside and with caressing touches on my brow and temples said she was sorry to be so slow in bringing me into social contact with the young people of the neighboring plantations, but that uncle, on his arrival at home, had found a letter whose information had kept him, and her as well, busy every waking hour since. "And this evening," she continued, "we can't even sit down with you around the parlor lamp. Can you amuse yourself alone, dear, or with Sidney, while your uncle and I go over some pressing matters together?"

Surely I could. "Auntie, was the information—bad news?"

"It wasn't good, my dear; I may tell you about it to-morrow."

"Hadn't I better go back to father at once?"

"O my child, not for our sake; if you're not too lonesome we'd rather keep you. Let me see; has Mingo ever danced for you? Why, tell Sidney to make Mingo come dance for you."

Mingo came; his leaps, turns, postures, steps and outcries were a most laughable wonder, and I should have begged for more than I did, but I saw that it was a part of Sidney's religion to disapprove the dance.

"Sidney," I said, "did you ever hear of the great clock in the sky? Yes, there's one there; it's made all of stars." We were at the foot of some veranda steps that faced the north, and as she and Mingo were about to settle down at my feet I said if they would follow me to the top of the flight I would tell this marvel: what the learned believed those eternal lamps to be; why some were out of view three-fourths of the night, others only half, others not a quarter; how a very few never sank out of sight at all except for daylight or clouds, and yet went round and round with all the others; and why I called those the clock of heaven; which gained, each night, four minutes, and only four, on the time we kept by the sun.

"Pra-aise Gawd!" murmured Sidney. "Miss Maud, please hol' on tell Mingo run' fetch daddy an' mammy; dey don't want dat sto'y f'om me secon' haynded!" Mingo darted off and we waited. "Miss Maud, what de white folks mean by de nawth stah? Is dey sich a stah as de nawth stah?"

I tried to explain that since all this seeming movement of the stars around us was but our own daily and yearly turning, there would necessarily be two opposite points on our earth which would never move at all, and that any star directly in line with those two points would seem as still as they.

"Like de p'int o' de spin'le on de spinnin'-wheel, Miss Maud? O, yass, I b'lieve I un'stand dat; I un'stan' it some."

I showed her the north star, and told her how to find it; and then I took from my watch-guard a tiny compass and let her see how it forever picked out from among all the stars of heaven that one small light, and held quivering to it. She hung over it with ecstatic sighs. "Do it see de stah, Miss Maud, like de wise men o' de Eas' see de stah o' Jesus?"

I tried to make plain the law it was obeying.

"And do it p'int dah dess de same in de broad day, an' all day long?—Pra-aise Gawd! And do it p'int dah in de rain, an' in de stawmy win'a-fulfillin' of His word, when de ain't a single stah admissible in de ske-eye?—De Lawd's na-ame be pra-aise!" Her father, mother, and

brother were all looking at it with her, now, and she glanced from one to another with long heavings of rapture.

"Miss Maud," said Silas, in a subdued voice, "dat little trick mus' 'a' cos' you a mint o' money."

"Silas," put in Hester, "you know dass not a pullite question!" But she was ravening for its answer, and I said I had bought it for twenty-five cents. They laughed with delight. Yet, when I told Sidney she might have it, her thanks were but two words, which her lips seemed to drop unconsciously while she gazed on the trinket.

They all sat down on the steps nearest below me, and presently, beginning where I had begun with Sidney, I went on to point out the polar constellations and to relate the age-worn story of Cepheus and Cassiopeia, Andromeda and the divine Perseus.

"Lawd, my Lawd!" whispered the mother, "was dey—was dey colo'd?"

I said two of them were king and queen of Ethiopia, and a third was their daughter.

"Chain' to de rock, an' yit sa-ave at las'!" exclaimed Sidney.

While her husband and children still gazed at the royal stars, Hester spoke softly to me again. "Miss Maud, dass a tryin' sawt o' sto'y to tell to a bunch o' po' niggehs; did you dess make dat up—fo' us?"

"Why, Hester," I said, "that was an old, old story before this country was ever known to white folks, or black," and the eyes of all four were on me as the daughter asked, "Ain't it in de Bi-ible?"

As all but Sidney bade me good-night, I heard her say, "I don' care, I b'lieb dat be'n in de Bible an' git drap out by mista-ake!"

In my room she grew queerly playful, and continued so until she had drawn off my shoes and stockings. But then abruptly, she took my feet in her slim black hand, and with eyes lifted tenderly to mine, said: "How bu'ful 'pon de mountain is dem wha' funnish good tidin's!" She leaned her forehead on my insteps: "Us bleege to paht some day, Miss Maud."

I made a poor effort to lift her, but she would not be displaced. "Cayn't no two

people count fo' sho' on stayin' togetheh al'ays in dis va-ain worl'," and all at once I found my face in my hands and the salt drops searching through my fingers; Sidney was kissing my feet and wetting them with her tears.

At close of the next day, a Sabbath, my uncle and aunt called all their servants around the front steps of the house and with tears more bitter than any of Sidney's or mine, told them that by the folly of others, far away, they had lost their whole fortune at one stroke and must part with everything, and with them, by sale. Their dark hearers wept with them, and Silas, Hester, and Sidney, after the rest had gone back to the quarters, offered the master and mistress, through many a quaintly misquoted scripture, the consolations of faith.

"I wish we had set you free, Silas," said uncle, "you and yours, when we could have done it. Your mistress and I are going to town to-morrow solely to get somebody to buy you, all four, together."

"Mawse Ben," cried the slave, with strange earnestness, "don't you do dat! Don't you was'e no time dat a-way! You go see what you can sa-ave fo' you-all an' yone!"

"For the creditors, you mean, Silas," said my aunt; "that's done."

Hester had a question. "Do it all go to de credito's anyhow, Miss 'Liza, no matteh how much us bring?" and when aunt said yes, Sidney murmured to her mother, "I tol' you dat." I wondered when she had told her.

Uncle and aunt tried hard to find one buyer for the four, but failed; nobody who wanted the other three had any use for Mingo. It was after nightfall when they came dragging home. "Now don't you fret one bit 'bout dat, Mawse Ben," exclaimed Sidney, with a happy heroism in her eyes, that I remembered afterward, "'De Lawd is perwide!'"

"Strange," said my aunt to uncle and me aside, smiling in pity, "how slight an impression disaster makes on their minds!" and that too I remembered afterward.

As soon as we were alone in my chamber, Sidney and I, she asked me to tell her again of the clock in the sky, and at the end of her service and of my recital she drew me to my window and showed me how promptly she could point out the pole-

star at the centre of the clock's vast dial, although at our right a big moon was leaving the tree-tops and flooding the sky with its light. Toward this she turned, and lifting an arm with the reverence of a priestess, said, in impassioned monotone :

" 'De moon shine full at His comman'
An' all de stahs obey.' "

She kissed my hand as she added good-by. "Why, Sidney!" I laughed, "you mean good-night, don't you?"

She bent low, tittered softly, and then, with a swift return to her beautiful straightness, said: "But still, Miss Maud, who eveh know when dey say good-night dat it ain't good-by?" She fondled my hand between her two as she backed away, kissed it fervently again, and was gone.

When I awoke, my aunt stood in broad though sunless daylight at the bedside, with the waking cup of coffee which it was Sidney's wont to bring. I started from the pillow. "Oh! what—who—wh'—where's Sidney? Why—how long has it been raining?"

"It began at break of day," she replied, adding, pensively, "thank God."

"Oh! were we in such bad need of rain?"

"*They* were—precisely when it came. Rain never came straighter from heaven."

"They?"—I stared.

"Yes; Silas and Hester—and Sidney—and Mingo. They must have started soon after moonrise, and had the whole bright night, with its black shadows, for going."

"For going where, auntie; going where?"

"Then the rain came in God's own hour," she continued, as if wholly to herself, "and washed out their trail."

I sprang from the bed. "Aunt 'Liza!"

"Yes, Maud, they've run away, and if only they may *get* away, God be praised!"

Of course, I cried like an infant. I threw myself upon her bosom. "Oh, auntie, auntie, I'm afraid it's my fault! But when I tell you how far I was from meaning it——"

"Don't tell me a word, my child; I wish it were my fault; I'd like to be in your shoes. And, I don't care how right slavery is, I'll never own a darky again!"

One day some two months after, at home again with father, just as I was leaving the house on some errand, Sidney, ragged, wet, and bedraggled as a lost dog, sprang into my arms. When I had got her reclothed and fed I eagerly heard her story. Three of the four had come safely through; poor Mingo had failed; if I ever tell of him it must be at some other time. In the course of her tale I asked about the compass.

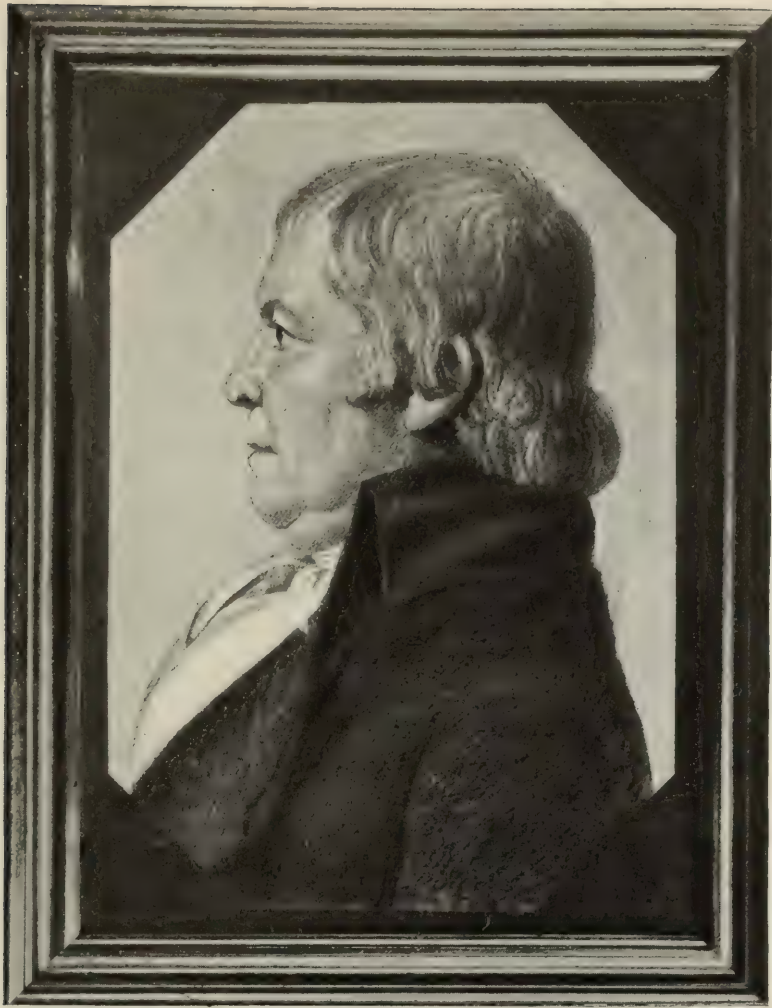
"Dat little trick?" she said, fondly, "O yass'm, it wah de salvation o' de Lawd 'pon cloudy nights; but time an' ag'in us had to sepa'ate, 'llowin' fo' to rejine togetheh on de bank o' de nex' creek, an' which, de Lawd a-he'pin' of us, h-it al'ays come to pass; an' so, afteh all, Miss Maud, de one thing what stan' us de bes' frien' night 'pon night, next to Gawd hisse'f, dat wah his clock in de ske-eye."

FORBEARANCE

By Edith M. Thomas

HE said—oft questioned why his wit's keen lance,
Strikes right and left, his bosom-friend perchance,
While traitor and deserter scathless go—

"We speak no evil of the dead, you know!"



Paul Reverè, by St. Mémin, 1804.

PAUL REVERE AND HIS ENGRAVING

By William Loring Andrews

ILLUSTRATIONS REPRODUCED FROM ENGRAVINGS BY PAUL REVERE

ONE of the most interesting and romantic characters of the dark days in our history "which tried men's souls" is that of the patriot, soldier, silver-smith, copper-plate engraver, brass-founder* and confidential agent of the State of Massachusetts Bay, the "Mercury of the Revolution," Colonel Paul Revere. He was a man of action, who, in his time, played many parts, and in all his various undertakings achieved success. In the words of one of his biographers, "He prospered, accumulated, by a long life of industry

* After the peace Revere erected an air-furnace in which he cast cannon and church-bells, and the latter are still pealing forth their melodious notes upon the New England air. The business card of Paul Revere & Sons, as casters of bells and brass cannon, will be found reproduced in E. H. Goss's "Life of Revere," vol. ii., p. 556.

and economy, a competency in the way of property, and educated a large family of children who venerated the memory of such a father."

Revere (or Rivoire, as the name was written by his ancestors, in France) was of Huguenot descent and was born in Boston, where he died in May, 1818, at the age of eighty-three. He was his father's eldest son, and was brought up to the paternal trade of gold- and silver-smith. It is said that he engraved not only the graceful designs we find upon the silver-plate which bears the coveted mark of P. REVERE (or simply REVERE), but also the wreaths, medallions, and festoons, which decorate many of the cups, spoons, tank-

ards, teapots, and porringers manufactured by other Boston silver-smiths of the period. Thus he acquired, as many a self-taught engraver before and since his time has done, a knowledge—rudimentary it is true—of the art of chalcography.

One of his first engravings is reputed to have been a portrait of his friend and spiritual guide, the Rev. Jonathan Mayhew, D.D., pastor of the West Church in Bos-

chase for this elusive will-o'-the-wisp of a portrait.

It is in 1765 that, aside from this portrait of Dr. Mayhew, we first hear of Revere as an engraver. In this year he engraved the music score in "A Collection of Psalm Tunes," published by him and Josiah Flagg, in Fish Street, at the north end of Boston. Then followed a succession of engravings embracing a wide va-

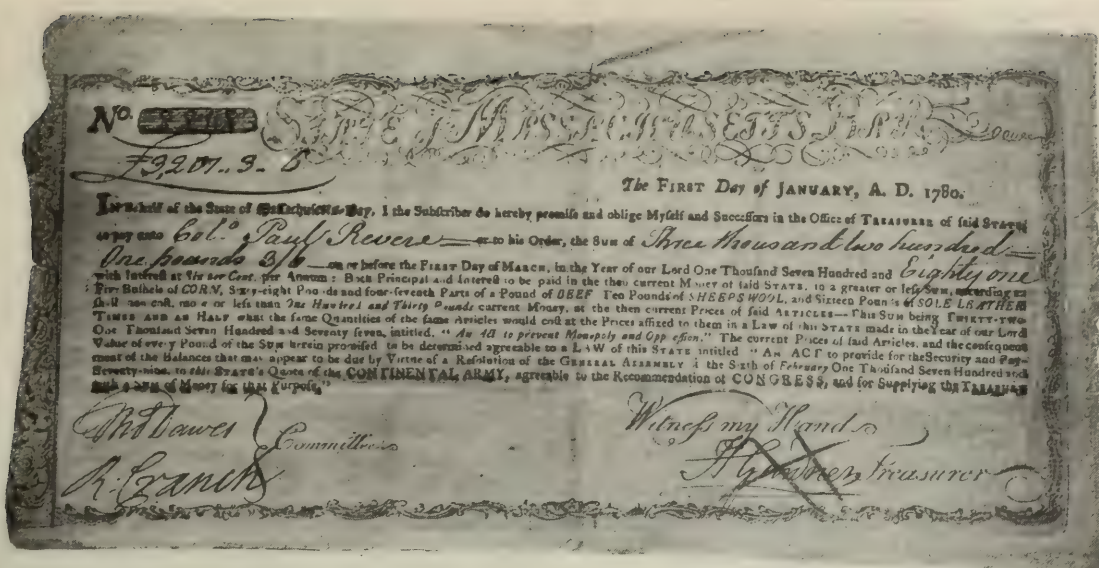


Fac-simile of Frontispiece to "The New England Psalm Singer or American Chorister" (1770).

(Engraved by Paul Revere.)

ton. This portrait, it is affirmed, was prefixed to one of the Doctor's printed sermons, but I have been unable to verify this statement by ocular proof. The New York Historical Society possesses a number of Dr. Mayhew's sermons in the original editions, but none of them contains this alleged portrait, and Mr. Sidney L. Smith, of Boston, whom I look upon as an authority on Paul Revere and his work, writes me that he can discover no trace of it, so that I have grown sceptical in regard to its existence and a little weary in the

riety of subjects—music-books embellished with quaint frontispieces, caricatures, allegorical pieces, certificate, and billheads, book illustrations and Continental paper money. When the province of Massachusetts adopted a paper currency Revere not only engraved the plates, but he made the press and printed the notes; and they are more creditable examples of the engraver's art than are the $2\frac{3}{4} \times 3\frac{3}{8}$ inch Continental notes ("it was death to counterfeit") which D. Hall (Dr. Franklin's old business associate) and W. Sellers sup-



Massachusetts State Treasurer's Note, Border Engraved by Paul Revere.

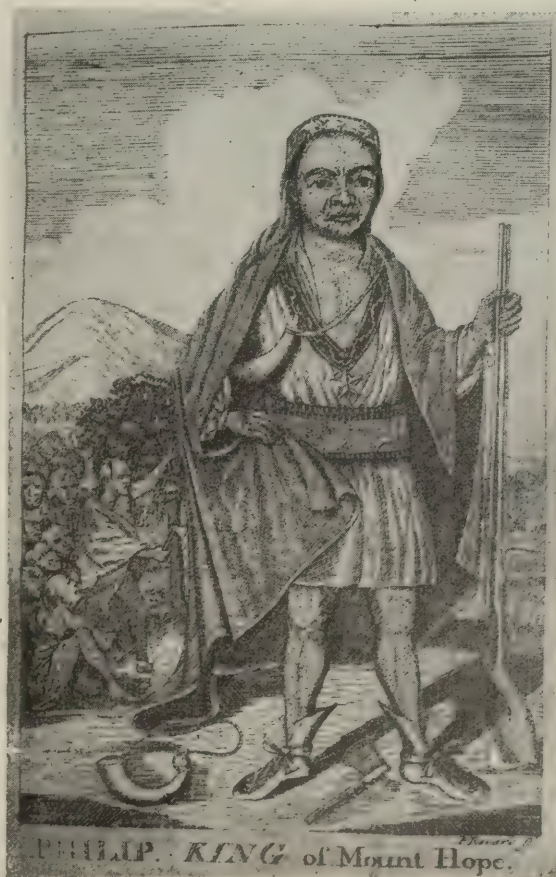
plied to the Assembly of Pennsylvania as well as Revere's native State at a later period. By the year 1780 Hall and Sellers appear to have become the Congressional printers, and were printing most of the paper money of the several United Colonies. The border of the Massachusetts State Treasurer's note, which is here reproduced, dated the first day of January, A.D. 1780, was, however, engraved by Revere; it was also payable to and is endorsed on the back by him.

Revere's military experience began when "the Continent was still young in the study and practice of Arms," the War of 1756, during which he held a lieutenancy in a company of artillery in the Colonial army, and was stationed at Fort William Henry on Lake George. He returned to Boston, and was married in 1757, and

no other of war's alarms appear to have disturbed the even tenor of his life until the seven years' conflict between Great Britain and her Colonies foreshadowed its approach. Revere was one of those who planned the destruction of the tea in Boston Harbor, and after the British evacuation he became a lieutenant-colonel

in a regiment of artillery raised for the defence of his native State. He was one of the "Thirty Northend Mechanics" who, during the winter of 1775, patrolled the streets of the "distressed town of Boston," to watch the movements of the British forces; and history has recorded how faithfully they kept their vigil.

The story of the midnight ride of Paul Revere from Boston to the "Bridge at Concord Town" has become, through Longfellow's lines, as familiar to his





countrymen as a household word; but his long life as good citizen and artisan is less well known, and it may interest some to learn what examples we have remaining of his handiwork.

The silverware of Paul Revere is of excellent workmanship and chaste in form, evidently modelled after English eighteenth century designs, and the pieces of plate manufactured by him, and now so eagerly sought for by collectors, are good examples of the style at present so greatly in favor, which we have agreed to call Colonial. The simple classical forms adopted by our struggling artisans at a period when art in this country was still in its "bib and tucker," strangely enough have never been improved upon by their successors; and by reverting to them in these latter days, our silver-smiths, as well

as our cabinet-makers are displaying good sense as well as taste; but in this mechanical age they stamp or saw out their patterns in unlimited quantities by machinery, and do not, as of yore, hammer or carve them laboriously, piece by piece, by hand, and therein lies a distinction and a difference.

They appear to have had a peculiar fondness for caricature and allegory on both sides of the Atlantic in Revolutionary days, and the stormy times that immediately preceded them. The *London Magazine*, 1774-75, contains a number of these grotesque and generally coarse conceits, several of which, inspired by the state of political affairs in this country, were copied by Revere for the *Royal American Magazine*, Boston, 1774-75. The caricature we reproduce above, "A Pict-



A View of Castle William by BOSTON in New England
This Castle was built by Col. Smith's Roman AD 1774 by Order of the General Assembly

uresque View of the State of Great Britain for 1780," as a characteristic example of these satirical compositions, was copied from a much larger French print by an American engraver, possibly by Revere.

In 1765 Revere designed and engraved an allegorical picture emblematical of the disturbed condition of affairs in America, consequent upon the imposition of the Stamp Act, and in commemoration of the repeal of this obnoxious law, he engraved the following year another plate, "A View of the Obelisk Erected under the Liberty Tree in Boston on the Rejoicings for the Repeal of the Stamp Act, 1766."

Revere's celebrated caricature of the Seventeen Rescindors appeared in 1768, and in 1770 he published one of his most important engravings, the view of Boston with a ribbon inscription running entirely across the top of the plate, bearing the legend "A View of part of the Town of

Boston in New England and British Ships of War landing their troops, 1768,"* and the following lettering at the foot.

In the right-hand lower corner, within an ornamental border, this dedication:

"To the Earl of Hillsborough, His Majesty's Secretary of State for America. *This view of the only well Plan'd Expedition formed for supporting ye dignity of Britain and chastising ye insolence of America is humb'y inscribed.*"

At the foot is the following key and explanation:

- | | | |
|-----------|-------------|-------------------|
| 1 Beaver | 5 Mermaid | A Long Wharf |
| 2 Senegal | 6 Romney | B Hancock's Wharf |
| 3 Martin | 7 Launceton | C North Battery |
| 4 Glasgow | 8 Bonetta | |

"On Friday, Sept. 30th, 1768, the Ships of War, armed Schooners, Transports,

* "The Boston Evacuation Memorial," Boston, 1876, has at page 18 a heliotype reproduction of this print on a reduced scale.



etc., Came up the Harbour and Anchored, round the *Town* their Cannon loaded, a spring on their Cables, as for a regular Siege. At noon on Saturday, October the 1st, the fourteenth and twenty-ninth Regiments, a detachment from the 59th Reg't and Train of Artillery with two pieces of Cannon, landed on the Long Wharf, there Formed and Marched with insolent Parade, Drums beating, Fifes playing, and Colours flying up *King Street*. Each soldier having received 16 rounds of Powder and Ball. *Engraved, Printed and sold by Paul Revere.*"

The foregoing inscription, and the dedication to Lord Hillsborough express sentiments so diametrically opposed to each other that they must certainly have been penned by two different hands.

A smaller print with this same view of the town of Boston extended farther south,* was engraved by Revere for the *Royal American Magazine* for 1774, the inscription being changed to read:

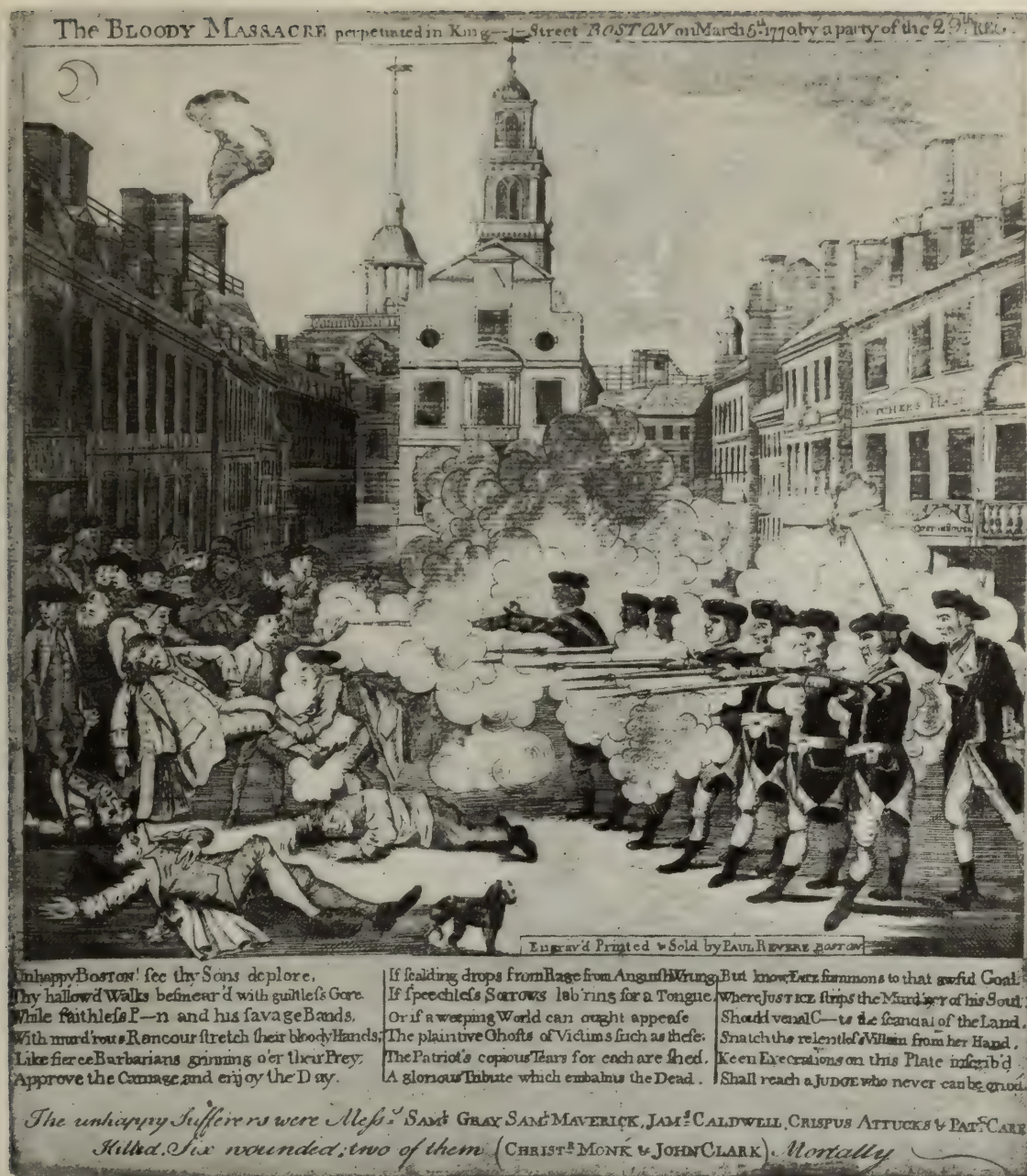
"A View of the Town of Boston with several ships of War in the Harbour."

Original impressions of the Revere views of Boston are not found hanging from every bush. They are few and far enough between, but the rarest of all Re-

vere's engravings is undoubtedly the "Westerly View of the Colleges in Cambridge, New England," which is, however, not drawn by him. It differs from the view engraved by William Burgis, which antedates it by some forty years, although the general appearance presented by the group of college buildings is the same. According to Mr. E. H. Goss, the author of the most complete "Life of Revere" which has yet appeared, only *one* complete copy of this interesting engraving is known—the one belonging to the Essex Institute of Salem, Mass.; but I am informed that Mr. Z. T. Hollingsworth, of Boston, has a copy in good condition—much better indeed than the one at Salem. The plate was cut in two, and the right-hand section used for engraving the Massachusetts paper money of the Revolution. The remainder of the plate is still in existence, the property of the State of Massachusetts.

The "Boston Massacre" print, the most celebrated of all Revere's engravings, is nearly contemporaneous with the event which it commemorates. [Page 339.] The next of his engravings in chronological order, to which a date can with accuracy be affixed, appears to be the two "effigies" in "The Entertaining History of King Philip's War," by Thomas Church, re-

* Reproduced in Winsor's "Memorial History of Boston," vol. ii., p. 411.



printed from the Boston edition of 1716 by Solomon Southwick, Newport, R. I., 1772, and the illustrations in an "edition of Cook's Voyages. Printed by James Rivington, New York, 1774." Church's book contains an imaginary portrait of Colonel Benjamin Church, the "noted Indian fighter, who commanded the party by whom King Philip was killed," and an equally fanciful, and more grotesque representation of Philip, King of Mount Hope, engraved by Revere. [Page 335.]

The "Cook's Voyages" has a map "of the whole navigation" protracted by B. Romans (another of our early American engravers) and several illustrations

poorly engraved by Revere, which may be either copies of illustrations which appeared in earlier editions, or, like the portraits in Church's "King Philip," original conceptions of the artist; but what an attractive combination in the eyes of a New York collector! A book printed in New York before the Revolution, with illustrations by Paul Revere!

The only one of the quaint old "Harmonies" upon which Revere plied his graver that it has been my good fortune to see is "The New England Psalm Singer, or American Chorister," composed by Mr. Billings, a native of Boston in New England. Boston, New England. Print-



A Teapot Chased by Paul Revere.

ed by Edes & Gill (1770). The reproduction [page 334], of the frontispiece engraved for this book by Revere, is taken from the copy belonging to Mr. E. B. Holden, of New York.

Of all eighteenth century American magazines, the most difficult to find in good condition and containing all the plates is the *Royal American*, published in Boston, in 1774 and 1775, by Joseph Greenleaf, and "the father and patron," as he has been justly styled, of the art of printing in Massachusetts, Isaiah Thomas. Thomas's "History of Printing in America," published nearly one hundred years ago, is still considered an authority, and, I believe, the best work on the subject extant to-day.

The following collation of the prints in this valuable and interesting old magazine, the title of which proclaims its pre-revolutionary existence, was kindly furnished me in 1895 by the Librarian of Yale University. This institution is the fortunate possessor of a copy in fine condition—and lacking only one or two of the plates which came from the Brinley Library.

VOL. I., 1774. PLATES.

January.	No. 1. A View of the Town of Boston with several Ships of War in the Harbour. [Page 338.]	
	No. 2. The Thunder Storm.	P. Revere.
February.	No. 3. Sir Wilbraham Wentworth.	
	No. 4. The Night Scene.	J. Callender.
March.	No. 5. Honorable John Hancock.	P. Revere.
	No. 6. The Fortune Hunter.	J. Callender.
April.	No. 7. Mr. Samuel Adams.	P. Revere.

No. 8. The Hill-Tops. A New Hunting Song (with a Representation of the Death of the Stag). J. C.

May.
June.

No. 9. An Indian Gazette.
No. 10. The able Doctor; or, America swallowing the bitter Draught.*

July.

No. 11. The Hooded Serpent.
No. 12. Spanish Treatment at Carthage. P. Revere.

August.

No. 13. The Method of Refining Salt-Petre.

September.

No. 14. An Elegant Engraving of a Water Spout.

October.

No. 15. The Mitred Minuit † (on title-page) The Dancing Bishops. P. Revere.

November.

No. 16. The Gerbua or Yerboa.

December.

No. 17. Mademoiselle Clairon.

No. 18. (The manner that Bees take their repose.)

No. 19. A Conference held between some Indian Chiefs and Colonel Bouquet in the year 1764. ‡

VOL. II., 1775.

January. No. 1. A Certain Cabinet Junto. P. Revere.

February. No. 2. History of Lauretta. P. Revere.

March. No. 3. (America in Distress.)

N. B. Parts in parentheses taken from the title-pages. All the plates, except the three signed by J. Callender, were probably engraved by Paul Revere.

A review of Revere's work as an engraver would be incomplete without a reference to the book-plates designed and engraved by him in what I presume Mr. Charles Dexter Allen would call the Chip-

* Copied from the caricature in the *London Magazine*, 1774.

† Copied from the caricature in the *London Magazine*, 1774.

‡ This plate is a copy of the drawing made by Benjamin West for the London edition of the *Historical Account*, 1776.

pendale style. Mr. Allen, in his work on American Book-plates, describes only four plates as being signed by Revere, and therefore positively known as his work. Revere's own book-plate is unsigned, but it is undoubtedly his engraving. The list is as follows: Gardiner Chandler, Epes Sargent, David Greene, William Wetmore.

These *ex libris* are all of considerable rarity, and command, when offered for sale, prices ranging from \$50 upward. Revere's own plate, I understand, is the *rara avis* of them all. Mr. Richard Lichtenstein, of Boston, in a communication to the *New England Historical and Genealogical Register*, 1886, p. 204, writes: "All the book-plates (engraved by Revere) that I have seen have the evidence of having been done before the Revolution."

The most noted, as I have already stated, of the prints of Paul Revere, is the one in which he depicts, in a fashion rude almost to the point of caricature, that sanguinary prelude to the Revolutionary War, "The Boston Massacre," which was engraved and published shortly after the occurrence of the tragedy of March 5, 1770, in King Street, now called State, Boston.

The size of this engraving, inclusive of the inscriptions at the top and bottom, is $8\frac{1}{2} \times 9\frac{3}{4}$ inches. Of the plate proper $8\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{7}{8}$ inches. All the impressions that I have seen are colored by hand. The cardinal colors, red and blue, predominate, with an occasional wash of green. The uncouthness of the engraving is accentuated by the bizarre effects produced by the colorist. Furthermore, most of the copies in existence are more or less stained by dampness, or the smoke of the kitchen fires of the New England farm-houses where they have hung these many years, and worms have feasted on them; but with all their faults we love them still, and suffer no cleaner's or restorer's hand to come nigh them.

The inscriptions upon the plate are as follows. Inset in lower right-hand margin of the engraving the words:

"Engraved, Printed and Sold by *Paul Revere*, Boston."

VOL. XXX.—37

At top

"The *Bloody Massacre*, perpetrated in King Street, *Boston*, on March 5th, 1770, by a party of the 29th regiment."

At foot, arranged in three compartments, are the three following verses:

Unhappy *Boston*! See thy Sons deplore
Thy hallow'd Walks besmear'd with guiltless
Gore,
While faithless P——n and his savage Bands,
With murd'rous Rancour, stretch their bloody
Hands
Like fierce Barbarians grinning o'er their Prey,
Approve the Carnage and enjoy the Day.

If scalding drops from Rage, from Anguish
Wrung;
If speechless Sorrows lab'ring for a Tongue,
Or if a weeping world can ought appease
The plaintive Ghosts of Victims such as these,
The Patriot's copious Tears for each are shed;
A glorious Tribute which embalms the Dead.

But know: *Fate* summons to that awful Goal,
Where Justice strips the Murd'rer of his Soul;
Should venal C——ts the scandal of the Land,
Snatch the relentless Villain from her Hand,
Keen execrations on this Plate inscrib'd
Shall reach a *Judge* who never can be brib'd.

"The unhappy Sufferers were Messrs.
Sam'l Gray, Sam'l Maverick, Jam's Caldwell, Crispus Attucks & Pat^r Carr Killed.
Six wounded, two of them (*Christ'r Monk & John Clark*) Mortally."

Presumably Revere sawed off the part of the plate which bore the foregoing inscriptions, and used these portions of the copper for engraving his paper money—the same use that he made of one half of the Harvard plate. Copper must have been as rare a material in Massachusetts during the Revolutionary War as we are told it was in New South Wales fifty years later, when "in the whole colony it was found impossible to procure a single plate of copper fit for engraving upon, and the artist was in consequence forced to content himself with the common sheet of copper which is employed for the coppering of ships."

The copper-plate of the Boston Massacre print, minus the inscriptions, is now in possession of the State of Massachusetts. Some years since, about the time, I am informed, of the Lexington Centennial Celebration, some enterprising individual in Boston obtained temporary possession of the plate, and had a few impressions

taken from it. When this was discovered by the authorities they recalled the plate, which we are assured has ever since been kept under lock and key in the vaults of the Secretary of State.

The immediate result of the King Street massacre was the removal of the British troops from the town of Boston to Castle Island in the harbor. Among the "Songs and Ballads of the American Revolution," published by Frank Moore, New York, 1856, is the following string of verses entitled "A New Song," 1770. In a note prefixed to these lines it is stated that they appeared in a broadside, a short time after the "Massacre of the Fifth of March, 1770," as a "New Song," much in vogue among the friends of arbitrary power, and since the troops have evacuated the town of Boston, among the soldiery at Castle Island, where it was composed.

CASTLE ISLAND SONG.

You simple Bostonians, I'd have you beware,
Of your liberty Tree, I would have you take care,
For if that we chance to return to the town,
Your houses and stores will come tumbling down,
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

If you will not agree to old England's laws,
I fear that King Hancock will soon get the *yaws* :
But he need not fear, for I swear he will,
For the want of a doctor, give him a hard pill.

A brave re-inforcement we soon think to get ;
Then we will make you, poor pumpkins, to sweat ;
Our drums they'll rattle, and then you will run
To the devil himself, from the sight of a gun.

Our fleet and our army, they soon will arrive,
Then to a bleak island, you shall not us drive.
In every house, you shall have three or four,
And if that will not please you, you shall have
half a score.

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

Castle William (afterward named Fort Independence), on Castle Island, to which the British soldiers were removed, was "built by Collonell Romer, A.D. 1724, by order of the General Assembly," as we are told by the inscription on a copper-plate engraving which was probably executed shortly after the fort was built. This print [page 337] measures 12 x 12 ½ inches. The only copy of it that I have ever seen or heard of is the one which has been in my own possession for thirty years and over.

There is a much smaller engraving of Castle William in the *Massachusetts* and also in the *New York Magazine* (1789 and 1796).

When the British left Castle William they broke off the trunnions of the cannon, an act of petty spite similar to, and as ineffectual, as the one in which they indulged prior to their evacuation of the city of New York when they greased the flag-pole on the Battery and cut the halyards. Before the British fleet had passed out the Narrows, the Stars and Stripes were floating triumphantly in the breeze, and the trunnions of the cannon at Castle William in Boston Harbor were with almost equal facility and promptitude restored through the ingenuity of Paul Revere.

I shall not attempt to enumerate or describe here all the known copies of the Massacre print, contemporary and otherwise (of the former, several were English), but conclude with a list of the originals of which I am cognizant.

One in the Bostonian Society in the Old State House where, with other relics of colonial times in China, arms, equipments, old silver, and Franklin's printing-press, it overlooks the very spot (now marked by a circle in the block pavement) where the "Massacre" occurred. This copy has an authentic and interesting history. It was a gift from Eliza Susan Quincy of Boston, September 29, 1882, the year that the Bostonian Society was founded, and has the following label pasted on the back of the frame : "Given in 1825 to Josiah Quincy (1772-1864) by his aunt Mrs. Storer, sister of Josiah Quincy, Jr., who defended Capt. Preston." Other copies of the "Massacre" of the existence of which I am creditably informed are located as follows : Two copies in possession of Zachary T. Hollingsworth, Boston. Two copies in possession of the estate of the late Frederick W. French, Boston. One in possession of G. R. Barrett, Boston. One in possession of Essex Institute, Salem. One in possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society. One copy in possession of Edwin B. Holden, New York. One copy in possession of Henry C. Eno, New York. One copy in possession of E. Dwight Church, New York. One copy in possession of William L. Andrews, New York ; and a copy sold

some two or three years ago in Philadelphia for, as it was reported, the sum of \$350. There may be and probably are other copies in existence, so that the engraving of the Boston Massacre by Paul Revere cannot be deemed a very rare print; but if we take into consideration the historic interest of the tragic occurrence

depicted and the national reputation of the engraver as one of the heroic and romantic figures of his time, it may, I think with justice, be said that it is one of the most important and valuable prints from an American collector's point of view that has been left us as an heritage from the past.

THE WRONG HOUSE

MORE ADVENTURES OF THE AMATEUR CRACKSMAN

By E. W. Hornung

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOHAN



MY brother Ralph, who now lived with me on the edge of Ham Common, had come home from Australia with a curious affection of the eyes, due to long exposure to the glare out there, and necessitating the use of clouded spectacles in the open air. He had not the rich complexion of the typical colonist, being indeed peculiarly pale, but it appeared that he had been confined to his berth for the greater part of the voyage, while his prematurely gray hair was sufficient proof that the rigors of bush life had at last undermined an originally tough constitution. Our landlady, who spoilt my brother from the first, was much concerned on his behalf, and wished to call in the best doctor; but Ralph said dreadful things about the profession, and quite frightened the good woman by arbitrarily forbidding her ever to let a doctor inside her door. I had to apologize to her for the painful prejudices and violent language of "these colonists," but the old soul was easily mollified. She had fallen in love with my brother at first sight, and she never could do too much for him. It was owing to our landlady that I took to calling him Ralph, for the first time in our lives, on her beginning to speak of and to him as "Mr. Raffles."

"This won't do," said he to me. "It's a name that sticks."

"It must be my fault! She must have

heard it from me," said I, self-reproachfully.

"You must tell her it's the short for Ralph."

"But it's longer."

"It's the short," said he, "and you've got to tell her so."

Henceforth I heard so much of "Mr. Ralph," his likes and his dislikes, what he would fancy and what he would not, and oh, what a dear gentleman he was, that I often remembered to say "Ralph, old chap" myself.

It was an ideal cottage, as I said when I found it, and in it our delicate man became rapidly robust. Not that the air was also ideal, for, when it was not raining, we had the same faithful mist from November to March. But it was something to Ralph to get any air at all, other than night-air, and the bicycle did the rest. We taught ourselves, and may I never forget our earlier rides, through and through Richmond Park when the afternoons were shortest, upon the incomparable Ripley Road when we gave a day to it. Raffles rode a Beeston Humber; a Royal Sunbeam was good enough for me, but he insisted on our both having Dunlop tires.

"They seem the most popular brand. I had my eye on the road all the way from Ripley to Cobham, and there were more Dunlop marks than any other kind. Bless you, yes, they all leave their special tracks,

and we don't want ours to be extra special; the Dunlop's like a rattle-snake, and the Palmer leaves telegraph-wires, but surely the serpent is more in our line."

That was the winter when there were so many burglaries in the Thames Valley from Richmond upward. It was said that the thieves used bicycles in every case, but what is not said? They were sometimes on foot to my knowledge, and we took a great interest in the series, or rather sequence of successful crimes. Raffles would often get his devoted old lady to read him the latest local accounts, while I was busy with my writing (much I wrote) in my own room. We even rode out by night ourselves, to see if we could not get on the tracks of the thieves, and never did we fail to find hot coffee on the hob for our return. We had indeed fallen upon our feet. Also, the misty nights might have been made for the thieves. But their success was not so consistent and never so enormous as people said, especially the sufferers, who lost more valuables than they had ever been known to possess. Failure was often the caitiffs' portion, and disaster once, owing, ironically enough, to that very mist which should have served them. But I am going to tell the story with some particularity, and perhaps some gusto; you will see why who read.

The right house stood on high ground near the river, with quite a drive (in at one gate and out at the other) sweeping past the steps. Between the two gates was a half-moon of shrubs, to the left of the steps a conservatory, and to their right the walk leading to the tradesmen's entrance and the back premises; here also was the pantry window, of which more anon. The right house was the residence of an opulent stockbroker, who wore a heavy watch-chain and seemed fair game. There would have been two objections to it had I been the stockbroker. The house was one of a row, though a goodly row, and an army-crammer had established himself next door. There is a type of such institutions in the suburbs; the youths go about in knickerbockers, smoking pipes, except on Saturday nights when they lead each other home from the last train. It was none of our business to spy upon these boys, but their manners and customs fell within the field of observation. And

we did not choose the night upon which the whole row was likely to be kept awake.

The night that we did choose was as misty as even the Thames Valley is capable of making them. Raffles smeared vaseline upon the plated parts of his Beeston Humber before starting, and our dear landlady cosseted us both, and prayed we might see nothing of the nasty burglars, not denying as the reward would be very handy to them that got it, to say nothing of the honor and glory. We had promised her a liberal perquisite in the event of our success, but she must not give other cyclists our idea by mentioning it to a soul. It was about midnight when we cycled through Kingston to Surbiton, having trundled our machines across Ham Fields, mournful in the mist as those by Acheron, and so over Teddington Bridge.

I often wonder why the pantry window is the vulnerable point of nine houses out of ten. This house of ours was almost the tenth, for the window in question had bars of sorts, but not the right sort. The only bars that Raffles allowed to beat him were the kind that are let into the stone outside, those fixed within are merely screwed to the woodwork, and you can unscrew as many as necessary if you take the trouble and have the time. Barred windows are usually devoid of other fasteners worthy the name; this one was no exception to that foolish rule, and a push with the pen-knife did its business. I am giving householders some valuable hints, and perhaps deserving a good mark from the critics. These, in any case, are the points that I would see to, were I a rich stockbroker in a riverside suburb. In giving good advice, however, I should not have omitted to say that we had left our machines in the semi-circular shrubbery in front, or that Raffles had most ingeniously fitted our lamps with dark slides, which enabled us to leave them burning.

It proved sufficient to unscrew the bars at the bottom only, and then to wrench them to either side. Neither of us had grown stout with advancing years, and in a few minutes we had both wormed through into the sink, and thence to the floor. It was not an absolutely noiseless process, but once in the pantry we were mice, and no longer blind mice. There

was a gas-bracket, but we did not meddle with that. Raffles went armed these nights with a better light than gas; if it were not immoral I might recommend a dark-lantern which was more or less his patent. It was that handy invention, the electric torch, fitted by Raffles with a dark hood to fulfil the functions of a slide. I had held it through the bars while he undid the screws, and now he held it to the key-hole, in which a key was turned upon the other side.

There was a pause for consideration, and in the pause we put on our masks. It was never known that these Thames Valley robberies were all committed by miscreants decked in the livery of crime, but that was because until this night we had never even shown our masks. It was a point upon which Raffles had insisted on all practicable occasions since his furtive return to the world. To-night it twice nearly lost us everything—but you shall hear.

There is a forceps for turning keys from the wrong side of the door, but the implement is not so easy of manipulation as it might be. Raffles for one preferred a sharp knife and the corner of the panel. You go through the panel because that is thinnest, of course in the corner nearest the key, and you use a knife when you can because it makes least noise. But it does take minutes, and even I can remember shifting the electric torch from one hand to the other before the aperture was large enough to receive the hand and wrist of Raffles.

He had at such times a motto of which I might have made earlier use, but the fact is that I have only once before described a downright burglary in which I assisted, and that without knowing it at the time. The most solemn student of these annals cannot affirm that he has cut through many doors in our company, since (what was to me) the maiden effort to which I allude. I, however, have cracked only too many a crib in conjunction with A. J. Raffles, and at the crucial moment he would whisper: "Victory or Wormwood Scrubbs, Bunny!" or instead of Wormwood Scrubbs it might be Portland Bill. This time it was neither one nor the other, for with that very word "victory" upon his lips, they whitened

and parted with the first taste of defeat.

"My hand's held!" gasped Raffles, and the white of his eyes showed all round the iris, a rarer thing than you may think.

At the same moment I heard the shuffling feet and the low excited young voices on the other side of the door, and a faint light shone round Raffles's wrist.

"Well done, Beefy!"

"Hang on to him!"

"Good old Beefy!"

"Beefy's got him!"

"So have I—so have I!"

And Raffles caught my arm with his one free hand. "They've got me tight," he whispered. "I'm done."

"Blaze through the door," I urged, and might have done it had I been armed. But I never was. It was Raffles who monopolized that risk.

"I can't—it's the boys—the wrong house," he whispered. "Curse the fog—it's done me. But you get out, Bunny, while you can; never mind me; it's my turn, old chap."

His one hand tightened in affectionate farewell. I put the electric torch in it before I went, trembling in every inch, but without a word.

Get out! His turn! Yes, I would get out, but only to come in again, for I was my turn—mine—not his. Would he leave me held by a hand through a hole in a door? Not he! Then what he would have done was for me to do now. I began by diving head-first through the pantry window and coming to earth upon all fours. But even as I stood up, and brushed the gravel from the palms of my hands and the knees of my knickerbockers, I had no notion what to do next. And yet I was half-way to the front door before I remembered the vile crape mask upon my face, and tore it off as the door flew open and my feet were on the steps.

"He's into the next garden," I cried, to a bevy of pajamas with bare feet and young faces at either end of them.

"Who? Who?" said they, giving way before me.

"Some fellow who came through one of your windows head-first."

"The other Johnny, the other Johnny," the cherubs chorused.

"Biking past—saw the light—why, what have you there?"

Of course it was Raffles's hand that they had, but now I was in the hall among them. A red-faced barrel of a boy did all the holding, one hand round the wrist, the other palm to palm, and his knees braced up against the panel. Another was rendering ostentatious but ineffectual aid, and three or four others danced about in their pajamas. After all, they were not more than four to one. I had raised my voice, so that Raffles might hear me and take heart, and now I raised it again. Yet to this day I cannot account for my inspiration, that proved nothing less.

"Don't talk so loud," they were crying below their breath; "don't wake 'em upstairs, this is our show."

"Then I see you've got one of them," said I, as desired. "Well, if you want the other you can have him too. I believe he's hurt himself."

"After him, after him!" they exclaimed as one.

"Still I think he got over the wall——"

"Come on, you chaps, come on!"

And there was a soft stampede to the hall door.

"Don't all desert me, I say!" gasped the red-faced hero who held Raffles prisoner.

"We must have them both, Beefy."

"That's all very well——"

"Look here," I interposed, "I'll stay by you. I've a friend outside, I'll get him too."

"Thanks awfully," said the valiant Beefy.

The hall was empty now. My heart beat high.

"How did you hear them?" I inquired, my eye running over him.

"We were down having drinks—game o' nap—in there."

Beefy jerked his great head toward an open door, and the tail of my eye caught the glint of glasses in the firelight, but the rest of it was otherwise engaged.

"Let me relieve you," I said, trembling.

"No, I'm all right."

"Then I must insist."

And before he could answer I had him round the neck with such a will that not a gurgle passed my fingers, for they were

almost buried in his hot smooth flesh. Oh, I am not proud of it; the act was as vile as act could be; but I was not going to see Raffles taken, my one desire was to be the saving of him, and I tremble even now to think to what lengths I might not have gone for its fulfilment. As it was I squeezed and tugged until one strong hand gave way after the other and came feeling round for me, but feebly because they had held on so long. And what do you suppose was happening at the same moment? The pinched white hand of Raffles, reddening with returning blood, and with a clot of blood upon the wrist, was craning upward and turning the key in the lock without a moment's loss.

"Steady on, Bunny!"

And I saw that Beefy's ears were blue, but Raffles was feeling in his pockets as he spoke. "Now let him breathe," said he, clapping his handkerchief over the poor youth's mouth. An empty phial was in his other hand, and the first few stertorous breaths that the poor boy took were the end of him for the time being. Oh, but it was villainous, my part especially, for he must have been far gone to go the rest of the way so readily. I began by saying I was not proud of this deed, but its dastardly character has come home to me more than ever with the penance of writing it out. I see in myself, at least my then self, things that I never saw quite so clearly before. Yet let me be quite sure that I would not do the same again. I had not the smallest desire to throttle this poor youth (nor did I), but only to extricate Raffles from the most hopeless position he was ever in; and after all it was better than a blow from behind. On the whole, I will not utter a word, nor whine about the thing any more.

We lifted the plucky lad into Raffles's place in the pantry, locked the door on him, and put the key through the panel. Now was the moment for thinking of ourselves, and again that infernal mask which Raffles swore by came near the undoing of us both. We had reached the steps when we were hailed by a voice, not from without but from within, and I had just time to tear the accursed thing from Raffles's face before he turned.

A stout man with a blonde mustache was on the stairs, in his pajamas like the boys.

"What are you doing here?" said he.

"There has been an attempt upon your house," said I, still spokesman for the nonce, and still on the wings of inspiration. "Your sons——"

"My pupils!"

"Indeed. Well, they heard it, drove off the thieves, and have given chase."

"And where do you come in?" inquired the stout man, descending.

"We were bicycling past, and I actually saw one fellow come head-first through your pantry window. I think he got over the wall."

Here a breathless boy returned.

"Can't see anything of him," he gasped.

"It's true, then," remarked the crammer.

"Look at that door," said I.

But unfortunately the breathless boy looked also, and now he was being joined by others equally short of wind.

"Where's Beefy?" he screamed.

"What on earth's happened to Beefy?"

"My good boys," exclaimed the crammer, "will one of you be kind enough to tell me what you've been doing, and what these gentlemen have been doing for you? Come in all, before you get your death. I see lights in the class-room, and more than lights. Can these be signs of a carouse?"

"A very innocent one, sir," said a well-set-up youth with more mustache than I have yet.

"Well, Olphert, boys will be boys. Suppose you tell me what happened before we come to recriminations?"

The bad old proverb was my first warning. I caught two of the youths exchanging glances under raised eyebrows. Yet their stout, easy-going mentor had given me such a reassuring glance of sidelong humor, as between man of the world and man of the world, that it was difficult to suspect him of suspicion. I was nevertheless itching to be gone.

Young Olphert told his story with engaging candor. It was true that they had come down for an hour's nap and cigarettes; well, and there was no denying that was whiskey in the glasses. The

boys were now all back in their class-room, I think entirely for the sake of warmth; but Raffles and I were in knickerbockers and Norfolk jackets, and very naturally remained without, while the army-crammer (who wore bed-room slippers) stood on the threshold with an eye each way. The more I saw of the man, the better I liked and the more I feared him. His chief annoyance thus far was that they had not called him when they heard the noise, that they had dreamt of leaving him out of the fun. But he seemed more hurt than angry about that.

"Well, sir," concluded Olphert, "we left old Beefy Smith hanging on to his hand, and this gentleman with him, so perhaps he can tell us what happened next?"

"I wish I could," I cried, with all their eyes upon me, for I had had time to think. Some of you must have heard me say I'd fetch my friend in from the road?"

"Yes, I did," piped an innocent within.

"Well, and when I came back with him things were exactly as you see them now. Evidently the man's strength was too much for the boy's, but whether he ran upstairs or outside, I know no more than you do."

"It wasn't like that boy to run either way," said the crammer, cocking a clear blue eye on me.

"But if he gave chase!"

"It wasn't like him even to let go."

"I don't believe Beefy ever would," put in Olphert. "That's why we gave him the billet."

"He may have followed him through the pantry window," I suggested, wildly.

"But the door's shut," put in a boy.

"I'll have a look at it," said the crammer.

And the key no longer in the lock, and the insensible youth within! The key would be missed, the door kicked in; nay, with the man's eye still upon me, I thought I could smell the chloroform. I thought I could hear a moan, and prepared for either any moment. And how he did stare! I have detested blue eyes ever since, and blonde mustaches, and the whole stout easy-going type that is not such a fool as it looks. I had brazened it out with the boys, but the first grown man was too many for me,

and the blood ran out of my heart as though there was no Raffles at my back. Indeed, I had forgotten him. I had so longed to put this thing through by myself! Even in my extremity it was almost a disappointment to me when his dear cool voice fell like a delicious draught upon my ears. But its effect upon the others is more interesting to recall. Until now the crammer had the centre of the stage, but at this point Raffles usurped a place which was always his at will. People would wait for what he had to say, as these people waited now for the simplest and most natural thing in the world.

"One moment!" he had begun.

"Well?" said the crammer, relieving me of his eyes at last.

"I don't want to lose any of the fun——"

"Nor must you," said the crammer, with emphasis.

"But we've left our bikes outside, and mine's a Beeston Humber," continued Raffles. "If you don't mind we'll bring 'em in before these fellows get away on them!"

And out he went without a look to see the effect of his words, I after him with a determined imitation of his self-control. But I would have given something to turn round. I believe that for one moment the shrewd instructor was taken in, but as I reached the steps I heard him asking his pupils whether any of them had seen any bicycles outside.

That moment, however, made the difference. We were in the shrubbery, Raffles with his electric torch drawn and blazing, when we heard them kicking at the pantry door, and in the drive with our bicycles before man and boys poured pell-mell down the steps.

We rushed our machines to the nearer gate, for both were shut, and we got through and swung it home behind us in the nick of time. Even I could mount before they could re-open the gate, which Raffles held against them for half an instant with unnecessary gallantry. But he would see me in front of him, and so it fell to me to lead the way.

Now I have said that it was a very misty night (hence the whole thing) and also that these houses were on a hill. But they were not nearly on the top of

the hill, and I did what I firmly believe that almost everybody would have done in my place. Raffles indeed said he would have done it himself, but that was his generosity, and he was the one man who would not. What I did was to turn in the opposite direction to the other gate, where we might so easily have been cut off, and to pedal for my life—up-hill!

"My God!" I shouted when I found it out.

"Can you turn in your own length?" asked Raffles, following loyally.

"Not certain."

"Then stick to it. You couldn't help it. But it's the devil of a hill!"

"And here they come!"

"Let them," said Raffles, and brandished his electric torch, our only light as yet.

A hill seems endless in the dark, for you cannot see the end, and with the patter of bare feet gaining on us I thought this one could have no end at all. Of course the boys could charge up it quicker than we could pedal, but I even heard the voice of their stout instructor growing louder through the mist.

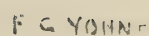
"Oh, to think I've let you in for this!" I groaned, "my head over the handlebars, every ounce of my weight first on one foot and then on the other. I looked at Raffles, and in the white light of his torch he was doing it all with his ankles, exactly as though he had been riding in a Gymkhana.

"It's the most sporting chase I was ever in," said he.

"All my fault!"

"My dear Bunny, I wouldn't have missed it for the world!"

Nor would he forge ahead of me, though he could have done so in a moment, he who from his boyhood had done everything of the kind so much better than anybody else. No, he must ride a wheel's length behind me, and now we could not only hear the boys running, but breathing also. And then of a sudden I saw Raffles on my right striking with his torch; a face flew out of the darkness to meet the thick glass bulb with the glowing wire enclosed; it was the face of the boy Olphert, with his enviable mustache, but it vanished with the crash of glass, and the naked



F. C. Yohn.

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

Before he could answer I had him round the neck.—Page 346.

wire thickened to the eye like a tuning-fork struck red-hot.

I saw no more of that. One of them had crept up on my side also ; as I looked, hearing him pant, he was grabbing at my left handle, and I nearly sent Raffles into the hedge by the sharp turn I took to the right. His wheel's length saved him. But my boy could run, was overhauling me again, seemed certain of me this time, when all at once the machine ran easily ; every ounce of my weight with either foot once more, and I was over the crest of the hill, the gray road reeling out from under me as I felt for my brake. I looked back at Raffles. He had put up his feet. I screwed my head round still farther, and there were the boys in their pajamas, their hands upon their knees, like so many wicket-keepers, and a big man shaking his fist. There was a lamp-post on the hill-top, and that was the last I saw.

We sailed down to the river, then on to Thames Ditton as far as Esher station, when we turned sharp to the right, and from the dark stretch by Imber Court came to light in Molesey, and were soon pedalling like gentlemen of leisure through Bushey Park, our lights turned up, the broken torch put out and away. The big gates had long been shut, but you can manœuvre a bicycle through the others. We had no further adventures on the way home, and our coffee was still warm upon the hob.

"But I think it's an occasion for Sullivans," said Raffles, who now kept them for such. "By all my gods, Bunny, it's been the most sporting night we ever had in our lives ! And do you know which was the most sporting part of it?"

"That up-hill ride?"

"I wasn't thinking of it."

"Turning your torch into a trunch-eon?"

"My dear Bunny ! A gallant lad—I hated hitting him."

"I know," I said—"the way you got us out of the house!"

"No, Bunny," said Raffles, blowing rings. "It came before that, you sinner, and you know it!"

"You don't mean anything I did?" said I, self-consciously, for I began to see that this was what he did mean. And now at latest it will also be seen why this story has been told with undue and inexcusable gusto ; there is none other like it for me to tell ; it is my one ewe-lamb in all these annals. But Raffles had a ruder name for it.

"It was the Apotheosis of the Bunny," said he, but in a tone I never would forget.

"I hardly knew what I was doing or saying," I said. "The whole thing was a fluke."

"Then," said Raffles, "it was the kind of fluke I always trusted you to make when runs were wanted."

And he held out his dear old hand.

ANTÆUS

By Fullerton L. Waldo

I WILL arise and go whither my heart is calling,
 Into the night star-cresseted, night of the winnowing wind,
 There 'mid the dew-whitened fields to find one prone hour of silence. . . .

I am a-weary to-night, earth-mother, and heavily laden ;
 Suffer me but to come as one of the least of thy children ;
 Take, O take me, my Mother, and hold me close to thy bosom.

So, with the dawn of the day, I shall mount up with wings as an eagle,
 I shall go panoplied forth, with a militant voice of rejoicing,
 To fight with the World and to fail . . . and to fail on and fight on forever!



A VAUDEVILLE TURN

By Cyrus Townsend Brady

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. GLACKENS

THE most popular theatre in America, according to the advertisements—where nothing was played but the “continuous”—was packed from parquet to top gallery with a perspiring crowd of pleasure-seekers one hot August night. The papers had said—*via* the society columns of course—that everybody was out of town for the summer, and incidentally, therefore, that all the ordinary places of amusement were closed, except *Les Variétés*. However, the city was not quite deserted; for, of the anchored ninety-nine hundredths of the population, all who could do so, apparently in despair at lack of other amusement, and attracted by the popular prices, had crowded into “the home of refined vaudeville,” as it was called on the programme. The house was fluttering with fans; most of the spectators and actors felt as though they were slowly deliquescing in perspiration, but the audience seemed to be enjoying it.

The usual *mélange*—how natural and appropriate it seems to use French words when treating of the vaudeville—of entertainments entirely suited even to a Mrs. Boffin—became a world-wide type of matronly modesty and virtue—had been provided by the high-minded and scrutinizing management. Ladies in short skirts capered nimbly over the stage to the “lascivious pleasing” of the banjo; gentlemen with one leg rode marvellously endowed bicycles in impossible ways; tumblers

frisked and frolicked about without the slightest regard either for temperature or gravitation; happy tramps—at least the announcements said they were happy—whose airy, carefully tattered garments were in full consonance with the heated atmosphere, delivered themselves of speeches full of rare old humor and fairly bristling with Bœotian witticisms. There were men singers and women singers, musical cranks, freak piano players, monologue artists, burlesquers, and then a little play—at least they said it was a play.

So with these multifarious stirrers-up-of-varied-emotions, the evening drew toward its close. Finally, just before the biograph went through its eye-shattering, soul-distressing performance, the little boy who walked solemnly across the stage before each turn with such a queer self-important strut that the regular patrons—those who came early and brought their luncheon—felt disappointed when he took a vacation, set out upon the racks, provided on either side of the proscenium arch for the purpose, a tablet bearing the name of “*Mademoiselle Hélène*.” When the curtain rose thereafter, the stage was set for a woodland. The lights were turned thrillingly low, so that the expectant audience were scarcely aware how the tiny little body which they saw standing in the full blaze of the calcium light-ray suddenly flashed upon her from the mysterious apparatus in the balcony, had reached the centre of the stage.



Drawn by W. Glackens.

"I'm so glad you've found me. Oh, take me away!"—Page 353

The little miss was apparently not more than six years old. She had short white stockings on her plump little pink legs, and her dainty feet were covered with black ankle ties. She wore fluffy little pink and white skirts like a ballet-dancer, and with her little bare arms she blew graceful kisses to the audience as she bounded before it. With her sweet blue eyes, her golden hair, she made a delightful picture, as she pirouetted around the stage on the tips of her ten little toes, kicking up her little heels, bending her back, wriggling her skirts with an imitation of older and more sophisticated performers—to put it mildly—which would have been more amusing if it had not been a little pitiful.

So little, so cool, so sweet, so fresh, so innocent she seemed, that in the hot theatre on that hot night no wonder a great rapturous “oh-h-h!” of delight and approbation burst from feminine lips—and masculine ones too, if the truth be told. As the little maid in perfect silence continued her little dance, exclamations of admiration rose from the audience, and when she finished her first turn and stopped panting, bowing, hand-kissing, the theatre rang with hand-clapping. Though some of the fathers and mothers in the audience, with thoughts of their own young folk, murmured under breaths, “What a pity! She ought to be at home in bed!” the witchery of her movements and the charm of her face was as strong upon them as it was upon the others; more so—they had children of their own!

As she stopped and stood alone on the large stage after her final *pas*, bowing again and again and throwing more kisses in that sweetly infantile way, there was a commotion among the people enjoying “standing room only” in the passage-way at the back of the parquet. A tall, broad-shouldered, brown-haired, pleasant-featured man forced himself through the crowd in spite of angry remonstrances and rude resistance and ran down the aisle. His pale face was working with emotion, his eyes shining.

“Nellie!” he cried as he ran, in a voice that vibrated above the applause in the theatre. “Don’t you know me? Nellie! Nellie!” he continued, stretching out his arms toward the little girl.

The noise of clapping hands died away

as if by magic, as they heard the cry, full of love and longing and feeling. The man stopped in full view of the great audience. The little girl, hearing the cry, with one hand still in the air where the kisses had stopped half blown away, looked at the man over the footlights, half dazed apparently by the situation.

“Papa! Papa!” she cried, suddenly awakening to life and bounding toward him. “Papa, take me home!” Every soul in the hushed theatre heard the words in the sweet treble of childhood.

“Where’s your mother, baby?” asked the man, apparently oblivious of everything but the little lass.

“She’s dead, papa,” answered the child, brushing her little hand across her eyes, “I’m so glad you’ve found me. Oh, take me away!”

“I will! I will!” said the man desperately, forcing his way toward the stage.

Two of the ushers and an officer had hurried down the aisle and seized him by the arms. The piano-player rose from his neglected instrument and caught him also.

“Let me go!” roared the man, shoving them aside with superhuman strength apparently. “She’s my daughter, I tell you! I will have her!”

The lights on the stage were suddenly turned up. A hard-featured man came forward and grasped the child by the arm.

“What’s all this row?” he cried, “I’m the manager of Mademoiselle Hélène. Her mother left the child with me. She gets good food and clothes and is well taken care of. What more does she want?”

“I want my papa! Oh, I want you!” cried the little girl.

“And you shall have me, dear.”

“No,” said the man on the stage, roughly, “she shall not!”

“Gentlemen!” cried the other man turning about and facing the audience. “Friends, there is my little daughter. Her mother ran away from me, left me. I haven’t seen Nellie for two years. I just happened in here to-night and recognized her, and——”

“Give him his daughter!” broke out a burly man in the third row of the parquet, rising in his seat as he spoke and shaking his fist at the man on the stage, or——”

The house was in a perfect uproar now. The women in tears, the men screaming with flushed, excited faces.

"Let him have her!"

"Give her up!"

"Let the child go with her father!"

"Shame! Shame!"

"Mob him!"

"Lynch the wretch!"

The man on the stage fairly quailed before this outburst of popular passion; the ushers and officers had released the other man, but before he could take a step, in the midst of the confusion the local manager appeared on the stage. Lifting his hand to the crowd he finally succeeded in stilling the tumult.

"I have heard it all!" he cried, as soon as he could be heard. "This theatre don't want to part father and daughter. Give the child to the man! And get out of here!" he said, turning fiercely and shaking his fist at the hard-faced man on the stage. The latter let go the child's arm and shrank back in the wings, followed by the jeers of the crowd. Then the local manager took the little girl in his arms, stepped over the footlights, and handed her to the man who had claimed her.

He lifted her up, kissed her, and pressed her tenderly to his breast. She clasped her little arms around his neck, dropped her head on his shoulder with a low cry of content.

"Thank you, sir," said the man to the manager, "thank you all, ladies and gentlemen! Oh, I have got her back again."

He turned with his precious burden

and walked rapidly down the aisle, passed out of the door, and disappeared in the night.

The house rang with cheers. Men and women stood up and clapped and applauded and yelled like mad. When a semblance of order was restored the local manager dismissed the audience. As he said, none of the performers were in condition to go on further after the little tragedy they had witnessed, which had ended so happily after all. Nor was the audience in a mood for any more vaudeville after the bit of real life in which they had participated.

"How did it go off, Bill?" asked the brown-haired man of the local manager in the office, half an hour later.

"Fine!" said the manager. "It was the greatest act I ever saw! You did splendidly, old man. I congratulate you."

"It has only one disadvantage," remarked the hard-featured one, "you can only do it once in each town. It's only good for one-night stands."

"And didn't Nellie do it well?" returned the other.

"She did that!" replied the local manager, "she couldn't have done it better! It almost made me weep myself."

"That child's a born actress," said the hard-featured man, "she'll be a treasure some day, sure."

"She's a treasure now," replied the local manager. "What a pity we couldn't do it over to-night!"



"Do you know, men," said the brown-haired man, "I feel real guilty somehow. Seems like such a fraud——"

"Nonsense, Bill!" interrupted the manager, yet with a note of sympathy in his tone.

"Rot!" commented hard features, not the least comprehending.

"Where is she now?" asked the other,

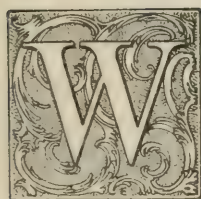
shaking his head dubiously, still uncertain and unconvinced.

"Her father and mother took her home right after the performance, and I hope she is fast asleep in her bed by this time, like a good little girl, continued the manager. "Here's your check, Bill. Be on hand Monday night when we open at X——"

THE PINK OF COURTESY

By Katherine Lee Bates

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. G. FANGEL



HAT a hole!" thought Juan Vidál, eying his environment with frank disfavor. It was only when he was out of temper that he did his thinking in English. Tall, spare, brusque, and energetic, he reproduced so perfectly the look and manner of his Scotch mother that his father's name sat on him as oddly as a *sombrero* on his sandy hair. Yet it was this shiftless Spanish father whom he had loved best, and into whose native speech his own happier musings naturally ran. Dead and buried they were now—the mother, as she had chosen, under the gowans beside the bonny Doon; the father, with the soldiers of his race, where jasmine and iris gem the banks of the Guadalquivir. But to-morrow would be All Saints', and the son, a Catholic in Rome, a Unitarian in Boston, devotee with one half of his soul and free-thinker with the other, had suddenly sprung to his feet in the noisy café, thrust the half-written letter for a London daily into his pocket and, stung by memory, tramped off through Paris mud to look upon the face of one of his father's friends. He had been rich in friends, this father, if in nothing else.

Vidál well knew where Señor Álvarez was to be found of a Monday evening, but the scene, as he noted its details with the practised glance of a journalist, moved his shoulder to the expressive Spanish shrug. The Frenchmen about him recognized at once its Peninsula quality.

This place which displeased him was an oblong class-room, with shreds of coarse drab paper fluttering from the ceiling. Two serried ranks of rickety tables, with cheap chairs wedged in behind them, four to a table, filled the space from platform to rear wall. Between these ranks ran an aisle of irregular width, while narrow passages along the sidewalls served as a dumping-ground for coats, sacques, portfolios and the like. Along these cluttered lanes the late-comers would try to pick their way, with an elaborate show of caution and an invariable clatter of overthrown canes and umbrellas. The late-comers were many, for it was a class after the fashion of University Extension, and was mainly frequented by young clerks, commercial travellers, and similar delegates from the tired army of day-toilers. The slight French figure and the alert French glance were most in evidence, but Vidál detected, here and there, the pink cheeks and flaxen hair of the Englishman, glitter of keen black eyes above the hooked Hebraic nose, the lazy Spanish sprawl, and the puzzled, humorous, undaunted air of the American. He amused himself by noting, in the four chairs behind a table well to the front, strays from four nations. Next the aisle sat a threadbare old German, reading the Spanish indistinctly from scarcity of teeth, but hungry for knowledge even to the end of life. Beside him was a young Italian, casting fervent looks upon his neighbor, a beautiful Russian girl with

the saddest face in the room. The man nearest the wall, to whom Vidál had once been presented by Señor Álvarez, was a Polish goldsmith who, by way of recreation, learned a new language every winter.

The journalist tapped his foot impatiently. "What a hole—and what a racket!" Not here, in sooth, was Milton's "still air of delightful studies." A Choral Union was vociferous in the hall below; through the flimsy partition at the rear came the boom of a lecturer in the adjoining room; the tables rattled and creaked under the pressure of nervous Gallic knees, and the atmosphere had become hot and fetid.

"However can he stand it?" thought Vidál in his angry English, vainly looking about for some means of ventilation. But the bald-headed little gentleman on the platform carried the sunniest of smiles and the cheeriest of voices through it all, reaching out a chubby hand in greeting to those troublesome late-comers, yet without checking for an instant his impetuous overflow of Castilian anecdote and proverb.

"But why do you do it?" asked Vidál, as they walked down the boulevard together, after the whistle had blown and the occupants of the twenty class-rooms had bounded to their feet and pushed and jostled out, for weariness is not easily polite. "Why do you do it? It isn't as if you posed for socialism and all that, like those London fellows."

Vidál had friends in the Fabian Society, just as he had friends among anarchists and Quakers. He was not a man of prejudices, but the tired lines in a face his father had loved to look on fretted him.

Don Rodolfo Álvarez coughed apologetically.

"Oh, I do it for amusement," he said. "I make some very pleasant acquaintances there, too. There is an Armenian refugee whom I would like to have you meet—a remarkable man. I am always glad to be with remarkable men. I find their society stimulating. Your father, Juan, was one in a thousand, one in a million. I often used to wonder that he cared to spend his time with me."

"Because you are not a remarkable man?" asked Vidál, laughing.

"I? Oh, no, indeed!" exclaimed Señor Álvarez, rounding his brown eyes to a shocked denial in the electric light. "You know, my dear boy, that I am of very little account. The good God made me so. But your father—ah, Juan, his grave is far away, yet we can go to early mass at the Spanish chapel to-morrow and pray together for his soul's repose."

"So you still believe in mass?" asked Vidál, with his father's wicked twinkle in his mother's pious eyes.

The little señor threw out his hands in distressed deprecation.

"You know that spiritual things are quite beyond me, Juan. I have a friend, a Greek, crippled in that unhappy war of theirs, who is a genuine mystic, absolutely inspired. It is one of my greatest pleasures to sit by his bedside and hear him talk, but as for understanding him!—You see my mind has no sky-windows in it. Very unfortunate! I regret it extremely. But, still, we will meet at mass to-morrow morning, will we not? For it is All Saints'."

Vidál did not promise. He halted, instead, at one of the open-air tables in front of a brilliantly illuminated café.

"Come, Don Rodolfo!" he coaxed. "A glass of absinthe!"

A longing look crept into the brown eyes; then Señor Álvarez cheerily shook his head.

"Late, Juan! Too late! Madame will be expecting me. You know her nerves are so delicate."

"Oh, confound her nerves!" responded Vidál, in English, with a grave and courteous intonation. Señor Álvarez smiled a grateful smile. English, as he was wont to remark, was far too difficult a tongue for his poor wits to master, but Juan was evidently saying something sympathetic. So like his father!

Meanwhile Vidál had heaped up the measure of his iniquities by slyly beckoning a *garçon* whom he knew, and suddenly two glasses of the seductive green liquor were placed upon the table beneath their very noses.

"Ah, Juan, Juan! If I only had your strength of will!" murmured the little señor, sinking almost with alacrity into one of those tempting chairs and rubbing his plump palms in joyous expectation. "I have the utmost respect for decision of



Enjoying Juan's Society.

character. You possess that noble trait even more fully than your father, my dear boy, an inheritance, undoubtedly, from your lady mother—Christ rest her soul!—whose beautiful face I was never so favored as to see.”

Vidál grinned. The mental picture of Don Rodolfo showering his gallant Castilian compliments before the erect and solemn-visaged Scotch woman tickled this observer of men and manners, though the son in him rebuked the journalist.

Señor Álvarez sipped his absinthe slowly. No one, not even Juan, guessed how many luxuries he had denied himself since his sharp-tongued French landlady slipped on the polished stairs and hurt her hip. The other boarders had packed their belongings and gone away at once. Who cares to live in a house disordered by nurses and doctors, a house haunted by sick-room odors and muffled sick-room tones? And even when, after the long months, Madame was able to be about again, pattering on petulant crutches, the old

boarders did not return to her, and new ones did not apply. How could a lame, cross-grained old woman expect to keep even so much as lodgers? She had been a neat housekeeper and notable cook in her prime, but since the coming of this daily pain that sapped her daily strength, the rooms grew more and more untidy, and the table went from bad to worse. But Señor Álvarez had stayed on through it all. If at the bottom of his heart he ventured to pride himself on any quality whatever, it was chivalry, and it simply was not in him to desert a woman in distress, let her be as old, bad-tempered, and ugly as she might.

“I am so lazy,” he would explain to his friends, “and it is such a trouble to move.”

But he never explained to anyone why, as Madame's fortunes shrunk, his own small income dwindled.

So he sipped his absinthe slowly, and then, because it would be rude to leave his entertainer with abruptness, he sat on,

in a comfortable glow, enjoying Juan's society and Juan's cigarettes and the ever-fascinating spectacle of the flood of human life as it rolls down a lighted Parisian boulevard, until the hour was so late, or, rather, so early, that he hardly dared go home at all.

It was a very bad quarter of an hour that Madame gave him. Poor soul! She had no one else to scold, and a worried old woman, with shoots of agony in her hip, must scold somebody—at least, so Señor Álvarez tried to think. For it hurt his feelings to be rated so by his fluent French landlady, and it hurt something more precious than his feelings, his ideals. He worshipped womanhood, and Madame profaned his worship with her bitter tongue. But he stood affably smiling through it all, his hat in his hand, and his bald head gleaming in the gaslight.

The tirade lasted so long that even the mottled green parrot, Lorito, chained to his perch in the corner, grew impatient:

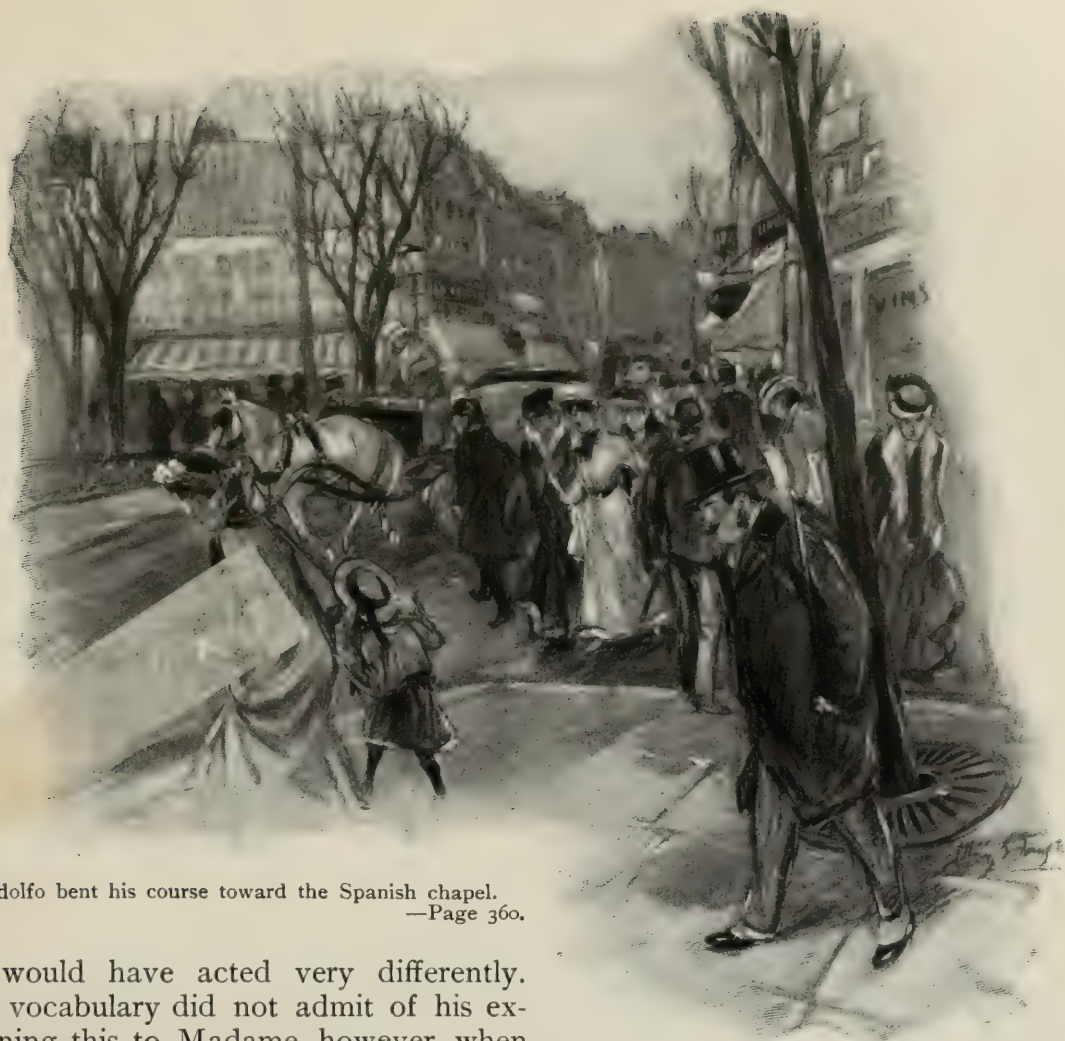
"*Maria, Maria, dame el chocolate!*" he screamed, for he was an Andalusian bird, with dim longings for sunny Seville still throbbing in his wings, but his angry mis-

tress, far from giving him chocolate, turned and cuffed him smartly across his ruffled poll. This was more than Lorito could bear. The day had already brought him a cruel humiliation. He had slipped his chain at noon—Lorito, after months of study, had just fathomed the workings of that chain—and flown rejoicingly out of the window and into an inviting casement across the street. So far, all was well. He had chanced upon a nursery, and the children adored and petted him, just as Lorito believed he ought to be adored and petted. For Lorito, with his funny, mottled coat, crooked beak and rumpled cap, had never once suspected that he was quite the ugliest specimen of his kind in Paris, nor that his former owner had given him to Madame in charity, because she herself could no longer bear the sight of him. Lorito supposed he was a beauty, and he pecked the children's goodies from their dimpled hands with infinite condescension.

It did not disturb his majestic mood in the slightest to see Madame, purple with spite, shaking her crutch at him from her narrow balcony. But, of course, if Lorito had known it was a Protestant household,



It hurt something more precious than his feelings.



Rodolfo bent his course toward the Spanish chapel.
—Page 360.

he would have acted very differently. His vocabulary did not admit of his explaining this to Madame, however, when the curate of the little English church, papa of the weeping children, had righteously carried him back again, and the old Frenchwoman, good Catholic that she was, doused Lorito with holy water before chaining him up once more to that monotonous perch. The chill of his shower-bath, anxiety for his spiritual welfare, and the general ignominy of the situation had made Lorito silent and morose all the rest of the day. And now, just as he was ready to forgive and forget, to unbend and be sociable, a cuffing!

Lorito slipped his chain again and was flying, as unobtrusively as he knew how, across the room, hoping to find the window open at the top and to discover Seville at the corner of the street, when he chanced to confront the mirror. Now Lorito's experience of life had not hitherto included mirrors, and every quill on his body began to shiver as he saw what a hideous, mottled, mottle-coated, ragged-feathered, crooked-beaked, hungry-clawed old fowl was glaring full upon him.

"Ay, qué loro! Goodness gracious,

what a looking parrot!" screamed Lorito, and valiantly dashed against it. Ah, Lorito had made his last mistake. What Señor Álvarez tenderly lifted from the heap of splintered glass upon the floor was only a bleeding, drooping thing, with broken neck.

Then, finally, Madame stopped scolding. Gathering the dead bird to her heart, she rocked herself to and fro in an ecstasy of lamentation.

Poor Lorito's self-esteem would have been restored could he have heard her eulogy of his graces, gifts, and virtues. "I have lost my only friend," she wailed, "my only, only friend." And Señor Álvarez, as he swept up the broken glass, and "lent" her twenty-five francs out of the thirty-three that were all his store for a fortnight to come, felt such sorrow at sight of her tears that his own brown eyes grew wet.

Dissipation and agitation notwithstanding, the little señor rose early the following morning, tiptoed down those steep and

polished stairs that had cost Madame so dear, and bent his course toward the Spanish chapel. It was November weather. The Paris air was stained with a London murk. Even the massive Triumphal Arch seemed a dissolving shadow. A few top-story windows, smitten by shafts of pallid sunshine, dazzled blankly. The streets were given over to processions of priest-led school-boys, to sweepers and cleaners, to market-wagons, to ladies with dainty missals—everywhere the poor going to their work, and the rich going to their prayers.

Vidál had not said that he would come, but there he was, yawning in the doorway. He sprang down to clasp hands with Señor Alvarez, whose smiling face looked white and strange through the dimness of the fog.

"You are done up, Don Rodolfo. Come across to the hotel with me for rolls and coffee. The food will do us more good than masses do the dead."

"I am glad that my friends do not always agree with me," replied the señor with his gentle courtesy, "for it widens my range of ideas."

But he entered the sculptured door and Vidál, a grimace on his mouth and an affectionate shining in his eyes, followed after. The younger man stood back against the rear wall of the chapel, while the elder went forward and knelt.

Vidál, first and last and always a reporter, spied about him. Queen Isabel's chapel, small, yet rich, lacked nothing in arching and groining, stained glass and carving, that a Catholic chapel should have. The altar, splendid with gilding, with crimson tapestries, and with taper-lights grouped mystically in sevens, threes, and nines, dominated all the scene. The air was dreamy with incense. The priedieus, even the aisles, were filled with kneeling figures, whose profound reverences and intent gaze into the choir wrought slowly upon Vidál until august



and awful mysteries seemed to gather in that gleaming altar-space. There, where he had been standing, the journalist dropped upon his knees, ran his father's rosary rapidly through his fingers and sent his loving heart out toward that father hidden from him so long in the strange, sweet shadow of death. But when his filial tenderness turned toward his mother, he rose, as she would have had him, and stood erect once more.

His professional instinct came back so strongly as to shame him. He wanted to make notes of the architecture, of the people, of his own emotions. "I wonder," he mused ruefully, "if I should try to turn heaven into copy." He looked about for Don Rodolfo, to see if he, at least, were sustaining the spiritual exaltations proper to the place, and chuckled in his heart to find that worthy chevalier also savoring of earth.

It was chiefly a congregation of women, of those whose love remembers, but here and there an elderly man knelt among them, or children, bowing and rising in obedience to the pressure of a mother's hand. Close to a group of ladies in deep mourning, ladies beautiful with a high-bred Castilian beauty, knelt Madame's faithful boarder, the voluntary teacher of the evening Spanish class. Perhaps the carven angel-heads that looked dubiously down upon his devotions were not aware of these and kindred facts. For, almost unconsciously, he was marking the well-chiselled, haughty contour of the señorita nearest him and the droop of the jet earrings against her clear, dark cheek—almost unconsciously, but not quite. Something undeniably secular filtered from him in that hushed and holy hour. His gay red tie was drawn through a big gold ring, on which even the pale candle-light could not forbear to glitter. His watch-chain was nothing less than gaudy. His chubby figure, with his look of bonhomie, irresistibly suggested, as he knelt, a cherub grown old and worldly.

Vidál was joking him about the señorita half an hour later, while, the fog still heavy, they stood on the curbstone waiting their chance to dodge through the press of vehicles.

The little hidalgo cocked a jaunty eye: "Oh, I tell no tales, and yet I have

seen the day—but, frankly, my boy, I think that I love all womankind too well to lose my heart to any woman in particular. The real romance of life has ever flitted just beyond my reach. I was not worthy of it. The good God made me so—for the little things, not the great. I was not meant for poetry, tragedy, heroism. I have not, as you suggest, seriousness enough for worship. I sometimes wonder if I have even dignity enough for death."

And he heaved such a gusty sigh that Vidál laughed outright. "I shall be roaming the vale of melancholy and wading the stream of sentiment myself," he said, "if I have to live without coffee two minutes longer. Come on! Here's our chance!"

He whipped out into the tumult of the great circle. Quick eye and sturdy legs had nearly brought him through, when an outcry just behind made the reporter wheel about. Any copy here?

The gray mist confused his vision. It could not—could not be Don Rodolfo reeling, with bleeding temple, toward Vidál's strong arms! By the time the young man laid his burden on the sidewalk, consciousness had gone.

But not life. Juan Vidál worked over his father's friend with the concentrated energy of all the modern press. Before the crowd had time to gape, that inert body had been borne to Vidál's own room in the hotel. Before the proprietor had time to remonstrate, Juan had his man undressed, in bed, with doctors bending over him. Before the doctors had time to pronounce him dead, Juan, shouting in his ears, beating his palms, forcing cordials down his throat, had him alive again. So finally the physicians, naturally a little affronted, changed their diagnosis and declared it "a case of contusion attended by nervous shock."

Vidál was utterly astonished to learn, from witnesses of the scene, that he had sprung back with an athlete's bound and dragged Don Rodolfo from what must otherwise have been certain death under the wheels of a loaded omnibus close upon him.

"Never even saw the thing," he affirmed, stoutly. "Would have prosecuted it, if I had. And I could have taken my

oath that I simply stood stock-still in the street and saw Alvarez reeling along toward me."

"He was ten feet away, when you turned," said the bystander, "and was falling already, but he reached his arms toward you as he fell. And you leapt and saved him."

"If ever you dare tell him that," retorted the reporter, "I'll—write you up!"

The little señor rested politely in Vidál's bed all day, but by twilight insisted on returning to Madame, who would, he said, be lonely, missing the parrot. Vidál had made a preliminary call, early in the afternoon, given an account of the morning's peril in his best journalistic style, with all the head-lines, then looked his friend's room over, expressed with extreme clearness his view of the condition in which it was kept, and altogether drawn such a glowing picture of Don Rodolfo's virtues and pointed so forcibly the contrast between what he deserved and what he got, that the old Frenchwoman, quite overawed, repeated, in a spiritual sense, the experience of Lorito. For the first time in her life, she, too, saw herself as others saw her, but, in her case, the consequences were of happy augury. After an hour before the Crucifix, her crutches went clattering about her boarder's room until it really wore such an air of welcome that Don Rodolfo, when he saw it, smiled all over his chubby face and was glad to be at home.

Vidál returned to his hotel by boat. A cab would have been quicker, and time was of importance now, for the reporter had in pocket a telegram from his London chief bidding him be off for St. Petersburg on the midnight train, but he loved the river, and with reason. At evening, most of all, the Seine is an enchanted stream. The great wheel gleams over it with the revolution of many-colored lights, and from the dimness far above flashes out the summit signal of the Eiffel Tower. The busy *bateaux Parisiens* shoot quivering

shafts of white and green and crimson down into the depths, the bridges are spans of splendor, and along the banks open vistas of twinkling boulevards. Now and then two boats, in passing, strike for a second light on light, looking into each other's eyes across the dark water, and in another second are already parted, moving steadily on their respective ways. But machinery knows no heart-ache, and it is joy enough for transient little boats to do the errands of the beautiful, the ever-flowing river.

Vidál's reverie, for which the father in him must be held responsible, was broken in upon by a mellow voice, accosting him in the purest Castilian. Turning quickly, the journalist saluted a stately old gentleman, on whose arm leaned a señorita. There was something familiar about her clear-cut contour and the droop of her jet earrings.

"We beg your pardon, sir," said the Spaniard, bowing with an old-fashioned exaggeration of courtesy, "but may we ask for tidings of your friend, whose gallantry so nearly cost him dear?"

Vidál's eyes began to dance. He had never thought to ask how the accident happened. Had Don Rodolfo really snatched a lady from a lion's jaws? Immense!

"You know that my daughter had dropped her missal," continued the old gentleman, "and in restoring it to her——"

"If he had not paused to lift his hat, there would have been no danger," interposed the girl, her dark eyes gleaming. "I thought that was so very nice of him. And then that dreadful wheel!"

But Vidál was only half of Don Quixote parentage. Before he knew it, the canny Scot was working at the corners of his mouth, leading the old gentleman to add, almost with severity:

"Your friend did well, sir. There are times when it is more important for a gentleman to lift his hat than to save his life."



THE VOICE OF THE SEA

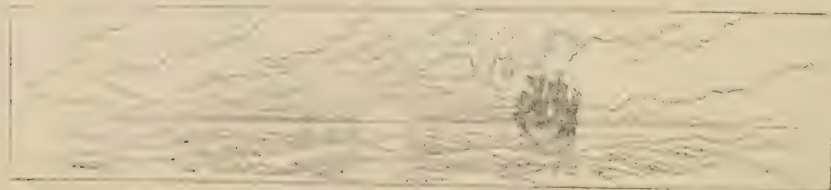
By Thomas Nelson Page

THUS spake to Man the thousand-throated Sea :
Words which the stealing winds caught from its lips :

Thou thinkest thee and thine, God's topmost crown.
But hearken unto me and humbly learn
How infinite thine insignificance.
Thou boastest of thine age—thy works—thyself :
Thine oldest monuments of which thou prat'st
Were built but yesterday when measured by
Yon snow-domed mountains of eternal rock :
The Earth, thy mother, from whose breast thou draw'st,
The sweat-stained living which she wills to give,
And in whose dust thine own must melt again,
Was agèd cycles ere thine earliest dawn ;—
But they to me are young : I gave them birth.
Climb up those heaven-tipt peaks thy dizziest height,
Thou there shalt read, graved deep, my name and age ;
Dig down thy deepest depth, shalt read them still.
Before the mountains sprang, before the Earth,
Thy cradle and thy tomb, was made, I was :
God called them forth from me, as thee from Earth.
Thou burrow'st through a mountain, here and there,
Work'st all thine engines, cutting off a speck ;
I wash their rock-foundations under ; tear
Turret from turret, toppling thundering down,
And crush their mightiest fragments into sand :
Thou gravest with thy records slab and spar,
And callest them memorials of thy Might ;—
Lo ! not a stone exists, from that black cliff
To that small pebble at thy foot, but bears
My signature graved there when Earth was young,
To teach the mighty wonders of the Deep.
Thy deeds—thyself—are what ? A morning mist !
But I ! I face the ages. Dost not know
That as I gave the Earth to spread her fair
And dew-washed body in the morning light,
So, still, 'tis I that keep her fair and fresh ?—
That weave her robes and nightly diamond them ?
I fill her odorous bowers with perfumes rare ;
Strew field and forest with bee-haunted stars ;
I give the Morn pearl for her radiant roof,
And Eve lend glory for her rosy dome ;

The Voice of the Sea

I build the purple towers that hold the West
And guard the passage of Retiring Day.
Thy frailest fabric far outlasts thyself :
The pyramids rise from the desert sands,
Their builders blown in dust about their feet.
The wingèd bull looms mid an alien race,
Grim, silent, lone. But whither went the King ?
I cool the lambent air upon my breast,
And send the winds forth on mine embassies ;
I offer all my body to the Sun,
And lade our caravans with merchandise,
To carry wealth and plenty to all climes.
Yon fleecy continents of floating snow,
That dwarf the mountains over which they sail,
Are but my bales borne by my messengers,
To cheer and gladden every thirsty land.
The Arab by his palm-girt desert pool,
The Laplander above his frozen rill,
The Woodsman couched beside his forest brook,
The shepherd mirrored in his upland spring,
Drink of my cup in one great brotherhood.
'Tis, nay, not man alone—thou art but one
Of all the myriads of life-holding things,—
Brute, beast, bird, reptile, insect, thing unnamed,
Whose souls find recreation in my breath :
Nay, not a tree, flower, sprig of grass or weed,
But lives through me and hymns my praise to God :
I feed, sustain, refresh and keep them all :
Mirror and type of God that giveth life :
I sing as softly as a mother croons
Her drowsy babe to sleep upon her breast.
On quiet nights when all my winds are laid,
I wile the stars down from their azure home
To sink with golden footprints in my depths :
I show the silvered pathway to the moon,
All paved with gems the errant Pleiad lost,
That night she strayed from her sisters wan ;
But I sing other times strains from that song
Before whose awfulness my waters sank,
And at whose harmony the mountains rose,
I heard that morning when the breath of God
Moved on my face, and said, Let there be light !
I thrill and tremble since but at the thought
Of that great wonder of that greatest dawn,
When at God's word the brooding darkness rose,
Which veiled my face from all the birth of things,
And rolled far frightened from its resting-place,
To bide henceforth beyond the walls of day,
While all the morning stars together sang,
And on the instant God stood full revealed !





THE PINES OF LORY*

By J. A. Mitchell

V—WONDERLAND

WHEN Pats, in the early morning light, stepped out upon the deck, he found, enveloping all things, a thick, yellow fog. Miss Marshall, her maid, and Father Burke stood peering over the starboard rail at an approaching life-boat. This boat had been ashore with baggage and was now returning for the passengers.

The fog lifted at intervals, allowing fugitive glimpses of a wooded promontory not a quarter of a mile away.

Pats was struck afresh this morning by Miss Marshall's appearance. She wore a light gray dress and a hat with an impressive bunch of black, and he saw, with sorrowing eyes, that she and all that pertained to her had become more distantly patrician, more generally exalted and unattainable, if possible, than heretofore. He knew little of women's dress, but in the style and cut of this particular gown there existed an indefinable something that warned him off. No mortal woman in such attire could fail to realize her own perfection. He also knew that the apparent simplicity of the hat and gown were delusive.

And this woman was so accustomed to the adoration of men that it only annoyed her! Verily, if there was a gulf between them yesterday, to-day it had become a shoreless ocean!

Moreover, he thought he detected in Father Burke's face, as they shook hands at parting, a look of triumph imperfectly suppressed. While causing a mild chagrin it brought no surprise, as the lady's manner this morning, although civil, was of a temperature to put the chill of death upon presumptuous hope.

After a formal good-by to the uncle, Pats climbed into the little boat and as-

sisted the lady to a seat in the stern. Then he turned about and held forth his hands toward the maid. She stepped back and shook her head.

"Don't be afraid," he said. "There is no danger."

"But I am not going ashore, sir."

He looked toward Miss Marshall, who explained: "Louise is not coming with us. She goes on to Quebec, where I am to meet her in a fortnight."

So they pushed away and rowed off into the fog, waving adieus to the little group that watched them from the *Maid of the North*. Both kept their eyes upon the steamer until a veil of gauze, ethereal but opaque, closed in between them. The sun, still near the horizon, lit up the mist with a golden light, and Pats with the haughty lady seemed floating away into enchanted space.

Nearing the shore they made out more clearly the coast ahead. This fragment of primeval forest, its rocky sides rising fifty feet or thereabouts above the water, was crowned with gigantic pines, their tops, above the mist, all glowing in the morning light. The two passengers regarded this scene in silence, impressed by its savage beauty. The little pier at which they landed, neglected and unsubstantial, seemed barely strong enough to bear their weight.

"Is this the only landing-place?" Pats demanded of the boatswain.

"No, sir. There's another one farther in, but the tide isn't right for it."

Just off the pier stood their trunks, and beside them two boxes and a barrel. Of the three passengers, the gladdest to get ashore, if one could judge by outward manifestations, was Solomon. He ran and barked and wheeled about, jumping against his master as if to impart some of his own en-

* Copyright, 1901, by J. A. Mitchell.

thusiasm. His joy, while less contagious than he himself desired, produced one good result in causing the lady to unbend a little. At first she merely watched him with amusement, then talked and played with him. But not freely and with abandon; only so far as was proper with a dog whose master had become a suspicious character. As the life-boat disappeared toward the invisible steamer Pats turned to his companion.

"Welcome to this island, Miss Marshall. I am now the host—and your humble and obedient vassal. Shall I hurry on ahead and send down for the baggage? Or, shall we go on together and surprise the family?"

Her lips parted to say: "Let us go on together," but she remembered Father Burke and his warning. So she answered, with a glance at the trunks, "Perhaps you should go first. The sooner the baggage is removed the better."

With a little bow of acquiescence Pats turned and climbed the rocky path. She followed, but at a distance, and slowly, that there might be no confusion in his mind as to her desire to walk alone. To make doubly sure she paused about half-way up and listened for a moment to the tumbling of the waves upon the little beach below.

Reaching the top of this path she found herself at the edge of a forest. It was more like a grove—a vast grove of primeval pines. Into the shadow of this wood she entered, then stopped, and gazed about. Such trees she had never seen; an endless vista of gigantic trunks, like the columns of a mighty cathedral, all towering to a vault of green, far above her head. And this effect of an interior—of some boundless temple—was augmented by the smooth, brown floor; a carpet of pine-needles. With upturned face and half-closed eyes the girl drew a long, deep breath. The fragrance of the pines, the sighing of the wind through the canopy above, all were soothing to the senses; and yet, in a dreamy way, they stirred the imagination. This was fairy land—the enchanted forest—the land of poetry and peace—of calm content, far away from common things. And that unending lullaby from above! What music could be sweeter?

From this reverie—of longer duration than she realized—she was awakened by a distant voice of a person shouting. She could see Pats off at the end of the point waving his handkerchief and trying to attract the attention of somebody on the water. Perhaps the gardener, or some fisherman.

Walking farther on, into the wood, she became more and more impressed by the solemn beauty of this paradise. And the carpet of pine-needles seemed placed there with kind intent as if to insure a deeper silence. She resolved to spend much of her time in these woods, and, even now, she found herself almost regretting the proximity of her friends.

In the distance, between the trunks of the trees, came glimpses, first of Solomon, then of his master, moving hastily about as if on urgent business. She smiled, a superior, tolerant smile at the inconsistency—and the sacrilege—of haste or of any kind of business in the sacred twilight of this grove, this realm of peace. And so, she strolled about, resting at intervals, inhaling the odors of the pines, and dreaming dreams.

In these reveries came no thoughts of time until she saw the enemy—Pats—approaching. His silent footsteps on the smooth, brown carpet made him seem but a spirit of the wood—some unsubstantial denizen of this enchanted region. But in his face and manner there was something that dispelled all dreams. He stopped before her, out of breath. "There is no house here!"

With a frown of dismay she took a backward step. Indicating by a gesture the cottage out upon the point, she said:

"The house we saw from the boat; what is that?"

"I cannot imagine. But it is no gardener's cottage."

"Then what is it?"

"Heaven knows," he answered, with a joyless smile. "It looks like a room in a museum, or a bric-à-brac shop."

"But how do you know there is no other house?"

"I have been over the whole point. I climbed that cliff, behind there, and got a view of the country all about. There is not a house in sight."

"Impossible!"

"Nor a settlement of any kind."

"Surely, somebody can give us information."

"So it would seem, but I have hunted in vain for a human being."

"The people you were calling to from the cliff, couldn't they tell you something?"

"There were no people there. I was trying to stop the steamer."

She regarded him in fresh alarm. "Do you mean they have landed us out of our way?—at the wrong place?"

He hesitated. "I am not sure. But we can always get the people of this cottage to take us along in their boat. It is still early; only nine o'clock."

As they walked toward the cottage she noticed that he was short of breath and that he seemed tired. But his manner was cheerful, even inspiriting, and while she took care to remember that he was still in disgrace, she felt her own courage reviving under the influence of his livelier spirits. Besides, as they stepped out of the woods into the open space at the southern end of the point—a space about two acres in extent and covered with grass—and saw the blue sea on three sides, she found new life in the air that came against her face. In deep breaths she inhaled this air. Turning her eyes to her left she beheld for the first time the front of the building they had sighted from the steamer. This building, one story high, of rough stone, was nearly sixty feet long by about thirty feet in width.

"What a fascinating cottage!" she exclaimed. "It is almost covered with ivy, roof and all!"

"Yes, it is picturesque, and I am curious to see the sort of family that lives in such a place."

"Is no one there now?"

"Nobody."

"Nor anywhere near?"

"No. I have looked in every direction—and shouted in every direction. They are probably off in their boat."

As Pats and Elinor approached the building and stood for a moment before the door, a squad of hens and chickens, most of them white, began to gather about. They seemed very trusting and not at all afraid. The guiding spirit of the party—a tall, self-conscious rooster, attired, apparently, in a scarlet cap, a light

gray suit with voluminous knickerbockers, and yellow stockings—studied the newcomers, with his head to one side, expressing himself in sarcastic gutturals.

"That fellow," said Pats, "seems to be making side remarks about us, and they are not complimentary."

His companion paid no attention to this speech. She had regretted her enthusiasm over the cottage. Enthusiasm might encourage a belief that she was enjoying his society. So she remarked, in a colder tone, "I think you had better knock."

He knocked. They listened in silence. He knocked again. Still no answer. Then he opened the door and entered, she following cautiously. After one swift, comprehensive survey, she turned to him in amazement. He was watching her, expecting this effect.

The interior of the building was practically a single room. From the objects contained it might be the hall of a palace, or of an old château—or of a gallery in some great museum. On the walls hung splendid tapestries and rare old paintings. Beneath them stood Italian cabinets of superb design, a marriage chest, a Louis XV. sofa in gilt, upholstered with Beauvais tapestry, chairs and bergère to match. Scattered about were vases in old Sèvres, clocks in ormolu, miniatures and the innumerable objects of ancestral and artistic value pertaining to a noble house. Over all lay the mellowness of age, those harmonies of color that bewitch the antiquary.

Dumfounding it certainly was, the sudden transition from primeval nature without to this sumptuous interior. Conspicuous in the sombre richness of these treasures were two marble busts, standing on either side of the great tapestry fronting the door. They were splendid works of art, larger than life, and represented a lofty individual who might have been a marshal of France with the Grand Condé, and an equally exalted personage, presumably his wife. These impressive ancestors rested on pedestals of Sienna marble.

Elinor Marshall found no words to express her amazement. She stood in silence, her eyes, in a sort of bewilderment, moving rapidly about the room. At last in a low, awe-struck voice she said:

"Have you no idea what it all means?"

"None whatever. But I am sure of one thing, that it has nothing to do with Boyd's Island. If such a house as this were anywhere within reach of my sisters they surely would have mentioned it."

"Oh, surely!"

"It being off here in the wilderness is what takes one's breath away."

"I can't understand it—or even quite believe it yet." Then forgetting herself for an instant, she added, impulsively: "Why, just now I closed my eyes and was surprised, when I opened them again, to find it still here."

"Yes; I expect an old woman with a hook nose to wave a stick and have the whole thing vanish."

As their eyes met she almost smiled. For this lapse of duty to her church and to herself, however, she atoned at once by a sudden frigidity. Turning away she studied a huge tapestry that hung on their left as they entered. This tapestry extended almost across the room, forming a screen to a chamber behind.

"That is a bed-room," said Pats. "I looked in," and he drew aside the tapestry that she might enter. She shook her head and stepped back. But in spite of her respect for the owner's privacy, and before she could avert her eyes, she caught a hasty glimpse of a monumental bed with hangings of faded silk between its massive columns; of two portraits on the walls and an ivory crucifix. This glance at the bed-room served to increase her uneasiness. Moving toward a table that stood near the centre of the room she turned, and regarding Pats with the lofty, far-away air which never failed to congeal his courage, she asked:

"Where do you think we are? How far from your house?"

"I have not the remotest idea. It is hard to guess. But I have a suspicion——"

He hesitated. "Suppose I go out and make another effort to find these people." And he started for the door.

"What is your suspicion?"

He stopped, in obvious uncertainty as to his reply. Looking away through the open door, he said: "Oh, nothing—except that we are not where we want to be."

"Well, what else?"

Pats met her glance and saw that she was becoming distrustful. Standing with one hand upon the ancient table, with the tapestries and busts behind her she was a striking figure, and in perfect harmony with the surrounding magnificence. She reminded him of some picture of an angry queen at bay—confronting her enemies. In her eyes and in her manner he clearly read that she had resolved to know the truth. Moreover, she gave at this moment a distinct impression of being a person of considerable spirit. So, to allay her suspicions, which he could only guess at, he related, after the briefest hesitation, all he had heard the night before between the two sailors, repeating, as nearly as possible, what the drunken man had said. When he had finished she replied, calmly, but evidently repressing her indignation:

"Why did you not tell me this earlier?—on the boat, before it was too late?"

"I did not suppose you would care to know. I attached very little importance to it."

"Importance! I think I might have had some choice as to being landed in the wilderness with you alone, or going on to your sisters."

Pats regarded her in a mild surprise. Her sudden anger was very real. He answered, gently: "The man was so drunk he hardly knew what he was saying. His companion, who probably knew him well, paid no attention to his words."

"But *I* should have paid attention to his words. And so would my uncle, or any friend of mine, if he could have heard him."

Pats, taken aback at the new light in which he stood, retorted, with some feeling:

"I hope you don't mean to say that I did this intentionally?"

"Then why did you keep such information so carefully to yourself?"

"Because when I woke up I found we were here—that is, as I supposed—at Boyd's Island. Both the steward and the first officer told me so. My only doubt when I went to bed was about our getting here. And this morning here we were. It had come out all right, so far as I knew."

With a curl of her lip that expressed a world of incredulity—she dropped into one of the chairs beside the table and rested her chin upon her hand.

In a lower tone he continued: "I have never been here before, and had no idea of how it looked. Why didn't Father Burke tell you this was not the place? He knows our island."

"It was foggy. Nobody could see it. And he knew nothing of the warning you were keeping to yourself."

Beneath this avalanche of contempt, Pats's feeble knees almost let him to the floor.

"Miss Marshall, at least do me the justice to believe——"

"Would you mind leaving me for a time?"

Into his hollow cheeks came a darker color, and he closed his eyes. Then, with a glance of resentment, he took a step or two in her direction as if to speak. But instead of speaking, he turned toward the open door and walked slowly out.

For a long time she remained in the same position, boiling with resentment, yet keeping back her tears. She knew this coast was wild—almost uninhabited, neither to the east nor west a sign of life; behind them, northward, the unending forest. And the owner of this mysterious habitation—what manner of man was he? Perhaps there were several. And she, a woman, alone with these men! From such bitter reflections she was recalled, slowly, by the realization that her eyes were resting upon a little portrait about twice the size of an ordinary miniature,—a woman's face—confronting her from across the table. It hung against the back of the opposite chair, on a level with her own eyes, and was suspended by a narrow black ribbon. An odd place for a portrait; but in glancing at the table in front of her she thought she guessed the reason. Before the place in which she had thrown herself she noticed for the first time a plate, a pewter mug, a napkin, and a knife and fork. Evidently the host expected to eat alone, for there were no other dishes on the table. And the portrait, of course, must be his wife, or his mother, perhaps—or daughter. It proved a pleasant face as it, in turn, regarded her from the little oval frame; rather plump

and youthful, with a curious little mouth and large dark eyes, with a peculiar droop at the outer corners. The hair was drawn up, away from the forehead. The shoulders were bare, and a string of pearls encircled the neck. She was dark, with good features, not strictly beautiful, but gentle and somewhat melancholy, in spite of the mirthful eyes.

So this was the romance of their mysterious host! She of the miniature, whatever her title—wife, mother, daughter, or sweetheart—was ever present at his table, looking into his eyes across the board.

The American girl felt a quickening interest in this host. Was it love that drove him to the wilderness? And why did he bring into it such a wealth of household gods?

As she leaned back in the old-fashioned chair, her eyes wandering over the various objects in this unaccountable abode, her imagination began to play, giving a life and history to the people in the tapestries and portraits. The outside world was almost forgotten when she was recalled to herself by the chimes of an enormous clock behind the door. This triumph of a previous century, after tolling twelve, rambled off with a music-box accompaniment into the quaint old minuet attributed to Louis XIII. Before it had finished two other clocks began their mid-day strike.

Elinor looked about in alarm under a vague impression that the various objects in the room were coming to life. Then, with the reaction, she smiled and thought,

"Our friend is methodical with his clocks."

But still, in this atmosphere, she was not at ease; there was an excess of mystery; too much that needed explanation. And now that it was mid-day the host might return at any moment and find her there, alone. So she went out; and to avoid any appearance of pursuing Mr. Boyd, she followed a little path behind the house that led among the pines. Hardly had she entered the wood, however, when she saw, off to her right and not many yards away, the man she was trying to escape. He was lying at full length along the ground, one arm for a pillow, his face against the pine-needles. In this prostrate figure every line bore witness to a measureless despair.

In her one glance she had seen that Solomon, as he sat by his master's head, was following her with his eyes. And these eyes seemed to say: "We stand or fall together, he and I. So go about your business."

She also saw that a warning from the watcher had aroused the downcast figure; for it raised its head and looked about. Mortified and angry with herself, and still angrier with him, she averted her eyes and passed coldly on; but with the consolation of having witnessed some indication of his own misery and repentance. However, it was an empty joy. Of what avail his remorse? The evil was done; her good name was forever compromised.

Preoccupied with these thoughts she halted suddenly, and with a shock. At her feet, across the little path she had unconsciously followed, stretched an open grave. It was not a fresh grave, for on the bottom lay a covering of pine-needles. And the rough pile of earth alongside was also covered with them. Projecting from the sides were several roots, feeders sent out by the great trees above; and from the stumps of other and larger roots it was evident that he who dug the grave had been driven to use the axe as well as the shovel. Close beside this grave was a mound with a wooden cross at the head.

"There," she thought, "rests the lady of the miniature—perhaps." This mound was also covered with pine-needles, as if Nature were helping someone to forget.

The silence of this spot, the murmuring of the wind among the branches high above, all tended to a somewhat mournful reverie; and she wondered how this empty grave had been cheated of its tenant. With reverence she gazed upon the primitive wooden cross, evidently put together by inexperienced hands. Then she looked upward, as if to question the voices in the boughs above. But of the empty grave and its companion the whispering pines told nothing.

Approaching footsteps gave no sound in this forest and she was startled by a cough behind her. It was only Pats, not wishing to startle her by a sudden presence. His face seemed flushed, and even thinner than before; and about his mouth had come a drawn and sensitive look. But her eyes rested coldly upon him as

they would rest upon any repugnant object that she despised, but did not fear.

Smiling with an effort, he said: "Excuse my following you, but it is nearly one o'clock and time for food. I am sure we can find something in that cottage."

"I am not hungry."

"Did you have breakfast on the boat?"

"No."

"Then you *must* be hungry."

"I do not care to eat." And she turned away.

"Excuse me, Miss Marshall," and he spoke more seriously, "pardon my giving you advice, but you have had a hard morning and you will feel better, later on, for a little food. As for me, I have had nothing since yesterday, and shall collapse without it. Suppose I go to the house and scrape up some sort of a lunch. Won't you come there in a few minutes?"

Her eyes travelled frigidly from his face to his feet. But before she could reply he added:

"Besides, the owner may come back, now, at any minute, and if he finds us together it will save time in our getting off."

Turning away to resume her walk she answered, indifferently: "Very well, I will be there soon."



VI—THE SECRET OF THE PINES

AT one o'clock the lunch was served.

Pats had placed before the lady a portion of a ham, a plate of crackers, some marmalade and a bottle of claret.

"There are provisions in the cellar," he said, "to last a year; sacks of flour, dried apples, preserved fruits, potatoes, all sorts of canned things, and claret by the dozen."

As he spoke he laid his hand upon the back of the chair that held the miniature—the seat opposite her own.

"Don't sit there!" she exclaimed. "We must respect the customs of the house."

"Of course!" and he drew up another seat.

Food and a little wine tended to freshen

the spirits of both travellers. Pats especially acquired new life and strength. The arrival of a glass or two of claret in his yearning stomach revived his hopes and loosened his tongue. Noticing that her eyes were constantly returning to the little portrait that faced her, he said, at last :

"By the way, there is something in the cellar that may throw some light on this lady, or on that empty grave back there." And he nodded toward the pines.

"What is that?"

"A coffin."

He smiled at her surprise and horror. In a low voice, she murmured :

"It is empty, of course!"

"Yes, I raised the lid."

"What can it mean?"

"I have no idea, unless someone disappointed somebody else by remaining alive, when he—or she—ought to be dead. That sometimes happens."

"It is very mysterious," and she looked into the eyes of the miniature as if for enlightenment.

"Very, indeed; but on the other hand, certain things are pretty evident. Such as the character of our host, and various points in his career."

"You mean that he is a hermit with a history?"

"Yes, and more specific than that!" Then, turning about in his chair and surveying the room: "He is an aristocrat, to begin with. These works of art are ancestral. They are no amateur's collection. Moreover, he left France because he had to. A man of his position does not bring his treasures into the wilderness for the fun of it. And when he settled here he had no intention of being hunted up by his friends—or by his enemies."

Elinor, with averted eyes, listened politely, but with no encouraging display of interest.

"But let us be sure he is not within hearing," Pats added, and he stepped to the door and looked about. "Not a sail in sight."

At this point Solomon renewed his efforts to get his master to follow him, but in vain.

"Why don't you go with him?" said Elinor. "He may have made an important discovery, like the graves, perhaps."

"More likely a woodchuck's hole, or a squirrel track. Besides," he added, with a smile, as he dropped into his chair again, "these broomsticks of mine have collapsed once to-day, and I am becoming cautious. It has been a lively morning—for a convalescent."

With a look that was almost, but not quite, sympathetic, she replied: "You have done too much. Stay here and rest. I will go with him, just for curiosity."

She went out, preceded by the bounding Solomon. Through the open door Pats watched them, and into his face came a graver look as he followed, with his eyes, the graceful figure in the gray dress until it disappeared from the sunlight among the shadows of the forest.

That he and she were stranded at a point far away from his own home he had little doubt. No such extraordinary house as this could have existed within fifty miles of Boyd's Island without his hearing of it. Moreover, he keenly regretted on her account his own physical condition. Since rising from his bed of fever he had carefully avoided all fatigue, according to his doctor's injunction. But now, after this morning's efforts, his legs were weak and his head was flighty. Things showed a tendency to dance before his eyes in a way that he had not experienced heretofore. When he lay upon the ground an hour ago he did it, among other reasons, to avoid tumbling from dizziness and exhaustion.

The lady's situation was bad enough already. To have a collapsible man upon her hands was a supreme and final calamity that he wished to spare her. He leaned back in his chair and rested his feet on the heavy carving beneath the table. How good it was, this relaxation of all one's muscles!

The pompous rooster, with a few favorites of his seraglio, came and stood about the open door, eying him in disapproval, and always muttering.

In looking idly about Pats found himself becoming interested in the huge tapestry extending across the room at his right; the one that served as a screen to the bed-chamber. While no expert in such matters, he recognized in this tapestry a splendid work of art, both from its color and wealth of detail, and from the quality

of its material. The more he studied it the deeper became his interest—and his amusement. The scene, a formal Italian garden of the sixteenth century, of vast dimensions, showed fountains and statues without limit, and trees trimmed in fantastic shapes, with a château in the background. But the central group of figures brought a smile to his face. For, while the gardens were filled with lords and ladies of the court of Henri III., those in the foreground being nearly the size of life—all clad in their richest attire, feathers in their hats, high ruffs about the neck, and resplendent with jewels, the ladies in stiff bodices and voluminous skirts—there were two figures in the centre in startling contrast with their overdressed companions. These two, a man and a woman, wore nothing except a garland of leaves about the hips.

Pats smiled, and even forgot his fatigue, as he realized that he was gazing upon a serious conception of the Garden of Eden. And the bride and groom showed no embarrassment. The groom was pointing, in an easy manner, to anything, anywhere, while the bride, in a graceful but self-conscious pose, ignored his remarks.

And all the lords and ladies round about accepted, as a matter of course, the nakedness of this unconventional pair. While still fascinated by the brazen indifference of this famous couple and pleasantly shocked by their disregard for all the rules of propriety, he was aroused by the sudden appearance in the doorway of Elinor Marshall. She had evidently been hurrying. There was excitement in her voice as she exclaimed :

“He is here ! He has come back !”

“The owner ?”

“Yes, he is taking a nap on a bench, on the other side of the point.”

In another moment Pats was beside her, both walking rapidly through the wood. Approaching the western edge of the point they saw, between the trees, a figure sitting upon a bench, overlooking the water, his back toward them. With one elbow upon an arm of the rustic seat, his cheek resting on his hand and his knees crossed, he seemed in full enjoyment of a nap.

Pats took a position in front of the sleeper, at a respectful distance, then said, in a voice not too loud :

“I beg your pardon, sir.”

There was no responsive movement. When it became clear that he had not been heard, Pats stepped a very little nearer, and repeated, in a louder tone :

“I beg your pardon, sir.”

Still the sleeper slept.

Pats glanced at Elinor Marshall, who smiled, involuntarily. Pats also smiled, as he realized that this ceremonious and somewhat labored greeting had a distinctly comic side ; especially when so completely thrown away. However, he was about to repeat the salutation and in a louder voice, when he was struck by the color of the hand against the cheek. He went nearer and stooping down looked up into the sleeper’s face. A glance was enough.

Slowly he straightened up, then reverently removed his hat.

Elinor, with a look of awe, came nearer and whispered :

“Dead ! Is it possible ?”

For a moment both stood in silence, looking down upon the seated figure. It was that of an elderly man, short, and slight of frame, with thick gray hair, and a beard cut roughly to a point. The face, brown, thin, and bony, was unduly emphasized by a Roman nose, too large for the other features. But the face, as a whole, impressed the two people now regarding it as almost handsome. He was clad in a dark gray suit, and a soft felt hat lay upon the seat beside him.

“How long has he been here, do you think ?” asked Elinor, in a low voice.

“A day or two, I should say. His clothes are a little damp, and there are pine-needles on his shoulders, and on his head.”

“But how dreadfully sudden it must have come ! Not a change in his position, or in his expression, even.”

“An ideal death,” said Pats. “I have helped bury a good many men this year, both friends and enemies, but very few went off as comfortably as this.”

He took out his watch, seemed to hesitate a moment, then said, reluctantly :

“This is bad for us, you know, finding him dead this way.”

“Why ?”

“It means there is no boat to get away with.”

A look of alarm came into her face.

"We may as well face the situation," he continued, looking off over the water. "This man lived here alone, as we know from what we have seen in his house. And he evidently selected this place, not wishing to be disturbed. We are at the end of a bay at least ten miles deep, with no settlement in sight. There is nothing whatever to bring a visitor in here. The traffic of the gulf is away out there, perhaps thirty miles from here."

She made no reply. Venturing to glance at her face, he saw there were no signs of anger ; only a look of anxiety.

"I will tell you just what I think, Miss Marshall, and you can act accordingly. I shall, of course, do whatever you wish. But as nearly as I can judge, we are prisoners until we can get away by tramping through the wilderness."

He indicated, with a gesture, the broad current at their feet, washing the western edge of the point. "That river we can never cross without a boat, or a raft ; and in that direction—I don't know how many miles away—is Boyd's Island. In the other direction, to the east, there is nothing but wilderness for an indefinite distance. That is, I think so. Now, if you prefer, I will go up this bank of the river at once, tie some logs together and try for a passage ; then push on as fast as possible for our place, or the nearest settlement, and come back for you. Or, I will stay until we can go on together. Whatever you decide shall be done."

He had spoken rapidly and was ill at ease, watching her earnestly all the while.

As for her, she was dismayed by his words. She had been listening with a growing terror. Now, she turned away to conceal a tendency to tears. But this was repressed. With no resentment, but with obvious emotion, she inquired :

"Can you get across the river ?"

"Very likely."

"If you fail, or if anything happens to you, what becomes of me ?"

"You would be here alone, and in a very bad plight. For that reason I think I would better stay until we can start together."

A slight gesture of resignation was her only reply. There was a pause, uncomfortable for Pats from his consciousness

of her low opinion of him. However, he continued in a somewhat perfunctory way, turning to the silent occupant of the bench.

"Now, as we take possession of this place, the least we can do is to give the owner a decent burial. Fortunately for us a grave is dug and a coffin ready."

"Yes, *his* grave and *his* coffin," and she regarded with a gentler expression the sitting figure. "And I think I know why he dug the grave."

"To save somebody else the trouble ?"

"To be sure of resting beside his companion."

"Of course ! that explains it all. He knew that strangers might bury him in the easiest place ; that they would never chop through all those roots."

He stepped around behind the body, placed his hands under the arms, and made an effort to raise it, but the weight was beyond his strength. Looking toward his companion with an apologetic smile, he said : "I am sorry to be so useless, but—together we can carry him, if you don't mind."

At this suggestion Elinor, with a look of horror, took a backward step.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "for suggesting it. I have been doing so much of this work that I had forgotten how it affected others."

"What work ?"

"Burying people. In the Transvaal. One morning, with a squad, I buried twenty-eight. Nine of them my own friends. So, if I go about this in the simplest way do not think it is from want of sympathy."

"I shall understand."

"Then I will bring that wheelbarrow I saw behind the house."

He started off, then stopped as if to say something, but hesitated.

"What is it, Mr. Boyd ?"

"I am afraid that coffin is too heavy for me. Would you mind helping with it ?"

"No. And I can help you with the body, too, if necessary." And together they returned to the cottage.

Never, probably, did simpler obsequies befall a peer of France.

Sitting up in the same position as on

the rustic bench, his cheek upon his hand, his elbow on the side of the barrow, the hermit was wheeled to his final resting-place beneath the pines. Beside him, with a helping hand, walked Elinor Marshall, shocked and saddened by these awful incongruities.

Behind came Solomon.

Among the pines, in the solemn shade of this cathedral, grander and more impressive than any human temple, moved the little procession.

No requiem; only the murmuring in the boughs above, those far-away voices, dearer to him, perhaps—and to his companion in the grave beside—than all other music.



VII—THE CLOUDS GATHER

THE supper that evening was late.

After the simple repast—of crackers, tongue, and a cup of tea—Pats and Elinor strolled out into the twilight and sat upon a rock. The rock was at the very tip of the point, overlooking the water to the south.

On the right, off to the west, the land showed merely as a purple strip in the fading light, stretching out into the gulf a dozen miles or more. Behind it the sinking sun had left a bar of crimson light. To the east lay another headland running, like its neighbor, many miles to the south. These two coasts formed a vast bay, at whose northern extremity lay the little point at which Miss Elinor Marshall and Mr. Patrick Boyd had been landed by the *Maid of the North*. In the gathering gloom this prospect, with the towering forest that lay behind, was impressive—and solemn. And the solemnity of the scene was intensified by the primeval solitude; the absence of all sign of human life.

Both travellers were silent, thoughtful, and very tired. They sat in silence. It had been a long day, and then, the misunderstanding in the middle of it had told considerably upon the nerves of both.

To Pats the most exhausting experience of all had been the business of the baggage; its transportation from the beach below to the house above. Elinor's trunk being far too heavy for their own four hands, Pats had suggested carrying the trays up separately, and this was done. Certain things from his own trunk he had lugged off into the woods, where, as he said:

"There's a little outbuilding that will do for me. Not a royal museum like this of yours, but good accommodations for a bachelor."

She did not inquire as to particulars. The gentleman's bed-chamber was not a subject on which she cared to encourage confidences.

Her fatigue had merely created a wholesome desire for rest; the sleepiness and indifference that come from weary muscles. But Pat's exhaustion was of a different sort. All the strength of his body seemed gone. Every muscle, cord, and sinew was unstrung. His spine seemed on the point of folding up. A hollow, nervous feeling had settled in the back of his head, and being something new it caused him a mild uneasiness. Moreover, his hands and feet were cold. Dispiriting chills travelled up and down his back at intervals. This might be owing to the change in temperature, as a storm was evidently brewing.

The wind from the northwest had grown several degrees colder since the sun went down, and the heavens were sombre. There was not a star in sight. A yearning to close his eyes and go to sleep came over him, but he remembered how offensive was his presence to this lady, even at his best behavior. He must take no liberties; so he remarked, cheerfully, in a tone indicative of suppressed exuberance of spirit:

"I hope you will not feel nervous in your château to-night."

"No, I think not. It is a weird place to sleep in, however."

"Yes, it is. Wouldn't you like me to sleep just outside, near the door? I am used to camping out, you know."

"No, I thank you. I shall get along very well, I have no doubt."

After that a prolonged silence. At last the lady arose.

"I think I shall go in, Mr. Boyd. I find I am very tired."

While they were groping about the cottage for a lamp, Elinor remembered two candelabra that stood upon a cabinet, stately works of art in bronze and gilt, very heavy, with five candles to each. One of them was taken down.

"Don't light them all," said Elinor. "We must not be extravagant."

But Pats did light them all, saying: "This is a special occasion, and you are the guest of honor."

The guest of honor looked around this ever-surprising interior and experienced a peculiar sense of fear. She kept it to herself, however; but as her eyes moved swiftly from the life-sized figures in the tapestry to the sharply defined busts, and then to the canvas faces, the whole room seemed alive with people.

"Plenty of company here," said Pats, reading her expression. "But in your chamber, there, you will have fewer companions, only the host and his wife." Then, with a smile, "Excuse my suggesting it, if an impertinence, but if you would like to have me take a look under that monumental bed I shall be most happy to do it."

She hesitated, yet she knew she would do it herself, after he had gone. While she was hesitating, Pats drew aside the tapestry and passed with the candelabrum into the chamber. He made a careful survey of the territory beneath the bed and reported it free of robbers. Solomon, also, was investigating; and Pats, who was doing this solely for Elinor's peace of mind, knew well that if a human being were anywhere about the dog would long ago have announced him. But they made a tour of the room, looking behind and under the larger objects, lifting the lids of the marriage chests and opening the doors of the cupboard. Into the cellar, too, they descended, and made a careful search. The five candles produced a weird effect in their promenade along this subterranean apartment, lighting up an astonishing medley of furniture, garden implements, empty bottles, the posts and side pieces of an extra bed, a broken statue, another wheelbarrow, a lot of kindling wood, and the empty corner where the coffin had awaited its mission. There

seemed to be everything except the man they were looking for.

"Fearfully cold down here!" Pats' teeth chattered as he spoke, and he shivered from crown to heel.

"Cold! It doesn't seem so to me," and her tone suggested a somewhat contemptuous surprise.

"To me it is like the chill of death." The candles shook in his hand as he spoke.

"Perhaps you have taken cold," and with stately indifference she moved on toward the stairs.

"Proximity of a Boston iceberg more likely." But this was not spoken aloud.

Upstairs, when about to take his departure, Pats was still shivering. As he stood for a moment before the embers in the big open fireplace at the end of the cottage, his eyes rested upon a chest near by, with a rug and a cushion on the top, evidently used as a lounge by the owner. After hesitating a moment, he asked:

"Would you object to my occupying the top of that chest, just for to-night?"

As she turned toward him he detected a straightening of the figure and the now familiar loftiness of manner which he knew to be unfailing signs of anger—or contempt. Possibly both.

"Certainly not. If you have a cold, it is better you should remain near the fire. I have no objections to sleeping in that other house. You say there *is* another house."

"Oh, yes! There is another house," he hastened to explain. "And it's plenty good enough. Of course I shall go there. I beg your pardon for suggesting anything else. I forgot my resolve. I didn't realize what I was doing."

"I prefer going there myself," she said, rapidly. "I *much* prefer it."

And she turned toward the chamber to make arrangements for departure. But Pats stepped forward and said, decisively, and in a tone that surprised her:

"You stay here. I go to the other house myself."

He took his hat, and with Solomon at his heels strode rapidly to the door. There he stopped, and with his hand on the latch said, more gently, in his usual manner:

"Wouldn't you like Solomon to stay

here with you? He is lots of company; and a protector."

She made no reply, but looked with glacial indifference from the man to his dog.

"You would feel less lonesome, I know." Patting Solomon on the head and pointing to the haughty figure, "You stay here, old man. That's all right. I'll see you in the morning."

The dog clearly preferred going with his master, but Pats with a pleasant good-night to the lady stepped out into the darkness and closed the door behind him.

Solomon, with his nose to the door, stood for several moments in silent protest against this desertion. Later, however, he followed Elinor into the bed-chamber, and although his presence gave her courage and was distinctly a solace, she remained vaguely apprehensive and too ill at ease to undress and go to bed; so, instead, she lay on the outside of it, in a wrapper.

Without, the northeast wind had become a gale. The howling of the storm, together with the ghostly silence of the many-peopled room excited her imagination and quickened her fears.

But weariness and perfect physical relaxation overcame exhausted nerves, and at last the lady slept.



VIII—"WOMEN ARE DEVILS"

So sound was Elinor Marshall's sleep that when she awoke the old clock behind the door was celebrating, with its usual music, the hour of nine. From the fury of the rain upon the roof and the sheets of water coursing down the little panes of the window in her chamber, it seemed as if a deluge had arrived. And upon opening the front door she stepped hastily back to avoid the water from the roof and the spattering from the doorstep. But Solomon was not afraid. He darted out into the rain and disappeared among the pines.

"Mr. Boyd will surely get a soaking when he comes for his breakfast," she thought. And she wondered, casually, if he had a waterproof or an umbrella. He would soon appear, probably, and, as

men were always hungry, she turned her attention to hunting up food and coffee for a breakfast. These were easily found. Having started a fire and set the table for two she got the coffee under way. Crackers, boiled eggs, sardines, marmalade, cold ham, and apples were to appear at this repast.

But at ten o'clock Mr. Boyd had not appeared. At half-past ten she realized the folly of waiting indefinitely for a man who preferred his bed to his breakfast, and she sat down alone. In the midst of her meal, however, she heard Solomon scratching at the door. No sooner had he entered—dripping with rain—than he began the same pantomime of entreaty as that of yesterday when he tried to get somebody to follow him. Now, perhaps his master was in trouble.

But Elinor remembered what Mr. Boyd himself had said, "He has probably found a woodchuck or a squirrel track."

Looking out into the driving rain she decided to take the benefit of the doubt. But Solomon was persistent; so aggressively persistent that in the end he became convincing. At last she put on her waterproof and plunged forth into the tempest, the overjoyed dog capering wildly in front. Straight into the woods he led her.

Only a short distance had they travelled among the pines when she stopped, with a new fear, at the sound of voices. Two men, she thought, were quarrelling. Then, a moment later, she heard the fragment of a song. After listening more attentively she decided that the voice of Mr. Boyd was the only one she heard. But was he intoxicated? All she caught was a senseless, almost incoherent flow of language, with laughable attempts at singing. At this, Elinor was on the point of turning back, prompted both by terror and disgust, when Solomon, with increasing vehemence, renewed his exhortations. She yielded, and a few steps farther the sight of Pats lying upon the ground at the foot of a gigantic pine, his valise beside him, its contents, now soaked with rain and scattered about, brought a twinge of remorse.

So he had done this rather than oppose her ideas of propriety! And yesterday, when he spoke of another house, she, in her heart, had not believed him.

All scruples regarding intoxication were dismissed. She hastened forward and knelt beside him. Pats, with feverish face, lay on his back in wild delirium. The pine-needles that formed his bed were soggy with rain, and his clothing was soaked. She laid her hand against his face and found it hot. His eyes met hers with no sign of recognition.

"That's all right," he muttered, rolling his head from side to side, "nobody denies it. Run your own business; but I want my clothes. Damn it, I'm freezing!"

His teeth chattered and he shook his fist in an invisible face. Involuntarily, from a sense of helplessness, she looked vaguely about as if seeking aid.

Here, in the woods, was protection from the wind, but the branches aloft were moving and tossing from the fury of the gale above. The usual murmuring of the pines had become a roar. Great drops of rain, shaken from this surging vault, fell in fitful but copious showers. This constant roar—not unlike the ocean in a gale—the sombre light, the helpless and perhaps dying man before her, the chill and mortal dampness of all and everything around, for an instant congealed her courage and took away her strength. But this she fought against. All her powers of persuasion, and all her strength, she employed to get him on his feet. Pats, although wild in speech and reckless in gesture, was docile and willing to obey. The weakness of his own legs, however, threatened to bring his rescuer and himself to the ground. And, all the time, a constant flow of crazy speech and foolish, feeble song.

Half-way to the cottage he stopped, wrenched his arm from her grasp and demanded, with a frown: "I say; you expect decent things of a woman, don't you?"

"Yes, of course." And she nodded assent, trying to lead him on again. But he pushed her away and would have fallen with the effort had she not caught him in time.

"Well, there's this about it," he continued, trying feebly to shake his arm from her hands yet staggering along where she led, "I'm not stuck on that woman or on any other. I'm not in that line of business. Do I look like a one-eyed ass?"

"No, no, not at all!" And, gently, she urged him forward.

"Because three or four fools are gone over her she thinks everybody else—oh! who cares, anyway? Let her think!"

It was a zig-zag journey. He reeled and plunged, dragging her in all directions; and so yielding were his knees that she doubted if they could bear him to the house. Once, when seemingly on the point of a collapse, he muttered, in a confidential tone: "This hauling guns under an almighty frying sun does give you a thirst, hey? Say, am I right, or not?"

"Yes, yes, you are right. Come along: just a little farther."

"Did you ever swim in champagne with your mouth open?"

"No."

"What a fool!"

Then he stopped, straightened up and sang, in a die-away, broken voice, with chattering teeth:

See the Britons, Bloody Britons,
Millions of 'em doncherknow,
All a swarming up the kopje—
Just to turn about an hopje!
O, where in hell to go!
Bloody Britons!

Grasping her roughly by the shoulder, he exclaimed: "Why don't you join in the chorus, you blithering idiot?"

This song, in fragments and with variations, he sang—or rather tried to sing—repeatedly. At the edge of the woods he seemed to shrink from the fury of the storm which drove, in cutting blasts, against their faces. And on the threshold of the cottage he again held back. In the doorway, leaning against the jamb, he said, solemnly:

"Look here, young feller, just mark my words, women are devils. The less you have to do with them the better for you. D—n the whole tribe! That's what I say!"

But she dragged him in and supported him to a chair before the fire. He sat shivering with cold, his chin upon his breast, apparently exhausted by the walk. The water dripping from his saturated garments formed a puddle about him.

Elinor, for a moment, stood regarding him in heart-stricken silence. Once more she felt of his clothes, then, after an inward struggle, she made a resolve. As she did it the color came into her cheeks.

THE POINT OF VIEW

College
and Business.

A "MAGNATE" has lately been making some remarks in disparagement of a college education as a preparation for business, which perhaps deserve more attention than they have received. He was addressing an assembly of newsboys, of whom few or none could expect to "go through college." It was entirely natural and proper that he should emphasize the fact that, nevertheless, they might reasonably look forward to becoming useful and prosperous and even eminent citizens. But he went much farther. He told them that a college education was a distinct and grievous handicap, and that the boy who spent the four or five years before his legal majority in study was at a hopeless disadvantage, compared with the boy who spent them in actual work for pay.

Evidently, if this magnate be right, the old-fashioned boy who "worked his way through college" was all wrong in making the sacrifices that process entailed. And so are all the magnates who have endeavored to bring college within the reach of a greater number of youth. So numerous have they become in this country of late that to vilipend a college education amounts almost to "scandalum magnatum." Very particularly is it a reproach to that particular magnate who built up the great business of which the dissenting magnate is now the administrative head, at the largest salary paid in the United States, and doubtless in the world. For Mr. Carnegie is so insensible of his own blessings in having been spared the drawback of a college education that he has created an endowment, at the amount of which his native island stands aghast, for the express purpose of enabling a greater number of Scottish youth to incur what his successor insists is a disadvantage.

Mr. Kipling has presented us, in a fiction of which this part seems to be pretty securely founded on fact, with a magnate of quite another way of thinking from that of the

magnate whose remarks we are taking for a text. "I made the same mistake myself of starting in too soon," said Harvey Cheyne to his rescued and regenerated son, regenerated, it is true, by "The Gospel of Work:" "I can't compete with the men who have been taught . . . I can break them to little pieces, yes, but I can't get back at 'em to hurt 'em where they live. . . . You'll have to stow away the plain, common, sit-down-with-your-chin-on-your-elbows book learning."

Here are two views of "The Education of a Prince," or of a magnate! And the practice seems to be as diverse as the theory. A statistical inquiry, whether or not it would show that the multi-millionnaires are divided with an approach to evenness about the rearing of their young, would at any rate show that they were divided between those who thought it desirable that a boy should know nothing but his particular business, and those who considered it desirable that, in the lofty language of the late John Stuart Mill, he should "bring the light of general culture to illuminate the technicalities of a particular pursuit." In the nature of the case, there can be no Tiresias, who can be called as an expert witness on each side. But without doubt there are more untutored magnates who are willing to handicap their sons by giving them a "regular education" than there are magnates, themselves college bred, who save their children from that disadvantage. In fact, the college-bred man who does not desire a college education for his young is so rare as to be negligible. That may pretty safely be said of such an education which Bishop Warburton, in the House of Lords, said about high birth: "He never knew anyone to despise it who had it, and he never knew anyone to boast of it who had anything else to boast of." And whichever system may most conduce to the getting of money, there can be little question which confession of faith comes with the better grace from a

magnate who has not himself experimental knowledge of "a regular education."

The difference of view is ultimately a matter of standards, a question of what constitutes "success in life." The maker of the address referred to is untroubled by any doubts on that score. There is a frankness bordering on naïveté in the assumption that there is only one success, and that the commercial; and doubtless the assumption has always been popular that a man's life does, as a matter of fact, consist in the abundance of the things which he possesseth. Though it is seldom avowed so candidly, it has always formed the working hypothesis of the greater part of mankind:

At bona pars hominum, decepta cupidine falso,
"Nil satis est" inquit, "quia tanti quantum habeas
sis."

And Carlyle declares the practical "Hell of the English" to consist in "not making money." But it is doubtful whether the mercantile standard of success has ever so exclusively prevailed as in this country and at this time. In Horace's Rome and in Carlyle's England rank and birth constituted an effectual offset to mere money, and set up an additional and to some extent a competing standard. Ours is the most complete plutocracy in the world, as it would need to be to embolden a plutocrat to hold up his own success as the only one worth attaining. And yet all the philosophers, from Solomon to Emerson, have opposed and resisted that view. It was Emerson who said, and at a college commencement: "It is this domineering temper of the sensual world that creates the extreme need of the priests of science, and it is the office and right of the intellect to make and not take its estimate."

IT is the opinion of Mr. Bernard Shaw, as expressed in a characteristic preface to a late volume of his plays, that the nature of the English people has, within the past ten years, undergone certain conspicuous modifications. Setting aside possible exaggeration in the setting forth of his views, what Mr.

Practical Edu-
cation and
Romanticism.

Shaw says on the subject has a considerable significance, especially owing to the larger inferences which he draws from his premises. It is, furthermore, an interest which can perfectly extend to Americans, since the signs noted

by Mr. Shaw in England others might also have had occasion to discover among ourselves. And indeed others have already discovered them. It was said of us more than once, in connection with recent national events, that we were capable of manifesting an excitability which was more akin to what we commonly prefer to ascribe to certain Continental peoples than it was to the standard traits of our own stock. Such excitability—"Theatricality" is his own word for it—Mr. Shaw believes to have been steadily mounting in force among the English, usually so solid and stolid; and this he ascribes to the pronounced romanticism of taste developed among them by the literature, the books and plays, of the past five years; a taste which has caused them to lose their true sense of the realities, with all the steadying effects thereof.

It will not be disputed that the special style of literature in vogue during a period leaves its impress upon it, nor will it be gainsaid that the demands and tastes of the period in turn determine the essential nature of its literary supply. We are hearing it said on all sides now that popular education accounts for the love of the novel of adventure. Popular education creates an enlarged reading public, but one which does not wish to have the realities of life laid before it; which, indeed, in many cases, reads, or goes to the play, just to escape reality. If one accept this explanation of certain present phenomena it is only going a step farther to find in all democratically organized, popularly educated societies an inherent inclination toward romanticism. As no countries have carried the modern experiment so far as the English-speaking countries, we ought not to be surprised to see a strong bent toward the romantic attitude showing itself, in many directions, in an English or American public; the romantic attitude here meaning any attitude betraying absence of a full perception of the realities, or disinclination to look at them.

Out of all this we seem to draw three propositions: that democracy appears to presuppose a certain sort of popular education, that without that education there would be no democracy, and yet that that education is calculated to destroy the sense of the realities. Now how is this? The very plea made for the education which, more and more, is prevailing against the classical education, is just this—that it cultivates the true perception of

real things. It is a "practical" education for that precise reason, say its advocates. The case was re-stated for it by one of them at the last meeting of the National Educational Association in Chicago. The kindergarten awakened the child to a "perception of the life of which he was a part." Then all the later schoolwork, which proceeded upon the same technical or industrial observation-of-objects ideals as the kindergarten, would necessarily be closely "linked with life." The familiar objection to the classical ideal of education has always been, of course, that it failed to induce the child, or the man, effectually to "take notice." The practical education, which teaches the youth from the beginning that he cannot shape his work toward one definite career too soon, since complete ability to do one thing well is the true test of the capable, successful man, secures, on the contrary, this "taking notice"; forces, in other words, the realities so near that their very substance and quality can be felt with the hand.

This is the theory, and, while it has assuredly been strenuously opposed, it is incontestable that the generation now "arriving" has been moulded upon it, in the main, very closely. Why, then, should this same generation manifest so much liking for the roman-

tic fiction, the romantic plays, which are a means of getting away from the real conditions of existence? It may very probably be that this liking is a taste of the moment, without ulterior connections or deeper significances. And, indeed, it seems to have been too much overlooked by some writers who have no love for the novel of adventure, that it is by no means the first time in the world that romance has been in high favor. It is none the less true that this subject does suggest another of far greater moment, which is the question what the "popular" education ought to be, and whether the democratic state of modern man really needs exactly that form of it which is now so insisted upon as essential to its maintenance and well-being. To perceive the realities in the high sense, and in that sense be willing to abide by them, is never, at any time, the portion of more than the few. But general education goes forward, very properly, on the assumption that all may be made in some degree to know the life to which they belong, to *realize* it. Realization comes, however, only in part through the development of practical efficiency. It comes also through the unfolding of the spiritual nature, the growth of moral vision, the dreams of the imagination—to none of which is the "classical" education a stranger.



THE FIELD OF ART

CONCERNING ARCHITECTURAL DECORATION—A MURAL PAINTER'S LETTER TO HIS PUPILS

I

IT is proverbial that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. Truly, at certain times and in certain moods and at the sight of certain things I think quite the contrary, and hold that great knowledge is a mischief-maker, unless it be mated with great judgment—not by any means an every-day combination. Mark you, this pronouncement must be taken cautiously; because it is the artist's privilege, almost his duty, to exaggerate—whether in terms of poetry, music, painting, sculpture, or architecture. The fundamental principles that underlie the many creative arts are more or less the same though their expression be different; and the designing of a poem, an opera, a picture, a relief, or a building exacts obedience to the same general principles, and calls for the same enthusiasm, and demands the same sweet vision, though the special faculties required for their several productions may vary greatly.

Yes, we must protect our intellects to-day if we are to create; if we are to see *beautifully* and with our own eyes; otherwise unwittingly the clear vision will be filmed with reminiscences, and perhaps even clogged by noxious images. In relatively primitive times the atmosphere was clearer, less clouded by tradition, and creative men gazed with their own frank, naïve eyes at obvious nature, and expressed themselves in sincerer, fresher terms—not from virtue, but from circumstance.

But, you will say in response, my pupils, that these same men saw with others' eyes when they could, and culled the fruits of others' toil when they might. Yes, the smaller men did, and they are forgotten; and the greater did, too, but in a less degree, and they are still a glory. But there was much less to cull, and the habit of mind was much less archæological, less scientifically classic. Anything like modern exactness would have irked and cramped them. Study of the past never seems entirely to have sterilized the most scrupulous disciples of antiquity, even men of the Vignola type.

Let me repeat the words just written, "in a less degree." In this matter of degree lies the whole problem. How much Precedent? How much Nature? How much Personality? These questions have been asked and re-asked, answered and re-answered, till one would think that all men must be agreed. And so I believe most sensible men are agreed, notwithstanding their philippics pro or con. Accumulated experience makes law. However discouragingly little experience counts in the development of conduct, in the evolution of the fine arts it counts for everything. Those protagonists of tradition, the academicians, the conservatives, or whatever else we may call them, are far too prone to accuse those who cry for fresh air, for a breath of life, for the vital spark, of being partisans of anarchy. Why they should do so seems inexplicable. That there are anarchists in art is indubitable (and of these we shall speak hereafter), just as there are in the body politic; but your truly creative man, even though he pant for the inspiring draughts of life, has undoubted respect for past achievement. It is on accumulated knowledge that he rears his fabric; it is past experience that gives this fabric stability, but it is his personality, his own distinct vision, added to precedent, that gives it interest and long life.

II

Do you remember that in passing a somewhat stately edifice the other day one of you admired it, and that I rejoined: "No, what you admire is the prototype, with which you are not familiar. The sculptor has made the façade interesting through the personal expression of his art, but here are the same old shopworn members, copied shafts and capitals and ornaments, copied as the originators of these things never dreamed of copying, though the range of their decorative vocabulary was limited. Similarity there was, indeed, between one production and another—the similarity that constitutes an epoch's style, but not identity." The great Designer fashions many trees, but no two are alike. He casts many hills in many moulds, and there is no coincidence of profile; nor do the fresh streams from the wooded slopes wind in the meadows identically.

Ah, these columns and entablatures, into what abysses have they not cast us! Their very beauty constitutes their danger—but still more beautiful are they when designed by an inventive artist, and no other is worthy of the name. What opportunities to fill the bell-shaped form of the Corinthian cap with lovely creations inspired by the animal or vegetable world! What chance to swirl the hand in volutes above the Ionic shaft! What temptations to flute, to polish, to garland with arabesque, flowers, ivy, or the sombre laurel! If we must have columns, let us have them in their place and properly designed. We should lead the shaft, and not let the shaft lead us. We should not see in our dreams primarily, a columned portico—and a stale one at that—and secondarily a building behind it: for under these conditions the building might not fulfil its function; certain rooms might be dark where light is needed, and cramped where space is requisite. This may seem an exaggerated statement, but, really, certain architectural minds would seem to operate and design in this fashion, if we may judge from what we see.

Perhaps you remember the wonderful casts in the great hall of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. If not, go and see them. Study the marvellous Florentine things, the shrines, pulpits, and doorways, for in them is the very perfection of Form, and Law controlling Invention. Oh, the beauty of these capitals, the fertility of the imagination! Oh, the lovely garlands, the refinement of the geometrical ornament! Over all preside, together, Precedent and Fancy. And why are these things reproduced in gesso, and placed so that those may see them who cannot see the originals? Why are they placed there as examples? Do you think that Majano's pulpit would have been exhibited as an extraordinary model had the ornament been copied verbatim from a precursor, even though the architectural plan were varied? The answer to these questions is simple enough. These works are held up as enduring types because they are the creations of artists, and, as before observed, the artist is not a copyist; he invents, and, while inventing, respects and assimilates that which other artists have done before him.

III

BUT suppose a man has not the inventive faculty, and suppose he says to himself

"Whatever I may do will not be so good as what has been done before by eminent men." Or, yet again, suppose that he asseverates that a good copy is better than a bad original—and with such asseverations we are all familiar. Let us answer these questions seriatim, and perhaps by asking another in return. If he be devoid of inventive faculty might it not be just as well for him to follow a calling that does not cry aloud for invention? There are many such vocations and far more lucrative than that of the fine arts. Or, such a man can become the pliable assistant of a creative genius, as many do, to their own and the master's and the nation's advantage. Only we cannot call them artists. Again, a man must renounce all title to that appellation who succumbs before the attempt to create is made, because he fears the preponderating excellence of some preceding work. For the artist *must* give expression to his feelings, he *must* feel that he has a message to convey. He may, and perhaps ought, to feel before he is delivered of it that it will be paramount above the creations of Phidias, Apelles, Michelangelo, or Bramante. If he entertain that high opinion of his work *afterward*, that is another question; but *before* he must believe in his inspiration, he must be of high spirit. Where would our sanctioned chefs-d'œuvre be had, for instance, a timid Giotto said: "I will not trace the serene Mother of Heaven with the divine Child, because Cimabue did these things well, and I can do no better?" Or a faint-hearted Ghirlandajo had renounced his monumental frescoes, because a great Masaccio had frescoed monumentally before? Or a timid Michelangelo had abandoned his heroic composition in the Sistine, because an ardent Signorelli had painted similar things in Orvieto? Or a craven Bramante had followed slavishly the classicism of a strong Brunelleschi, not trying to create in his own graceful way? Suppose that a Keats had refused to compose his inspired Ode to a Nightingale, because Milton had written a sonnet to the night-warbler, or that Wordsworth had foregone his Skylark because Shelley had written his immortal song? Suppose such calamities had been brought to pass, what losers we should have been! Again, to those who hold that a good copy is better than a poor original we say "possibly," and "in some cases"; but in the admission and practice of such a tenet we must

bid adieu to Art, to its surprises, its freshness, its thrills, its eternal variety corresponding to the eternal variety of creative moods. And then to think of the dulness, the monotony of the old things vamped up to suit new conditions. And how can we behold otherwise than with consternation and despair the robbery of the beautiful old, to decorate the questionable new. Mantels, walls, ceilings—alas, my pupils, I have spoken to you before of this vandalism, this acquiescence in impotency, this doing what incompetent Romans did—this despoiling of Greece to embellish Rome. But these are dithyrambs, pardonable, perhaps, in the pages of a letter.

IV

IF there be anything more interesting than another in our land it is our so-called cottage architecture, sharing with our steel-cage structures the admiration of foreigners. Many a country house have I seen that has been planned by a master's hand, suited to its rustic environment, suited to the needs of the client, admirably adapted to our extremes of temperature, decorated fittingly and structurally by an artistic use of material, by play of light and shade, by study of sky-line, by skilful adaptation of nature's resources, and perhaps a modicum of formal gardening to give the necessary contrast—not a ridiculous travesty of the gardens of the Villa Lante or of Versailles and, withal, no columns cribbed from the books. Your attention is called to this cottage architecture because it illustrates most aptly the principles of good design, of free impulse, controlled by erudition, expressive of our needs, habits, tastes. In other words, it is a living thing. While the multi-storied business building is not always a model of beauty, owing to commercial exactions rather than to lack of taste on the architect's part, yet the new forms and distribution of the masses imposed by novel conditions have been at times very adroitly and beautifully rendered by ingenious men. Certainly they are far more vital and interesting than the dreary and costly monumental buildings on which legislatures and universities are lavishing millions—dreary platitudes, copies of copies, shadows of shadows, lifeless masses, dead at their very birth.

V

JUST at present the world of decorative design is divided into two hostile camps, the pro-academic and the anti-academic; the original versus the traditional; those who are inspired exclusively by nature and feeling, and those who calmly and coldly follow precedent. Strife is wholesome, though neither side may be altogether right. Out of the turmoil often emerges the very acme of excellence, the works of assimilative men, men respectful of older tradition, creative men guided by common-sense, men that seek the *juste milieu* as all the great sane geniuses have ever done.

Your attention has been called in the first part of this letter to eloquent examples of good design, to the works of Majano, Rossellino, Robbia, Civitale. These artists invented—here transposing traditional forms into new conceits, there adapting nature to architectural exigencies—but ever designing freely, with feeling, with personality, and always in an erudite way, for without erudition we are as nothing. Is poetry imaginable that is heedless of scholarly measure? What would the metrical effect of an epic be, composed of a mixture of heroic iambs, hendecasyllables and alexandrines in no ordained sequence? What would a sonnet be were it made up of fourteen unscannable, rhymeless lines? Yet we have something very much like this in the unscholarly, freakish work that is passed off to-day as *Art Nouveau*, and which can be found in nearly all the illustrated art magazines.

Art Nouveau! There never has been, nor ever will be an art nouveau in the sense that its disciples would have us believe, unless there is to be a Man Nouveau. Human taste is essentially the result of aggregated experience, and the old man must be taken into account. There may indeed be novelty, but not necessarily art. Follow the course of art down the perspective of years from its infancy to the present day, and you will never find a "new art" at any specified moment. It is a gradual evolution. If at times a new art has seemed to burst suddenly into being, it is only because the missing links have been undetected. Archæology has taught us this much, and let us be grateful. The geniuses added their grain of personality to accumulated knowledge, not a great deal, but enough to give interest and the personal note, the

sine qua non of all great things; but none of them ever dreamed of throwing off the past and starting *ab initio*. Yet this is just what the clamorer for new things would do. They exact too much. They throw off too much. If they knew more, if they retained more, they would give more. Nor do they seem to have any sense of the humorous. To the uninitiated this lack of humor is less obvious in their decorative design where the figure is eliminated. But where there are figures, how ludicrous they often are! Lanky, malarious, grotesque; affected even to absurdity! And their decorative forms are ludicrous, too. On the table before me there lies an amusing reproduction of a restless interior, the latest expression perhaps of Art Nouveau. On its wall a stringy scheme swirls from wainscot to ceiling in fatuous lines. Liberated telegraph wires, snarled and swayed by the storm, seem to be the fundamental motive of another decorative scheme. On still another wall there is whimsically placed a mass of pseudo-Japanese forms that violate all decorative decency. Beneficent revolutions, we are told, must be accompanied by violence and bloodshed. Then let us hope that these anarchistic vagaries may be the precursors of the millennium, for we must deem them something akin to "violence and bloodshed."

There are plenty of new things to be done on guaranteed lines, plenty of new inspirations to be cajoled from nature if she be humored and studied. The expressions of them must be very largely in terms of the past, modified to meet new thought and feeling. Men must be taught personally to observe and feel, if they ever are to do living things. Academicians fail when they look and feel with altruistic eye and heart. This is hopeless. But equally hopeless is the inept emancipation from all previous experience, the reliance on the ill-regulated impulse of the moment. Experience has taught us that Beauty implies order, choice, harmonious arrangement—never chaos. Beauty is the all in all, but it must be a living beauty, not a pale semblance of the past; it cannot be either dull on the one hand, or licentious on the other.

VI

THE question may very properly be asked, what is the standard of beauty and who sets it? Not such an easy question to answer, after all; for we are creatures of fashion and

fads; apt to like the habitual, or the vogue of the moment. Unfortunately we can accustom ourselves, through sheer power of habit, to like things that are fundamentally ugly. That is a danger against which we are obliged to strive daily. Then, too, we are often dragooned into ephemeral admirations by an enthusiastic minority of possessed men who make a great noise. The true answer to the question is, that the accumulated taste of cultivated generations sets the standard. Estimates of individual genius may vary with the centuries, but it is safe to assert that civilized man has accepted the supremacy of certain works, almost from the dawn of art and for certain definite reasons. What these reasons are cannot be given here. It must suffice to say that one of them is Law, or Order, and another is the Personal Inspiration.

Examined in detail, without reference to the whole, some inspired works may seem to approach perilously near the ugly, whether expressed in terms of music, poetry, painting, architecture, or the plastic arts. The creative artist not unfrequently strikes harshly to prepare for the oncoming harmony, to touch an almost brutal note to give the greater value to the sweet, to tone darkly to enhance the light, to weave the involved to heighten the simple. These apparent aberrations are committed with just intent. They are not the lawless expressions of untrained minds bent on novelty at any price; they are the deliberate efforts of the artist to use these expedients to make the ensemble of his work more perfect. For he knows that this work must be dominated by Beauty, and by a beauty peculiar to itself, if it is to survive. The question is daily asked why this production lives and that perishes; why certain operas, books, pictures are still listened to, read, or admired. It is because they are vitally, feelingly, beautiful. The world has always loved, and will always love the creator of beautiful, impassioned things. No homage that it may render him seems excessive. We may insist that this is a hard-headed, scientific age, not an emotional or romantic one. In a special sense this is true; but if we may judge from what is daily chronicled, from what, in fact, the world *feels*, we must assume that its Heart is much the same as it was in the beginning.

Faithfully,

FREDERIC CROWNINSHIELD.





Drawn by Howard Pyle.

GENERAL ANDREW JACKSON RECEIVING THE PLAUDITS OF HIS MOTLEY ARMY AFTER
THE VICTORY AT NEW ORLEANS.

—"The United States Army," page 452.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XXX

OCTOBER, 1901

NO. 4

A HORSE-FAIR PILGRIMAGE

By E. S. Nadal



THERE is one peculiarity of natural scenery that I always associate with the agricultural fairs, which I am in the habit of attending in various parts of the country—the reason being that these fairs occur in the late summer and early autumn, when this peculiarity exists. I mean the mist which you see in the distance. A transparent veil of autumn haze dims the surrounding country, which seems to revive under it with the verdure of a deceptive spring-time, and lies upon the distant meadows with a touch infinitely soft. The mist is always there. The horses contend around the track, and the big, handsome bulls doze and chew the cud before the grand stand, while the judges walk round them; the parachute man goes up, and the trained elks plunge thirty feet into water, and the man and woman in tights and spangles perform on the trapeze. But still that mist dreams on, its blue, inward, musing eye resting upon some thought, remote from earth and human things.

Wherever I attend these fairs, whether in New England, Virginia, Kentucky, or the Western States, the mist surrounds me. One has a consciousness or half-consciousness of it, as one watches from the grand stand the jogging of the horses round the track. It obscured the limits of the burnt-up country, suffering from a prolonged drought, during a visit to a State fair held not long ago at the capital of one of our Western States. The West-

ern fair-grounds are, as a rule, more imposing than those of the East. The full-mile track looks generous and prosperous when compared to the half-mile tracks common in New England, although these again have an attraction of a different sort in their casual and informal character. The Western fair-grounds are kept in perfect condition, and have a smooth and clean appearance; the track itself, the fences, and outlying stables all suggesting an agreeable thrift and prosperity. They look best in a flat country, as, for instance, at Terre Haute, or Springfield, Ill., or in an undulating country like blue grass Kentucky. The track at Terre Haute is particularly clean and smart; that at Lexington has a little more of the Southern negligence, but suggests, nevertheless, the easy-going prosperity of that country. None of the fair-grounds I have seen are smarter and more thorough than those at Springfield. There are similar grounds in Iowa, Minnesota, and other Western States.

During a week spent at one of these fairs, I was in the habit of going to the fair-grounds in the morning before the show had begun. If you go early enough, you will have the stand almost to yourself, and you may sit in the shade and see the horses worked. There will be, perhaps, a dozen of them being jogged. You will see their legs wink around the track, and hear the beat of their hoofs, thump, thump, thump (how can legs and feet stand it!), as their feet strike the hard, smooth road-bed. You think you could close your eyes and tell the pacers from

the trotters by the sound of their hoofs, in which you would probably be mistaken. It is not altogether easy at times to tell pacers from trotters with your eyes open. This may be so even when the horse is right in front of you; at the distance of a half mile it is quite impossible to tell the difference. Indeed the difference is less marked than used to be supposed. The pacers and trotters are all from trotting stock, the pacing habit, however, being stronger in certain families than in others. The trait is constantly coming out in unexpected ways. In Iowa, last year, I saw a pacing colt out of a trotting mare, and by a trotting-horse, and he was the fifth pacing-colt that this mare had dropped, all by trotting-horses. I saw him a few hours after he was foaled. I clapped my hands and ran after him, and, in what were probably the first steps of his earthly pilgrimage taken out of a walk, he broke into a pace. The trotting instinct is just as decided and original. If you run after a trotting-colt, he may break into a canter to get away from you, but, if you still pursue him, he will, to increase his speed, go from a canter into a trot. How close is the relation between the two gaits is shown by the fact that most trotters pace and most pacers trot. You will notice on the track that pacers, when they go slow, trot, and trotters, when they go slow, pace.

The whole question between trotters and pacers is very interesting. I suppose there is no doubt which is the handsomer gait. But pacing has its advantages. It is easier for the animal. It is sometimes said that pacing is the device of short-bodied horses to prevent interfering. A pacer advances both legs on the same side at once, so that his fore leg is out of the way when he advances his hind leg. A trotter does just the reverse. He advances at the same time the fore and hind legs on different sides, so that his fore leg may be in the way when he advances his hind leg. But I do not see that pacers are shorter bodied than trotters. A short-bodied horse is likely to avoid interfering by resorting to the ugly device of going wide behind. My belief is that pacing is the expedient of the animal to lessen the shock of the resistance of the hard ground as he increases his speed. As a matter of fact pacing is not so hard on horses as trotting.

I said to a blacksmith in a Western town, a devout man whose prayers and exhortations I had heard at the village prayer-meeting and in whose shop, a pleasant retreat cooled by some umbrageous maples, I loved to pass the morning hours; a very nice fellow, from whom I thought I got the real truth a little straighter than from anyone else in the neighborhood: "Now this is a great country for harness-horses, and you shoe most of the horses about here and ought to know their feet better than anyone else, which do you say last the longest, the feet of the trotters or the pacers?" He said, "Undoubtedly, the pacers."

The pacing habit is common among animals. Many animals pace—cattle, for instance; and, among dogs, setters. I think you will observe that a woman, when running for a street-car, usually paces, although this is probably due to a sense that it is the more feminine and modest method of progression. I believe pacing to be a rather more natural gait than trotting. Trotting, as it exists in our fast horses, is scarcely a natural gait, but is rather the result of breeding and education. Trotting is fast walking, and it is not natural that a horse should walk at the rate of a mile in two minutes and some seconds. The natural change, when increasing speed, is to a run, the next most natural to a pace. The fact that, among all horses except trotters, the record is held by stallions, whereas among trotters, until recently, it has been always held by mares or geldings, is an indication that the gait is artificial. (I mean speedy trotting, of course.)

I heard a story of what you would call a natural pacer from a young man sitting by me in the stand one morning. This horse, when he broke, would go from a pace into a gallop, but, when he ran away, he would go from a gallop into a pace, and would pace over everything, over the tops of fences, taking the sulky with him. It is pleasant to hear a yarn like this on a bright morning from a chance companion, a sociable and apparently truthful fellow—the horses meantime jogging back and forth in front of you. There is a good deal of such exchange of criticism and anecdote among the experts sitting together, stop-watches in hand, to whom the history of the horses is known.

Let me say here that trotting, whether natural or not, is certainly beautiful, and



While the judges walk round them.—Page 387.

that the trotting-turf is worthy of preservation and encouragement, as the fly-wheel in which is stored up, to be dealt out as needed, the fine trotting action of our step-pers.

Later in the morning the judging begins ; and then is done much of the less popular, but still, very important and scientific judging, such as the judging of sheep, cattle, and other animals for breeding purposes. There are in a class three or four big bulls, very stately and handsome, and looking extremely bored. "Do you know anything about cattle?" I said to one of the most noted horsemen in the country, who was standing by. He said: "Nothing whatever," and no doubt he thought so. But presently I heard him

say, contemptuously and with some feeling: "That bull has a very common face." The incident illustrated the closeness of stockmen to animal life, which is so novel and pleasing to men from town.

The judging of trotting-horses and the trotting and pacing races are reserved for the afternoon, when the crowd comes. Ordinarily not much is made of saddle-horses at Western fairs. But about a dozen Kentucky and Missouri horses had been brought here, and at the saddle-horse competition in the afternoon three or four good ones appeared and a half-dozen tolerable ones. The three or four good ones were much of a kind, and one was put to one's trumps to make up one's mind among them. The little bay was the best, and

next to him the chestnut; and yet you were a little perplexed, not quite sure, and you probed the depths of your consciousness in search of the nicest and most exact justice.

But what is this approaching, quite ten minutes late?—a black stallion, head up and ambling forward in a leisurely manner and with reprehensible swagger and an expression of laying out the whole field. It is the famous Rex McDonald. No need now to probe the depths of your consciousness, for by the vote of every man, woman, and child in the multitude looking on, the blue ribbon must go to him.

Later in the afternoon the crowds increase, the grand stand becomes a dense mass of people, and there are crowds of people everywhere about the grounds. To save time the various races are run together. After the first heat of a trotting-race has been run, and while the trotters, having been rubbed down and blanketed, are being led to cool off, the first heat of a pacing-race is run. An odd five minutes between races is utilized to give a bay trotting-stallion a chance to make a record. If he can do the mile in 2.30, it is a great thing for Flanagan II., the horse in question—much too handsome a creature, by the way, to wear such a name. Few people pay attention to this; the crowd regards it as a kind of recess; but it is very amusing to me. Can he do it? He makes his way around the mile, doing pretty well, you think. If you have no stop-watch, or are not skilful in the use of one, you must wait for the result from the judges' stand. He has missed it. From the stand are displayed the figures 2.31½. But he will have a chance later on. After another pacing heat, the bay again appears. This time he has it. The judges hang out 2.29¼.

I could get a better view of the more important judging and racing by going down to the judges' stand, to the neighborhood of which my press badge admitted me. I sat down on the steps leading up to the stand, by two little bare-footed boys, without jackets, and with one suspender each, who had got there in some way known to themselves, and were trusting to their insignificance to be allowed to remain, and to that gift of invisibility which the small boy, himself all eyes and

ears, shares with the divinities of Homeric story when they mix themselves up in human actions. But presently one of the starters spied them. I don't mean the chief man who does the starting, the big, handsome, ruddy-visaged old man, with the stentor voice, who, with his hand on the bell, shouts to the crowd of rushing charioteers, each trying to get some unfair advantage: "Keep back that pole horse; if you gentlemen don't stop that, I'll fine you twenty-five dollars." (This is not at all an empty threat; he will do it, and much more, if he is sufficiently provoked.) It was not he, but one of his assistants who caught sight of the boys, and drove them off with the words: "The next thing you boys'll be wanting to keep time." The cruel sarcasm sped after the little retreating figures. You could see the blighting effects of the taunt in their ragged backs and dirty little heels, as they moved away. They to keep time!

There were sixty thousand people there the afternoon Star Pointer and Joe Patchen paced. The entrance-fee was fifty cents, so that the fair could well afford to pay the owners of these horses four thousand dollars for a single race. They got this besides the stake. I saw the horses worked around the track in the morning. I think I never got from any horse such an impression of leonine power as from Joe Patchen, when he was ambling before the sulky at five miles an hour. I saw the first two heats from the stand, and, after the second heat, crossed over into the enclosure which the track surrounds, where they were rubbing down the horses. To see a trotter rubbed down after a race is of the nature of a moral Turkish bath to the observer. The combination of sun heat, and animal heat is very strong; the heat of the animal sensibly raises the temperature in the immediate neighborhood of the horse. Under the fine dripping coat, from which the groom tosses off the perspiration with a scraper, the network of veins distends. Those upon the small, bony head are fullest, the refined face wet and black with sweat, and the large, melancholy eye rolling with the luxury of the rubbing. A certain pride is noticeable in the group standing about, a sense that this is a significant and important occasion. "That is Star Pointer," is the



Drawn by W. R. Leigh.

Early morning—You may sit in the shade and see the horses worked.—Page 387.

thought of each of the little crowd of touts, small boys, darkies, and tramps looking on.

Leaving Star Pointer in the hands of the rubbers, I crossed to the side of the track opposite the stand, where John Hughes's saddle-horses were stabled. Hughes brought out Rex McDonald for me to see—Hughes himself, a fine example of what blue-grass Kentucky can do in the way of raising men. He stood

there, tall, deep-chested, and broad-shouldered, his chest the broader for the great expanse of shirt-front, in the middle of which was a gigantic diamond pin that made one think of the big Kentucky prices. Rex McDonald is a singularly beautiful horse. He is thick in the shoulder, being in this respect like his father, Black Squirrel, which great

horse the Garrett boys showed me in Kentucky when I was there just before his death. I suppose they called him Black Squirrel because of the high tail he carried. Rex McDonald has the light Kentucky cannon-bone, of which one can only say that one could wish it were only heavier, and yet that it does not seem to matter very much. I was sorry, however, that I could not convince myself that he was able to trot squarely. Nor could one of the eleven gaited horses trot quite true and square.

I should add, however, that I was somewhat unfortunate in this experience. I have seen Kentucky horses and, for that matter, gaited horses from various parts of the country, that were good single-footers, and could also trot square. Lou Chief is such an animal. She will rack up the street, and turn round, and trot back perfectly square. The ability to do this I have always found rare, and have accepted it as an indication of great nat-

ural cleverness in the horse. But I have, of late, seen reason to modify my notions upon this subject. My view used to be that, while there could be no objection to teaching a horse to singlefoot if it did not spoil his trot, as a matter of fact it *did* almost always spoil his trot, and that it was, therefore, best not to teach it. But I have, of late, been surprised to see many horses that could both singlefoot and trot. Now, if we can have singlefoot without

spoiling the trot, it is certainly desirable to have it. The habit of riding continually at a trot is hard upon horses' feet, legs, and shoulders. It is better to vary the trot with a canter, and still further with singlefooting. Whether singlefooting is easier upon horses than trotting, as pacing is, I am not sure, but I am inclined to think it is. In a singlefoot there is the



The cruel sarcasm sped after the little retreating figures.—
Page 390.

same lateral contact with the ground as in a pace. It is hard to tell, by watching him, what a singlefooter does with his feet; if you attempt it, you will probably end by looking in the dictionary. [How the dictionary man found it out is none of your business.] It is, of course, a highly artificial gait. As for the comfort of it, I have known some singlefooters in whom the gait was a lullaby.

As we stood there a colored man from Missouri rode by on a stallion that had been shown that afternoon. I said: "That Missouri horse ought to have got something." Hughes answered, with that rough and friendly tone of Kentucky banter: "Why, man, where are your eyes; look at his hocks?" They were a little rough. We were standing by Rex McDonald, discussing him and his history, when Star Pointer and Joe Patchen were seen approaching in the third and final heat. They thundered past us about twenty feet away. The young reporters



Drawn by W. R. Leigh

spoke of Star Pointer as moving like a lion, in which they were wide of the mark. A pacer may rarely be said to go like a lion, pacing being a less animated gait than trotting. I noticed, as he went by, that Star Pointer's action was particularly placid. He moved with the equanimity of a fish paddling with its fins in clear, still water. But he did that heat in two minutes.

The very hot weather that prevailed at the fair may have helped these horses to make this low record. The fair was held early in October, but the weather was as hot as August, quite 90 degrees in the shade. There had been a drought that had lasted for weeks, months even. As you drove about the country, you could hardly see the land for the dust. The corn-fields were burnt up, and even the woods parched in their inmost recesses. Every-

where there was the utmost vegetable display and confusion. Ceres stood in tatters in cornfields. The red and yellow apples shone like flames amid the sun-dried foliage of the orchard, and lay thick upon the ground. The pumpkins were heaped up or rolled about the fields, and the almost naked corn-stalks, upon which a few dry blades rattled in the dust-laden wind, held up their burden of ripe ears. And yet, hot and arid as it was, you had a sense of great agricultural wealth. The heat, of which the oldest inhabitant did not remember the like, seemed unnatural and unprecedented. My notion was that the chariot of the Sun-god had veered from his course, and passed nearer our planet, burning up the fields and woodlands and, from his heaped-up cornucopia, scattering the earth with litter and largess of autumn fruitfulness. For some reason the old



A notice that the ladies of the First Methodist Church would, for fifty cents, give a dinner.—Page 395.



The food, I found upon nearer acquaintance, very clean and Christian.—Page 396.

classical fables were always in my head. I fancied that the divinities of the ancient world, which were after all borrowed by the Romans from the Greeks, had found in this stretch of flat prairie a most appropriate theatre for their activities. In particular the old myth of Proserpine and the struggle between the powers of the upper and the lower worlds became very real to me. I never saw the struggle so fierce before. Ordinary autumn warm weather is even more suggestive of the end of the summer than cold winds and rain are. You walk out under the trees of a warm autumn afternoon, the atmosphere a golden fluid, perfectly still. The maple leaves, of a pale and dying verdure, scarcely stir. There is no air to move even the spider-woven film that depends from the branches. The whole scene, of a sicklied yellow, reminds one of some fruit, fair and ripe at the rind, but with disease and death at the core. The hot weather of those October days was not at all of this feeble and apologetic character. I thought rather that the powers of life had sent a fiery challenge to Pluto, deep under his crust of twelve-foot thick black prairie; that there would be no more winter; that this time the daughter

of Ceres would not be given back—for Proserpine, long due in the under world, still wandered among the corn-shucks and pumpkin-vines of Sangamon and Cass Counties.

I thought I could see the results of the agricultural wealth of the country in the looks of the people. The rich soil had brought prosperity and with it good food and lodging, which are causes of beauty in human beings as in other animals. The average of good looks, both among men and women, impressed me as very high, and I saw many beautiful children. I had one opportunity of making a somewhat closer acquaintance with the people than would usually fall to the lot of a stranger. It was my habit to spend the whole day at the fair-grounds, coming early and staying till night. It was, therefore, necessary for me to dine there, and the moving about among the live stock made one hungry by noon. Most of the stands offered food of an untidy appearance. But I saw, nailed up on a tree, a notice that the ladies of the First Methodist Church would, for fifty cents, give a dinner at the south end of the Steam Plough exhibit. Now, I was brought up in that denomination and I am not without

my denominational preferences and sympathies, and I had an instinct that the proposition of the ladies of the First Methodist Church was one to close with. I walked through an interminable collection of agricultural machinery, at the end of which I found the pavilion in which the dinner was given. At the door there sat the figure of a large young woman with a handsome and benignant countenance, her lap full of silver dollars and half dollars. What, I thought, some more mythology! Is this Fortune? Are you Plenty? She looked precisely as if taken from a book of classical woodcuts. The countenance was handsome enough and the figure noble enough for one of the lady deities of Olympus, but she wore upon her lips an expression of benignity, to find the like of which you must go to the canvases of Christian art. I take it that those Olympian ladies were very well as long as you pleased them, but they had a rough side and could, upon occasion, be most unkind; witness the treatment of Paris by Juno and of Æneas by Venus—egotistical actions, unrestrained by a sentiment of pity or considerations of abstract justice, which would now receive the severe condemnation, not only of the graduates of Girton and Wellesley and other representatives of the higher education, but of every tea-table throughout the Christian world. For, say what you will, since our era, woman, from her background of hope, innocence, and an instructed ethical sense (these qualities gathering force and refinement through the ages), has looked upon mankind with an exquisite natural kindness, a radiant innate joy and keen, fine light of the intelligence and the affections not to be found in quite the same kind and degree among the women of the heathen world, so vaunted by artists and poets. So much I thought I discerned in the countenance of the young woman who was the doorkeeper of the truly benevolent institution with which I now made acquaintance. But to what flight of the fancy is a hungry man not equal who sees around him indications that he is about to have a good dinner. The table-cloth was spotless and the plates and glasses clean. The food, I found upon nearer acquaintance, very clean and Christian, and with a flavor of domesticity. The chicken and

vegetables were good, and the ice-cream grateful in the terrific weather. We were waited upon by some half-dozen young ladies who, as they handed you these excellent dishes, beamed upon you and kept on beaming, their voices in the meantime very charming with their invitations and excuses.

It is unusual to find so many saddle-horses at a Western fair as there were here. You find them at the fairs in Tennessee, Kentucky, and Missouri. In Indiana, Illinois, or Iowa you would ordinarily see but few of them. These would be from the trotting stock of the country. In Kentucky they get many saddle-horses from this stock, and there is no reason why this should not be done in other parts. Among trotters anywhere you will see from time to time an animal with the neck and shoulders of a saddle-horse, and the right kind of hock action. You can make a good saddle-horse out of such an animal, although I am told by breeders and trainers that it takes somewhat longer to do this than with the regular saddle-bred Denmark horse or with thoroughbreds. Of course, thoroughbreds anywhere can be made into saddle-horses. There are a certain number of thoroughbred stallions scattered throughout the Western country, and from one of their colts you may now and then get a good saddle-horse. I saw in Iowa a singularly interesting example of this kind of horse. He was that rare combination—a thoroughbred head and neck set upon a body of extra substance. Old English prints constantly represent this horse; they show him as a hunter and as a harness-horse. The walls of stables are covered with representations of him. Of course, you may have as many pictures of him as you like, but of the animal himself you will not see one in ten thousand. The horse at this fair was as good a specimen of the type as I have seen in this country or in England, and good enough to be in a picture. He had the long, tapering neck of a thoroughbred, with that little bend near the head, and was beautifully cut out in the throat. He was very handsomely marked besides—a red chestnut, with four white stockings up to his knees. The prejudice against white feet, by the way, is now a thing of the past. It is well it is so, as there are so many white feet. Lincoln said, "I



South Africa at the Fair-Grounds at Toronto.

believe that God must have liked plain people or He would not have made so many of them." One cannot help thinking that God must like white feet on horses, or He would not have made so many of them. Some clever person should, before this, have explained the reason of the prevalence of this marking; just as the reason of the white tips on dogs' tails has been explained to be that the dogs, when in a wild state and members of a pack, might signal to one another over the top of the tall grass. Modern taste has accepted the marking as good for purposes of decoration, certainly in the case of chestnut horses. There is an agreement between

white and chestnut, either red or dark (liver-colored). Anyone must have been pleased by the association of white with liver-color or chocolate on the back of a pointer dog. The combination of these colors on horses is just as good, and the combination of white with red chestnut, or even sorrel, is still more brilliant.

As a rule, however, harness-horses rather than saddle-horses are to be found at these fairs. The horses most in evidence are, of course, the speed horses entered in the trotting and pacing races. Besides them there are the horses for breeding purposes, the trotting, hackney, and French coach stallions and the brood mares, with their



South Africa.



Thoroughbred head and neck, and body of extra substance.

colts. But there are also a limited number of horses ready for market, coach and carriage horses, horses for dogcarts, etc. There are not many such, as the purpose of these fairs is different from that of a horse-show; but the few there are you see under natural and attractive conditions.

I saw the black mare, South Africa, at one of these fairs, her great attraction being the buoyant strength and momentum with which she moved. She took many prizes throughout the West last summer. The first time I saw her was one afternoon on the track at the fair-grounds at Toronto, which are beautifully situated on the shore of Lake Ontario. It was about four o'clock, and the sun was shining. I was looking over the track, out toward the water, which was blue, but not with the bold, salt blue of the ocean. In the place of this, the lake had a color the like of which I might have expected to see on a vase or jar, but not on water. The blue of the ocean was dulled or clouded to a delicious hue, of a kind to baffle the imagination and elude the memory of the poet and to vex, with its exquisite precision, the emulous soul of the painter. A big schooner was moving upon the water, the sun glistening upon the bellying sails, as if upon cumulus cloud, the swelling canvas, of a fairy grace and lightness, flung to the midsummer zephyrs—the whole white mass of piled-up sail sliding along this plain of blue china. The black mare was moving between me and this scene. But better still I saw her the next morning, when the lake was flashing under the sun and had the freshness and freedom of that part of the day. She was descending a slight declivity—the tan-bark rings of indoor horse-shows have no declivities—with an abun-

dant and steady force and that ease which is the condition of all beauty in action.

This mare was hackney bred, by the way, and she had unusual speed for an animal of that breeding. There has been of late years a good deal of talk against hackneys. But there is a place for these horses. It is said that they have not the force and courage of trotters. That may be, but for that reason they may suit people who wish especially to have safe and quiet horses. An Englishman, who has been a great exhibitor of show horses in this country, and who began with a natural preference for hackneys, told me that he now preferred trotters. As showing the superiority in courage of trotters, he said that, when his trotters were lying down in the stall, he could get them up with a word, but that he had to take a whip to get the hackneys up. I don't see that that objection would be serious to people anxious to have safe horses, which are at the same time strong, handsome, and have good action, qualities which hackneys certainly have. A breeder of hackneys to whom I mentioned this incident said: "What nonsense that is!" And he added: "Of course hackneys have not great speed, but they can go as fast as carriage-horses ought to go." He made this further claim for hackneys, that he could win in the show-ring with a mare or gelding of hackney breeding, while nearly all the trotting-bred prize-winners are stags—that is, animals kept as stallions long enough to get the crest of a stallion. I believe it is true that most trotting-bred prize-winners are stags, and that hackney mares sometimes win, as was the case with this black mare at Toronto, which also took first prize at the Syracuse State fair.



A Kentucky Saddle-Horse.



A Hackney.

This mare was brought to the last New York horse-show, and got nothing but the gate. She was not fine enough in the head and neck, and was too short in the neck, I suppose. I dare say the judges were quite right. They must act upon certain accepted principles. And yet these rule-of-thumb verdicts are not always consistent with the most ideal and delicate justice.

A horse-show verdict is obtained in this way, and it is, perhaps, the only way possible: You reduce conformation, manners, and action to their simplest terms, add, subtract, divide, and so on, and thus get a result. But can a very beautiful quality be always truly judged in this way? Is there a least common denominator for the ultimate graces of motion or of outline? The attraction of the animal of which I have been speaking was her rhythmical and buoyant way of moving. You cannot subtract apples from oranges; nor can you subtract action, such action as hers at any rate, from conformation. I own, however, that she did not move in the Garden as she did when I saw her at Toronto. There was not room for her to get the swing and freedom of her step.

In speaking of the prairie country I have, perhaps, given the idea of a vast level manufactory of food for men and horses. But prairie scenery is not always of this character. One afternoon last summer I passed, in the train, over the country between Chicago and the Mississippi. That is what is called a rolling country, and hills usually limit a country. But it

is not so in that region, for the landscape is always broad and spacious. It is what I should call a swelling country. From the point at which you are, it appears to rise in all directions to its limits, which are very remote. All the way across the country the scenery is of the same stately kind. The sustained and equal character of it is itself a source of pleasure. For six hours the panorama was unrolled and moved past me with an unceasing pomp and grandeur, most comfortable to the passive eye and mind—the distant hills, crowned with clumps of neat woodland, having a slowness of motion that was noble and imposing. During the whole afternoon I was in a pleasant trance, nor was the charm broken throughout the journey. On either side of the railroad there were vast corn-fields. The corn this year had been unusually fine, and the time was mid-August, when this crop is most luxuriant. The eye was never tired of the profusion of dark green blades, nor of the graceful sweep of the curves, in which the corn dips and rises as it follows the lay of the ground. I long tried to find the color of the tasselled sheen upon the surface of the corn. It was just after sunset that we crossed the Mississippi. The sun had dropped behind some dark green hills to the west of the river, and had left upon their crests a beacon of clean, red flame, enriching the dark verdure of the hillsides. The river itself, I found, had not the doleful sublimity it has farther South, but rather the limpid and gentle character of Northern streams in summer.



PRELUDE

By Rosamund Marriott Watson

THE blossom-snow begins to blow
About the orchard-close,
The fields forget the violet
But soon shall come the rose, My Dear,
Ah, soon shall bloom the rose.

The long year's prime is summertime
And summer's coming on,
But the spring o' the year is all too dear—
And Spring is past and gone, My Dear,
O this is past and gone.

THOMAS CARLYLE

By W. C. Brownell



WHEN Carlyle died, over twenty years ago, he already belonged to the past. His philosophy was of a general order that had ceased to be popular. And he had been long silent. The papers on the Early Norse Kings were unimportant. The last of his utterances that lingered in people's memory were his defence of Eyre, the "Ilias in Nuce," and the "Shooting Niagara and After," recalling the earlier "Latter-day Pamphlets." The impression they left was not an agreeable one, and it was hardly modified by the amenity and gentleness of his Edinburgh Address, in which he apologized very simply for the tone of some of them, though asserting still that they were "very deeply my convictions." In this country especially he had few friends. With us in general he seemed, as he was long ago described, "the leading prophet of Absolutism, Toryism, Slavery." We had issued from what he called our "nigger agony" in a mood that hardly stimulated us to the difficult effort of impartially appreciating one who had contemptuously misunderstood us—not indeed feeling such an effort very incumbent on us. But neither here nor in England probably was the public prepared for the revelations of Froude that so promptly followed—the depressing "Reminiscences," as if they had been waiting for the signal—upon Carlyle's death. The "Reminiscences" and the volumes that succeeded them gave, in many quarters apparently, the *coup de grâce* to Carlyle's vogue. Vogue of their own they notoriously had in a true *succès de scandale*, and Carlyle's friends could only denounce his chosen executor and biographer. But this was of course extremely transient, and the result was an immense weariness with the whole subject. Carlyle's own writings fell speedily into a neglect as complete probably as has ever happened to a writer of anything like his power.

The neglect has continued. Such questions as have occupied popular attention

are either not questions on which Carlyle's works have any particular and specific bearing—questions of art, of poetry, of science; or else they are questions invariably discussed on lines and in a spirit wholly foreign to his. It is the day of the specialist, whose syntheses are left to spontaneous combination; of the realist, whose material is also his end; of the practical philosopher, who relegates the services of the deductive method to pure metaphysic. Creeds, too, in Mr. Leslie Stephen's acute phrase, are "expiring of explanation," and therefore to point out their essential residuum is a less pungent proceeding than when it seemed as if this residuum were certain to share their fate in the absence of vigorous protest. Much of what Carlyle wrote, the gospel that he expounded so contentiously and polemically, has now become a part of what we now call our subliminal possessions. What once seemed, and of course still is, elemental, has become elementary as well. And literary manners, as they may be termed, have undergone a notable transformation and the taste for contentiousness and polemics, especially in the exposition of the elementary, has largely disappeared. Criticism itself has become largely impersonal and anything like a body of doctrine in a critic's works seems if novel an impertinence, and if familiar mere surplusage, to a public that, whether wiser or more superficial, has grown greatly more civilized.

It is, however, difficult to believe that the current neglect of Carlyle will continue indefinitely. For whatever else may be said about it his work is *literature*. In the first place its style must be preservative, as style always is in a very considerable degree. The *Spectator*, for example, will always be read, though not for the reasons that recommended it to Macaulay. And whimsical and artificial as Carlyle's style is, at least in excess, it is too vital not to be viable. It is idle to suppose that the current impassiveness, which has succeeded to the earlier impatience

with his eccentricities and violences will endure in the presence of such prose as distinguishes the "Life of Sterling" throughout, the "Past and Present" largely, and, in parts, especially, the "Sartor Resartus." In the next place it is hardly to be supposed that such a sustained exposition, at once symmetrical and multifarious, of the spiritual side of things, such a prolonged eulogy and aggrandizement of the spiritual forces of life and the world, is likely to suffer permanent eclipse. As the English-reading public becomes more and more civilized, more curious, less emotional, the energy which in Carlyle's early days attracted it and which later in the light of its own advance seemed to it mere savagery, will drop into its proper perspective and be appreciated without the agitation inseparable from contemporary contemplation of anything so accentuated as Carlyle's indubitable genius. For, finally, his genius is incontestable, and it is a genius of incomparable power. His work is everywhere penetrated with the power of a prodigious personality of which the literature he produced is the native, adequate, concentrated, and consummate expression. Such a sovereign force must survive the current neglect which its extravagances have nevertheless abundantly earned for it.

II

It is curious to read in Froude's biography of the confidence in his powers felt by Carlyle himself, and shared by everyone around him years before he had done anything to justify it. His wife married him, she says, "for ambition," when his career was all before him and when the little that he had accomplished was altogether disproportionate to the time he had been about it. His family, one and all, looked up to him even when he was a very young man, and although they could not understand him and were not of a sort to be impressed by any literary glamour. From his early days till very nearly the end of his life he was the centre of every group he happened to be in. He was a prodigious talker, and on occasion drowned opposition, but in general everyone else was content to listen to him. He met intimately nearly all the best men of

his day and his personal primacy was never disputed. Everyone felt his power as extraordinary and as something other than force. There was apparently nothing he could not grasp, if he would. His views on all sorts of subjects were delivered with acknowledged *ex cathedra* authority. The authority of others, even the highest, failed to impose itself on him. From the first he judged men, even the most celebrated, not only with perfect independence, but with the confidence born of the consciousness of unusual powers. The personalities that he venerated were exclusively historic—excepting Goethe, who was a foreigner. He had no deference—except for what was wholly outside of competition with him; his father's character, for example. Awe and reverence for the Creator and His universe considered as a stupendous miracle left him free to alternate compassion with contempt for His creatures.

There are few of even the greatest men in whom such conspicuous conceit has been so curiously condoned. His confidence in his capacities, however his expression may now and then have failed to please him, is in a way an attestation of them. It imposes on us. One feels that had it been less justified it would have been less keenly felt. He was quite sincere about it and his penetration is acute enough to trust even about himself. But it is plainly too much in evidence. At times his self-satisfaction is positively smug. And it is responsible for much popular and unreflecting disesteem of him. The conventional reader to whom modesty is the invariable concomitant of merit, strong in his commonplaces, shakes his head sceptically. The "Reminiscences" and Froude's volumes quite scandalized him. The "Reminiscences" are, indeed, a revelation of self-esteem and depreciation of others that it would be hard to equal. A single remark like that about "The Origin of Species," which Carlyle says illustrated for him only "the capricious stupidity of mankind; never could read a page of it or waste the least thought upon it," is a sufficient characterization of it in this respect.

Neither humor nor dyspepsia can explain or excuse the outrageousness of much of his writings of which such a statement is typical. What does explain it is the ex-

traordinary self-consciousness with which his conceit is associated—his egoism. Egoism was never, perhaps, illustrated in such completeness, such perfection. He himself quite as eminently deserved the epithet "poor, skinless creature" that he applied to Rousseau. "Perhaps none of you could do what I am doing," he reflects bitterly, viewing the Hyde Park procession of dignities. The observation was true enough, but why was it not too trite for him to make and to record? It is the railing of the peasant at the patrician panorama. Even in his most objective writings he never gets away from himself. His personality confuses his history. You are never allowed to escape from it. It is obtrusive, exasperating, domineering. The simplest record is alembicated with his view of the facts. In his "Frederick," for example, he divides attention with his hero; he is incessantly—wearisomely—parading his views, preaching his gospel, even complaining, now humorously, now querulously, always superfluously, of the difficulties of his task; pervading the scene, in short, with his extremely accentuated personality. His ideal of "unconsciousness" in the famous essay on "Characteristics" has its origin, no doubt, in the exasperation of his egoism, which obsessed him and under which he chafed and fretted till soothed by conceit. Introspection irritated him supremely and made him long for the automatic play of faculty which he accordingly generalized into a millennial principle of mental activity. But his introspection never led him beyond self-consciousness into self-discipline—the compensation which its inevitability in the modern world has for less egoistic spirits. Discipline in thought, feeling, and expression is the one thing he conspicuously neglected.

For with his extraordinary powers and his self-consciousness, wilfulness is certainly to be connected as the next most salient trait of his commanding personality. "The most shining avatar of whom the world has ever seen," Lowell calls him quite truly. Only, "whim" is too extenuated a term—or too depreciatory, if one chooses—to apply to an element of so much energy. His surrender to whim is so voluntary, so absolute, such a sin against light, that to call him merely our "whimsical philosopher," as Mr. John Morley does, is both

patronizing and inadequate. With him caprice means not intellectual frivolity, but a temperamental perversity of which he is the willing slave. He will say anything that inclination or even temper suggests to him. "Once more the tragic story of a high endowment with an insufficient will," he says of Coleridge. It is the exaggerated "sufficiency" of his will on the contrary that renders the story of his own high endowment quite as tragic. It is singularly tragic that owing to it the weightiest utterances of his splendid genius should be so often robbed of the intellectual responsibility that alone confers authority.

All this we knew, however, before the revelations of Froude. Froude's fatal contribution to our knowledge of his master is the disclosure of his lovelessness. The genial basis that theretofore might credibly have been inferred beneath the various phases of his contradictory and prevailing "humor" now appears as a certain aridity of soul. One can hardly avoid the conclusion—his biographer has so copiously documented his own explicitness about it—that he did not know what love is, that he had never experienced the sensation of it in either its tension or its transports, its energy or its enervation. The remorse in the references to his wife in the "Reminiscences" is so intolerably pathetic because it witnesses in truly fatalistic fashion a fundamental incapacity. His feeling for his family is very fine; but it illustrates a kind of ethnic devotion to the clan and has a side of very subtly vicarious selfishness quite removed from the "leaving of self" that love is. He was naïvely ready to sacrifice his wife to it. He was quite ready in fact to let her go if she had any doubts about her vocation *as* his wife. It is small wonder that philanthropy meant nothing to him, that *service* of any kind did not attract him, that his heroes, however admirable, are never winning. The affections never retarded, deflected, or stimulated him in his steady march to distinction. Distinction, too, was undisguisedly, even professedly, his aim and end, as much as it ever was that of any of his brother Scots who had victoriously invaded the "mad Babylon" of London. It was his "mission"—the whole of it. Only, in achieving it, he never had the slightest temptation to seek

it on any terms but his own. Apparently he never had any temptations of any kind. Duty and desire were curiously interconvertible terms to him. He lived a life of ideal integrity, of blameless conduct, of complete consecration to the development and functional expression of his extraordinary powers. But his nearest approach to passion is petulance, except when he is occupied with reprehension or reproof. Who ever thinks of "the storms and tempests of his furious mind," or conceives of him as "Miserrimus," or finds that "his laugh jars on one's ear"—as Thackeray says of Swift? His laugh, indeed, however boisterous, was largely reflex, one suspects after reading Froude—genuine enough, no doubt, but hardly "infectious." Passion implies the state of being "beside one's self," and though clearly a Titan, and a wofully wilful one, Carlyle's truly Scotch self-possession is distinctly canny. His temperamental tumultuousness was singularly intellectual. It is his thinking, not himself, that is agitated. He could never, he says, do any long-continued, "decisive intellectual operation" without getting "decidedly made ill by it." And perhaps the exclusiveness with which his mind monopolized his feeling is at once the most characteristic trait of his personality and the most determining characteristic of his work.

III

ONE of the tragedies of the strenuous intellectual life is the disproportion between its conclusions and their cost. So much struggle in the pursuit of mere simplification, so much apologetics for so concise a credo, such a wide waste of philosophizing for such a circumscribed foothold of faith, such a sea of speculation through which to reach so narrow a strand of certainty! To arrive at his not complex philosophy Carlyle passed through a prodigious amount of thinking; demon-driven and tempest-tossed in the process. His own account of his abandonment of traditional religious dogmas is acutely pathetic—an account of a Titanic experience with issue of hardly corresponding importance, one may say. It was not a chastening experience. It left him intolerant even to the point of exacting it of others, which

shows that it had not, in old-fashioned phraseology, been "sanctified to his use." He reproaches Coleridge contemptuously for having merely "skirted the howling deserts of infidelity." His own "firm lands of faith beyond" were substantially Coleridge's country, however. His title to them was really his belief in the superiority of the *Vernunft* or reason to the *Verstand* or understanding, as he often explicitly says; though, unhampered as always by a sense of chivalry, he ridicules it as mere apparatus when his business is to exhibit the vagueness of Coleridge. He resented Coleridge's complacent placidity. The remark that "Socrates is terribly at ease in Zion" is doubtless accurately ascribed to him. He would probably have grumbled at the good fortune of the penitent thief. His own salvation had been so hardly won that he prescribed the purgatory of agonized mental conflict as a preliminary to the paradise of settled conviction. His bitter experience, too, in a measure, explains the vehemence with which he held his convictions. They were not very recondite, as I say. Froude's attempt to construct an extraordinary esoteric credo for him out of some *disjecta* memoranda he had himself discarded is extraordinarily inept, and reduces to a belief in God and the universe as His expression "The light of your mind, which is the direct inspiration of the Almighty," is the criterion, indifference to happiness the basis, and "work not wages" the end, of his philosophy.

This substantially sufficed him in the way of philosophical baggage. But the energy with which he preached exclusively this rather exiguous gospel shows that it was the residuum of heroic—and perhaps to most men unnecessary—sacrifices. Energy, however, not intellectual complexity, distinguishes him—energy even more than its direction. He never even addresses the intellect pure and simple. His appeal is to the heart and the soul. For example, in the countless changes he rings upon his central idea of the unworthiness of happiness as a motive—and the eloquence, the convincingness, the fire and intoxicating, magnetic cogency with which he does this gives him his place in the classic pantheon—he never, so far as I remember, calls attention to what is now termed (in a jargon

he would scout) the hedonistic paradox. The reasonableness of the statement of this phenomenon by Jesus: "He that loveth his life shall lose it" is quite foreign to the Hebraic spirit of his treatment of the general theme. He does not make you ponder its mystic and significant import. In fact, he never makes his reader ponder at all. He arouses the sensibilities and the will directly by an energy of pronouncement, adjuration, irony that sets the sympathetic in responsive vibration with the definite ideal of duty, of sacrifice, of performance, of abnegation, so intently felt and so masterfully set forth.

The traces of his perturbation are to be found, too, in the character of this ideal which though definite enough is hardly to be called positive. At least, it lacks—tragically—aspiration. Its end, its haven, its heaven is rest, not activity. "That is how I figure Heaven," he said once substantially, "just rest." This is carrying the "Du sollst entbehren" very far, farther than Buddhism, whose inspiration is certainly not fatigue. "Rest" is not even "calm," the partial and temperamental ideal of old age, while youth

"—hears a voice within it tell:

Calm's not life's crown, though calm is well."

It implies the weariness of exhaustion, the sense of defeat. As an ideal it is warped by agitation. That it should have appealed so strongly to readers influenced by Carlyle indicates strikingly the demoralization wrought among pious souls by the break up of the old faiths. But it is still more eloquent witness of the power of his energetic preachment of the irrelevance of the whole matter of reward for duty done. St. Paul's insistence upon the expectation of immortality and his wish not to have his disciples sorrow "even as others who are without hope" has been much exaggerated. And this expectation itself has been greatly overestimated, probably, as a selfish motive of virtuous performance peculiar to fanaticism and contrasting with Stoic nobility. "It is a calumny on men to say that they are roused to heroic action by ease, hope of pleasure, recompense, sugar-plums of any kind, in this world or the next," says Carlyle of Mahomet's success. "Difficulty, abnegation, martyrdom, death are the *allurements* that act on the

heart of man. Kindle the inner genial life of him, you have a flame that burns up all lower considerations." None the less, to have kindled this flame in so many breasts in a rational age, and by preaching the foregoing "allurements" alone, without even recognition of the fact that they carry their recompense with them, and without the elevation and expansion either involved in the *gaudium certaminis* itself or attendant on victory in it here or hereafter, attests wonderfully both the intensity and the kindling quality of the preacher's emotional equipment.

Carlyle's intensity of feeling, however, not only outstrips his thinking and thus itself dies out long before the manifestations of it have lost their momentum, so that these come to seem almost mechanical, often, before they suddenly cease in some "Good Heavens" or otherwise essentially inarticulate interjection; it is rarely purified into true exaltation. Other great writers have felt as deeply, as intently, but the very depth and intensity of their feeling has resulted in that condition of concentrated calm and serene possession in which the mind seems to work with an unaccustomed freedom from the embarrassment and obstacles of less sensitive moments. Carlyle is often turbulent, tumultuous, conscious of his perturbation, impatient of the obstructions of coherent utterance, irritated at the necessity of effort in expression, exacerbated, violent, excessive. Despite his power therefore, which rarely fails to make itself felt, which is always to be either discerned or divined, he is, at times when his intensity of emotion should be both an inspiration and a constraint, its prey rather than its instrument. Thus his mood monopolizes his faculties and hampers quite as often as it stimulates his thought. His effort is absorbed in expressing it and not the ideas which have caused it. The shading of these, their efficacy, their attractiveness, their universal appeal, their relations and suggestions do not entrance him out of himself, but in proportion as they arouse his emotion sting him, as it were, into eloquent and apparently automatic exposition of their effect on him, into excited or contemptuous dithyramb and rhapsody. It is largely this strenuousness, I think, that gives his philosophy its special quality.

And its quality conjoined with its character gives it a unique, even an isolated position.

IV

To be out of harmony with one's time and environment is a heavy handicap on energy, which is thus inevitably deflected instead of developed, however it may be intensified by isolation. It is inherently inimical to expansion, and Carlyle may really be said to have devoted his prodigious powers to the endeavor to transform the "epoch of expansion" in which he passed his life into an "epoch of concentration"—to adopt Arnold's terminology. Unaided—or aided only by the futile of the intellectual world, the Froudes, the Kingsleys, the Ruskins—such an attempt must be both transitory and incomplete. "Epochs" are independent of individuals. It is their representative character that singularizes even the Titans of historic changes. Luther, for example, who attracted Carlyle immensely, disproportionately, incarnates the movement of concentration for which he stands, and did not produce it. The Renaissance produced it. It crystallized out of the expiring expansion whose hour was over. The epoch of expansion which Carlyle contested with such eloquence and energy was only beginning. So far as its movement of thought is concerned he never delayed its march an hour. He hardly even modified its evolution. He affected powerfully the varying feeling that accompanied it, but the feeling he aroused, being general, was so largely either absent altogether from the direction of specific practice it took or else impotent to check it, that this never sensibly stayed its steps. If utilitarianism has run its course it is in notable degree because its programme has been accomplished. If the world of thought was at all times insufficiently filled by it and ideality flourished synchronously with ever-increasing vigor, this was not because of Carlyle's direct contributions to it, but because it took advantage of his spiritual quickening in the development of its own spiritual philosophy very different from his. Nor is the current reaction which Liberalism in the exasperation of its discomfiture would fain attribute to Carlyle's miscalled Gospel of Force, so attributable.

The apologetics of the current gospel of force—in whose persistence, one may remark, too, in passing, nobody believes—are wholly at variance with the Eternal Verities and Immensities, the heroisms and scorn of hedonism which form the basis of his Berserker credo.

In a word, no writer who has so stirred the moral or other emotions of his era has ever remained so foreign to its thought or so out of harmony with its spirit as exhibited in its specific aspirations. Specifically the two supreme influences of the nineteenth century have been the scientific and the democratic spirit. And each found in Carlyle an instinctive and a deliberate antagonist. Science he neglected, democracy he decried; both he enthusiastically and at times ridiculously despised—as indeed he did everything he did not like. Science, apparently, except the abstract science of mathematics, he knew nothing about. At thirty he was, in Froude's view, the best read man in England. For many years, at any rate, he had done little or nothing but read. His knowledge of history, of language, of literature was immense. It was, moreover—need it be said—assimilated knowledge. Compare even such elementary and cursory evidence as the extempore "Lectures on the History of Literature" with even Hallam. But with science there is no witness of his having a speaking acquaintance. What he read of economics probably only served to whet his exasperation: from his point of view the abstraction of the so-called "economic man" was inherently trivial and his impatience found the relief of relaxation in deriding, without examination, the "dismal" and "beaver" sciences based on an interest which not only he did not share but which, on the contrary, actively irritated him. Similarly with the natural sciences to which so much of the best intellect of the time has been consecrated, which have had such a prodigious influence in the amelioration of the lot of man and which have so markedly shifted the very foundations of mankind's speculations, beliefs, and activities—foundations upon which it is within the truth to say a new *literature* has arisen. But it is not his ignorance of science which so much distinguishes his position as out of focus with his day and gener-

ation. Other writers have been conspicuously ignorant of it, too, without losing their authority. Literature has often been very nobly independent of it, much even of the literature of our own time. On the other hand attention to it has sometimes not particularly served the larger purpose of literature, as, for example, with George Eliot, or else has served it only to give it an unsatisfying and conventional currency, as with Tennyson. And Carlyle's insight is so penetrating and clairvoyant that often it easily dispenses with its aid. *This* peasant Scotch Covenanter did not need to wait for the sanctions of the "Higher Criticism" in order to write his essay on Voltaire. His isolation and antagonism are mainly emphasized in this regard by his lack not of knowledge of nineteenth century science, but of the *scientific spirit* itself which is so eminent a mark of his century.

The scientific spirit signifies poise between hypothesis and verification, between statement and proof, between appearance and reality. It is inspired by the impulse of investigation tempered with distrust and edged with curiosity. It is at once avid of certainty and sceptical of seeming. Mirage does not fascinate, nor blankness dispirit it. It is enthusiastically patient, nobly literal, candid, tolerant, hospitable. It has no major proposition to advocate or defend, no motive beyond that of attestation. It shrinks from temerity in assertion at the same time that it is animated with the ardor of divination. It is, in a word, the antithesis of such a spirit as Carlyle's, which deduces with confidence from conceptions vividly apprehended but never limited in thought, intensely imagined but neither scrupulously examined nor rigidly defined. The distinction is not one of practice, between *a priori* and inductive mental processes. The scientific spirit has certainly as much need of one as of the other, but it dictates the testing of its initial syntheses and holds the revelations of its "immediate beholdings" to be guesswork until tried by the surer standards of the "logical understanding." It has its weak side, inherently as well as in excess. Hamilton's assertion that a mathematician should be a poet implies an ideal not often, perhaps, attained. But in greater or less di-

lution it has supplied a tonic force in the speculation, the philosophy, and the art of the present day, a stimulus conspicuously lacking in the writings of Carlyle which sag, in consequence, often into the vague and the questionable.

Even more than the scientific spirit, democracy has characterized the age of Carlyle, and it is its democracy chiefly that makes him ill at ease in it. He lived to see it run its course perhaps as an abstract ideal, but this was because practically the century had become interpenetrated with it. His own bitter denunciations of it in principle, of course—he never denounced or advocated anything except in principle—had little or no weight. The reaction he preached was taken by his day for the "moonshine" which he termed its own convictions. That democracy has failed in the exalted mission with which the eighteenth century charged it, that as a panacea its inefficiency has become evident, that it has developed unexpected weakness apparently inherent in its own scheme, that instead of radically revolutionizing society it has itself been modified in many ways in the course of its evolution, that it has proved a disappointment to such writers as Scherer and Lecky, does not obscure the fact that it is the working hypothesis of the world. Dithyramb in its praise is doubtless out of date, but it has not given place to dithyramb in its censure. To Carlyle, however, it was equally abhorrent in theory and in practice, idiotic in idea and in fact inexecutable. To him it essentially contravened the order of nature, the immutable law of the universe. He hated it instinctively. And from his aversion, one may suspect, he deduced his categorical principles of a spiritual cohesion of society, obliterating the independence of its units, the right of the wise and energetic to rule, the right of the foolish and weak to be ruled—his mediævalism, in a word.

No one has made mediævalism more attractive. "Past and Present" is a very notable book. The reconstitution of mediæval life in the picture he makes out of the Chronicle of Jocelin of Brakelond is vivid and telling—especially telling in contrast with certain sides of modern life with its "thirty thousand distressed needlewomen in London alone" and its "cash-

payment the sole nexus between men." The book is, of course, inspired by the desire of exhibiting this contrast, a desire which, of course, impairs its veracity. It is in fact a pamphlet. Along with the spiritual unity and interdependence of mediævalism—"Gurth was hired for life to Cedric and Cedric to Gurth"—went many qualifications of human felicity which Carlyle's partisanship neglects to note, and which are easily enough catalogued. But it is not so much his partisanship, his lack of the scientific spirit, as the anti-democratic feeling that dictates his feudalism, and made his preachment of it fall on deaf ears. He liked feudalism because it meant the imposition of the strong upon the weak will, because during the day of its supremacy the people were least alive, because force was focussed in personalities, because the mediocre in all departments of activity was sacrificed to the salient, because mind—which he testily despised—had the least protection against purpose, because in every way it contrasted with the democratic differentiation of his antagonistic time. The only aspect of the French Revolution that pleased him was not the rise of the democracy but the punishment of the *noblesse*. For its ideas he cared not a straw. He was even blind to them. The Revolution, which Arnold calls "the greatest, the most animating event in history," was in his view merely a moral judgment for the rejection of the Reformation two centuries before. He never felt the slightest interest, the least curiosity, in "the people," in any epoch. The democratic ideal, however theoretic it may have been, democratic philosophy, however rational and disillusioned it may have become, are inseparable from humanitarianism and humanitarianism was itself antipathetic to Carlyle. Witness "Model Prisons" for a single example. Man as man meant nothing to him. The dignity of human nature he regarded with truly Calvinistic derision. The "divine" element monopolized him. He even manufactured at need incarnations of it. Hence his doctrine of heroes, his view of history as the biography of great men, his exaltation of the exceptional personality.

Here again his undemocratic feeling sets him aside from the current and movement of his time. History is now the history of

peoples. Its heroes are resultants of popular forces, movements, phases. They are explained, not "sent by God." Even literature conceives them in this way. There is a striking contrast not only in the treatment but in the titles of "Heroes and Hero Worship" and Emerson's "Representative Men." Emerson was saturated with true democratic feeling. It was a constituent of his refinement. His heroes are in the words he cites from Sterling :

Our nobler brothers, though one in blood.

Carlyle's are exhibited in the strongest relief. The darker the time, the greater the hero. And his preference for the darkest time, the most legendary hero, is significant. The result is a kind of falsification of historic color, to say the least. Really his hero is often admirable only because his environment is not—Odin, for instance, and Mahomet. Yet by a curious confusion he glorifies the stern times that could produce the hero, merely because they have produced him. One feels that the train of thought is a little insipid. Hence an aggrandizement of the Norse twilight with its rude figures over the diffused day of Greece and its community of pleasanter personifications. Olympus is too democratic for him, there is too much freedom, too much individuality, as well as the lack of solemnity involved in less gloom. Even in mythology his instinctive preference for energy to light appears. In mythology, however, one may indulge his preferences. To treat the graver matters of history, and social and political philosophy with mediæval hostility to the vital force of the modern world and without its scientific spirit, is too antagonistic to the current of modern thought to be convincing to modern men, and too particular to have, even abstractly, the cogency of utterance that is in harmony with the tone and rhythm of one's own time.

V

OF course, in noting his tendency to make of history a series of biographies, I do not mean to assert that in theory Carlyle altogether and implicitly denied the representative character of his heroes. Quite the contrary is the case, although explicitly he derides the disposition to call

the hero the "creature of the Time" and exclaims "The Time call forth? Alas, we have known Times *call* loudly enough for their great man; but not find him when they called!" But this representative character of theirs he assumes and never so much as attempts to demonstrate. In strict *a priori* fashion he infers often that they not only represent but incarnate the spirit of their time, which thenceforth he sees only as mirrored in their personalities. In practice therefore his concentration upon them becomes a study of idiosyncrasy instead of typical qualities. His instinct interests him in them in proportion to the strength of their individuality, and this is often the measure of their *un*-representativeness. The same plebeian antagonism to democratic feeling that leads him to consider the spirit of the time as negligible except as incarnated in the hero, leads him inevitably to magnify the hero in his purely personal and particular character. Thus, for example, his admiration of Johnson is based on his worshipping according to the old formulas in St. Clement Danes every Sunday in the age of Voltaire; though for his attempt to rationalize the same old formulas he has nothing but ridicule for Coleridge. In every instance, we perceive, what really interests him is *character*, and character in itself, in proportion to its energy, intrinsically and not representatively at all. Thus, practically speaking, Carlyle's history is apt to be history just in so far as his heroes are truly representative, and history, moreover, that is indirectly and not directly illuminating. When he comes to such a character as Loyola, for example, his historical sense is merged in the passion of the pamphleteer. Ignatius's energy attracted him as an artist—attracted him virulently, one may say. But on the Catholic reaction, which is one of the most interesting and significant movements of history, and which is in a sense identical with Ignatius, it simply never occurs to him to throw any light whatever.

This reserve made, however, his history is often wonderfully illuminating because of this very absorption in character, which leads him to excessive and exclusive interest in the element of personality. This interest of itself implies a moral rather than a purely intellectual preoccupation,

a superior concern for the heart and the soul, a quick feeling for the *sentiment* of a time, which when it is sympathetically, is therefore truly, interpreted. That is to say, divination discloses it as mere inspection cannot. And the sentiment of a time is measurably speaking the time itself. Accordingly, when Carlyle is in harmony with his epoch, his treatment of it, though never impartial and often excessive, is, through the very quality which in other circumstances is a defect—his predominant interest in character, namely, and in the forces which constitute character, moral forces rather than ideas—vitality and centrally irradiating. No one has praised this inner method of Carlyle better than the external Taine. He calls it "a new fashion of writing history," and he goes on as follows: "Man is not an inert being, moulded by a constitution, nor a lifeless being expressed by a formula; he is an active and living soul, capable of acting, discovering, creating, devoting himself, and before all of daring: genuine history is an epic of heroism. This idea is, in my opinion, as it were a brilliant light. For men have not done great things without great emotions." Carlyle himself says the same thing in saying that Puritanism "came forth as a *real business of the heart*." For the exhibition of such when it was to him a sympathetic business he had an extraordinary aptitude. His exhibition of it, then, is extraordinarily vivid. "Grave constitutional histories hang heavy after this compilation," says Taine of the "Cromwell." It is also extraordinarily luminous and searching. In the "Cromwell," Taine continues, "I can touch the truth itself."

Everything, however, in this latter respect depends upon the sufficiency of the historian's sympathy. The French Revolution, though far more a matter of the head than the Puritan, was also "a real business of the heart." Carlyle's panorama of it is, at least in sustained passages such as the Taking of the Bastille, of epic vividness and even grandeur. Pictorially—rather, I think, than in a true literary sense—it is strictly incomparable. But the truth of it! The truth is not simply altogether missed, as it might be by an historian of political or other formulary. It is deeply perverted. It is wholly mis-

conceived by antagonism, by a hostility which is merely the complement of those Puritan predilections that make his "Cromwell" so sympathetic an interpretation. "Carlyle judges the Revolution," says Taine again, "as unjustly as he judges Voltaire, and for the same reasons. He understands our manner of acting no better than our manner of thinking. . . . Generosity and enthusiasm abounded in France as well as in England; acknowledge them under a form which is not English. These men were devoted to abstract truth, as the Puritan to divine truth; they followed philosophy as the Puritan followed religion; they had for their aim universal salvation, as the Puritan had individual salvation. They fought against evil in society, as the Puritan fought it in the soul. They were generous as the Puritans were virtuous. They had, like them, a heroism, but sympathetic, sociable, ready to proselytize, which reformed Europe, while the English one only served England."

There is no escaping from the justice of this judgment, and it is a terribly severe one. The words I have cited contain more candor in making distinctions where distinctions are of vital, of absolute, importance, than is to be found in all Carlyle's works. Plainly the inner method serves the historian ill—pillories him, indeed—if it is not applied by an imagination which can divine phenomena lying without the confines of its temperamental prejudices. It is not sufficient for him to place himself at the very centre of another's stand-point; he must perform this feat when the other stand-point is a different, or even a hostile one—the faculty for which was denied to Carlyle as completely as if he had been devoid of all imagination whatever. The "Fritziad" illustrates the fact less strikingly than the "French Revolution," but it illustrates it amply. And in the essay on Voltaire it appears not incidentally and as the vitiating element of a work otherwise important, but as a direct and positive piece of sustained if unconscious calumny.

VI

HE was certainly an artist—to the point, indeed, which makes it possible to say that he is quite misconceived if the plastic ele-

ment in his composition is not prominently considered. He cared nothing whatever for art. It escaped him altogether. When he did not neglect, he insulted it. "May the devil fly away with the fine arts," he quotes sympathetically from some enlightened authority, or other—perhaps, *more suo*, supposititious. It had for him the curious moral connotation it might have had for his Covenanter ancestry had they known of its existence. His rare admirations are childish—for example, the feeble Dante fresco portrait once ascribed to Giotto, his interpretation of which is as absurd as anything in Ruskin, and, in another way, the puerile picture of "The Little Drummer," in which Frederick figures as a child. His praise of Dante's "song" is inferred from his appreciation of its burden, not due to a feeling for its wonderful integumental music. Froude says his ear was deficient and his metrical experiments a failure, which is true enough in general, though the translation of Goethe's noble verses in "Past and Present" is adequate and even moving. But any appeal purely to the æsthetic faculty he suspected, and whatever he suspected, of course, he either derided or denounced. It is singular that this does not qualify his worship of Goethe.

His lack of æsthetic appreciation, however, neither obscures nor obstructs his striking powers of artistic expression. He made his own picture, to which everything he saw was contributory material, and he was so egoistic that the combinations of others did not interest him. And his picture is always sapiently, *savamment*, constructed. You may like the technic or not, but the effect—and the effect evidently preconceived, arranged, combined—is not to be denied. His praise of unconsciousness is, as I have already said, manifestly a reaction from the discomfort and often the misery with which his extremely conscious composition was attended. No writer ever thought more of *how* he was to do whatever he did. His journal records that he sat three days before the sheet of paper, at the top of which the word "Voltaire" was written before writing a line of his famous essay. Certainly, during that time, he was not thinking what to say. And his effect is always the supremely artistic effect of totality. In an elab-

orate work, as in an essay, the sense of the whole prevails with truly organic persistence in even the most individualized parts. His purpose is always an informing purpose, and his aim the single one attained by a convergence of the most multifarious means. His art satisfies abundantly such definitions as: "The answer to the question, How?" "The adaptation of means to ends," even "The interpenetration of the object with its ideal."

A moment's reflection will assure anyone of this. When we recall "Sartor," "Heroes," "Past and Present," "The French Revolution," or the ten volumes of "Frederick," it is a single impression that we recall. This is true of even the "Latter-day Pamphlets," which, in spite of their variety of subjects—Stump Oratory, Jesuitism, the Nigger Question, etc.—leave the definite sensation of a prolonged and scarcely modulated shriek. Mr. Lowell complains of "The French Revolution" that it is a series of "brilliant flashes," and that we get no "general view." The *narrative* is episodic, if one chooses, but the *picture* is composed from the centre, and its unity is conspicuous; pictorially, the difficulty is that we get nothing *but* a "general view." "Frederick" is a masterpiece of concentric and centripetal miscellany. The technic is here and there deplorable, there are wastepieces and bits over-elaborated, details summarily treated and others caressed out of all proportion. But when the immense size of the canvas and the heterogeneity of the subject are taken into consideration, the way in which the central figure is at once made to stand out in accentuated individuality and at the same time intimately connected with related figures and events remote or near at hand, the result seems a marvel of artistic unity. It might surely have been better done. Herculean as the labor Carlyle undertook in it is, he undertook it, and in strictness should have performed it, instead of punctuating it with complaints of its onerousness and overloading it with unconformed data and disquisition. But it is a notable work of art.

The "Cromwell" is on the other hand superbly done. It is in its kind unique. The way in which Cromwell is allowed to paint himself, issuing himself as it were for the first time from the lumber of effigies

theretofore constructed of him, is unsurpassed in artistic vigor. It is compassed, too, by the subordination of stimulant commentary to the main business in hand—a circumstance that, however illuminating the method, must, in the case of so aggressive an advocate as Carlyle, be taken as eloquent witness of his controlling genius for real effectiveness. Had he been content with a less striking impression, so strenuous a personality as his would not, in the whole plan and scope of his work, have so markedly yielded the centre of the stage. He certainly recouped himself somewhat in the *entr'actes*; and the "Cromwell" is his single performance of the kind. In general his art is disfigured by the converse of such æsthetic altruisms, by caprice, the caprice of his temperament. But his deficiency as an artist is deeper than anything temperamental—deeper than excess, even, or the defiance of that discipline of genius which art has been called. It is his carelessness of perfection, his insensitiveness to beauty, his indifference to quality in his work. If he thought much how to do a thing, he thought little of how to do it well—well, that is to say, in correspondence with any classic standard or any ideal of power implying restraint. His devotion to expression was too absolute to be qualified by restraint, and nothing else, of course, will exorcise excess, the essential foe of formal excellence. The inspiration of those passages in his works that are truly beautiful is moral not æsthetic feeling—the noble and affecting fragment on the death of Edward Irving, for example. The "Life of Sterling," which is a masterpiece of contained expression, of sustained style and of admirable workmanship, which is his most finished production, and which may stand as a model biography in just those qualities that ordinarily his caprice is fatal to—the "Life of Sterling" is inspired by the desire to free his friend's memory from the misconceptions of Hare's account of him. Its lofty decorum and wise dignity seem dictated by the occasion, and show what he might have done had he conceived purely æsthetic ends thus deferentially. His "Address," too, on his election as Rector at Edinburgh is—especially for an essentially extempore address—marked by a rare sense of grace

and harmony growing out of the sentiment of the occasion, which appealed to him, always on the moral side, of course, very personally; his apology for the furious fustian of the "Latter-day Pamphlets" is particularly touching. But where he does not feel the pressure of moral constraint, his art is never disciplined out of its excesses nor inspired to its felicities by the effort for perfection. The disproportion between expression and reserve is, accordingly, extreme.

VII

IN expression, however, perhaps prose has not had a greater master. He could say anything he wanted to and with extraordinary energy. His style is a perfect mirror of his mind. No writer's is so idiosyncratic—so intensely idiosyncratic. It illustrates not only all his traits but all his moods. It brings out into the starkest relief his defects as well as his qualities. It is terribly indiscreet and lays bare his caprice, his lack of deference, his defiance of discipline, his intoxicated irresponsibility. But it does more than this. It accentuates its substance, notably. It accelerates the momentum of his perversity and carries him along with it, through a *crescendo* of Berserker surrender to the wild delight of pure and utter expression, to a *finale* that is often outrageous and not infrequently inept. Never was there such an instance of the faculty of expression running away with its possessor. One perceives the explanation of his paradoxical praise of silence. After excess comes reaction. Self-consciousness is assailed by the sense of futility, and sincerity sacrifices its equilibrium in expiation. After a debauch of violence, which in the retrospect appears verbiage, La Trappe seems the only refuge. Then, of course—*da capo*: endless renewal. Mr. Morley, I think, pleasantly characterizes Carlyle's works as "the gospel of silence in thirty volumes." But it is not this illogicality that is so conspicuous; the gospel of silence, like any other gospel, must be uttered, even reiterated. The paradox really consists in its being preached with so much verbosity, such stentorian tone, such *lucus a non lucendo* cogency—at times such

splutter. Self-consciousness, dissatisfied with its own facility, on the one hand, dissatisfied, on the other, with the inherent disproportion between excess and cogency of expression, shows its exasperation in a disgust too drastic to be reasonable. "Be not a stump orator, thou brave young British man," admonishes Carlyle, "at least if thou canst help it." He knew how hard it was to help it. The addendum is illuminating. Perhaps it is humorous. But such humor is a trifle flat.

Carlyle's humor *is* in general, I think, a trifle flat. It is an eminent trait of his style, but perhaps the least preservative one. It is almost altogether composed of that element of his style which is its most crying defect—excess, namely; excess and caprice. Style implies consciousness, in large measure, and to ascribe humor to one's style instead of to one's instinctive manner of expression—as one must in the case of Carlyle—is to characterize it as artificial. His humor *is* artificial; it is more than wilful. And artificial humor depends upon novelty for its acceptability. Of course, novelty is an important consideration in many circumstances. The joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, closely examined, is doubtless partly due to it. But in the case of artificial humor novelty is a necessity. Such a specimen as the address to the Jesuit in "Latter-day Pamphlets": "Prim friend, in rosary, scapulary, and I know not what other spiritual block-and-tackle," etc., may, for example, have pleased on its appearance. But the novelty has worn off, and this kind of thing, in which Carlyle abounds, is itself "left naked to laughter," and laughter of a rather dreary sort, as he might say. The image with which the "Cromwell" closes may once have seemed a grim audacity, a kind of Rabelaisian figure of heroic outrageousness, but what strikes one now in reading or recalling it is that it does not ring true. The same may be said of the welter of epithet and oddity with which his style is so often garnished. His allusions, comparisons, characterizations are frequently chosen out of a sense of humor, no doubt, but clung to, reiterated and played with out of deliberate perversity. They serve no end of illumination often, and only illustrate his disposition to free his mind without conveying anything to

the reader, who indeed needs a glossary for their comprehension. But they are voluntary accidents of his style, and become mannerisms for which he displayed an increasing fondness. His underlying spontaneity, of which he had a stock proportioned to his enormous energy, often showed, accordingly, a surface of pure affectation.

His humor, thus, serves to betray the lack of genuineness in his style, and to bring out more clearly its lack of artistic sincerity. It bears all the marks of conscious elaboration. Original it undoubtedly is. It has no prototype even. But its originality is invented rather than native. Froude says quite truly that he had to make his own audience out of a public at first perplexed and repelled by it. It was deliberately assumed, as its post-dating the correctness of his earlier manner, the manner of the "Life of Schiller," shows. And not improbably it was assumed for effect, as the phrase is, designed, that is to say, to arrest attention rather than to win adhesion for the substance it clothed. He was for years casting about to "do something" that should show his powers and give him his predestined place. The "something" proved to be his style. "Sartor" less fantastically habited, would have appeared less singular; it would have appeared as it does now to readers long accustomed to its eccentricities, not so very extraordinary after all. Its style was its Byronic collar, so to say. Oddity was in the air in those days. The outward and visible signs of transcendentalism were quite as striking as its inward sanction. Carlyle eluded its superficialities and concentrated his fantasticality upon something more vital. He had awaked many mornings without finding himself famous. The long delay made it increasingly desirable that he should "burst upon the world" in some way. He did so in his style, which served the purpose—his more or less conscious purpose—perfectly.

Artistically sincere it cannot, at any rate, be called, whatever its origin. It is too patently perverse. But it is extremely personal, and as Carlyle developed it, it came to be an admirable instrument of pure expression, its excesses and eccentricities matching the perversities of his mind and giving him a freedom which, however dis-

advantageous in other respects, enabled him to say effectively whatever he wished to say. They grew together, perhaps, with mutual concessions, until he reached the ability to pour it forth extempore with an ease of effluence rivalling the song of a bird, the natural gush of a fountain, and yet always with such idiosyncrasy as sometimes to borrow from it character for very commonplace substance. No writer has ever achieved such distinction in singularizing ineptitude by the piquancy of his style. It came to vary directly with the varying temper that vibrated around the course of his most constant thinking. It is the vivid and elastic medium of his gravity, his irony, his deep earnestness, his triviality, his vehemence, his sportiveness, because it follows closely his every impulse and never checks nor constricts his utterance by the suggestion of conformity to any consistency of its own. It certainly had consistency. So marked a style must indeed run into mannerism and monotony. But its consistency is the mere reflection of Carlyle's emotional state. When he glows it is vivid, when he nods it is dull with an ashen dulness. The moment his energy flags it becomes mechanical; its elasticity "sets"; its artificial side becomes evident. But certainly at its best, that is to say at his best, it is superb in the transparency with which it discloses the energetic working of a powerful mind under the stress of strong emotion. It interposes no veil between the writer and his readers. It is wonderfully direct and wonderfully plastic. It is vital rather than crystalline because its inspiration is feeling. But it is notably clear. Encrusted with the various extraneities of obscure and recondite allusion dictated by personal caprice and a contemptuous indifference to the comprehension of the reader, the thread of it is always brilliantly plain—like a streak of scarlet through a tangle of green. It is never turgid even in its violences, nor involved even in its fantasticalities. Its vocabulary is enormous, but never encumbers it. It eschews pedantry with instinctive felicity. Its epithets are complete characterizations. Its very unevenness heightens its color. No conceivable style could better fit the picturesque, and in the external world it is the picturesque that absorbs Carlyle, as the moral does in the

spiritual. The world, considered purely as a spectacle, impressed him as a chaos of confused contrasts and, aside from its moral meaning or futility, it stimulated his acute sense for the fortuitous, which is the essence of the picturesque. Its ordered beauty did not greatly move him. His feeling for the truly dramatic is accordingly a little superficial, I think, though when he feels it on its moral side, he treats it with a splendid eloquence, as in the conclusion of the lecture on Mahomet with its "within one century afterwards, Arabia is at Grenada on this hand, at Delhi on that; glancing in valor and splendor and the light of genius. Arabia shines through long ages over a great section of the world." One could cite such instances by the score, instances of eloquence untouched by rhetoric, untainted by the common, thought and expression fused at white heat and glowing with a purity of radiance that is the very mystery of genius and its power to transfigure the temperamental plebeian and the hereditary peasant into the poet, the prophet, and the patrician.

VIII

"THE moral life of man," says Froude, in one of those sentences that tend to make literature of his writings, "is like the flight of a bird in the air. He is sustained only by effort, and when he ceases to exert himself he falls." Carlyle's supreme service to his generation is to have stimulated and strengthened its sustaining moral energy. Except his notable rehabilitation of the Puritans and Cromwell—a *very* notable exception, it is true, yet after all not only strictly cognate to his work as a moralist, but strictly also in a sense an academic excursus of it—little else, I think, can be claimed for him. Of the histories, his "French Revolution" is a caricature and a libel, and all the pictorial splendor of its poetic prose cannot obscure its fundamental misconceptions. His "Frederick" is a piece of Titanic special pleading. Freeman remarked of "The Decline and Fall," that whatever else was read, "Gibbon must be read, too." Conversely, one may say of the "Frederick," that whether it is read or not, something else must also be read, and Mr. Tuttle need

not have apologized for his painstaking "History of Prussia." On his own theory that, "to know a thing, what we can call knowing, a man must first *love* the thing, sympathize with it," Carlyle should have let the eighteenth century—" *ce siècle sans âme*"—alone. Man, not God, was its preoccupation, in contradistinction from its predecessor. Its "soullessness" revolted him. Its humanitarianism meant nothing to him. Its great discovery of the dignity of man, he flouted. In its substitution of the heart for the soul, its rationalization of the affections, its ideals of freedom of spirit and faculty, of equality of rights and duties, of fraternity of interests and feelings to the end of mutual advantage and co-operative advance, he saw only a chaotic scramble after the *ignis fatuus* of happiness, selfishly inspired. In the seventeenth century he is at home, and accordingly his "Cromwell" is his greatest work, his true masterpiece. But even the "Cromwell" is as history impaired by the heavy defects of its qualities. As its eulogist, Taine, himself, observes: "Carlyle is so much their [the Puritans] brother that he excuses or admires their excesses—the execution of the King, the mutilation of Parliament, their intolerance, inquisition, the despotism of Cromwell, the theocracy of Knox." Different temperaments will always view them differently, but historically the last word has probably been said about the Puritans. And though he prepared the way for it, it is certain that Carlyle did not say it.

There remain in the way of formal service to his time his slight and suggestive rather than systematic advocacy of emigration and education as remedies for English ills and his introduction to the English reading public of German literature—of which his treatment, however, was notably uncritical. It is outside therefore of his partisan history, his not novel philosophy, his imperfect criticism, formally considered, that the true distinction of Carlyle's writings is to be found. It is to be found in their moral cogency—the moral cogency with which, indeed, his history, philosophy, and criticism are impregnated and, which, rather than their historical, philosophic, or critical merits, constitutes their vital value. A critic of the absence of the practical in his gospel

calls him merely "a moral brass band," and contrasts him painfully with philosophers of the concrete usefulness of Bentham and Mill. The figure is hardly just. Morally considered, he had not the rudimentary organization it implies; he was rather a double orchestra. But the meaning is sound. Why, however, moral stimulus should be belittled; why, above all, it should be deemed, of all things in the world, *unpractical*, is difficult to see. "They were not madmen, but men of business," says Taine, of the Puritans. "The whole difference between them and the men we know is that they had a conscience." It is not the whole difference, but it is in the highest degree a practical one. The view that conceives *character* rather than institutions as the great force in human affairs, individual as well as social, is as practical as the converse view; it is indeed the view which has mainly determined the crises of English progress, the view from which its vaunted "practical results" have proceeded. To celebrate this view, to enforce it on every occasion, to converge upon its significance the sum of human experiences and the reflections they create, to illustrate it with a wealth of example, to extract its essential dignity and nobility from the crudities with which it is often encumbered, to exhibit it as the one necessary and permanently fruitful consideration for bringing human activity into accord with the harmony that is not human but divine, to exalt it with eloquence and preach it with the ardor of fire, all with a view to the induction in the reader of a distinct spiritual attitude governing his every thought and act, must seem to anyone but a pedant, in strictest computation, the most practical thing in the world. To assert the contrary is equivalent to calling the Levitical code, for example, more practical than the Sermon on the Mount. Discussion of the practicality of Carlyle's preaching is in fact pure verbiage. What is really meant by the denial of it is that in a time of measures he occupied himself with men.

His real limitation—and it is, I think, a tragic one—is not the miscalled unpractical nature of his writings, the nature they share with those of perhaps the majority of the writers who have influenced the thought and feeling of the world, but the

defective nature of his spiritual ideal. His conception of character is of rectitude plus energy, and it is an imperfect conception. Character is, it is true, the basis of everything persistent and effective in the effort of mankind and what saves it from futility and chaos. But character that is most efficient and most benign is character rounded and complete, its energy tempered with sweetness, its derivative conduct illumined with light, and its various powers expanded in every fruitful direction instead of driven in upon themselves in concentration and constraint. "Were we of *open sense* as the Greeks were," he says finely of the sailing of the Mayflower, "we had found a Poem here." Precisely. Of all our writers he most lacks this "open sense," and his lack of it narrows his spiritual horizon. Beauty lies beyond its bounds—even the beauty of holiness. In his hierarchy of heroes there are no saints. He is temperamentally of the old dispensation. The expansion of the new, under its vitalizing principle of the love which casteth out fear, is quite foreign to him. His references to the Crucified One are perfunctory and mechanical—one would say obligatory rather than spontaneous. He never melts in joyous unison with the fair smile upon the face of Duty, or inhales with the dilutest rapture the fragrance that treads in her footing. His almost unremitting tension does not relax into kindness. His exacting demands are not tempered with tolerance. "On the whole we are not altogether here to tolerate: We are here to resist, to control and vanquish withal," he says. One perceives the spirit that animates him. Beside such evidence of it, his occasional eulogy of the "Religion of Sorrow," even, seems a concession to the conventional. Of the four powers into which Matthew Arnold conveniently divided humanizing agencies: the power of intellect and science, the power of beauty, the power of social life and manners and the power of conduct," the last only interests him or plays any part in his gospel, which is therefore wholly addressed to the individual. The only *concert* I can recall of which he speaks well is Knox's theocracy, which also appeals to him as the ideal of a millennium in which all the individual units are right-

eously disposed. What we know as social forces were to him quite negligible. He admired amenity as little as he possessed it. He praises the "broad simplicity, rusticity" of the "Norse System" as "so very different from the light gracefulness of the old Greek paganism," and argues its sincerity from its rudeness. "Sincerity, I think, is better than grace," he naïvely adds. And indeed naïve is the one word to apply to some aspects of Carlyle's point of view. He knew the world profoundly, but he viewed it from Ecclefechan; there is no such example in literature of inveterate perversity. He saw his own principles through the prism of his temperament. And no writer ever had so much temperament. It injures his ideal for us and makes it less attractive. But what is far more grave is that in doing so it weakens the stimulus he would otherwise afford to readers who would otherwise be drawn to those of its elements that are at once noble and indispensable. He imposes it instead of making it lovely. To earnest souls—and he can have no other readers—the way seems hard enough. Carlyle often recalls the anecdote related by Mr. Frederic Harrison apropos of Fitzjames Stephen, perhaps Carlyle's most distinguished disciple, in which a stern confessor tells a dying penitent, endeavoring to turn his thoughts toward Heaven, that he "ought to be thankful he had a hell to go to." "To-day thou shalt be with me in Paradise" is not only more winning and therefore of a higher potency, but it illustrates a later stage of ethical evolution.

Nevertheless Froude's striking figure, which I have already cited, is justified of every man's experience. Every man, the most innocent as well as the most virtuous, knows the incessant pressure of the necessity of moral effort. "There is none that doeth good, no, not one." The opportunity of doing good or of avoiding doing it is exquisitely adjusted in scale to the degrees with which perfection is approached. Everyone is conscious of life as a succession of choices which it behooves him to make rightly on pain either of, at

the least, a sense of dissatisfaction or of feeling that he is ceasing to count at all and declining into the estate of "the beasts that perish." Of himself he can do nothing. Effort and high resolve—whether labelled "the grace of God" or "the higher self" is immaterial—are needed to dominate the "law of the members," which operates instinctively along the line of least resistance and tends toward the greater inclination, and the result of which in the modern world at least is dissatisfaction and distress. In the antique world we are apt to think it may not have been so. Heine, for example, conceived that it was not so, and the tragic result of this belief in his own case does not refute the many true and searching things he said in support of it. "The ideal, cheerful, sensuous, pagan life is not sick or sorry," says Matthew Arnold, writing of Theocritus. Of the real pagan life, however, one may find the witness of the ideal idyllist less illuminating than the graver literature from Æschylus to Juvenal. And whatever it was, it is over. Evolution alone has fixed our status. The purely sensuous ideal, if it ever practically existed, is irrevocably submerged. The tyranny of conscience has perhaps also passed its apogee. When Mr. James, for example, concludes his life of Hawthorne with the words "Man's conscience was his theme, but he saw it in the light of a creative fancy which added out of its own substance an interest and I may almost say an importance," the modern reader is quite in agreement with him. But conscience long since won its permanent place in the domain of the common consciousness of mankind. It has not been exorcised in its rationalization. And the status it imposes is recognized by consciousness as the prize of constant effort. What greater service than the stimulation of this effort is it open to literature to render to humanity, one feels like asking in the presence of Carlyle's massive contribution to what he himself loftily defines as "the Thought of Thinking Souls?" Only one, perhaps; that of lightening it as well.



Goff and His Pack.

WITH THE COUGAR HOUNDS

By Theodore Roosevelt

FIRST PAPER

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHILIP K. STEWART

IN January, 1901, I started on a five weeks' cougar hunt from Meeker in Northwest Colorado. My companions were Mr. Philip K. Stewart and Dr. Gerald Webb, of Colorado Springs; Stewart was the captain of the victorious Yale nine of '86. We reached Meeker on January 11th, after a forty mile drive from the railroad, through the bitter winter weather; it was eighteen degrees below zero when we started. At Meeker we met John B. Goff, the hunter, and left town the next morning on horseback for his ranch, our hunting beginning that same afternoon, when after a brisk run our dogs treed a bobcat. After a fortnight Stewart and Webb returned, Goff and I staying out three weeks longer. We did not have to camp out, thanks to the warm-hearted hospitality of the proprietor and manager of the Keystone Ranch, and of the Mathes Brothers and Judge Foreman, both of whose ranches I also visited. The five weeks were spent hunting north of the White River, most of the time in the neighborhood of Coyote Basin and Colorow Mountain. In mid-

winter, hunting on horseback in the Rockies is apt to be cold work, but we were too warmly clad to mind the weather. We wore heavy flannels, jackets lined with sheepskin, caps which drew down entirely over our ears, and on our feet heavy ordinary socks, german socks, and overshoes. Galloping through the brush and among the spikes of the dead cedars, meant that now and then one got snagged; I found tough overalls better than trousers; and most of the time I did not need the jacket, wearing my old buckskin shirt, which is to my mind a particularly useful and comfortable garment.

It is a high, dry country, where the winters are usually very cold, but the snow not under ordinary circumstances very deep. It is wild and broken in character, the hills and low mountains rising in sheer slopes, broken by cliffs and riven by deeply cut and gloomy gorges and ravines. The sagebrush grows everywhere upon the flats and hillsides. Large open groves of pinyon and cedar are scattered over the peaks, ridges, and table-lands. Tall spruces

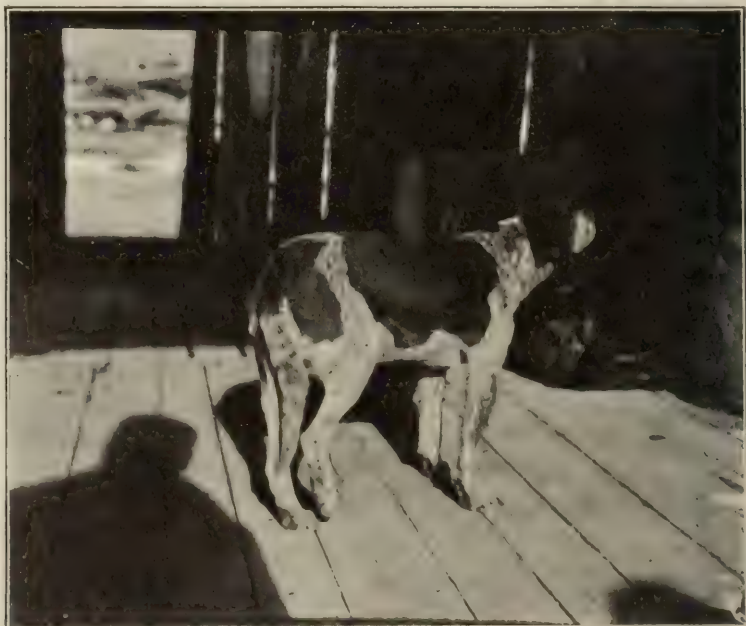


Tony and Baldy.

cluster in the cold ravines. Cottonwoods grow along the stream courses, and there are occasional patches of scrub-oak and quaking asp. The entire country is taken up with cattle ranges wherever it is possible to get a sufficient water-supply, natural or artificial. Some thirty miles to the east and north the mountains rise higher, the evergreen forest becomes continuous, the snow lies deep all through the winter, and such Northern animals as the wolverene, lucivee, and snow-shoe rabbit are found. This high country is the summer home of the Colorado elk, which are now rapidly becoming extinct, and of the Colorado blacktail deer, which are still very plentiful, but which, unless better protected, will follow the elk in the next decade or so. In winter both elk and deer come down to the lower country, through a part of which I made my hunting trip. We did not come across any elk, but I have never, even in the old days, seen blacktail more abundant than they were in this region. There was hardly a day that we did not see scores, and there were some days that we saw hundreds. The bucks had not lost their antlers, and were generally, but not always, found in small troops by themselves ;

the does, yearlings, and fawns—now almost yearlings themselves—went in bands. They seemed tame, and we often passed close to them before they took alarm. Of course at that season it was against the law to kill them ; and even had this not been so none of our party would have dreamed of molesting them. It was very interesting to see the way the deer got under—never over or through—the wire fences ; they did not slide, but crouched, so that it was almost like crawling ; yet they hardly checked their speed.

The midwinter mountain landscape was very beautiful, whether under the brilliant



Boxer.

blue sky of the day, or the starlight or glorious moonlight of the night, or when under the dying sun the snowy peaks, and the light clouds above, kindled into flame, and sank again to gold and amber and sombre purple. After the snow-storms the

exception of one new hound, which he had just purchased, and of a puppy, which was being trained, not one of the pack would look at a deer even when they were all as keen as mustard, were not on a trail, and when the deer got up but fifty yards or so



Jim on a Trail.

trees, almost hidden beneath the light, feathery masses, gave a new and strange look to the mountains, as if they were giant masses of frosted silver. Even the storms had a beauty of their own. The keen, cold air, the wonderful scenery, and the interest and excitement of the sport, made our veins thrill and beat with buoyant life.

In cougar hunting the success of the hunter depends absolutely upon his hounds. As hounds that are not perfectly trained are worse than useless, this means that success depends absolutely upon the man who trains and hunts the hounds. Goff was one of the best hunters with whom I have ever been out, and he had trained his pack to a point of perfection for its special work which I have never known another such pack to reach. With the

from them. By the end of the hunt both the new hound and the puppy were entirely trustworthy; of course, Goff can only keep up his pack by continually including new or young dogs with the veterans. As cougar are only plentiful where deer are infinitely more plentiful, the first requisite for a good cougar hound is that it shall leave its natural prey, the deer, entirely alone. Goff's pack ran only bear, cougar, and bobcat. Under no circumstances were they ever permitted to follow elk, deer, antelope or, of course, rabbit. Nor were they allowed to follow a wolf unless it was wounded; for in such a rough country they would at once run out of sight and hearing, and moreover if they did overtake the wolf they would be so scattered as to come up singly and probably

be overcome one after another. Being bold dogs they were always especially eager after wolf and coyote, and when they came across the trail of either, though they would not follow it, they would usually challenge loudly. If the circumstances were such that they could overtake the wolf in a body, it could make no effective

The biggest, and, on the whole, the most useful, was Jim, a very fast, powerful, and true dog with a great voice. When the animal was treed or bayed, Jim was especially useful because he never stopped barking; and we could only find the hounds, when at bay, by listening for the sound of their voices. Among the cliffs



"Barking treed."

fight against them, no matter how large and powerful. On the one or two occasions when this had occurred, the pack had throttled "Isegrim" without getting a scratch.

As the dogs did all the work, we naturally became extremely interested in them, and rapidly grew to know the voice, peculiarities, and special abilities of each. There were eight hounds and four fighting-dogs. The hounds were of the ordinary Eastern type, used from the Adirondacks to the Mississippi in the chase of deer and fox. Six of them were black and tan and two were mottled. They differed widely in size and voice.

and precipices the pack usually ran out of sight and hearing if the chase lasted any length of time. Their business was to bring the quarry to bay, or put it up a tree, and then to stay with it and make a noise until the hunters came up. During this hunt there were two or three occasions when they had a cougar up a tree for at least three hours before we arrived, and on several occasions Goff had known them to keep a cougar up a tree overnight and to be still barking around the tree when the hunters at last found them the following morning. Jim always did his share of the killing, being a formidable fighter, though too wary to take hold



After the Fight.



Starting for a Hunt.

until one of the professional fighting-dogs had seized. He was a great bully with the other dogs, robbing them of their food, and yielding only to Turk. He possessed great endurance, and very stout feet.

On the whole the most useful dog next to Jim was old Boxer. Age had made Boxer slow, and in addition to this, the first cougar we tackled bit him through one hind leg, so that for the remainder of the trip he went on three legs, or, as Goff put it, "packed one leg"; but this seemed not to interfere with his appetite, his endurance, or his desire for the chase. Of all the dogs he was the best to puzzle out a cold trail on a bare hillside, or in any difficult place. He hardly paid any heed to the others, always insisting upon working out the trail for himself, and he never gave up. Of course, the dogs were much more apt to come upon the cold than upon the fresh trail of a cougar, and it was often necessary for them to

spend several hours in working out a track which was at least two days old. Both Boxer and Jim had enormous appetites. Boxer was a small dog and Jim a very large one, and as the relations of the pack among themselves were those of brutal wild-beast selfishness, Boxer had to eat very quickly if he expected to get anything when Jim was around. He never ventured to fight Jim, but in deep-toned voice appealed to heaven against the unrighteousness with which he was treated; and time and again such appeal caused me to sally out and rescue his dinner from Jim's highway robbery. Once, when Boxer was given a biscuit, which he tried to bolt whole, Jim simply took his entire head in his jaws, and convinced him that he had his choice of surrendering the biscuit, or sharing its passage down Jim's capacious throat. Boxer promptly gave up the biscuit, then lay on his back and wailed a protest to fate—his voice being deep rather than

loud, so that on the trail, when heard at a distance, it sounded a little as if he was croaking. After killing a cougar we usually cut up the carcass and fed it to the dogs, if we did not expect another chase that day. They devoured it eagerly, Boxer, after his meal, always looking as if he had swallowed a mattress.

Next in size to Jim was Tree'em. Tree'em was a good dog, but I never considered him remarkable until his feat on the last day of our hunt, to be afterward related. He was not a very noisy dog, and when "barking treed" he had a meditative way of giving single barks separated by intervals of several seconds, all the time gazing stolidly up at the big, sinister cat which he was baying. Early in the hunt, in the course of a fight with one of the cougars, he received some

injury to his tail, which made it hang down like a piece of old rope. Apparently it hurt him a good deal and we let him rest for a fortnight. This put him in great spirits and made him fat and strong, but only enabled him to recover power over the root of the tail, while the tip hung down as before; it looked like a curved pump-handle when he tried to carry it erect.

Lil and Nel were two very stanch and fast bitches, the only two dogs that could keep up to Jim in a quick burst. They had shrill voices. Their only failing was a tendency to let the other members of the pack cow them so that they did not get their full share of the food. It was not a pack in which a slow or timid dog had much chance for existence. They would all unite in the chase and the fierce



The Keystone Ranch.



One of Stewart's Bobcats.

struggle which usually closed it ; but the instant the quarry was killed each dog resumed his normal attitude of greedy anger or greedy fear toward the others.

Another bitch rejoiced in the not very appropriate name of Pete. She was a most ardent huntress. In the middle of our trip she gave birth to a litter of puppies, but before they were two weeks old she would slip away after us and join with the utmost ardor in the hunting and

fighting. Her brother Jimmie, although of the same age (both were young), was not nearly as far advanced. He would run well on a fresh trail, but a cold trail or a long check always discouraged him and made him come back to Goff. He was rapidly learning ; a single beating taught him to let deer alone. The remaining hound, Bruno, had just been added to the pack. He showed tendencies both to muteness and babbling, and at times,



Turk and a Bobcat in Top of a Pinyon.

if he thought himself unobserved, could not resist making a sprint after a deer ; but he occasionally rendered good service. If Jim or Boxer gave tongue every member of the pack ran to the sound ; but not a dog paid any heed to Jimmie or Bruno. Yet Jimmie certainly, and Bruno very probably, will be first-class hounds in a year.

The fighting-dogs always trotted at the heels of the horses, which had become

entirely accustomed to them, and made no objection when they literally rubbed against their heels. The fighters never left us until we came to where we could hear the hounds "barking treed," or with their quarry at bay. Then they tore in a straight line to the sound. They were the ones who were expected to do the seizing and take the punishment, though the minute they actually had hold of the cougar, the hounds all piled on too, and did their

With the Cougar Hounds

share of the killing ; but the seizers fought the head while the hounds generally took hold behind. All of them, fighters and hounds alike, were exceedingly good-natured and affectionate with their human friends, though short-tempered to a degree with one another. The best of the fighters was old Turk, who was by blood half hound and half "Siberian blood-hound."



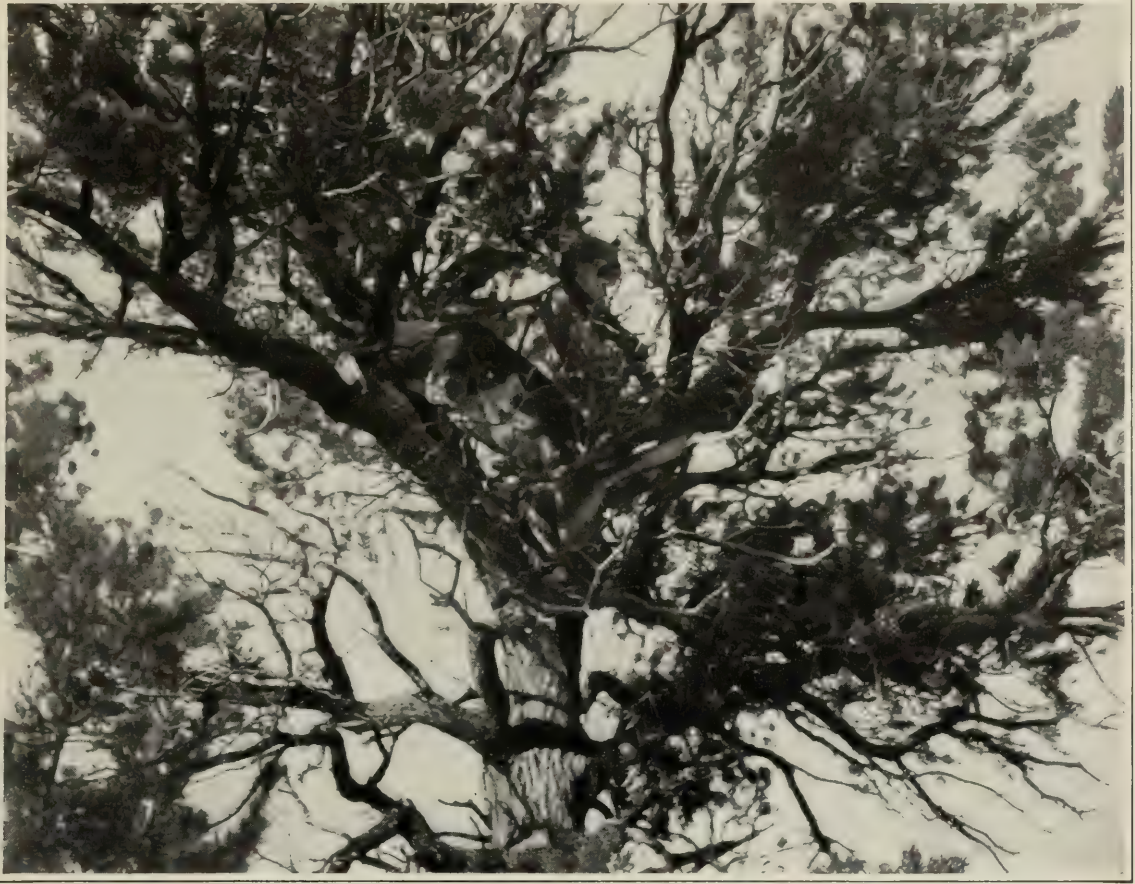
Weighing a Bobcat.

Both his father and his mother were half-breeds of the same strains, and both were famous fighters. Once, when Goff had wounded an enormous gray wolf in the hind leg, the father had overtaken it and fought it to a standstill. The two dogs together were an overmatch for any wolf. Turk had had a sister who was as good as he was ; but she had been killed the year before by a cougar which bit her through the skull ; accidents being, of course, frequent in the pack, for a big cougar is a much more formidable opponent to dogs than a wolf. Turk's head and body were seamed with scars. He had lost his lower fangs ; but he was still a most formidable dog. While we were

at the Keystone Ranch a big steer which had been driven in, got on the fight, and the foreman, William Wilson, took Turk out to aid him. At first Turk did not grasp what was expected of him, because all the dogs were trained never to touch anything domestic — at the different ranches where we stopped the cats and kittens wandered about, perfectly safe, in the midst of this hard-biting crew of bear and cougar fighters. But when Turk at last realized that he was expected to seize the steer, he did the business with speed and thoroughness ; he not only threw the steer, but would have killed it then and there had he not been, with much difficulty, taken away. Three dogs like Turk, in their prime and with their teeth intact, could, I believe, kill an ordinary female cougar, and could hold even a big male so as to allow it to be killed with the knife.

Next to Turk were two half-breeds between bull and shepherd, named Tony and Baldy. They were exceedingly game, knowing-looking little dogs, with a certain alert swagger that reminded one of the walk of some light-weight prize-fighters. In fights with cougars, bears, and lynx, they too had been badly mauled and had lost a good many of their teeth. Neither of the gallant little fellows survived the trip. Their place was taken by a white bulldog bitch, Queen, which we picked up at the Keystone Ranch ; a very affectionate and good-humored dog, but, when her blood was aroused, a dauntless though rather stupid fighter. Unfortunately she did not seize by the head, taking hold of any part that was nearest.

The pack had many interesting peculiarities, but none more so than the fact that four of them climbed trees. Only one of the hounds, little Jimmie, ever tried the feat ; but of the fighters, not only Tony and Baldy but big Turk climbed every tree that gave them any chance.



Tony Climbs After the Cougar.

The pinyons and cedars were low, multi-forked, and usually sent off branches from near the ground. In consequence the dogs could, by industrious effort, work their way almost to the top. The photograph of Turk and the bobcat in the pinyon [page 425] shows them at an altitude of about thirty feet above the ground. Now and then a dog would lose his footing and come down with a whack which sounded as if he must be disabled, but after a growl and a shake he would start up the tree again. They could not fight well while in a tree, and were often scratched or knocked to the ground by a cougar; and when the quarry was shot out of its perch and seized by the expectant throng below, the dogs in the tree, yelping with eager excitement, dived headlong down through the branches, regardless of consequences.

The horses were stout, hardy, sure-footed beasts, not very fast, but able to climb like goats, and to endure an immense amount of work. Goff and I each used two for the trip.

The bear were all holed up for the win-

ter, and so our game was limited to cougars and bobcats. In the books the bobcat is always called a lynx, which it of course is; but whenever a hunter or trapper speaks of a lynx (which he usually calls "link," feeling dimly that the other pronunciation is a plural), he means a lucivee. Bobcat is a good distinctive name, and it is one which I think the book people might with advantage adopt; for wild-cat, which is the name given to the small lynx in the East, is already pre-empted by the true wild-cat of Europe. Like all people of European descent who have gone into strange lands, we Americans have christened our wild beasts with a fine disregard for their specific and generic relations. We called the bison "buffalo" as long as it existed, and we still call the big stag an "elk," instead of using for it the excellent term wapiti; on the other hand, to the true elk and the reindeer we gave the new names of moose and caribou—excellent names, too, by the way. The prong buck is always called antelope, though it is not an antelope at all; and the



Goff and the Pack—the Rear Hound is 'Tree 'em.

white goat is not a goat ; while the distinctive name of "big-horn" is rarely used for the mountain sheep. In most cases, however, it is mere pedantry to try to upset popular custom in such matters ; and where, as with the bobcat, a perfectly good name is taken, it would be better for scientific men to adopt it. I may add that in this particular of nomenclature we are no worse sinners than other people. The English in Ceylon, the English and Dutch in South Africa, and the Spanish in South America, have all shown the same genius for misnaming beasts and birds.

Bobcats were very numerous where we were hunting. They fed chiefly upon the rabbits, which fairly swarmed ; mostly cotton-tails, but a few jacks. Contrary to the popular belief, the winter is in many places a time of plenty for carnivorous wild beasts. In this place, for instance, the abundance of deer and rabbits made good hunting for both cougar and bobcat, and all those we killed were as fat as possible, and in consequence weighed more than their inches promised. The bobcats are very fond of prairie dogs, and haunt the dog towns as soon as spring comes and the

inhabitants emerge from their hibernation. They sometimes pounce on higher game. We came upon an eight months' fawn—very nearly a yearling—which had been killed by a big male bobcat; and Judge Foreman informed me that near his ranch, a few years previously, an exceptionally large bobcat had killed a yearling doe. Bobcats will also take lambs and young pigs, and if the chance occurs will readily seize their small kinsman, the house cat.

We found that the bobcats sometimes made their lairs along the rocky ledges or in holes in the cut banks, and sometimes in thickets, prowling about during the night, and now and then even during the day. We never chased them unless the dogs happened to run across them by accident when questing for cougar, or when we were returning home after a day when we had failed to find cougar. Usually the cat gave a good run, occasionally throwing out the dogs by doubling or jack-knifing. Two or three times one of them gave us an hour's sharp trotting, cantering, and galloping through the open cedar and pinyon groves on the table-lands; and the runs sometimes lasted for a much longer period when the dogs had to go across ledges and through deep ravines.

On one of our runs a party of ravens fluttered along from tree to tree beside us, making queer gurgling noises and evidently perfectly aware that they might expect to reap a reward from our hunting. Ravens, multitudes of magpies, and golden and bald eagles were seen continually, and all four flocked to any carcass which was left in the open. The eagle and the raven are true birds of the wilderness, and in a way their presence both heightened and relieved the iron desolation of the wintry mountains.

Over half the cats we started escaped, getting into caves or deep holes in wash-outs. In the other instances they went up trees and were of course easily shot. Tony and Baldy would bring them out of any hole into which they themselves could get. After their loss, Lil, who is a small hound, once went into a hole in a washout after a cat. After awhile she stopped barking, though we could still hear the cat growling. What had happened to her we did not know. We spent a couple of hours calling to her and trying

to get her to come out, but she neither came out nor answered, and, as sunset was approaching and the ranch was some miles off, we rode back there, intending to return with spades in the morning. However, by breakfast we found that Lil had come back. We supposed that she had got on the other side of the cat and had been afraid or unable to attack it; so that as Collins the cow-puncher, who was a Southerner, phrased it, "she just naturally stayed in the hole" until some time during the night the cat went out and she followed. When once hunters and hounds have come into the land, it is evident that the bobcats which take refuge in caves have a far better chance of surviving than those which make their lairs in the open and go up trees. But trees are sure havens against their wilderness foes. Goff informed me that he once came in the snow to a place where the tracks showed that some coyotes had put a bobcat up a tree, and had finally abandoned the effort to get at it. A single coyote will rarely meddle with a bobcat. Any good fighting dog will kill one; but an untrained dog, even of large size, will probably fail, as the bobcat makes good use of both teeth and claws; they frequently left marks on some of the pack. We found them very variable in size. My two largest—both of course males—weighed respectively thirty-one and thirty-nine pounds. The latter, Goff said, was of exceptional size, and as large as any he had ever killed. The full-grown females went down as low as eighteen pounds, or even lower.

When the bobcats were in the treetops we could get up very close. They looked like large malevolent pussies. I once heard one of them squawl defiance when the dogs tried to get it out of a hole. Ordinarily they confined themselves to a low growling. Stewart and Goff went up the trees with their cameras whenever we got a bobcat in a favorable position, and endeavored to take its photograph. Sometimes they were very successful. Although they were frequently within six feet of a cat, and occasionally even poked it in order to make it change its position, I never saw one make a motion to jump on them. Two or three times on our approach the cat jumped from the tree almost into the midst of the pack, but it was so quick

that it got off before they could seize it. They invariably put it up another tree before it had gone any distance.

Hunting the bobcat was only an incident. Our true quarry was the cougar. I had long been anxious to make a regular hunt after cougar in a country where the beasts were plentiful and where we could follow them with a good pack of hounds. Astonishingly little of a satisfactory nature has been left on record about the cougar by hunters, and in most places the chances for observation of the big cats steadily grow less. They have been thinned out almost to the point of extermination throughout the Eastern States. In the Rocky Mountain region they are still plentiful in places, but are growing less so; while on the contrary the wolf, which was exterminated even more quickly in the East, is in the West at present increasing in numbers. In northwestern Colorado a dozen years ago, cougars were far more plentiful than wolves; whereas at the present day the wolf is probably the more numerous. Nevertheless, there are large areas, here and there among the Rockies, in which cougars will be plentiful for many years.

No American beast has been the subject of so much loose writing or of such wild fables as the cougar. Even its name is unsettled. In the Eastern States it is usually called panther or painter; in the Western States, mountain lion, or, toward the South, Mexican lion. The Spanish-speaking people usually call it simply lion. It is, however, sometimes called cougar in the West and Southwest of our country, and in South America, puma. As it is desirable where possible not to use a name that is misleading and is already appropriated to some entirely different animal, it is best to call it cougar.

The cougar is a very singular beast, shy and elusive to an extraordinary degree, very cowardly and yet bloodthirsty and ferocious, varying wonderfully in size, and subject, like many other beasts, to queer freaks of character in occasional individuals. This fact of individual variation in size and temper is almost always ignored in treating of the animal; whereas it ought never to be left out of sight.

The average writer, and for the matter

of that, the average hunter, where cougars are scarce, knows little or nothing of them, and in describing them merely draws upon the stock of well-worn myths which portray them as terrible foes of man, as dropping on their prey from trees where they have been lying in wait, etc., etc. Very occasionally there appears an absolutely trustworthy account like that by Dr. Hart Merriam in his "Adirondack Mammals." But many otherwise excellent writers are wholly at sea in reference to the cougar. Thus one of the best books on hunting in the far West in the old days is by Colonel Dodge. Yet when Colonel Dodge came to describe the cougar he actually treated of it as two species, one of which, the mountain lion, is painted as a most ferocious and dangerous opponent of man; while the other, the panther, is described as an abject coward, which will not even in the last resort defend itself against man—the two of course being the same animal.

However, the wildest of all fables about the cougar has been reserved not for hunter or popular writer, but for a professed naturalist. In his otherwise most charming and interesting book, "The Naturalist in La Plata," Mr. Hudson actually describes the cougar as being friendly to man, disinterestedly adverse to harming him, and at the same time an enemy of other large carnivores. Mr. Hudson bases his opinion chiefly upon the assertions of the Guachos. The Guachos, however, go one degree beyond Mr. Hudson, calling the puma the "friend of Christians"; whereas Mr. Hudson only ventures to attribute to the beast humanitarian, not theological, preferences. As a matter of fact, Mr. Hudson's belief in the cougar's peculiar friendship for man, and peculiar enmity to other large beasts of prey, has not one particle of foundation in fact as regards at any rate the North American form—and it is hardly to be supposed that the South American form would alone develop such extraordinary traits. For instance, Mr. Hudson says that the South American puma when hunted will attack the dogs in preference to the man. In North America he will fight the dog if the dog is nearest, and if the man comes to close quarters at the same time as the dog he

will attack the man if anything more readily, evidently recognizing in him his chief opponent. He will often go up a tree for a single dog. On Mr. Hudson's theory he must do this because of his altruistic feeling toward the dog. In fact, Mr. Hudson could make out a better case of philo-humanity for the North American wolf than for the North American cougar. Equally absurd is it to talk, as Mr. Hudson does, of the cougar as the especial enemy of other ferocious beasts. Mr. Hudson speaks of it as attacking and conquering the jaguar. Of this I know nothing, but such an extraordinary statement should be well fortified with proofs; and if true it must mean that the jaguar is an infinitely less formidable creature than it has been painted. In support of his position Mr. Hudson alludes to the stories about the cougar attacking the grizzly bear. Here I am on ground that I do know. It is true that an occasional old hunter asserts that the cougar does this, but the old hunter who makes such an assertion also invariably insists that the cougar is a ferocious and habitual man-killer, and the two statements rest upon equally slender foundations of fact. I have never yet heard of a single authentic instance of a cougar interfering with a full-grown bear. It will kill bear cubs if it gets a chance; but then so will the fox and the fisher, not to speak of the wolf. In 1894, a cougar killed a colt on a brushy river bottom a dozen miles below my ranch on the Little Missouri. I went down to visit the carcass and found that it had been taken possession of by a large grizzly. Both I and the hunter who was with me were very much interested in what had occurred, and after a careful examination of the tracks we concluded that the bear had arrived on the second night after the kill. He had feasted heartily on the remains, while the cougar, whose tracks were evident here and there at a little distance from the carcass, had seemingly circled around it, and had certainly not interfered with the bear, or even ventured to approach him. Now, if a cougar would ever have meddled with a large bear it would surely have been on such an occasion as this. If very much pressed by hunger, a large cougar will, if it gets

the chance, kill a wolf; but this is only when other game has failed, and under all ordinary circumstances neither meddles with the other. When I was down in Texas, hunting peccaries on the Nueces, I was in a country where both cougar and jaguar were to be found; but no hunter had ever heard of either molesting the other, though they were all of the opinion that when the two met the cougar gave the path to his spotted brother. Of course, it is never safe to dogmatize about the unknown in zoölogy, or to generalize on insufficient evidence; but as regards the North American cougar there is not a particle of truth of any kind, sort, or description in the statement that he is the enemy of the larger carnivores, or the friend of man; and if the South American cougar, which so strongly resembles its Northern brother in its other habits, has developed on these two points the extraordinary peculiarities of which Mr. Hudson speaks, full and adequate proof should be forthcoming; and this proof is now wholly wanting.

Fables aside, the cougar is a very interesting creature. It is found from the cold, desolate plains of Patagonia to north of the Canadian line, and lives alike among the snow-clad peaks of the Andes and in the steaming forests of the Amazon. Doubtless careful investigation will disclose several varying forms in an animal found over such immense tracts of country and living under such utterly diverse conditions. But in its essential habits and traits, the big, slinking, nearly uni-colored cat seems to be much the same everywhere, whether living in mountain, open plain, or forest, under arctic cold or tropic heat. When the settlements become thick, it retires to dense forest, dark swamp or inaccessible mountain gorge, and moves about only at night. In wilder regions it not infrequently roams during the day and ventures freely into the open. Deer are its customary prey where they are plentiful, bucks, does, and fawns being killed indifferently. Usually the deer is killed almost instantaneously, but occasionally there is quite a scuffle, in which the cougar may get bruised, though, as far as I know, never seriously. It is also a dreaded enemy of sheep, pigs, calves, and especially colts, and when pressed by hun-

ger a big male cougar will kill a full-grown horse or cow, moose or wapiti. It is the special enemy of mountain sheep. In 1886, while hunting white goats north of Clarke's fork of the Columbia, in a region where cougar were common, I found them preying as freely on the goats as on the deer. It rarely catches antelope, but is quick to seize rabbits, other small beasts, and even porcupines.

No animal, not even the wolf, is so rarely seen or so difficult to get without dogs. On the other hand, no other wild beast of its size and power is so easy to kill by the aid of dogs. There are many contradictions in its character. Like the American wolf, it is certainly very much afraid of man; yet it habitually follows the trail of the hunter or solitary traveller, dogging his footsteps, itself always unseen. I have had this happen to me personally. When hungry it will seize and carry off any dog; yet it will sometimes go up a tree when pursued even by a single small dog wholly unable to do it the least harm. It is small wonder that the average frontier settler should grow to regard almost with superstition the great furtive cat which he never sees, but of whose presence he is ever aware, and of whose prowess sinister proof is sometimes afforded by the deaths not alone of his lesser stock, but even of his milch cow or saddle horse.

The cougar is as large, as powerful, and as formidably armed as the Indian panther, and quite as well able to attack man; yet the instances of its having done so are exceedingly rare. The vast majority of the tales to this effect are undoubtedly inventions. But it is foolish to deny that such attacks on human beings ever occur. There are a number of authentic instances, the latest that has come to my knowledge being related in the following letter, of May 15, 1893, written to Dr. Merriam by Professor W. H. Brewer, of Yale: "In 1880 I visited the base of Mount Shasta, and stopped a day to renew the memories of 1862, when I had climbed and measured this mountain. Panthers were numerous and were so destructive to sheep that poisoning by strychnine was common. A man living near who had (as a young hunter) gone up Mount Shasta with us in '62, now married (1880) and on a ranch, came to visit me, with a little son five or

six years old. This boy when younger, but two or three years old, if I recollect rightly, had been attacked by a panther. He was playing in the yard by the house when a lean two-thirds grown panther came into the yard and seized the child by the throat. The child screamed, and alarmed the mother (who told me the story). She seized a broom and rushed out, while an old man at the house seized the gun. The panther let go the child and was shot. I saw the boy. He had the scars of the panther's teeth in the cheek, and below on the under side of the lower jaw, and just at the throat. This was the only case that came to my knowledge at first hand of a panther attacking a human being in that State, except one or two cases where panthers, exasperated by wounds, had fought with the hunters who had wounded them." This was a young cougar, bold, stupid, and very hungry. Goff told me of one similar case where a cougar stalked a young girl, but was shot just before it was close enough to make the final rush. As I have elsewhere related, I know of two undoubted cases, one in Mississippi, one in Florida, where a negro was attacked and killed by a cougar, while alone in a swamp at night. But these occurred many years ago. The instance related by Professor Brewer is the only one I have come across happening in recent years, in which the cougar actually seized a human being with the purpose of making prey of it; though doubtless others have occurred. I have never known the American wolf actually to attack a human being from hunger or to make prey of him; whereas the Old-World wolf, like the Old-World leopard, undoubtedly sometimes turns man-eater.

Even when hunted the cougar shows itself, as a rule, an abject coward, not to be compared in courage and prowess with the grizzly bear, and but little more dangerous to man than is the wolf under similar circumstances. Without dogs it is usually a mere chance that one is killed. Goff has killed some 300 cougars during the sixteen years he has been hunting in northwestern Colorado, yet all but two of them were encountered while he was with his pack; although this is in a region where they are plentiful. When hunted with good dogs their attention is so taken up with the pack that they have little time

to devote to men. When hunted without dogs they never charge unless actually cornered, and, as a general rule, not even then, unless the man chooses to come right up to them. I knew of one Indian being killed in 1887, and near my ranch a cowboy was mauled; but in the first instance the cougar had been knocked down and the Indian was bending over it when it revived; and in the next instance, the cowboy literally came right on top of the animal. Now, under such circumstances either a bull elk or a blacktail buck will occasionally fight; twice I have known of wounded wapiti regularly charging, and one of my own cowboys, George Myer, was very roughly handled by a blacktail buck which he had wounded. In all his experience Goff says that he never but once had a cougar start to charge him, and on that occasion it was promptly killed by a bullet. Usually the cougar does not even charge at the dogs beyond a few feet, confining itself to seizing or striking any member of the pack which comes close up; although it will occasionally, when much irritated, make a rapid dash and seize some bold assailant. While I was on my hunt, one of Goff's brothers lost a hound in hunting a cougar; there were but two hounds, and the cougar would not tree for them, finally seizing and killing one that came too near. At the same time a ranchman not far off set his cattle dog on a cougar, which after a short run turned and killed the dog. But time and again cougars are brought to bay or treed by dogs powerless to do them the slightest damage; and they usually meet their death tamely when the hunter comes up. I have had no personal experience either with the South American jaguar or the Old-World leopard or panther; but these great spotted cats must be far more dangerous adversaries than the cougar.

It is true, as I have said, that a cougar will follow a man; but then a weasel will sometimes do the same thing. Whatever the cougar's motive, it is certain that in the immense majority of cases there is not the slightest danger of his attacking the man he follows. Dr. Hart Merriam informs me, however, that he is satisfied that he came across one genuine instance of a cougar killing a man whose tracks he had dogged. It cannot be too often repeated,

that we must never lose sight of the individual variation in character and conduct among wild beasts. A thousand times a cougar might follow a man either not intending or not daring to attack him, while in the thousandth and first case it might be that the temper of the beast and the conditions were such that the attack would be made.

Other beasts show almost the same wide variation in temper. Wolves, for instance, are normally exceedingly wary of man. In this Colorado hunt I often came across their tracks, and often heard their mournful, but to my ears rather attractive, baying at night, but I never caught a glimpse of one of them; nor during the years when I spent much of my time on my ranch did I ever know of a wolf venturing to approach anywhere near a man in the day-time, though I have had them accompany me after nightfall. But on the Keystone Ranch, where I spent three weeks on this particular trip, an incident which occurred before my arrival showed that wolves occasionally act with extraordinary boldness. The former owner of the ranch, Colonel Price, and one of the cowhands, Sabey (both of whom told me the story), were driving out in a buggy from Meeker to the ranch accompanied by a setter dog. They had no weapon with them. Two wolves joined them and made every effort to get at the dog. They accompanied the wagon for nearly a mile, venturing to within twenty yards of it. They paid no heed whatever to the shouts and gestures of the men, but did not quite dare to come to close quarters, and finally abandoned their effort. Now, this action on their part was, as far as my experience goes, quite as exceptional among American wolves as it is exceptional for a cougar to attack a man. Of course, these wolves were not after the men. They were simply after the dog; but I have never within my own experience come upon another instance of wolves venturing to attack a domestic animal in the immediate presence of and protected by a man. Exactly as these two wolves suddenly chose to behave with an absolutely unexpected daring, so a cougar will occasionally lose the fear of man which is inherent in its race.

Normally, then, the cougar is not in any way a formidable foe to man, and it is cer-

tainly by no means as dangerous to dogs as it could be if its courage and intelligence equalled its power to do mischief. It strikes with its forepaw like a cat, lacerating the foe with its sharp claws; or else it holds the animal with them, while the muscular forearm draws it in until the fatal bite may be inflicted. Whenever possible it strives to bite an assailant in the head. Occasionally, when fighting with a large dog, a cougar will throw itself on its back and try to rip open its antagonist with its hind feet. Male cougars often fight desperately among themselves.

Although a silent beast, yet at times, especially during the breeding season, the males utter a wild scream, and the females also cry or call. I once heard one cry while prowling for game. On an evening in the summer of 1897 Dr. Merriam had a rather singular experience with a cougar. His party was camped in the forest by Tanum Lake, on the east slope of the Cascades, near the headwaters of a branch of the Yakima. The horses were feeding near by. Shortly after dark a cougar cried loudly in the gloom, and the frightened horses whinnied and stampeded. The cougar cried a number of times afterward, but the horses did not again answer. None of them was killed, however; and next morning, after some labor, all were again gathered together. In 1884 I had a somewhat similar experience with a bear, in the Bighorn Mountains.

Occasionally, but not often, the cougars I shot snarled or uttered a low, thunderous growl as we approached the tree, or as the dogs came upon them in the cave. In the death-grapple they were silent, excepting that one young cougar snarled and squawled as it battled with the dogs.

The cougar is sometimes tamed. A friend of mine had one which was as good-natured as possible until it was a year old, when it died. But one kept by another friend, while still quite young, became treacherous and dangerous. I doubt if they would ever become as trustworthy as a tame wolf, which, if taken when a very young puppy, will often grow up exactly like a dog. At the present time there is such a tame wolf with the Colorado Springs greyhounds. It is safer and more friendly than many collies, and is on excellent terms with the great greyhounds; though these

are themselves solely used to hunt wolves and coyotes, and tackle them with head-long ferocity, having, unaided, killed a score or two of the large wolves and hundreds of coyotes.

Hunting in the snow we were able to tell very clearly what the cougars whose trails we were following had been doing. Goff's eye for a trail was unerring, and he read at a glance the lesson it taught. All the cougars which we came across were living exclusively upon deer, and their stomachs were filled with nothing else; much hair being mixed with the meat. In each case the deer was caught by stalking and not by lying in wait, and the cougar never went up a tree except to get rid of the dogs. In the daytime it retires to a ledge, or ravine, or dense thicket, starting to prowl as the dark comes on. So far as I could see the deer in each case was killed by a bite in the throat or neck. The cougar simply rambled around in likely ground until it saw or smelled its quarry, and then crept up stealthily until with one or two tremendous bounds it was able to seize its prey. If, as frequently happened, the deer took alarm in time to avoid the first few bounds, it always got away, for though the cougar is very fast for a short distance, it has no wind whatever. It cannot pursue a deer for any length of time, nor run before a dog for more than a few hundred yards, if the dog is close up at the start. I was informed by the ranchmen that when in May the deer leave the country, the cougars turn their attention to the stock, and are very destructive. They have a special fondness for horse-flesh and kill almost every colt where they are plentiful, while the big males work havoc with the saddle bands on the ranches, as well as among the brood mares. Except in the case of a female with young they are roving, wandering beasts, and roam great distances. After leaving their day lairs, on a ledge, or in a gorge or thicket, they spend the night travelling across the flats, along the ridges, over the spurs. When they kill a deer they usually lie not very far away, and do not again wander until they are hungry. The males travel very long distances in the mating season. Their breeding time is evidently irregular. We found kittens with their eyes not yet open in the middle

of January. Two of the female cougars we killed were pregnant—in one case the young would have been born almost immediately, that is, in February; and in the other case in March. One, which had a partially grown young one of over fifty pounds with it, still had milk in its teats. At the end of January we found a male and female together, evidently mating. Goff has also found the young just dropped in May, and even June. The females outnumber the males. Of the fourteen we killed, but three were males.

When a cougar kills a deer in the open it invariably drags it under some tree or shelter before beginning to eat. All the carcasses we came across had been thus dragged, the trail showing distinctly in the snow. Goff, however, asserted that in occasional instances he had known a cougar to carry a deer so that only its legs trailed on the ground.

The fourteen cougars we killed showed the widest variation not only in size but in color, as shown by the following table. Some were as slaty-gray as deer when in the so-called "blue;" others, rufous, almost as bright as deer in the "red." I use these two terms to describe the color phases; though in some instances the tint was very undecided. The color phase evidently has nothing to do with age, sex, season, or locality. In this table the first cougar is the one killed by Stewart, the sixth by Webb. The length is measured in a straight line, "between uprights," from the nose to the extreme tip of the tail, when the beast was stretched out. The animals were weighed with the steelyard and also spring scales. Before measuring, we pulled the beast out as straight as we possibly could; and as the biggest male represents about, or very nearly, the maximum for the species, it is easy to see that there can be no basis for the talk one sometimes hears about ten and eleven foot cougars. No cougar, measured at all fairly, has ever come anywhere near reaching the length of nine feet. The fresh hide can easily be stretched a couple of feet extra.

Sex.	Color.	Length.		Weight.	Date.
		Feet.	Inches.	Pounds.	
*Female.	Blue.	4	11	47	1901.
*Female.	Red.	4	11½	51	January 19
Female.	Blue.	6		80	February 12
Female.	Red.	6	4	102	January 14
Female.	Blue.	6	5	105	January 28
Female.	Blue.	6	5	107	February 12
Female.	Red.	6	9	108	January 18
Female.	Blue.	6	7	118	January 24
Female.	Blue.	6	7	120	January 15
Female.	Red.	6	9	124	January 31
Female.	Blue.	7		133	February 5
Male.	Red.	7	6	165	February 8
Male.	Blue.	7	8	164	February 13
Male.	Red.	8		227	January 27
					February 14

* Young.

Except the first two, all were full grown; the biggest male was nearly three times the size of the smallest female.

I shot five bobcats: two old males weighing 39 and 31 pounds respectively; and three females, weighing, respectively, 25, 21, and 18 pounds. Webb killed two, a male of 29 pounds and a female of 20; and Stewart two females, one of 22 pounds, and the other a young one of 11 pounds.

I sent the cougar and bobcat skulls to Dr. Merriam, at the Biological Survey, Department of Agriculture, Washington. He wrote me as follows: "The big [cougar] skull is certainly a giant. I have compared it with the largest in our collection from British Columbia and Wyoming, and find it larger than either. It is in fact the largest skull of any member of the *Felis concolor* group I have seen. A hasty preliminary examination indicates that the animal is quite different from the northwest coast form, but that it is the same as my horse-killer from Wyoming—*Felis hippelestes*. In typical *Felis concolor* from Brazil the skull is lighter, the braincase thinner and more smoothly rounded, devoid of the strongly developed sagittal crest; the under jaw straighter and lighter.

"Your series of skulls from Colorado is incomparably the largest, most complete and most valuable series ever brought together from any single locality, and will be of inestimable value in determining the amount of individual variation."

OSCAR AND LOUISE

By Margaret Sutton Briscoe

ILLUSTRATIONS BY LOUISE L. HEUSTIS



IF you are just amusing yourself, Louise, that's all very well—it is dull for you here—but if you're at all in earnest, I shouldn't consent to it for a moment. You ought to look higher. You are entirely too pretty and clever to be throwing yourself away. When we get back to the city— You'd make the smartest little hostess, perched up behind a desk in a thrifty little French restaurant. We'd come there often to dine and bring others and make you the fashion. I'd hate to lose you, even for your good, but I'd send you back to France to-morrow, I would, indeed, if I thought there was any idea of your leaving me except to better yourself. I am in earnest, Louise."

"Yes, Madame."

"Now don't say 'Yes, Madame,' and forget all I've said as soon as you go downstairs."

"No, Madame. Does Madame wish perfume in the water?"

"Yes, just a little. You are the only maid I ever had who knew what a 'little perfume' meant. That's all I want. You may go now, Louise. Remember!"

"Yes, Madame."

Louise closed the door of her mistress's chamber noiselessly and stood outside in the hallway. Her brown eyes darkened, her pretty pink mouth puckered, her slim white forefinger, so deft to dress Madame, was thoughtfully tapping her pouting lips. From her scrap of a white cap, designed by Madame, down to her beautiful little shoes, inherited from Madame, she was Madame over again in a cheaper, no, a more serviceable, edition. Until now, Madame's will had been her only law. Had not her mistress made her? She was nothing but an ignorant little French peasant girl when her piquant beauty attracted Madame's attention, and she had not only taken the little Louise away with her, but by patient training made of her the Louise of this tale. To go back to what she had

been—no, that was now impossible! The rude French hut on the hill-side, the rough, and, alas, sometimes heavy-handed mother, the father—but the less thought of him the better. She had left them willingly. They had parted with her willingly enough. There were plenty of other children. No, she would not go back to France at any price. Monsieur Rodet had a good thriving business already—Madame was right about that. She, Louise, could make it better, and she would not perhaps look ill behind a desk at the head of that cosey room filled with little white-covered tables. If only she could always stay behind that desk! Monsieur Rodet's smiling, a little too smiling, face and his youthful but portly figure rose before her. She shook her pretty head sharply, with a little shiver. If they had never come to this abominable hole of a country, if she had never seen Oscar, then perhaps— But in her heart Louise knew well that this land of wild woods and rich clearings, of wonderfully gorgeous wild-flowers, and house-gardens radiant with bloom and heavy odors was not to her an "abominable hole" at all, but as the place where, in some mysterious way, she felt she had been born to live. From the first moment every scent and sound on the hot languid air had enchanted and enchained her, and like the flowers, she, too, had basked and opened her petals until she found herself thinking all the warm day long but one thought, seeing one face, she, who had laughed off so many, Monsieur Rodet away with the rest. No, no, she was too comfortable she had told them all. Madame was so kind. Why should she change a mistress for a master? And now this Oscar, with his big clumsy shoulders, his slow, kindly ways, his great blue eyes—why were they so blue?—had dropped on his knees before her as if out of the clear, high, wonderful sky that rose above them in this "abominable hole," and here was Louise outside Madame's door wondering why, why she had not laughed at him that morning and left



"You are entirely too pretty and clever to be throwing yourself away."—Page 436.

him and gone about her business in life, which was attending to dear Madame, who knew so much better than she what was good for her. It must have been the brightness of the blue sky that had made her head swim when she stopped even for a moment to listen. The intense blue of the eyes that had looked down upon her so beseechingly had held her longer—too long. Yes, Madame was right, of course. It was dull here, and she had been amus-

ing herself, that was all. She would now go down into the garden again and if anyone should join her there in the moonlight she could set matters right by a word. She had been wrong, of course, not to speak that word at once; but again, as Madame said, it was dull here. Down the stairs and through the servants' hall, with the quick step of one who had decided, tripped Madame's kid boots with Louise's little feet in them, bent on Madame's er-

rand. Through the hall-door that led to the colonnade that led again to the garden, came the wild odor of the grape-vines on the colonnade trellis. "Ah!" cried Louise, pausing on the threshold. She drank in a deep breath of the sweetness, another, and then——

"Louise! I almost began to think you wouldn't come!" The whisper came out of the darkness. The blue, high sky was not over her. But these grape-vines and their melting sweetness! She could not see his eyes in the dusk, but how huge he was, how strong, and how gentle his hands and his voice.

"Madame was late," gasped Louise, "and besides——" Besides what? She had forgotten.

"Is *zis* Monsieur Benton?"

"It is."

"Sir, I have *ze* honor to inform you *zat* your stag has bitten me now three times. I go back to-morrow, Sir, I——"

"Tut, tut, Albert. Once a week you think this must go on. You are to stay here until we are ready to go back to the city. What were you doing to the stag?"

"Nosing! I? It break its chain again, *ze* devil! Madame, I apologize. He has stolen the pies from *ze* table when *zey* cool and I say nosing, do nosing. He eat *ze* cakes, *ze* greens. Now he have contempt for me, and three times he have crept behind me and bitten me. Also *zose* ship-bells! Monsieur, when *ze* night come I crawl to *ze* bed, worn out. When I am not ringing *zose* eight bells, I am chasing *ze* stag. I *must* go home."

"Nonsense, Albert," said Mrs. Benton, severely. "Go back to the kitchen and behave yourself properly. Can't your master have a little whim gratified now and then without all this fuss? I am ashamed of you. Go back to the kitchen at once, and rest yourself if you are tired. And Albert, tell Oscar to catch the stag and tie him up again."

"Tell him to look up the white turkeys, too," added Mr. Benton. "I saw them going to roost in the wood-walk as I came home to dinner. They're straying again." The master and mistress of the house walked on upon their interrupted stroll and Albert retreated dejectedly to the kitchen.

"Well, my dear, you may talk to me

about being a tyrant to Louise," said Mrs. Benton, "but I think you might take the beam out of your own eye. Albert is perfectly right about the ship-bells. They do sound lovely, and it's poetical as possible having them in this dear old place, but the ringing of them must be a terrible task. Oscar tells me the men are wasting half their time running in from the fields to know what the hour is. What do they know about eight bells? And Louise tells me you've not only stopped the old hour-bell, but you've taken all the clocks away from the house-servants—except Albert. I suppose you thought they'd have to learn the bells then, but they won't. They're too stupid. Even your favorite, Oscar, doesn't know the bells yet. My Louise does. And then that troublesome little white stag and that flock of white turkeys you've imported, that won't ever roost at home——"

"Those are quite different things from telling a girl whom she shall and whom she sha'n't marry," interrupted Mr. Benton. "And for you of all people, Julia! Didn't we marry each other in the teeth of everybody before either of us was of age? But I tell you again, Oscar is worth three of the girl. She's nothing so remarkable. All those French girls are more or less clever and know how to do dainty things—choose colors, pour perfumes, and all that. The truth is you want her to be Madame Rodet, patronized and made the fashion by you. I see you sailing up to her desk, 'How are you getting on, Louise?' 'So nicely, Madame, thanks to you. We have something in the bank, and——' Pshaw, Julia, you know Rodet's a dirty little Frenchman, and here's this nice, clean, young Danish lad, thrifty and strong and a splendid fellow. He'll always be good to her."

"Louise can do better than get someone just to be good to her. Indeed, I meant what I said to her. If I find this affair goes on, ill as I can spare her, home she goes, at least until she comes to her senses."

"Very well, Madame," replied Mr. Benton, lazily. "Do as you please, only remember Oscar's worth three of her. Look at this plantation, everything in perfect condition. Nobody except that young Dane has done anything for it since my uncle died. I wonder why we never

thought of coming here before. It's an ideal spot. Now, my plan would be to marry Louise to Oscar and keep them here to look after things, and then we could leave a lot of the stuff here and come back every year. You know Louise could take care of your chattels and I know Oscar could look out for mine. He's a hard-working, faithful soul."

"You certainly ought to know about that," retorted Mrs. Benton. "You work him hard enough. You work them all too hard, Jack, with your ship-bells and stags and turkeys and Heaven knows what else. It's not the regular work the servants mind, it's those queer irregular things."

"That's so," said Mr. Benton, with conviction, "and the marvel to me is, why do they consent to do those things? I wouldn't. Why doesn't Albert tell me he won't ring those bells and won't have that beastly little stag around? If he wants to go back home, why doesn't he go? Why doesn't Louise tell you she'll marry as she pleases and whom she pleases? You couldn't stop her. You haven't a right over her. Why doesn't Oscar tell me he'll see me hanged before he'll go chasing white stags and rare white turkeys all over creation? I'd respect him more if he did. Upon my word, the other night, when I saw him forging in about one o'clock, all

tired out, dragging that imp of a stag by its chain and shooing the white turkey flock before him, I couldn't help laughing,

but I did feel ashamed, asking him to do such work; and of him for doing it. The fact is, most of us are *sandless*, Julia. Not you, but the rest of us. Now, do you know what everybody in this house would be doing to-night if they had any sense, and sand to back it? We'll begin with Albert. He'd be packing his trunk and getting off to New York, instead of talking about it. Passing along to Oscar, he'd be saying to Louise, 'Now, you get ready this same night, my young lady, for I'm going to run away with you, and by midnight we'll be married, or else I'll go off and you'll never see me again;' at which Louise, if she had any sense and sand (which she hasn't), would reply, 'I will marry you to-night, and Madame may whistle for someone to dress her to-morrow morning.

She's been good to me, but she don't own me.' Now my turn comes. If I had any backbone, Oscar would know he was safe to come to me and say as man to man, 'I love this girl and she loves me, but your wife, for no good reason, says I sha'n't marry her, and Louise is such a little fool she won't marry me without Madame's consent. Now, Sir, as man to man,



Thoughtfully tapping her pouting lips.—Page 436.

I ask you, is this fair ?' As man to man, I'd have to say, 'No, Oscar, it is not.' Then, in the fairy story, he'd say, 'As master of the house will you see to it that Madame gives Louise permission to marry me ?' and, in the fairy tale, very much in the fairy tale, I'd reply, 'Regard the matter as settled, Oscar.' Then I'd send for you, and I'd say, 'Julia, I find you have been interfering most unwarrantably in the affairs of your young maid and my young overseer. Now, my dear, I am very indulgent to you in all domestic matters, but I wish you to understand clearly that I draw the line sharply at acts of tyranny in the household. I therefore desire you to arrange for this marriage immediately.' And you'd reply, meekly, 'Yes, my love,' or words to that effect. What you'd actually reply would be, 'Jack ! are you quite crazy ?' "

"How can you talk so, Jack !"

"Isn't it all true ?"

"If it is, I must be a virago !"

"There, I didn't mean to hurt your feelings, dear. I was only joking."

"Don't ! It's bright moonlight."

"Well, there's no moonlight on that stone bench under the trees yonder. Come !"

"How can you be so foolish ? We aren't just married."

"Aren't we ? Well, come anyhow."

"It is a perfect night," said Mrs. Benton, yieldingly. "Jack ! come away quickly. There's someone sitting on the bench. They couldn't have heard us, could they ? We spoke low. The parlor-maid and the butler, I suppose. I'll be glad rather when they are married. Now that's a match I approve of. Does it shock you a little, dear, to find them sitting just where we were going to sit ? This country life is dreadfully demoralizing for the servants."

"You mean does it shock me to find the servants sitting billing and cooing just as we would be doing if they hadn't gotten there first ? You needn't blush, my dear, though it's very becoming."

"Don't be vulgar, Jack. There's another bench. Shall we rest here ?"

"Louise ! Will - will you do it ?"

"What ! Let Madame to-morrow whistle—What did Monsieur say ? No ! No ! No ! I could never have the—what did he

call it ? the *sand*—what does that mean ? to run away ? But how well he talked ! Oh, Oscar, how much he knows—more than Madame. I never knew he so much as saw any of us, except to say 'Good-morning' very kindly. Madame has made up her mind, you see. Even he could not move her. What can we do ?"

"What did Mr. Benton say we ought to do ? I had thought of it, but I was afraid you'd never consent. Now you will go when Mr. Benton says it is right. The clergyman who can marry us lives only a few miles away. He knows me well, and will do what I ask. You must be ready—when can you be ready ?"

"Not at all ! I can't do it. I have said I couldn't. Madame goes to bed at twelve always. I could never face her and then go. If I did go, it would have to be before I saw her again. But I can't go ! How well Monsieur spoke ! How does he know so much of us ?"

"How long would it take you to get ready ?"

"What were the last bells ?"

"Three, but I don't know what time that means."

"I do. Half-past nine. By half-past eleven I could be ready—if I went."

"Why not go now ?"

"With no clothes, no anything ? If I went, I should have to throw you a bundle out of the window. I couldn't carry it through the house. And you would have to be waiting for me *very promptly* at the colonnade, not a moment before or after the time. The other servants are so suspicious, and all of them jealous of me. If they should see one of us waiting for the other, and suspect, and if Madame should be warned— But why talk about it ? I couldn't do it."

"I will be at the colonnade at half-past eleven—on the stroke. Drop your bundle out of the window, close to the wall in the shadow. Then come quickly to me at the colonnade. We'll pick up the bundle as we go and——"

"Never ! I cannot !"

"It is to be the little Frenchman in New York that Madame wants you to marry ? Mr. Benton called him a——"

Louise wrung her hands. "Oh, I will come. I will come. Why did we ever come here ? Madame will never forgive

me. I cannot go, and yet— How well Monsieur talked ! If you are at the colonnade at half-past eleven, on the stroke, perhaps——”

“Oscar, master desires zat you will look

off hurriedly. A few moments later the musical ship-bells chimed out the hour.

“Hark !” said Mr. Benton to his wife, as they sat together on the stone bench under the trees. “Isn’t that charming ? It’s



“Now, my plan would be to marry Louise to Oscar.”—Page 439.

for zat accursed white stag, and tie him up for ze night. Ze white turkeys also are off again roosting in ze wood-walk. Was not zat Mademoiselle Louise who ran through ze bushes ?”

Oscar made no reply except to take out his watch, look at it, and then turn it toward the Frenchman.

“Is that the time by your clock ?” he asked. Albert glanced at the watch in the moonlight, and threw up his hands.

“Kingdom of Heaven, yes ! And it is time again to ring doze bells !” He started

worth some trouble to hear those bells, but after to-morrow I think I’ll give them up. I don’t want to be a tyrant.”

“I’m not a tyrant to Louise,” asserted Mrs. Benton.

“Who said you were ?” answered her husband, quizzically. “He who excuses—you know the rest.”

Oscar slipped softly past them in the shadows. He had but little to do in preparation. The overseer’s house was half a mile away from the great house. In his stable was his own horse and his buggy.

He had but to harness the one to the other, to tie the animal to the hitching-post, return to the great house, and securing his prize, bring her through the wood-road to the waiting buggy and drive her away with him to the parsonage. It all seemed strangely easy and simple. In the morn-

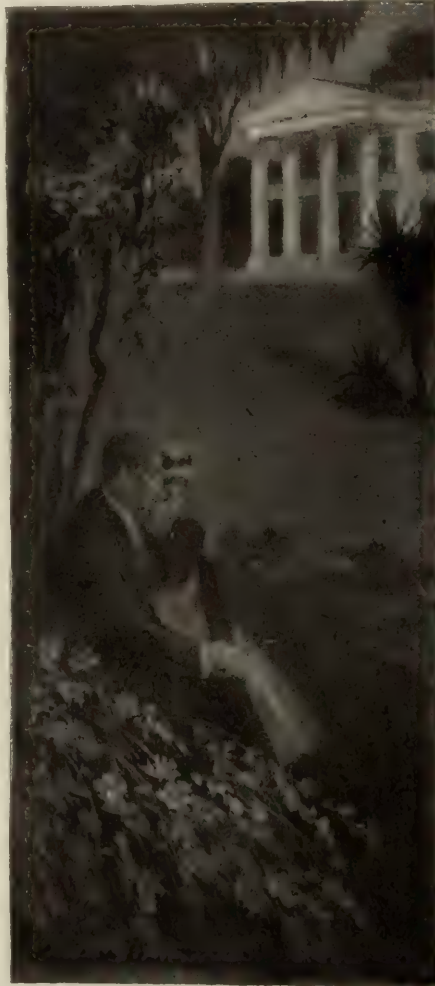
ing he would walk over to the great house and make full confession to Louise's Madame and Monsieur. The worst befalling, he had a tidy sum saved up, and if he must seek a new place, he was too well known as a good farmer to be anxious. Ever since the old owner had died the plantation had been as Oscar's own, for Mr. Benton, the new master, had come down and looked at the place, and, seeing all well done by Oscar, had gone away again, leaving a generous bargain behind. He had been a good master, and if he had a whim now and then, as that of the bells, the stag, and the turkeys, he was always ready to pay the piper all he owed, even a little more. Also, as Louise had said, how well and kindly he talked of them!

And thinking thus of his employer, Oscar sudden-

ly remembered the little white stag and the white turkeys. They had never been allowed to stay out all night before. If the stag once tasted of the sweets of a long liberty, he would be more than ever troublesome; the turkeys, if once mingling with others to roost, would continue to roam. Oscar looked at his watch. It was early yet. There was plenty of time before half-past eleven, both to harness the horse and corral the fugitive pets, for the last time, perhaps. But for Mr. Benton's words Louise would never have considered this final step. Mr. Benton had intrusted his pets to Oscar, and Oscar had not yet resigned from his employ. And so it

chanced that as a kind of farewell and thank-offering Oscar once more herded up the white drove, finding the stag not far from the roosting white turkeys in the wood-walk. But this night of all nights the white stag chose to show his metal. He had been always difficult to lead home

from his bouts of liberty but not impossible. The flock of white turkeys seemed to recognize the situation and, scared from their pleasant wood-perch, bunched together meekly to be driven home. There was no meekness in the white stag that hour. It was all the powerful young Dane could do to hold the bounding, straining creature by the broken chain. The defiance and spirit of the sinewy little opponent first vexed, then fired the man. It wouldn't go home, eh! Well, it would. Tug and pull and leap and bound as it might, it should see whose will and muscles were the stronger. It was a fight every step of the way, and the blood of both was up. Time passes rapidly in contest, and as he at last tied the still struggling and panting animal to its stake in the garden, Os-



"The clergyman who can marry us lives only a few miles away."—Page 440.

car started at the sound of the musical bells pealing out from the colonnade. Seven bells! What time did that mean? Was he half an hour too early or just on time? His hand moved quickly to his watch-pocket. Half of his watch-chain dangled uselessly from the buttonhole. The pocket was empty! This much of triumph was the stag's. In the struggle the chain had been snapped, the watch lost, and the only other timepiece to which Oscar had present access was in the kitchen, where, late into the hot nights, Albert nursed his grievances, clinging fast to any chance listener for sympathy. To ask him the hour, to be seen by him lingering near



"But, Jack, I did hear someone knocking."

the colonnade, would be to become his prisoner. To linger in the shadow of the trees was to wait too far from the colonnade to distinguish one passing figure from another. To know the exact hour was the whole necessity, to reach the colonnade as Louise reached it and spirit her instantly away. Seven bells! What did they mean? Why had he never troubled himself to learn their message? Oscar dropped down on the stone bench in the garden, his head hanging in despair. If to-night the way was blocked, would Louise consent again to-morrow? Oscar's heart sank in answer to the question.

"It was nothing, Julia. It's your lead."

"But, Jack, I did hear someone knocking. It was at that long garden-window too. Oh! There it is again. Now you can hear it yourself."

Mr. Benton rose from the card-table,

and, his cards still in his hand, walked out into the garden.

"Oscar," he said, "what do you want? What are you doing here?"

The young Dane stepped out from the shadow of the house so that the bright moonlight fell on his light hair and wide blue eyes.

"Will you please, sir," he said, gravely, "tell me what time it is?"

His master looked at him in surprise.

"What do you mean? You didn't come here to disturb me just to know the time. You knew better than that. What has happened?" Oscar looked at him unwaveringly.

"Nothing has happened," he said, with the same gravity. "I have been stupid and didn't learn the bells. I have lost my watch and I need to know the time, and I can't go into the kitchen for a very good reason."

"Give it to me," said Mr. Benton, quickly. Oscar stood looking at him and Mr.

Benton also stepped out into the moonlight. They were eye to eye.

"As man to man," said the overseer, suddenly, "is there any reason why I should not marry Louise? I am going to run away with her to-night on the stroke of half-past eleven, and that's why I need to know the hour."

Mr. Benton stood motionless for a moment, then he took out his watch and looked at it.

"You will not run away with her to-night at eleven-thirty," he said, "for it is quarter of twelve now."

"No!" exclaimed Oscar, forgetting himself, and stepping forward as an equal would have stepped. "Then I have lost her! She will not consent again," he added, despairingly.

"Do you mean," asked Mr. Benton, in the same quiet tones and after another pause, "that the girl did consent to run away to-night with you? Where were you going to take her?"

"Five miles off to my clergyman and then home."

"Well," commented Mr. Benton, dryly, "you have saved some trouble by losing your watch, for your clergyman is inside the house now, playing cards with Mrs. Benton and me. He can marry you to Louise to-night and before you run away with her." He stepped back to the open window and called into the room, "Julia, my dear, will you come here a moment.

Here is my overseer, Oscar," he said, as Mrs. Benton, also holding her hand of cards, came out into the garden, looking wonderingly at the two figures. "Oscar," Mr. Benton went on, "has come to ask my permission to marry your maid, Louise, and I have told him to regard the matter as settled. I am very indulgent in all domestic matters, my dear, but I wish it clearly understood that I draw the line sharply at acts of tyranny. They were planning to run away together, so the sooner they are married the better. I desire you to arrange for it immediately. As we have a clergyman in the house, as the young man is here before us, and you have only to ring for your maid, the ceremony can be performed at once in the parlor, with the rest of the servants as congregation."

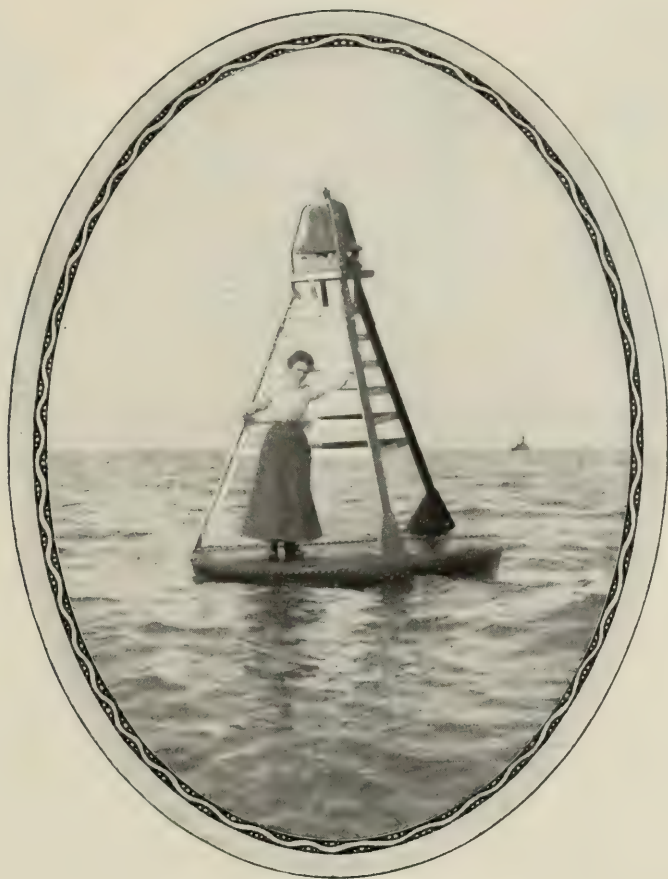
Mrs. Benton stood looking at her husband with dilated eyes. Her delicate draperies fell from her hand and brushed over the gravel walk as she came forward swiftly and anxiously.

"Jack," she inquired, tremulously, "are you quite crazy?"

"Exactly what I told you you'd say!" exclaimed Mr. Benton, breaking down with a laugh. Mrs. Benton started and turned quickly, then she flushed high in the moonlight and with this change turned suddenly and kindly to Oscar. "Of course—" she began

But for those who know the world and its women this story is already finished.





OUR NEW BELL-BUOY

By Charles Henry Webb

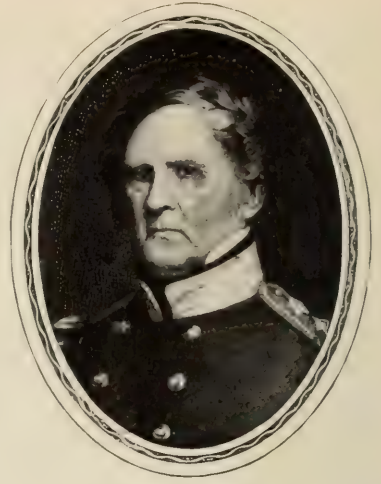
WHAT make ye, O mariner, hailing from far,
Of this new-fashioned bell ye find on the Bar?
Less strident of tongue and slimmer of waist
Than the buoy of old we for shipmen placed
That wagged a loud tongue, when the Bar made moan,
And of danger told in a rusty tone,
This telleth ye not that peril is near—
But if softest of voices fall on your ear
As blinded by billows and blown by the gale
Through a mist of gray eyes by dead-reck'ning ye sail;
If a tinkle of laughter be borne on the breeze;
If a smile like a sunbeam lighten the seas;
If in the wave of that golden hair
Ye see not a breaker that bids ye beware—
Then, mariner, mariner, turn and flee,
Ye're shoaling fast and the shore is lee;
Avast! and About! Ahoy, all hands!
Every reef-point untie, loose gaskets and bands,
Alow and aloft set all that will draw
And everything taut, to windward to claw.
It is, Ready! About! and Helm a-lee—
Your safety lies in the open sea!



Jacob Brown.
Major-General, 1815-1828.



Alexander Macomb.
Major-General, 1828-1841.



Winfield Scott.
Brevet Lieutenant-General, 1841-1861.

Generals who Commanded the Army from 1815-1861

THE UNITED STATES ARMY

BY FRANCIS V. GREENE

(Late Major-General U. S. V.)

SECOND PAPER

AS soon as the treaty of peace was ratified, in February, 1815, the army was reduced to 10,000 men, consisting of eight regiments of infantry, one of rifles, and the four regiments of artillery which in the previous year had been merged into one corps. In 1821 it was still further reduced to 6,000 men, by disbanding one regiment of infantry and reducing the number of men in the other regiments. It remained of that size until the Florida War, which began in 1835.

John C. Calhoun became Secretary of War in 1817, and remained in office until the close of Monroe's administration, in 1825. For the first time the War Department was administered by a man of commanding talent, and he impressed upon the army the marks of his ability, which endured for a full generation. He recommended legislation for the organization of the Staff Corps, which was adopted by Congress in 1818 and put into operation under his direction. The departments of the Adjutants-General, Inspectors, Quartermasters, Commissaries, Paymasters, Judge Advocates, and Surgeons, were then organized substantially on the basis which continued until the law of 1901. Concentration of responsibility, economy

of administration, and rigid accountability for materials as well as for money, were the guiding principles of the system which he put into operation. In the line he organized the artillery into regiments, and adopted the ten-company regiment for the infantry, which was well adapted to the conditions of his time, although it survived many years after modern firearms had made it unsuitable, and it was only changed in 1898. He fostered the Military Academy, supporting Colonel Thayer in all his measures for its improvement and keeping the corps of cadets at its maximum strength. He first pointed out the necessity of having thoroughly trained officers, and an efficient staff in time of peace, combined with a minimum of enlisted men which could be increased to its maximum in war. In connection with the reduction of 1821, he drew up a plan by which the enlisted strength of a company in time of peace would be only thirty-seven men, but which on the outbreak of war could be increased to seventy-seven, and by making two battalions instead of one in each regiment the army could be expanded from 6,000 to 18,000 men with only adding fifty per cent. to the number of officers. In the two reports which he made

to Congress in 1818 and 1820, he set forth the true principles of the military policy suitable for this country with unanswerable force and clearness. "I have not overlooked the maxim that a large standing army is dangerous to the liberty of the country, and that our ultimate reliance for defence ought to be on the militia. Its most zealous advocates must, however, acknowledge that a standing army, to a limited extent, is necessary. . . . To consider the present army as dangerous to our liberty, partakes, it is conceived, more of timidity than of wisdom. Not to insist on the character of the officers, who, as a body, are high-minded and honorable men, attached to the principles of freedom by education and reflection, what well-founded apprehension can there be from an establishment distributed on so extended a frontier, with many thousand miles intervening between the extreme points occupied? But the danger, it may be said, is not so much from its numbers as a spirit hostile to liberty, by which it is supposed all regular armies are actuated. This observation is probably true when applied to standing armies collected into large and powerful masses; but, dispersed as ours is, over so vast a surface, the danger I conceive is of an opposite character—that both officers and soldiers will lose their military habits and feelings by sliding gradually into those purely civil. . . . To suppose our militia capable of meeting in the open field the regular troops of Europe, would be to resist the most obvious truth, and the whole of our experience as a nation. War is an art, to attain perfection in which much time and experience, particularly for the officers, are necessary. It is true that men of great military genius occasionally appear, who, though without experience, may, when an army is already organized and disciplined, lead it to victory; yet I know of no instance, under circumstances nearly equal, in which the greatest talents have been able, with irregular and undisciplined troops, to meet

with success those that were regularly trained. Genius without much experience may command, but it cannot go much farther. It cannot at once organize and discipline an army, and give it that military tone and habit which only in the midst of imminent danger can enable it to perform the most complex evolutions with precision and promptitude. Those qualities which essentially distinguish an army from an equal assemblage of untrained individuals can only be acquired by the instruction of experienced officers. If they—particularly the company and regimental officers—are inexperienced, the army must remain undisciplined, in which case the genius and even experience of the commander will be of little avail."

Such views as these had never before been put forward by an American statesman, except Washington. They were essentially different from those which prevailed in 1776, in 1783, throughout Jefferson's administration, and during the War of 1812. They were amply justified by the experience of the forty years succeeding the outbreak of the Revolution. They have since been controverted and are to-day disputed, but the significant fact is that since Calhoun's time the majority has always sustained them, whereas

prior to that time the majority had always opposed them. It was during his administration as Secretary of War that our true military policy was adopted of a small but highly trained and efficient regular army in time of peace, supplemented by a large army of volunteers in time of war. This policy has been followed with a very fair degree of consistency ever since 1818.

The three generals who gained the greatest distinction in the War of 1812 were Brown, Harrison, and Jackson. Brown was a farmer who owned a large tract of land near Sackett's Harbor. He was a very prominent citizen in that part of New York and in 1809 was elected Colonel and in 1811 Brigadier-General



Infantry Private, 1810.

in the militia. When the war broke out Dearborn requested him to take command at Sackett's Harbor in case of emergency. The occasion came in May, 1813, when an attack was made by a British force under command of Sir George Prevost, Governor-General of Canada. Brown defeated him with a loss of more than one-third of his men, and drove him back to his ships. For this Brown was made a brigadier-general in the regular army and six months later a major-general. He commanded the troops on the Niagara River in the spring of 1814 and, assisted by able brigadiers, won the victories of Chippewa, Lundy's Lane, and Fort Erie. At the close of the war he was retained as Senior Major-General in the Army, and commanded it until his death in 1828. Without much education or any military experience he was a man of rugged will and determination, and commanded his troops with ability.

Harrison was Governor of Indiana when the war broke out. He was the idol of the settlers in the Northwest as Jackson was in the Southwest. Kentucky made him Major-General of its militia, although he was not a resident of the State, and he was appointed a brigadier-general in the regular army in August, 1812, and a major-general in March, 1813. With a small force of regulars and a host of volunteers from Kentucky and Ohio he relieved the Indiana posts which were besieged by the Indians, conducted a most difficult march through the Wilderness during the winter, and in the next year defeated the British and Indians at the battle of the Thames and recaptured Detroit. Under cover of Perry's great victory on Lake Erie, he recovered and permanently held everything in the Northwest that had been lost at the beginning of the war. In the spring of 1814 he expected to be ordered to command at Niagara, being senior to Brown, but the Secretary of War (Armstrong) was personally jealous of him and left him at Detroit, although most of his

troops were ordered East. Harrison thereupon resigned, and after a short service as an Indian Commissioner was elected to Congress and afterward to the Presidency.

Jackson was more successful than either Brown or Harrison, and was the popular hero of the war. This remarkable man was forty-five years old when the war broke out.

Of humble origin and without education he had led an exciting life on the frontier in Tennessee, had been District Attorney, United States Senator, State Judge, and Major-General in the militia. His quarrelsome nature had led him into many a brawl and duel, and he was widely known, admired by many as a natural leader of men, and feared and hated by others. His military service lasted nine years, from 1812 to 1821, and was full of activity. When in October, 1812, Tennessee was called upon to furnish militia to invade Florida, Jackson promptly raised over 2,000 men, went down the river with them as far as Natchez and there waited for instructions from Washington. But the plan of invading Florida was disapproved by Congress and Jackson re-



Infantry Captain, 1813.

ceived a curt order to disband his force as their services were not needed. Instead of doing so he marched them back to Tennessee at his own expense, for which he was subsequently reimbursed. In the summer of 1812 hostilities had begun between the Creek Indians and the white settlers in that part of Mississippi Territory which is now the State of Alabama. General Pinckney was in command of that district. He had served in the Revolution but was now over sixty years of age and quite inefficient; he made little headway in suppressing the Indians, who had been urged by Tecumseh in his visit of the previous year to form a federation of all the Indian tribes to resist the advance of the whites, and were now incited by some of their own tribe, who had just returned from the campaign which the Northern Indians were making against Harrison. In Au-



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

The Massacre of Major Dade and His Men by the Indians in the Wahoo Swamp.

gust there was a massacre of nearly three hundred whites at a little settlement called Fort Mims, near Mobile. The militia was again called for from Tennessee. Jackson was in bed, suffering from an ugly wound he had recently received in a tavern fight with Thomas H. Benton; but he quickly gathered his men together, and in less than six weeks was in Alabama with them. On November 8th he surrounded and attacked the Creeks at Talladega, gaining a decisive victory and inflicting a loss upon them of nearly four hundred men. This Creek War lasted two years, until the summer of 1814. There were three or four separate expeditions under command of other officers, but none of them accomplished anything except Jackson. Only one regular regiment, the 39th Infantry, took part in the campaign; the other troops were militia from the adjoining States of Georgia, South Carolina, and Tennessee. They were called out for various periods from two to six months, and in all more than 13,000 of them appeared on the scene at one time or another. They were an unruly lot, and Jackson was the only one who could control them. He ruled them with an iron hand, expressed delight at the arrival of the regular regiment, as it would enable him to keep them in order, and as soon as it arrived he arrested the first militiaman who refused to obey orders, tried, sentenced, and shot him without delay. It was an extremely arduous campaign, on account of the difficulty of obtaining supplies, but Jackson's indomitable energy overcame all obstacles, and finally, in the decisive battle of the Horseshoe, on the Tallapoosa River, on March 29, 1814, he annihilated a force of about 900 Creek warriors, and took about 500 squaws and children prisoners. This ended the war. Jackson was rewarded by being made a major-general in the regular army as soon as Harrison's resignation created a vacancy, was appointed to command the Southern

District with head-quarters at Mobile, and in August concluded a capitulation with the Creeks.

He then asked permission to capture Pensacola, which was in Spanish territory, although temporarily occupied by the British. This request was denied by the War Department, which instructed him to prepare to defend New Orleans; but Jackson, with characteristic insubordination and recklessness, without waiting for the reply, marched against Pensacola in November with over 4,000 men, captured and destroyed it, and returned to Mobile, having been absent only eight days. He then turned his attention to New Orleans, arriving there early in December.

Meanwhile the British Government was organizing at Jamaica the largest military and naval expedition which up to that time it had ever sent abroad. It comprised fifty large ships under command of Admiral Cochrane, carrying, besides their own crews, about 12,000 soldiers under command of Sir Edward Pakenham, the brother-in-law of Wellington, and one

of his ablest division commanders in the Peninsular campaign. The troops were composed of those who had burned Washington, with the addition of two regiments from the West Indies, some Highlanders from the Cape of Good Hope, and four regiments fresh from Europe.

Jackson had been less than ten days in New Orleans, and had done nothing but inspect the forts down the river, when this expedition arrived in Lake Borgne, transferred a part of the troops to light boats and attacked and destroyed six small gunboats which were defending the lake. A few days later a considerable force had landed on the shore of Lake Borgne, and marched across to the Mississippi, at a point only seven miles below New Orleans. Had Jackson been as weak as he was insubordinate, the conditions were ripe for a disaster as great as that which overtook Hull at Detroit or Winder at Bladensburg.



Officer of Engineers, 1821.



The Storming of Chapultepec.

[Lieutenant James Longstreet* of the Eighth Infantry was disabled by a severe wound; Lieutenant George E. Pickett* then took charge of the regimental colors and carried it over the works into and to the top of the castle.—*Wilcox's Mexican War.*]

But in an emergency like this he was the incarnation of energy, well-directed useful energy, overriding and beating down all opposition and obstacles by the sheer force of his irresistible will and masterful power of command. It was on December 14th that he learned of the capture of the gun-boats in Lake Borgne; on January 8th, the British force had been finally

defeated with enormous loss. During these twenty-five days he had assumed the powers of a dictator, placed the State under martial law and the Governor under his orders, had sent messengers in various directions to hasten the arrival of the militia which had been placed at his disposal in October, but which he had as yet taken no steps to collect, and had ordered every

* Afterward generals in the Confederate Army.

able-bodied man in New Orleans, black or white, who could get a gun, to report for military duty under pain of death. He had attacked the British advance in the night of their arrival (December 23d), on the Mississippi, had resisted their counter-attack on the 28th, had dismounted their guns and demolished their batteries by the superior accuracy of his fire, when they opened an artillery duel on January 1st; and when they rashly attacked his intrenchments across an open field on January 8th, his backwood riflemen mowed them down at less than two hundred yards as the mower cuts the grass. Of four major-generals present two, including Pakenham, were killed and a third wounded. In one regiment 505 were killed or wounded out of a total of 775. The losses of the whole command were 2,036, out of 6,000 engaged. Jackson lost only eight killed and thirteen wounded on his own side of the river, and counting the losses in Morgan's command on the west bank the aggregate was only seventy-one. It is hard to find in military annals a record of a defeat so complete, under such unfavorable circumstances. On the British side were regular troops, the veterans of Salamanca and Badajos and Ciudad Rodrigo, commanded by officers specially selected for their skill and experience in actual war; while Jackson commanded the most picturesque and motley aggregation ever brought together: two regiments of regulars, two brigades of backwoodsmen, forming the militia of Kentucky and Tennessee, a battalion of free negroes, a detachment of Lafitte's pirates, a squad of French soldiers who had served under Napoleon, a battalion of San Domingans, another of Louisiana creoles, some sailors; and Jackson towering above them all, riding the whirlwind, and "by the Eternal" bringing order out of chaos. Nothing was lacking to heighten the dramatic effect, and in these three weeks Jackson gained a popularity among the masses of his countrymen which no error or indiscretion during the subsequent

twenty-two years of his public life could ever shake or diminish. He remained in command at New Orleans after the close of the war, being retained in the army in the reduction of 1815 as one of the two Major-Generals. He had retired to his home in Tennessee to regain his health, when in January, 1818, he was called upon to put down an uprising of the Seminole

Indians under Billy Bowlegs in Florida. Again calling out his Tennessee militia, the Governor being absent, he quickly marched to Florida, and in his usual fashion not only defeated the Indians, but invaded Spanish territory, captured St. Marks and Pensacola, hung two Indian chiefs who came into his possession, and finally seized two Scotch traders, subjects of Great Britain, named Arbuthnot and Ambrister, tried them by court-martial and executed them, on the ground that by aiding the Indians they had forfeited their nationality and were pirates and outlaws. The terrible child thus nearly embroiled his country in war with both England and Spain, but by the diplomatic ability of John Quincy Adams, then Secretary of State, not only was peace preserved but treaties actually



Artillery Private, 1823.

made giving us final and permanent possession of Florida on the one hand, and a rectification of our northern boundary lines on the other. Jackson remained in the army until 1821. The reduction of that year provided for only one Major-General, and he being junior to Brown was forced out. He was immediately appointed Governor of Florida, and from that office went to the Senate and thence, after a brief delay, to the Presidency.

Of all the careers in our army there is no parallel to that of Jackson. He treated his militia with the utmost harshness, but they worshipped him and rendered such service for him as no other general ever got out of them. He was the terror of his superiors in Washington, his only idea of discipline being the enforcement of his own will against those above him as well as those under him; but he had such a

hold on the people by reason of his strength of character, his integrity and his great deeds, that no one dared to call him to account for any of his acts. His fighting was always against Indians, except in his one brief campaign at New Orleans ; the theatre of this campaign was a six-mile plot, where there was no opportunity for strategy or grand tactics, or the exercise of any of the qualities of generalship except one ; he selected and fortified a position about a thousand yards long, with one flank on the river and the other on a swamp, and the enemy dashed himself to pieces against it. But his enemy was the best regular troops in Europe, who had defeated the plans of Napoleon in Spain. Jackson crushed them, and this one fact blots out all his mistakes and leaves him unperishable fame as a great soldier.

Besides Brown, Harrison, and Jackson the other generals who came out of the war with credit were Macomb, Gaines, Scott, and Ripley. They were the brigade commanders in the Niagara campaign of 1814, and all rendered splendid service, Scott and Gaines perhaps the best. They remained as brigadiers in the reduction of 1815 ; in that of 1821 Ripley was forced out and Macomb became Chief of Engineers. On Brown's death in 1828, Macomb was appointed Major-General in command of the army, and when he died in 1841, Scott succeeded him, retaining the command until 1861. Gaines took no part in the Mexican War owing to his extreme age, but he remained in the army until his death in 1849.

Among the younger officers learning their first lessons of war in 1812, and destined afterward to high command in the Florida and Mexican Wars, we find serving as lieutenants and captains of infantry, Zachary Taylor, brevetted Major for his gallant defence of Fort Harrison. Thomas S. Jesup brevetted Lieutenant-Colonel and Colonel for gallantry at Chippewa and Niagara ; he was appointed Quartermaster-General in 1818 and held that office for forty-two years, until his death in 1860, although during part of the time he was in active command of troops in the field ; John E. Wool, wounded at Queenston and brevetted for his good conduct at Plattsburg, serving afterward as a division commander in Mexico and a

corps commander in the Civil War ; W. J. Worth, greatly distinguished in the battles along the Niagara River, afterward in command of a brigade in Florida and a division in Mexico, whose monument stands at Broadway and Fifth Avenue in New York ; and finally David E. Twiggs, displaying great gallantry at Chippewa as he afterward did at Monterey, but destined to end his career in eternal infamy by the surrender of the troops under his command to the insurgents in Texas in February, 1861.

The years intervening between the peace of 1815 and the war of 1846 were, for the army, years of frontier service and Indian campaigning. Whether the United States treated the Indians justly or unjustly, whether the border ruffians or the Indians were responsible for the ever-recurring hostilities, were questions in which the army had no part. Its duty was to obey the orders of the proper civil authority, to put into operation the policy of the Government, whatever it might be, to use force when necessary to remove the Indians from their old hunting-grounds to new lands beyond the Mississippi, to chastise and destroy them when they committed murder and outrage on the white settlers. After the conclusion of the Seminole War in 1818, there was a period of tranquillity for nearly seventeen years, the longest period in the history of the army. It was slightly disturbed by Black Hawk in the Northwest in 1831-32, and by the disturbances due to the removal of the Creeks and Cherokees from Georgia and Alabama in 1836-37 ; but the former was settled by Scott and the latter by Gaines without serious difficulty. In 1835, however, there broke out in Florida, the Seminole War, which lasted seven years, entailing upon the troops a series of campaigns of extraordinary hardship and no small loss. It originated in the resistance of the Indians to being removed from their old homes to new lands west of the Mississippi. Jackson's views on the Indian question carried great weight on account of his experience in Indian campaigns and as Governor of Florida. When he became President the border idea that the Indian must go became the basis of our Indian policy, and treaties were forced upon the Creeks, Choctaws, Cherokees and Seminoles, in the Southern States and Territories, by

which they were to give up their lands and remove to the present Indian Territory, which was set apart for them in 1834. There was difficulty in enforcing these treaties, but they were overcome in all cases except that of the Seminoles. This tribe, numbering between 3,000 and 4,000 souls, roamed over a tract of more than 40,000 square miles in central and southern Florida. They refused to move, as required by the treaty, and the army was ordered to force them to do so. It proved to be a very expensive undertaking, costing upward of \$20,000,000, which was far more than the land was worth. Three-fourths of the army and 10,000 volunteers were required before the task was completed. It was the graveyard of military reputations, all of the generals in turn trying their hand at it and none of them succeeding: Gaines in 1836, Scott in the same year, Jesup in 1837 and 1838, Maccomb in 1839, Taylor from 1836 to 1840, Armistead and Worth from 1840 to 1843, each in turn tried a new plan. Jesup tersely stated the whole case when he reported that "the difficulty is, not to fight the enemy, but to find him." Taylor advised the use of bloodhounds, and they were imported from Cuba; but the scent of Indians being different from that of the Cuban slaves to which the dogs had been trained the experiment was a failure. New treaties were made every year or two and it was thought that the matter was settled, but in a few months, after the Indians had had a good rest, it broke out again. The wits in the ranks described the situation in doggerel verse:

Ever since the Creation,
By the best calculation,
The Florida war has been raging;
And 'tis our expectation
That the last conflagration
Will find us the same contest waging.

And yet 'tis not an endless war,
As facts will plainly show,
Having been "ended" forty times
In twenty months or so.

"The war is ended," comes the news;
"We've caught them in our gin;
The war is ended past a doubt—
Sam Jones has just come in!"

But, hark! Next day the tune we change,
And sing a counter strain;
"The war's not ended," for, behold!
Sam Jones is out again.

The first engagement was in December, 1835, when Major Dade of the 4th Infantry, stationed at Fort Brooke, at the head of Tampa Bay, was directed to march to the relief of General Clinch, stationed at Fort Drane, about one hundred miles to the northward, and seriously threatened by the Indians. Dade took seven officers and 102 men from his own regiment and from the 2d and 3d Artillery. When he reached the Wahoo Swamp, on the headwaters of the Withlacoochee River, he fell into an ambush, was surrounded by Indians, fought all day, and lost his entire command; every officer and man being slaughtered except three privates who escaped to Fort Brooke to tell the news, and died soon afterward of their wounds. On the same day, Osceola, the crafty chief of the Seminoles, with a small band, stole up to the agency at Fort King, about sixty miles southwest of St. Augustine, surprised General Wiley Thomson, the Indian agent, and five others at dinner, and murdered them. Osceola took a keen delight in killing and scalping Thomson with his own hand.

From this beginning the war went on until 1843. The country was a wilderness of lakes, swamps, and rivers, dense forests and occasionally clear spaces of barren sand; it abounded in wild turkeys and other game, so that the Indians easily subsisted themselves, while the troops found it almost impossible to transport their supplies; the Indians were accustomed to the climate, but to the troops from the North the miasmatic fevers were deadly, and the country was, moreover, infested with snakes and venomous insects. About 30,000 volunteers and militia were sent there in relays of short service, and the greater part of the army was engaged on this duty during the seven years that it lasted, one regiment at a time being brought North for recuperation and sent back when it had been recruited. As the savages were captured or surrendered they were sent to the Indian Territory and 1,900 of them were removed in the first three years.

The most active campaigning was in 1837 and 1838. Osceola was captured in October, 1837, by General Jesup, who deliberately violated the protection of a flag of truce for this purpose, justifying

himself on the ground that no other means were effective against a savage who had repeatedly violated the solemn obligations of a treaty. Osceola was, however, succeeded by another chief named Coacooche, who carried on the war, and against him Jesup marched across the State through the Everglades and overtook him near Jupiter Inlet where, in a sharp engagement, the Indians were severely punished and Jesup was badly wounded in the face. In December, 1837, Taylor left Tampa with a force of about 1,000 men, made up of detachments from the 4th Artillery, 1st and 6th Infantry, and Volunteers, and penetrated 150 miles into the interior, following up the Kissimmee River almost to its source at Lake Okeechobee, and there fighting the Indians in an engagement in which he lost 26 killed and 112 wounded, among them being some of his most valuable officers. He retraced his steps to Tampa with great difficulty, the wounded suffering incredible hardship as they were dragged on litters through the swamps and thickets.

The war finally came to an end from sheer exhaustion in 1842, when only 300 Seminoles remained uncaptured. Nearly 1,500 lives had been lost by bullets and disease, only a little less than in the War of 1812.

The war with Mexico, whether just or unjust from a political stand-point, is one of the most brilliant pages in the history of the Army. While a large number of Volunteers were called out it was fought in the main by the Regular Army, and with scarcely a reverse from start to finish. The commanding generals were still young enough for active service, but they had all had military experience in the War of 1812 and the Indian campaigns; and the regiments were filled in the lower grades with intelligent, ambitious, and well-educated cadets from West Point, of whom over 1,100 had been graduated between 1817, when Thayer became Superintendent, and 1845. The regiments had had over thirty years of unbroken existence and a strong *esprit du corps* existed, based on their traditions and the reputation of each in previous campaigns. The authorized strength of the Army in 1845 was about 700 officers and 7,500 men; it consisted of two regiments of dragoons (or-

ganized in 1832 and 1836), four regiments of artillery, and eight regiments of infantry. The troops were distributed in more than 100 posts, the artillery in the sea-coast fortifications, and the infantry along the lakes from Plattsburg to Mackinac, and, together with the cavalry, on the Mississippi, Missouri, Arkansas, and Red Rivers. The principal posts in the West were, Fort Snelling, near St. Paul; Jefferson Barracks, near St. Louis; Fort Leavenworth, on the Missouri, and Fort Jesup, in western Louisiana.

Scott was the Major-General, and the two Brigadiers were Gaines and Wool, one with head-quarters at New Orleans and the other at New York. Taylor was Colonel of the 6th Infantry, Twiggs of the 1st, and Kearney of the 2d Dragoons. Several of the other colonels were incapacitated from active service by age and physical disqualification, one of them, Walbach, of the 4th Artillery, being eighty-two years of age; but this was compensated by the company officers, a splendid lot of well-trained young soldiers, more than 200 of whom were destined to become general officers during the Civil War. Grant was a lieutenant in 4th Infantry, Sherman and Thomas in the 3d Artillery, Hancock in the 6th Infantry, Lee, McClellan, Meade and Beauregard in the Engineers, Johnston in the 4th Artillery, Jackson in the 1st Artillery. Many of the rank and file had seen arduous service in the Florida War. The companies were small, only forty to forty-five men each, but they were well drilled, having received excellent instruction in comparatively large camps which had been held at Trenton, N. J., and Jefferson Barracks, Mo., in the preceding years. Some of the regiments had just received the new percussion muskets and discarded the flint locks, and the others were expecting to receive theirs.

Taylor was in command of the First Military Department, with head-quarters at Fort Jesup, and in the summer of 1845 he was directed to assemble an "Army of Observation" in Texas. It consisted of the 3d, 4th, 5th, 7th and 8th Infantry, which had been transported down the Mississippi and its tributaries to New Orleans and thence westward by water; seven companies of the 2d Dragoons under Twiggs, which had marched 500 miles

across country from Fort Jesup; three battalions of four companies each from the 2d, 3d, and 4th Artillery, serving as infantry, and a light battery from each of these regiments, which had come around by water from the Atlantic forts—in all about 3,000 men, as fine a little army as ever was gathered together. The camp was at Corpus Christi from August, 1845, to March, 1846, when Taylor received orders to move forward to the Rio Grande. The Mexicans were on the west bank and a clash was inevitable. Scouting parties were sent up and down the river on April 24th, and one of them “became engaged with a very large force of the enemy, and after a short affair, in which some sixteen were killed and wounded, appear to have been surrounded and compelled to surrender.” So Taylor reported under date of April 26th, adding, “Hostilities may now be considered as commenced.” On receiving this report President Polk sent his message of May 11, 1846, stating that war actually existed, and asking Congress to recognize its existence. Congress did so on the following day, and on May 13th the President signed the act; it appropriated \$10,000,000 for the expenses of the war, and authorized him to call for 50,000 volunteers to serve twelve months.

The war thus launched went on with unbroken success until its conclusion at the enemy's capital, eighteen months later. An able and vigorous Secretary of War (Marcy), thoroughly competent commanders in the field, a well-disciplined body of troops, with trained officers and well-drilled, intelligent men—the elements were all there for a successful campaign, and it was fully realized. Opposed to us were armies almost invariably larger than our own, but inferior in quality, and they were defeated in every engagement.

There were three distinct lines of advance: First, Taylor meeting the enemy on the Rio Grande at Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, then advancing into their territory, capturing Monterey, and defeating Santa Anna when he attacked him with a vastly superior force at Buena Vista; second, Scott, conducting an expedition of 10,000 men, with all their artillery, wagons, and animals in more than eighty sailing ships across the Gulf

of Mexico, landing on an open coast without the loss of a man, besieging and capturing the garrison of over 5,000 men at Vera Cruz, then abandoning his base and marching boldly over a range of mountains into the interior, fighting in succession at Cerro Gordo, Contreras, San Antonio, Cherubusco, Molino del Rey, and Chapultepec, and finally capturing the City of Mexico—all within six months, during which he had killed, wounded, and captured of the enemy a number greater by twice than his own force; third, Kearney, with eight companies of the 1st Dragoons and 1,000 volunteers from Missouri, marching nearly 2,500 miles, from Fort Leavenworth across the plains, through the ranges of New Mexico and over the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific slope, arriving at San Diego in less than six months, and there joining hands with the navy to conquer California and establish a government under authority of the United States.

The forces engaged were small compared to the campaigns of Europe or of the Civil War, but never was there a more uninterrupted series of victories, covering so wide an area, and producing such tremendous material benefits in the permanent acquisition of territory. Writing his memoirs, nearly forty years later, Grant speaks of the strategy and tactics of Scott as “faultless.”

While in the main this was the work of the regular army, yet it was also largely due to the volunteers. The act of May 13, 1846, authorized the enlistment of 50,000 volunteers to serve twelve months; the act of February 11, 1847, required the volunteer enlistments to be “for the war,” and it also quadrupled the strength of the regulars by filling up the companies to the maximum of 100 each and adding ten additional regiments: one of dragoons, one of mounted riflemen, and eight of infantry. These additions were to be for the period of the war only.

Prior to the declaration of the existence of war Taylor had been authorized to call on the Governors of Texas, Louisiana, Alabama, and Mississippi for volunteers, and the Governors of those States had been requested to comply with his requests. This proceeding was, to say the least, irregular, in advance of any action



The Charge of the Second Dragoons at the Battle of Resaca de la Palma.

by Congress; Taylor availed himself of it only to a limited extent, but Gaines, who commanded at New Orleans, assumed authority to collect and forward a large number of Louisiana militia enlisted for six months. The law of 1795, then in force, only authorized the militia to be called out for three months; the act of May, 1847, required volunteers to enlist

for twelve months. The Louisiana men belonged to neither class, for in the language of the Governor they could not be subjected to "the torture of enlisting for twelve months." The matter was disposed of by Taylor by discharging most of them at the end of three months and re-enlisting those who desired it for three months more.

The twelve-months volunteers were meanwhile being enlisted and organized, and at the end of a year many of them re-enlisted for the war. Under the act of February, 1847, thirty volunteer regiments were organized "for the war." They were principally from the West and South, the call apparently not being in proportion to population. Massachusetts furnished only one regiment, and the other New England States none at all; New York and Pennsylvania two each, and the same from Indiana, Illinois, Ohio, and Kentucky, while Tennessee furnished three. The practice which has prevailed in subsequent wars of allowing regular officers to accept higher rank in the volunteers, was not permitted. The young officers remained with their regular commands and received no promotion except by seniority; Grant, for instance, came out of the war with the same rank he had at the beginning—Second Lieutenant—although he had been in nearly every battle and greatly distinguished himself.

On the other hand, officers who had resigned from the service came back with high rank, A. S. Johnston as colonel of a Texas regiment, and Jefferson Davis as colonel of one from Mississippi.

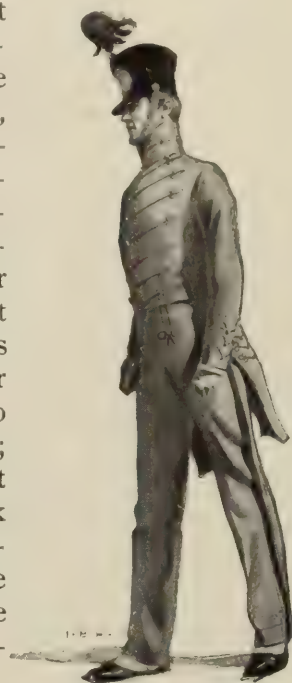
The army reached its maximum strength in the autumn of 1847, after Scott had captured the City of Mexico. The regular army then consisted of 1,373 officers and 20,333 men, and the volunteers of 1,437 officers and 27,452 men. About 32,000 were with Scott, 11,000 with Taylor, 3,000 in New Mexico, 1,000 in California, and only 1,381 at the home stations. The total enlistments during the war were 101,280, nearly three-fourths of which were volunteers. The total losses were 1,557 killed and 3,420 wounded, two-thirds of which were in the regulars.

The only blot upon the war was the jealousy between the principal generals, due to political reasons. The war produced three Presidential candidates: Taylor who was elected in 1848, Scott who

was defeated in 1852, and Pierce who was elected the same year. The service of the latter was creditable, although not conspicuous. He had never been in the army but was appointed Colonel of one of the new regular regiments authorized in 1847, was soon promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General and joined Scott at Puebla, serving during the rest of the campaign in command of a brigade.

Scott's name had already been before the convention of 1839 when Harrison was nominated. He was a pronounced Whig. Taylor was a Whig in sentiment, but not active in politics and without political ambition at the outbreak of the war. Scott requested, in May, 1846, that he be sent to command the principal army against Mexico; his request was not granted. In September, 1846, he applied for the command of the army on the Rio Grande, and was curtly informed that the President had no intention of superseding General Taylor. It was manifest that the Administration did not wish to build up the military reputation of a political opponent. Taylor, being unknown in politics, having an

excellent military reputation, and being stationed close to Texas, was selected for the command and continued in it until after the battle of Monterey. He had then acquired so much reputation that his name was constantly mentioned in connection with the Presidency. The Administration then turned to Scott, and in November directed him to proceed to the Gulf, organize his expedition for the Vera Cruz route according to the plan which he had submitted in the previous spring, but which had then been disapproved, and to take from Taylor such part of his army, either regular or volunteer, as he thought proper. As soon as Scott had sailed the Administration tried to pass a measure creating the grade of Lieutenant-General, with the intention of appointing Thomas H. Benton and sending him out to supersede Scott, but this failed in Congress. It did not fail to embitter Scott against the Administration; and Taylor naturally felt ag-



Cadet, 1836.



F. C. JOHN

Drawn by F. C. John.

Expedition Against the Mormons in the Winter of 1857 — Page 462.

grieved at Scott, believing him a party to the scheme for carrying off the best of his troops. The two men were unlike in temperament and not congenial. Their personal faults were well described in their nicknames, Scott as "Fuss and Feathers," Taylor as "Rough and Ready." Scott, in spite of his great ability, was somewhat pompous, vain, and egotistical; Taylor, on the other hand, affected an excess of simplicity, was very careless in his dress, rarely wore his uniform, etc.

When Scott went to Vera Cruz, the Administration was careful to see that his principal subordinates were of their own political faith; Worth, Twiggs, Pillow and Quitman, the four division commanders, were all ardent Democrats, and in the inaction following the capture of the City of Mexico they all became insubordinate. It became necessary to put Worth and Pillow under arrest and prefer charges against them, and Worth in turn preferred charges against Scott; whereupon the President relieved Scott from command of the Army and ordered him home to appear before a Court of Inquiry at Frederick, Md. Worth was restored to duty by the President without trial, Pillow and Scott were acquitted. The feeling against the Administration on account of its treatment of Scott and Taylor was an important factor in the election of the latter in the ensuing fall. It was unfortunate that the conclusion of so splendid a military campaign should have been marked with such unseemly controversies.

The President's proclamation of July 4, 1848, announced the termination of the war. The volunteers were promptly discharged and the regular army reduced to its normal strength of less than 10,000

men; the regiment of mounted riflemen (afterward 3d Cavalry) was retained in addition to the two of dragoons, four of artillery and eight of infantry. The actual strength was about 850 officers and 8,000 men, and this continued until the Civil War, with the exception of a slight increase in 1855.

The result of the war was an enormous accession of territory, over 960,000 square miles; and the still larger territory acquired in 1803 was as yet only slightly settled. With the return of peace the army was sent to explore this vast region and to protect settlers against the Indians. Part of the cavalry was already in New Mexico, another part was now marched from Monterey, through New Mexico and Arizona, to southern California; in the following year the Mounted Rifles marched from Fort Leavenworth to Oregon, without seeing in the whole 2,500 miles a white man, except an occasional fur trader. Of the artillery, only a portion went back to the Atlantic forts. The 3d Artillery embarked for California by way of Cape Horn, but off Cape Hatteras the vessel was wrecked and one-third of the regiment lost. Of the rescued, part were carried to Liverpool, and part to New York. The next year ten companies went to California via Panama, and the other two marched overland from Leavenworth, through Salt Lake City, to Benicia. The infantry regiments were brought North for a short period and then they also for the most part went West; the 3d, 5th, and 8th to Texas, the 2d, via

Cape Horn, to California, the 4th, via Panama, to Oregon, losing more than 100 men from cholera and fever *en route*, the 6th to the upper Mississippi and Missouri, and the 7th to New Mexico. The Engineers were



Infantry (undress), 1846.



Non-commissioned Officer,
Light Artillery, 1856.

almost all employed in some one of the various surveying and exploring expeditions. One commission surveyed and marked the Mexican boundary, another the north-western boundary from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific coast ; three separate expeditions were sent out to find feasible routes for transcontinental railways ; within seven years they had explored the whole vast region and had recommended the three routes along which the Southern, the Union-Central, and the Northern Pacific Railroads were subsequently built. There were other general exploring expeditions, and the result of them all was soon to make public maps and reports giving clear descriptions of the nature of this great tract of country, larger than all of Europe, outside of Russia ; then uninhabited, but now occupied by over twenty million people, and destined to support a population many times as great.

In this work of settling the West the army was in almost constant conflict with the Indians ; the actual losses were not great, a few score, or perhaps a hundred every year, but the campaigning was incessant, the marches were sometimes prodigious in length, the suffering in the torrid deserts of Arizona or the frigid snows of Nebraska intense.

The only change in the strength of the army between the Mexican and Civil Wars occurred in 1855. It became evident that the fifteen small regiments could not cover the entire West, and an increase of two regiments of cavalry and two of infantry was authorized. Jefferson Davis was then Secretary of War and he selected for the chief officers of these regiments men who afterward proved themselves to be great soldiers. Of the 1st (afterward 4th) Cavalry, the field officers were Sumner, J. E. Johnston, Emory, and Sedgwick ; McClellan was among the captains, Stanley and J. E. B. Stuart among the lieutenants. Of the 2d (afterward 5th) Cavalry, A. S. Johnston, Lee, Thomas, and Hardee were the field officers ; and Van Dorn, Kirby Smith, Stoneman, and Hood were among the subalterns. Of the officers of these two regiments nearly one-fourth were killed in the Civil War, and the others, with hardly an exception, became generals ; six of them, Lee, McClellan, the two Johnstons, Thomas, and

Kirby Smith commanded great armies. The officers of the two infantry regiments were less distinguished, but included in their number C. F. Smith, Canby, and Casey.

In addition to subduing the Indians, the army was called upon in 1855-56 to preserve peace between the warring political factions in Kansas, and in 1857 to bring the Mormons to submission. These people had crossed the plains and the Rocky Mountains, and in the Salt Lake Valley had founded a settlement, where they presently thought themselves strong enough to defy the authority of the United States and ignore its laws. To put down this incipient rebellion, a governor and other territorial officers were appointed, and a large military force was organized to escort them to Salt Lake and protect them in the performance of their official duties. It consisted of the 2d, 6th, 10th, and part of the 3d Infantry, the 2d Dragoons, one battalion of the Mounted Rifles, and two light batteries—about 2,500 men in all.

In successive detachments this force marched from Fort Leavenworth to Fort Bridger, during the summer and autumn of 1857. Colonel A. S. Johnston was detached from his regiment in Texas and placed in command of the expedition, overtaking it at Fort Bridger, in November, and deciding to winter there. This post, originally established by the Mormons on the head-waters of the Green River, in the southwestern corner of Wyoming, was long an important station in the army. It was about 1,100 miles west of Fort Leavenworth, and in that long stretch of plains and mountains there were only three important posts : Riley, Kearney, and Laramie ; it was at an altitude of near 7,000 feet above the sea, on the western side of the Rocky Mountains, and a temperature of 30° below zero was not uncommon in winter, sometimes accompanied with a keen wind and blinding snow, and at other times calm with a dense cloud of frozen fog ; the distance to Salt Lake City was about 100 miles. In this remote spot Johnston's little army passed the winter in tents ; the troops were cheerful and made light of their sufferings, although the sage-brush which served for fuel had to be hauled five miles through the snow, frost bites and amputations were not infrequent, more than 500 ani-

imals perished in one night. The greatest hardship was due to the exhaustion of the supply of salt, producing suffering which only those who have endured it can appreciate. Lieutenant-Colonel P. St. George Cooke, who commanded the 2d Dragoons, gives a graphic account in his report of this march. On November 7th, "The morning light had nothing cheerful to reveal; the air still filled with driven snow. The animals soon came, driven in, and mingled in confusion with the men, went crunching the snow in the confined and wretched camp, trampling all things in their way. It was not a time to dwell on the fact that from that mountain desert there was no retreat nor any shelter near, but a time for action. No murmurs, not a complaint was heard, and certainly none saw in their commander's face a doubt or cloud; but with cheerful manner he gave orders as usual for the march. And then the sun showed his place in the sky, and my heart, for one, beat lighter. But for six hours the frost or frozen fog fell thickly, and again we marched on as in a cloud." The next day "we had for fuel, besides the sage, the little bush-willow sticks." The mercury marked 10° below zero. The day after, the thermometers were broken, but by comparison the temperature was estimated at 25° below zero. "A wagon that day cut partly through the ice of a branch, and there froze so fast that eight mules could not move it empty." November 11th: "The guide's search resulted in his reporting 'no grass.' There remained but one day's corn after that night. It proved intensely cold. . . . The mules for once were ordered to be tied to the wagons. They gnawed and destroyed four wagon tongues, a number of wagon covers, ate their ropes, and getting loose, ate the sage fuel collected at the tents. Some of the tents they also attacked. Nine died." November 19th he went into camp three miles below Fort Bridger: "I have 144 horses, and have lost 134. Most of the loss has been this side of South Pass, in comparatively moderate weather. It has been of starvation. The earth has no more lifeless, treeless, grassless desert; it contains scarcely a wolf to glut itself on the hundreds of dead and frozen animals which for thirty miles nearly block the

road with abandoned and shattered property; they mark, perhaps beyond example in history, the steps of an advancing army with the horrors of a disastrous retreat."

It is small wonder that Brigham Young, having traversed the same country in summer, and having found a protected valley which he made fertile by irrigation, believed that he was beyond the reach of possible attack.

The little army passed the winter in tents, herding its animals in the mountain valleys and caring particularly for its beef cattle, on which their own lives depended, for there was no canned food in those days. At Fort Bridger there was a stone fort, and intrenched in its vicinity an organized and armed force of 2,700 Mormons. There were no hostilities, although the Mormons frequently tried to steal the cattle or stampede the herds. In June they evacuated the fort and retreated into the Salt Lake Valley. The little army followed them, and on June 10th entered the Mormon city. Colonel Brackett, in his "History of the United States Cavalry," thus describes the event:

"The entrance of the army into Salt Lake City was one of the most remarkable scenes in American history. All day long the troops marched through the long streets. The only sounds which broke the stillness of the scene were the music of the military bands and the dull clanking of the baggage wagons as they rolled along. The streets and houses were deserted. The stillness was so profound that, during the intervals of the columns, the gurgling of the creek which runs through the city could be distinctly heard by the few who were passing silently along. It was like the city of the dead, so quiet was it."

The expedition accomplished its purpose without bloodshed. The Mormons promised to obey the laws, and the troops went on about forty miles beyond the city and there established a large post named Camp Floyd. The orders to the 2d Cavalry to march from Texas were revoked. The 6th Infantry, which had left Fort Leavenworth in March and arrived at Fort Bridger in August, was sent on across the dreary wastes of Utah and Nevada, and over the Sierras to California, arriving at Benicia in November, and completing a march of something more than 2,000 miles in 242 days.

"A TRIUMPH'S EVIDENCE"

By William Allen White



ONE rainy night, late in the spring, Henry Myton came home to Pleasant Ridge. The lights in the great Colorado express train, reflecting from a thousand pools in the road, and the dingy, smoking lamp in the town omnibus, were the only pyrotechnics that greeted him. His trunk crashed upon the rickety baggage truck, the conductor waved the signal, and in the twinkling of an eye the impatient glowing dragon had wormed by; the ruby jewel in the switching tail of it was fading in the distance; and the rain and the dark and the petulant spring wind were left to frolic over the village. Henry Myton climbed into the musty 'bus and listened to the splashing of the horses in the sloppy roads. No street-lamp marked their way, and to Myton it seemed that the vehicle was circling round and round. Just before he gave up to seasickness, the long scraping sound of a cramped wheel and the jerking movement of the running-gear told Myton that he was near his journey's end.

He scurried across the sidewalk into the office of the hotel. It was a plain room. A high counter ran parallel to one wall. On the counter was a tarnished cigar-case and a dog-eared register. Opposite the counter stood an ink-stained desk, surmounted by a gaudy business directory, ten years out of date. Near by was a long sink that held a water-bucket and an earthen wash-bowl, over which hung two towels. These, and a threshing-machine lithograph, some patent medicine prints, and a big handbill announcing a public sale, were the mural decorations of the room. However, there had been a time when those walls seemed palatial to Henry Myton. Ten years before that rainy spring night, he had received his first five hundred dollar check, after winning the Nellie Gordon murder case. He never came back to the Astor House, Pleasant Ridge, without smiling at the recollection of the vain figure he cut then, leaning upon his

elbows, with his back against the high counter, puffing a ten-cent cigar, squinting his eyes wisely, and talking of the famous victory. Triumphs—minor triumphs had come to Myton in that room. In the corner by the wash-stand he made the combination that brought him the nomination to the State Senate. That dog-eared register contained the names of the committeemen who notified him of his second congressional nomination.

In the old bed that creaked a familiar welcome for his home-coming on that rainy night, Myton took two hours before midnight to consider his past, his future, and more especially his palpable present. He found the prospect distinctly different then and there, from the prospect he had surveyed occasionally in the little chromo of a park in front of the Normandie Hotel at Washington, D. C. Myton was a congressman who had come back. In an expansive moment early in January, Myton made a speech, recanting the currency view proclaimed in the platform on which he had been elected fourteen months before. The doctrine that he championed in that speech was deemed heretical by his party in the district. His constituency was furious. His party convention met in March, and Myton was defeated for the nomination by a man named Beal. It all happened so quickly that Myton had barely begun to explain his speech, when "the subsequent proceedings interested him no more." He remained in Washington until the end of the tedious session, and came home to find out definitely what had hit him.

His presence in Pleasant Ridge was proof of his ambition and of his wisdom. Four years in Washington had furrowed a few lines about his mouth, and had put a touch of premature gray at his temples that contrasted admirably with the alert look in his deep-set eyes. The spark of youth lighted his countenance and made it good to look upon. During his four years at the capital there had come into his smile a certain expression of worldly wisdom,

and the lines about his mouth seemed fortifications built by a serious, mastering ambition, that checked the smile and kept it in metes and bounds. Myton had learned many things at Washington. He went there in a Prince Albert coat and a made-up white necktie; he came back in a cut-away coat and a red ascot; he replaced his tile with a hat of softer fabric. He traded many an illusion about the giants in the Senate as well as in the House for the disenchanting knowledge that his heroes were not above bickering for places upon committees of which Myton in Pleasant Ridge had never dreamed.

It was early that spring morning after his return from Washington, when Myton awoke in his old bed in the Astor House—so early that only a single wagon track had been cut in the muddy main street in front of his window. Yet the sound of the steak-pounding in the kitchen below announced that the business day in Pleasant Ridge was about to begin. He whistled with some show of gayety as he dressed. Frequently he looked up and down the squatty little street with its sprawling buildings and their ugly wooden awnings. He could see the prairie lying in wait on the hill and the creek crouching below—each checking the growth of the unpainted little thoroughfare. The tune that he whistled reminded him of the street piano that taught him the tune, and that brought back the gay capital with all its frivolity, all its beauty, all its mad vanity. For the moment Myton forgot his room in the Astor House, Pleasant Ridge, and "dwelt in marble halls."

Myton rented a room over the bank in due time and gathered up what ragged ends of his former law practice he could find. For nearly a month he sat upon his revolving chair and seemed to loaf, inviting his soul. But he was really getting his land legs after his voyage upon the political sea. Two or three interesting criminal cases with important fees gave him something to do. In June the National convention of his party formed a currency plank which endorsed Myton's January speech, and made absurd the platform adopted by the District convention in March. Myton discouraged those who suggested that he run for Congress on a bolting ticket; instead, he went about his law business—a wise course to pursue for

a young man with aspirations, as Sam King, Chairman of the State Central Committee, told others besides Myton at the time. Myton took up his life in the town, resuming his place in the personal regard of the people. Although he was out of favor with the Congressional Committee in the district, he kept friends with the State Central Committee, and occasionally wrote jocular letters to Sam King, the State Chairman, about the progress of the campaign. He made a few speeches in adjoining districts and once crossed the Mississippi to help a Congressional colleague who was in the thick of a hot fight. But Myton saw that it was not his year for politics and avoided the heat of the battle then waging. Still at times there came to him homesick dreams of the wide smooth lawn back of the White House, of the Marine band playing in the sunset light, of the women moving by in pretty organdies and silks, of the Presidential party bowing pleasantly in the piazza, and the play of colors and the concord of sweet sound through it all.

He had leisure, oceans of leisure, during the long summer afternoons, and during the summer evenings when the stores in Pleasant Ridge closed at twilight, time pressed upon him heavily. He craved some substitute for the life he had left. So, rather unconsciously than otherwise, the nervous tendrils of his being finding one support gone, reached out to grapple what they might, and they found and clung to a young woman.

Myton never knew just when it was that Judge Fairbanks and his wife began to slip away, leaving Myton and Julia together on the wide veranda. But one August night, when the harvest moon was shedding a ghostly whiteness on the haze, and a screech owl was complaining in a distant orchard, Myton and Julia Fairbanks were sitting alone when the clock struck eleven. Myton then made the important discovery that he was not making a family call.

When he stopped, half a block from the house, to light his cigar, he reflected that Julia was a clever girl. He wondered what interest a girl who had been educated at Wellesley could find at Pleasant Ridge. He ran over the list of the town's boys of her age, sons of the butch-

er, the baker, the candle-stick maker, and of the members of the liberal professions of the village, and tried to guess which of them would please her. The next day her image crowded itself between his eyes and a law book, and he cast up her years and found that they were twenty-three or four. He tried to recall her while she was growing up, but it seemed to Myton that the last time he had seen her, before that spring, she was wearing toe-slippers with white stockings, and white tarlatan skirts covered with silver paper spangles—the good fairy in “Cinderella,” at the Methodist Sunday-school Christmas-tree. It puzzled Myton to account for the transformation of the pipe-voiced child into the demure young woman who discussed Ibsen and the world’s bread-stuff supply, and who rejoiced in “The Taking of Lungtungpen.”

Soon thereafter the scales fell from Myton’s eyes and he saw with a new vision. Some such fine frenzy as poets must feel came upon him, and the homely aspects of nature were gilded by the glamour of a lover’s eyes. He took hold of his work and his life with a fresh, tight grip. Certain ideals, entirely new to him, grew into his being, and he found himself putting his new principles into practice in the unimportant matters that came to him in his daily routine.

Beale, who had defeated Myton for the nomination in the March convention, was beaten at the polls in November. The nominations two years thereafter was open to Myton, if he could rally his friends. He was watching the situation eagerly, and he reported, enthusiastically, his little advantages to Julia Fairbanks as the days developed them. He told her all his plans, and much of their talk was a discussion of the lofty places of his ambition. The courtship of Myton and Julia Fairbanks developed nothing extraordinary. After Myton acquired Sunday night at the Fairbanks parlor, he claimed Wednesday night by right of possession—and that long before either of the young people interested would have admitted that there was a pre-arrangement for the occupancy of the evening. By the time Wednesdays and Sundays were tacitly acknowledged as pre-empted claims in the social territory of the pair, an occasional Monday or Friday

was added by a quit-claim deed, and henceforth became sacred ground by tradition. Judge Fairbanks and his wife soon learned to observe the Parlor Law. When Mrs. Fairbanks came into the room she sat on the edge of her chair, and appeared to be anxious about something going on in the kitchen. She never let the importunities of Myton persuade her to stay. The Judge did not readily learn his lesson, and so late as October, he was liable to sit in the parlor and talk county politics an hour after all honest men should be in bed. He broke off this habit suddenly, and Julia wondered vaguely a number of things which she would not have asked her mother about for the world. If the ways of a man with a maid are like the ways of an eagle in the air, and of a serpent on a rock, and of a ship in the midst of the sea, which are too deep for philosophy—who shall even dare to fancy what may be the ways of a maid with a man!

The November night before Myton left for Washington to sit in the short session of Congress, the fire in the grate lighted the Fairbanks parlor. Myton was restless and for a time paced the rug. Julia Fairbanks sat in the dusk and flashed in and out of reality. The shadows played enticingly with the lines of her figure. The black of her crinkly hair remained in shade, framing her oval face, which never entirely faded from view. The red of her lips, the glow of her cheeks, and the witchery of her eyes, were before Myton, however low the flames might sink. Myton’s talk was choppy at first. He sat in front of the grate, with the fire-poker in his hands, and his elbows on his knees and was silent. The tall blaze grew smaller and smaller, and the furniture in the room went back into the gloom. Julia Fairbanks went to the piano and played “*Träumerei*” gently, with her foot upon the pianissimo pedal. The notes of the melody and the restful sequence of the harmony always soothed Myton, and in the ritual of their freemasonry “*Träumerei*” was a hailing sign of sympathy. The approaching leave-taking stirred Myton’s heart, and strange aspirations were rising from its depths. When the girl had finished playing she drew her chair near the fire. Myton looked at her, as he was wont to do,

for a minute in silence. Then he turned to the fire. She waited and looked into the fire with him.

"Julia," said Myton, when the spirit had moved his lips, "I'm sure it was for the best."

She looked her question with frank, friendly eyes.

"I mean the defeat last March. It was the best thing that has ever happened to me. I was a pretty poor excuse of a man a year ago." He turned toward the fire again and continued: "I was selfish; I was little; I was tricky; I was eaten up with an ambition to win my game at any cost. I had sense enough to be honest. But at heart I was a scoundrel. I know it. I didn't sell my vote—but, perhaps, I was never offered my price."

He punched the fire and brought Julia Fairbanks a little nearer to him by lighting the room.

"Julia, you've helped," Myton continued. He was not a voluble man and he spoke the language of the soul in halting phrases.

"It seems to me, Julia, that the first four months of my life here this summer were spent looking out of my office window for your sailor hat and that pink shirt-waist you wore. When I saw them on the street of an afternoon, I was happy for hours."

He meant it for a fine speech, but both smiled and he felt ashamed of his failure. In an abashed fervor Myton went on:

"Julia, I want to be a clean, honest man. Do you see? I had never thought much about it before, but this summer I've had time to think." Julia Fairbanks nodded a response and Myton resumed his monologue:

"I have only once to live and I've got to live with myself. I want to live so that I'll be good company to myself when I'm an old man. I'm going back to Washington to-morrow and I propose to try to make my record worthy of my best ideals. I want to amount to something. I want to make it; but I don't want to have to write 'hypocrite' after my name every time I see it in print."

There was a long pause. The mood for which the man had not found adequate words was upon the woman also. It set their hearts a flutter, and their

mouths would fain speak impassioned things. The wind of the prairie was moaning a dirge outside and Julia Fairbanks shuddered. "What is it?" inquired Myton.

"Oh, nothing. Just a fancy. Just the wind."

"Tell me about it," persisted Myton.

Julia Fairbanks leaned a little into the light, which illumined her smile—a warm smile which sank into Henry Myton's heart and glowed there.

"It's just a foolish notion about the wind," she continued gently, as she stared into the fire. "It seems to bear upon it the souls of the dead, and they go crying by—sobbing for their lost happiness. They seem so desolate out there on the wind, away from us all, doomed to their eternal chase over the world—so restless—so hopeless, and some day I may ride with them. It's so lonely out there, Henry, so lonely."

The moan of the prairie surf rose like a distant diapason. Myton started from his chair impulsively. The spell upon his tongue was loosened for a moment, and he spoke all the poetry that was throbbing in his soul.

"No, no, Julia, I feel to-night that those voices on the wind come from souls that have found their mates. They are singing love-songs. I shall ride 'the wind that blows between the worlds' a thousand years, hunting for you, Julia, for with you I shall find peace."

The room was almost dark; but Myton saw the girl's lips and eyes and met her smile in a rapture.

He made the flames leap up in the grate, and a few moments later he was at the door. He held her hand tightly and said only,

"Well, good-by, Julia."

She stood for a second watching him, and before she closed the door Myton came back. He caught both her hands.

"You will listen to my ghosts, not yours, on the wind while I am gone—won't you? Oh, Julia, Julia, I do want to be a good man for you."

In another instant he had faced about and was walking down the lawn path into the night.

Myton wrote Julia Fairbanks a letter at Chicago on his way to the Capitol.

Thereafter Myton’s mail contained two square envelopes a week, and Pleasant Ridge gossips watched Judge Fairbanks’s box in the post-office, for the envelope with the blue engraved letters upon it.

In Congress Henry Myton stood for what the newspapers called the decent thing. No scandal had ever tainted his name. He had formed friendships among the strong men of the house, and he had a literary knack of writing his speeches that gave him some reputation in that clique of senators, mostly from the East, who know one another socially, and who control in a great measure the actions of the Upper House of the National Legislature. Sometimes Myton was invited to political dinners where the leaders of his party met and formed policies. He was considered a coming man. When he came back to sit out the short session, he still held his friends, but his power was gone. He felt this keenly, yet he was sustained by the ozone of a great passion, and its stimulation. He saw his duty and he did it with a serenity that was almost felicity. But he missed Julia Fairbanks. He habitually found himself wishing to share with her the pleasures of his life at Washington. This gave tangible substance to his hope to bring her back with him some day. He planned the life he would lead with her, speculated upon the people whom they would know, and weighed in fancy the probability of her admiration or her dislike for everything in the capital, from the Congressional Library Building to the statue of Lincoln paying his laundry bill near the City Hall.

In the meantime Myton was watching intently the senatorial contest progressing in his State. The Legislature which met in January was controlled by Myton’s party, and a senator of the opposite faith was at the end of his term. A dead-lock in the party caucus occurred. For sixty days Myton withstood the temptation that came in letters and telegrams, urging him, commanding him, pleading with him, to come home and help one side or another. His political judgment warned him away from the fight. But in the leonine days of early March, when he learned that Julia Fairbanks would visit an aunt at the State capital, Myton started homeward.

The senatorial dead-lock in Myton’s party caucus occurred this way: Anything to beat King, the State Chairman, was the desire of forty-four legislators. Fifty-one were willing to do anything to elect him; six men voted patiently for State Senator Metcalf, day in and day out, while three legislators insisted that there must be a clean man or there would be no nomination. It took fifty-three votes to nominate. In the last-named group were State Senator Moulton, and two young men—Haff and Norris, alumni of the State university. These men were Myton’s friends, and one, whom he called Billy Haff, was his classmate. This group was dubbed the Ladies’ Auxiliary. King was supported by the party machine, and he held his men in bonds stronger than iron; the men opposed to him were the party malcontents, who had grievances against the machine—personal, vicarious, or imagined. The anti-King men said that Joab T. Barton, President of the Corn Belt Railroad, whose name was commonly linked with scandal in State politics, was furnishing King with funds. The anti-King vote kept bobbing about in blocks of twenties and thirties, more or less, complimenting first one and then another of King’s enemies. The gentlemen of the Ladies’ Auxiliary voted for all sorts of impossible candidates.

When Myton arrived at the State capital he lounged through the upper corridors of the political hotel for an hour or so during the morning, sifting and weighing the gossip. It seemed to Myton that the personality of King was the strongest force in the crowd. Everyone was bending his energies either to help King or to hinder him—but it was always King that was under discussion. Myton noted curiously that men whom he had considered exactly honest and exceptionally intelligent were rallying with King, whose campaign was evidently a network of intrigue, and many of whose henchmen were branded in State politics as venal and notoriously corrupt. But Myton was gauging men and measures by a recently acquired set of ideals.

Myton’s arrival at the State capital was the day’s event. A morning paper declared that he would be the first piece of fresh meat that had been thrown into the

menagerie for six weeks. Myton evaded reportorial questions about the senatorial situation so nicely that one reporter for an afternoon paper wrote Myton up as "The Tar Baby," with King as "Bre'er Fox" and the anti-King faction as "Bre'er Rabbit."

On the afternoon of his first day Myton opened his watch every half hour. Julia Fairbanks's train from Pleasant Ridge was due at the capital at four o'clock. At two o'clock King captured Myton and led him out of the crowd. In King's room Myton sat with his leg over the arm of a rickety rocking-chair, while King, stocky, florid, but agile, stood before the chair. King had sharp, cynical brown eyes and loose set lips, that twitched expressively; a little tuft of red hair crept down by each ear. He looked like the foreman of a ditch gang in Sunday toggery. He spoke to Myton in a dry, hard tone, beating a sort of tune with a pudgy index finger which pointed at Myton's nose.

"Henry, have you lit yet?" Myton, who was thinking that Julia Fairbanks's train must be somewhere near Walnut at that moment, shook his head. He dreaded the termination of the interview. He feared to break friendship with King; yet Myton hesitated before deepening the alliance that existed. For King, as Chairman of the State Central Committee, Myton had the utmost respect. For King, if he had chosen to become warden of the penitentiary, Myton would have worked with efficient enthusiasm. But for King in the United States Senate, Myton felt an irritating moral revulsion which he could not define, and which was put in the shadow by the disquieting sense that it would be impracticable to an important degree to make an enemy of King. When Myton gave a negative nod to his head, he was about decided to use diplomacy.

"All right, then, son, I need you. I have got to have you in this fight." This came after King had paced the room twice. His brown Irish eyes were poking about in Myton's countenance trying to fix his gaze. Myton looked at him suddenly, and fancied that the brown eyes were held from shifting by sheer force of will. Myton thought he would tell that to Julia Fairbanks, and he saw the dimple sink in her cheek. Smiling inwardly he damned King and replied:

"What can I do, Colonel, I've expired. I'm cancelled. I ain't in it. Why don't you talk to the people now on earth?"

Myton looked at his watch when the parley began, and figured out that Julia Fairbanks was passing Cedar Grove. When he fancied that she was at Belton, ten miles nearer the capital than the Grove, Myton saw that the lariat of his diplomacy was getting rather tight, for King was saying:

"Henry, you ain't dead, and if you are, I can just about perform a miracle on you. If you'll listen to me two or three minutes I can shoot a little elixir of life into you that will tone you up a whole lot. See here: You can fix that Ladies' Auxiliary gang for me. They believe you are a lovely character and can crochet tidies, and what you say goes. They think I've got horns and hoofs and a forked tail. None of my fellows can get next to them. You can." King was walking up and down the room. Myton tried to interject a protest; but King continued: "I absolutely know that them pie-faced kids will vote for me, if you'll tell 'em I'm straight—you know—that I'm all right. Square these damn stories they're telling about me—the, the—you know the railroad bill business and the—that—story about the gamblers—damn lies out of whole cloth."

King's embarrassment in the latter part of his declaration was so evident that Myton's amusement dominated his caution and he gave King a left-over smile that was intended for Julia Fairbanks. King found encouragement, took a jug from the lower compartment of the wash-stand and began pouring brown liquor into a thick water tumbler.

"Here's a little somethin' pretty fair," said King, as he balanced the neck of the jug on the tumbler's edge. But Myton waved the liquor aside. King emptied the glass, smacking his lips to get the last drop. Myton had seen King in action before. The younger man's trained eye caught in the elder man's face certain unmistakable signs which indicated that the important part of the meeting was about to develop. The choppers and rollers and hammers and burnishers of Myton's mind were working with lightning speed, making a decision. They worked almost in-

voluntarily, and the motive that moved them was not ambition, nor discretion, but a high impulse. For the charm of Julia Fairbanks held him in a spell. King, with his hands locked behind him, paced the floor and continued:

"What's the matter with this proposition, Henry? You make me a senator and I'll make you a congressman. You can do it just as easy as rollin' off a log. And I can fence up that nomination hog-tight for you. Beale is beaten; he's out of it, and you and I can get you that nomination on a silver platter."

King's words grappled with Myton's impulse, and Julia Fairbanks's thrall was almost broken. To return to Congress meant much to Henry Myton.

There was a knock at the door. Before King opened it, he said, holding his hand on the door-knob:

"Here come the cherubs. All you got to do is to stand by me and you go to Congress. What do you say, Henry?"

The knocking was repeated.

"It's all right, ain't it?" asked King.

Myton had risen and was leaning against a table. He was buttoning his square-cut, double-breasted coat. He replied:

"Well, let 'em come in anyhow, and we'll talk it over."

Haff and Norris entered. An embarrassing minute passed with trivial formalities. Then King plunged into the matter nearest his heart.

"Gentlemen, I've got to have you with me in this fight. You two boys can make me a United States senator. If I am elected I shall owe you more than anyone else. My first obligation will be to you. You've heard a lot of rough things about me; but did anyone ever tell you I'd lie? Don't you suppose that if I'd ever deserted a friend he would be here to accuse me now? I know why you haven't voted for me. I couldn't convince you that all this stuff they've been peddling about me is lies. But you know Henry Myton. You know what he stands for. He has come all the way from Washington to tell you just what kind of a fellow I am." Myton fixed his eyes upon King during the recital of the electioneering patter, and thought of a soap fakir. For the moment King forgot his trick of looking his audi-

tors in the face and looked at the floor. His hands sank deeper and deeper into his trousers pockets. He turned to Myton; Haff and Morris followed with their eyes. They saw the two furrows that enclosed Myton's smile deepen, and a maze of little lines come out around his steely eyes.

"Now, Mr. Myton," said King, "I want you to tell these men, who believe in you, and who know you've known me in politics for ten years, just what you think of my candidacy. I want an honest opinion, and so do they."

Julia Fairbanks was Myton's prompter. He stood erect and spoke with a cigar in the corner of his mouth. But before he spoke he took one last hungry look, in fancy, at the lights on Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington.

"Boys, I've been in this room fifteen minutes. In that time Sam King has offered to make me a congressman again, if I'll make you fellows believe that he's the man to send to the Senate."

King was slow in comprehending the meaning of the sentence, and before he could protest, Myton continued:

"I haven't a thing in the world against Sam King. He's a good fellow, and a friend of mine—but he's no more fitted to represent this State in the Senate than Captain Kidd is to act as recording angel."

There was a rapier-like twinkle in Myton's eyes, as he added:

"Of course, this is in confidence. Sam, you got a match?"

In his stupor King fumbled for a match. Myton picked one from the table, and, before Haff and Morris knew whether he was joking or in earnest, he had turned the lock and was in the hall doorway. There he heard King sneer:

"You're a hell of a feller, now, ain't you? But I'll cure you of suckin' eggs, all right."

Myton walked rapidly down the corridor, distributing an absent-minded smile to friends and foes and strangers alike. In an hour the story of what Myton had said of King had become the property of the gossips in the hotel lobby.

Now, no one is so entirely ignorant of the motives that move men as the practical politician—unless, perhaps, the imprac-

tical fellow in politics is to be reckoned with. So it happened that when Myton's throwing over of King made the young ex-congressman a prominent figure in the political situation, no one guessed the spring that had controlled his action. It was agreed that he was a power; that he had displayed unlooked-for courage and uncommon honesty. And there was a score of wild surmises about the selfish end he had in view when he declined to combine with King.

The effect of Myton's rebuff of King was not perceptible upon the surface. Yet King felt that Myton had hurt him. A political boss is a hypnotist. He holds his power by a constant repetition, in a thousand ways, of the declaration that his power exists. Every denial of this direct suggestion weakens his influence. Sam King was not a psychologist; but he knew human nature—which amounts to the same thing in the long run. He felt in his bones that Myton's action would cripple him. He knew instinctively, that if one man could rebuke him publicly, others might cease to fear him. That night a rumor gained some corridor credence, that King had lost two votes—whose they were the rumor did not specify. The rumor was really a premonitory sign of the decay of King's prestige. A man had insulted the basswood joss. The man still lived. Was the joss a joss, or only a basswood image? Thus worked the logic of the crowd in the hotel lobby.

While Myton was off skylarking with Julia Fairbanks, in the latter part of the afternoon, the managers who controlled three groups, aggregating forty-four votes of the anti-King forces, had agreed to give Myton a complimentary vote at the caucus the evening of the following day. At supper-time these managers explained to Myton that he could probably get Haff, Norris, and Moulton, and with forty-seven votes for United States Senator he would be in excellent standing in his party when the congressional fight occurred in his district. But at the after-supper conference the anti-King managers were careful to lay polite stress on the fact that the vote would be merely complimentary.

When Julia Fairbanks came down the steps of the car at four o'clock that day and gave Myton her gloved hand, it seemed to

him that everything that could happen for good in the world was occurring. The radiance of her smile entranced him. In the street-car they chatted in a strained way, as if they knew it was the preface of the story. Myton sat close to Julia Fairbanks, and he fancied that she leaned away from him. Their talk found its way into politics. As the car passed the State House, the young woman was saying: "Well, I do so hope that King won't get it. He stands for everything that is vile and disreputable in politics in this State."

"Yes," replied Myton, "King is bad enough, but he is a prattling babe in infamy compared to old Barton who owns him. I've something to tell you to-night when I see you. I've been on the Jericho road to-day—fell among thieves."

The girl laughed, "Well, just so you don't fall in with that King creature."

When Myton left Julia Fairbanks at the door of her aunt's house, he felt that her words had justified his course with King.

The afternoon slipped away and all the scenes of intrigue, rivalry, and strife that passed before Myton's eyes passed as the scenes upon a panorama. He was not moved from the mooring of his passion. He was longing for the night, as the hart panteth for the water of the brooks.

In the corner of the room wherein Myton waited for Julia Fairbanks stood a miniature figure of the Winged Victory. The mute figure, poised for flight, seemed to lift Myton upon its pinions. When he heard the rustle of silks, he rose to a subordinate heaven. She entered, and some demi-god in the particular heaven wherein Myton sojourned turned on all the splendors of a transcendent electrical display. And then Myton and Julia Fairbanks rose to another heaven—the heaven where journeys end in lovers' meeting.

Half an hour later, when Myton's eyes and those of Julia Fairbanks had become accustomed to the bright light of their new paradise of betrothal, they were sitting in front of the fire in the grate and Myton was saying:

"Julia, do you know you have been with me all day—helping me to be a better man than I could have been a year ago." The girl's hand was clasped in Myton's. The sense of possession was so strong in him that when Julia Fairbanks shook her

head in protest, Myton all but forgot his pride in his self-conquest.

"Yes," he continued, "I could have told a lie about King to-day that would have sent me back to Congress and King to the Senate. But I would have deceived my friends and would have betrayed the faith they put in me ; probably a year ago I would have done just what King wanted me to do, but, Julia, dear, you were with me. Your ideals braced me."

While Myton told his story, Julia Fairbanks listened in two selves—in a normal conscious self, attentive to the details of the incident ; and in a second self, a woman learning for the first time the lesson that the serpent taught to Eve, the lesson of a woman's power. While Myton was telling his sweetheart about his grapple with King, the serpent was leading the woman toward the forbidden tree, to show her the excellent glory of Washington.

When he closed his story, Myton said : "Dearest, I don't care for politics. I don't care for Washington, I mean if I have to pay that price for it. We can go back to Pleasant Ridge—you and I—and live happy in the knowledge that we have kept clean and honest. I can make more money practising law than we can lay by in Washington. We can have a beautiful home, and even in Pleasant Ridge read the world's best books, and enjoy, in their times and seasons, the world's best things. Can't we—darling ?"

Myton fondled that word ; the permission to use it meant such a surrender of his sweetheart's body and soul into his keeping. When he had finished Julia Fairbanks did not seem to share Myton's exaltation. In a short pause that followed his speech, she shifted restlessly in her chair. She knitted her brow and said, reflectively : "Can he keep you out of that nomination, Henry ?"

"Yes, I suppose he can," Myton answered.

He was surprised to find himself harboring a vague feeling that he had fumbled in some way. He asked : "You think I did right, don't you, Julia ?"

Myton saw the gray wings of a doubt flit across Julia Fairbanks's face. She leaned forward with her chin in her hand, and her finger beating her lips nervously. Her large brown eyes met Myton's caressingly

before she answered : "You are a good, brave man, Henry." Her voice dropped to a meditative monotone as she went on : "But you pay such a dear price for your courage."

Myton laughed and replied : "Honesty in politics is generally considered a luxury for a poor man."

Julia Fairbanks laughed with her lover.

"Oh, I wish you could go back," and then she added, "I suppose King is very angry."

"Of course he's angry and of course I'll go back some time. The anti-King fellows are going to give me a complimentary vote in the caucus to-morrow night as a starter ; but I wanted to do something worth bringing here to-night, something worthy your lover. Do you understand, Julia ?"

Myton's face was serious as he spoke and his hand, obeying the yearning in his heart, reached toward her.

She almost whispered her reply, "Yes, yes, I understand, Henry," and then, in a surer voice, added : "I'm so ambitious for you. I'm so proud of you."

Her partisanship for him warmed Myton through. He forgot the vague hurt in his heart. He asked, gently : "Would you like to go to Washington, Julia ?"

She learned forward and touched his hand with her cheek in a swift caress and whispered : "With you !"

The soft stir of her silks, the upward flash from her brown eyes and the touch of her cheek went over Henry Myton like fire. When the fire had waned he found himself kneeling by Julia Fairbanks's chair, her hands in his, drinking her smile in a mad thirst and exclaiming : "You shall go Julia, you shall, you shall."

And thus Julia Fairbanks discarded the serpent's primer. She opened the next book, and read.

"Henry, wouldn't it be well for you to go back soon—I mean very soon, while your prestige still holds ?"

Myton had risen and was walking the floor with his fingers locked behind him when he answered, "Perhaps." He found a footstool and put it close to her, where he could sit with his head against her chair-arm and look into the fire.

Julia Fairbanks took up her words where Myton had cut them. "It would be so

good to go back now, while we are both young, before we are jaded; with the zest of life still keen in us."

Myton touched her hand reverently. "We shall always be young, Julia, we shall never be jaded so long as we have each other."

"Henry, dearest, I don't want you to spend the best of your life in the Ridge. I wish there was some way you could fix it up honorably with King."

Before he could reply she bent toward him and touched his cheek shyly with her fingers. Her touch struck the pendulum of his heart and set it jumping. She smiled down upon him. "How handsome you are, Henry, and you are mine, mine, mine."

Myton turned toward her upon a foot and a knee. His lips trembled as he whispered her name and clasped his arms about her. The trustfulness that Henry Myton saw in her face stilled the tremble on his lips and deepened the light in his eyes.

The wind sighed mournfully in the elm-trees on the lawn outside. Myton heard the sighing wind, and resumed, tenderly: "The wind from home is here—our prairie wind, with all our familiar spirits that ride upon it. The good people have breathed your name, little girl, a thousand times to me while we have been apart; how they must envy us our flesh and the ecstasy of dancing blood."

She answered, in a voice as tender as his own:

"Maybe they do know our ecstasy, for I have stood and thrown my kisses to you upon the wind a thousand times these last months; did the ghosts bring them safely, dearest?"

The red blood from her heart stained the girl's cheeks and the man's lips were dry. Their eyes burned with an unsteady glow, hers through half-shut lids. Words were inadequate and the wind spoke for them.

She let her hands rest upon his shoulders and asked, with gentle earnestness: "Can't you fix it up with King? Some way, honorably?" She pitched her voice with the wind and crooned with it: "Think of Pleasant Ridge, Henry, dreary, dead, desolate; and then of the life you are leaving, with all its opportunities, all its riches. In the Ridge, you are buried; in Washington, you are a power for good.

Can't you do more good in Congress, Henry, than King can do harm? I want you to be my great man."

Myton saw through a glass darkly. Yet he saw the vivid red of two half-closed lips, a new light beam alluringly in the eyes he loved and he felt—and that was the last of him—the frankincense of his sweetheart's breath upon his face. His lips made the words: "I'll do any thing in the world for you, Julia."

Her hands slipped from his shoulders, her fingers met and her arms were about his neck, and she answered: "Won't you fix it up with King, some way—honorably? to-morrow?"

Myton's arms drew her closer. The world spun under him a thousand ages away. The serpent slipped out of the garden.

Henry Myton went out into the glory of the night. He rejoiced in the awful miracle of the stars and he "wist not that God had departed from him." For he was planning, with an alert mind that knew no moral restraint, to gratify Julia Fairbanks's ambition at any cost. As he walked, a bold scheme spread its meshes before his fancy, and with a flush of exultation, Myton took it up and set it to snare his game.

Before Myton went to bed that night he secured the promises of Haff, Moulton, and Norris to vote for him in the party caucus the following evening, on a complimentary ballot. He was gratified to see his name in the headlines of four morning papers on the breakfast table, as a senatorial possibility.

An hour later Myton met King in an upper corridor of the hotel. Myton approached King with a cheerful, "Good-morning, Colonel!" King stared coolly at Myton a moment before replying: "So you want to go to the Senate, do you? You're a pretty damn smooth scoundrel, you are."

The two men were alone. Myton returned, in a lowered tone: "Colonel, will you meet me at Barton's office in half an hour? I'm going down there, and I want to talk to you."

King knew that Myton was in earnest. There was a grip about Myton's cigar that held a painful reminder for King of his recent meeting with Myton. A mutual

friend joining them chaffed Myton and King about their candidacies, and King found no opportunity to answer Myton's question. But when Myton entered Barton's office he found King there. While the three men were in the threshold of their conference, the spidery little eyes of Barton crawled over Myton with revolting familiarity. This irritated Myton. Perhaps Barton knew that he could force Myton to come to a point with his business before Myton was ready, for Myton plunged into the object of the conference after wasting but a few minutes.

"I am in this senatorial race to stay; I can get forty-seven votes to-night on the first ballot. Colonel King is at the end of his rope. He is not as strong as he was two days ago. He can't be nominated. I can be. I need six votes. You gentlemen have got them. Can I have them?"

Myton rose as he spoke, put his foot in his chair, and leaned with one hand on the crooked knee. There was no reply to his request. He continued: "I will let Colonel King name a United States Marshal, a collector of the port, in his town, and a United States District Attorney. You can either take that offer, or I'll go to Metcalf and make the deal with him. You can't make a deal with him, because he doesn't trust you. You've tried. He has refused to cast his votes for me with the rest of the anti's, because I haven't had a down talk with him. I prefer to do business with you, because I know you can deliver the goods. Maybe he can, maybe he can't. But I want a yes or no answer from you before I leave."

The furrows in Myton's face bit into his cheek. His nerves worked like steel wires. His voice was steady and hard. King caught Barton's eyes and they dropped. He found no reassurance in them. King began to drum on his chair-arm. An instant later his fear of Barton was justified, for Barton's reply was:

"Of course we couldn't afford to do that." King knew that Barton was dallying with the proposition. Myton buttoned up his top-coat, picked up his hat, and said, as he reached for his gloves:

"All right, you gentlemen know your business; but I've given you a chance."

His face was toward the door. He did

not see Barton pantomime King to call Myton back.

"Hold on, Henry, don't be so fast. We're your friends all right. Let's talk this thing over."

Barton's eyes and Myton's met; the two men gazed at each other for a moment, and King saw them reach an understanding.

"Your offer to Sam is generous enough, I guess," said Barton. "But you see, Mr. Myton, you don't know the situation;" Barton appeared to be looking over his desk for something, in a short pause that followed. He was really only marshalling his diplomacy to say: "You see he's spent quite a little money—all legitimately, you understand, but he isn't a rich man and can't afford to lose it."

Myton shuddered. The whimsical superstition that someone was walking over his grave caught his fancy. But his sane mind saw that the question was one of dollars and cents—a clear case of bargain. But Julia Fairbanks's eyes danced before him.

Myton stilted on Barton's pretence and addressed King.

"Colonel, if that's the way the land lays I can't help you, I have no money."

Barton waited for King to speak. King answered, dryly:

"What's the matter with your note?"

"It isn't worth a damn," returned Myton, relighting his cigar the second time in five minutes.

He was seated at a table. King was pacing the floor. Barton sat facing Myton. King asked: "Mr. Barton, will you discount Myton's note for \$20,000?"

Myton caught his breath.

"Well, you better find out if he'll sign it first," replied Barton.

There was something almost humorous in the glitter of Barton's eyes as he spoke.

"What do you say, Henry?" This came from King.

Something dying in Myton's soul tried to rise, but it passed, and Myton answered:

"Bring on your note."

Myton was not looking at King, but at Barton, who coughed nervously, and said: "You understand I hold the note?"

Myton lighted his cigar again. After he had signed the note he gave it to Bar-

ton. He did not fear treachery. He had debated that point. The three men rose and King spoke :

"It may be just as well if we don't hold any further conferences till after this nomination is made. It might arouse the suspicions of some of them Band of Hope fellows. The good St. Moulton of Arapahoe County might find some irregularities in the minutes of this meeting ; eh, Henry?" Myton did not heed the thrust. He was enthralled by the vision of power. Desire to win puts a callous on a man that numbs him like the chill of death.

When Henry Myton returned to his hotel from Barton's office, he found a note from Julia Fairbanks waiting for him. It was a note that hailed him as Thane of Cawdor, who should be king thereafter. Julia Fairbanks had seen Myton's name in the head-lines in the morning papers, and under the head-lines she had read that he was a senatorial possibility. Her missive contained just the number of endearing words to recall to Myton for a vivid moment his sweetheart's personality. He put the note in his pocket and touched it fondly during the day as he went his way. All his energy was bent to his purpose. He simulated indifference, yet he racked his ingenuity to make excuses for being with the anti-King leaders during the entire afternoon. His anxiety did not abate until he walked with them into the Senate Chamber where the caucus was about to be held. But when the meeting had been called to order, Henry Myton sat alone in the back part of the hall.

The madness of the chase was gone. The tense cord of his passion for victory relaxed. His energy was spent, and a chill of horror began to creep over Myton as he realized, in a sober reaction from his folly, what he had done. The horror bound him about the body like cold iron. He shuddered as he saw himself more clearly. Self-loathing rose in him and filled the feverish ducts of remorse. The insanity of sheer terror made Myton hope that Barton would fail to fulfil their bargain.

The roll-call started. In the "A's and B" and "C's" the King men voted for King, the Metcalf men for Metcalf. The anti-King men voted for Myton. Each time his name was called down through

the "E's" and "F's" and "D's," Myton felt that he must stop the balloting. When Haff voted for Myton there was a clapping of hands on the anti-King side of the house. Myton was writhing in his soul, with the grip of remorse that is fresh. He clutched Julia Fairbanks's letter. He tried to find sustaining grace in it. For a minute it buoyed him. Then Moulton voted for Myton. A faint cheer arose. A hundred faces looked toward him. Myton sank in his chair. The crowd thought that modesty drew him down ; but he shrank from the eyes of his friends. In the "S's" the last of the anti-King votes was polled, and Myton had forty-seven votes. He lacked six. Taylor, a King supporter, voted for Myton. A cheer of surprise burst forth. Myton started to rise and stop the roll-call. While it progressed and until that moment he had hoped that something would happen to prevent the consummation of the fraud he had planned. He hoped as a doomed man hopes. Turner voted for Myton. He was dazed with the inevitableness of his fate. He tried to rise ; something from his sweetheart fettered him. Perhaps it came from her note in his clinched hand. So he only leaned forward. Thorn voted for Myton. The cheer that went up had hats in it. Vernon's vote for Myton created pandemonium. Yates and Weston voted by mounting chairs and yelling with the mob.

When it was all over, when the speeches were said, when the crowd had dispersed, Myton's heart was numb. He felt a blind desire to be with Julia Fairbanks. It was not to share the triumph with her that he longed for her, not to be revived by the warmth of her smile, not even to reproach her ; the indefinable yearning for something strong outside himself—the yearning that older men and women feel when they call on God—brought Myton to Julia Fairbanks, weary, sick, and sore.

The telephone had told her of his nomination. Myton, haggard and worn, entered the room where the figure of the winged victory was. He stood for a moment, waiting, and faced the white figure, leaning his head upon its pedestal. His breast was heavy with sobs that would not rise. He was heedless of the premonitory sounds that told of Julia Fairbanks's approach.

She came to Myton with her head poised for the crown of her coming glory. Her eyes beamed, her cheeks glowed; her lips were parted and her countenance shone with the vanity of triumph that was palpitating her nerves. Her crinkly black hair was knotted high upon her head. A little pulse throbbing in her bare white throat was a visible sign of her spiritual exultation. The white wool house dress that she wore was girdled under her arms with white ribbon; from it the lines of drapery that fell to the hem of the garment suggested rather than traced her figure. She might have stepped from a picture.

On the threshold she greeted him with "Senator," and put the essence of her pride in a smile.

The smile and her greeting stung him. Another instant she was in his arms. He did not speak; but looked deeply into his sweetheart's eyes, and for all his remorse Henry Myton thrilled with the kiss she gave him; but a moment later he shuddered away from her and cried:

"No, no, Julia, go away from me—I'm unclean, Julia, don't touch me." She saw the marks of sadness upon him and that the spark in his eyes was dead. The lines in her forehead knit, but the flame in her cheeks did not quench.

"Why, Henry—dearest—" she exclaimed, "what is it?"

He took a chair and she came near him. He held his head in his hands and fixed his eyes on the floor.

"Julia," he began, "I have done a vile thing. I have sold my honor for money and have bought my way into the United States Senate." She punctuated his words with an exclamation. "I have deceived my best friends. I have traded upon their faith in me and have made mock of the highest sentiments a man may hold. Oh, Julia, Julia, I am in a hell, I, who was sanctified by your love, I, who was glorified even as the angels are. I am black and damned in perfidy."

The girl did not understand his mood. She did not wish to realize it. She felt that it placed no serious obstacle in the way of her happiness. She moved toward him and replied:

"Oh, no, Henry, you are tired to-night, to-morrow you will see things differently. Tell me about it, dearest—I am not

ashamed of anything you could do. How have you sold yourself?"

When he finished his story, omitting none of the details, she replied:

"Dearest, that isn't so bad. You needn't sell yourself to Barton. Don't the senators make investments and make money honestly? I know you can. Oh, my dear boy, I have faith in you. I know you can."

Myton leaned back in the chair and shook his head.

"Julia, there's no use." The emotion had left his voice and he spoke in a hopeless tone. "Once in awhile there is a senator who goes in for investments, and the decent men in the Senate have an ugly name for him. Such a man is soon known. He is as a scarlet woman. Honest men shun him and soon they will shun me. They will say: 'There's Myton, he's gone over the hill. There's Henry Myton who used to live decently—he's on the make now. He will take money—or investments. He will be numbered with the doubtfuls.' They will know me for what I am, not for what I have been. The man they knew, the man you loved yesterday, is dead."

There was a silence between the two lovers. The girl slipped from her chair and knelt beside Myton's chair with her arms about his shoulders. She broke the silence:

"Henry, oh, Henry, maybe I can help you—you called me your guiding star last night. Have I set thus soon? Dearest, let us be brave and forget all this—something will come to make it all right."

She crept closer to his side. A long gust of wind sighed mournfully by. The girl looked up with a smile and said:

"Why, dearest—it's all the same—there's our wind, our very same wind that carries our old friends the ghosts singing their love-songs for you."

Myton let her slip from his arms and cried, in despair:

"Oh, my God, my God, and I shall ride with them—the fallen ones, the restless ones, who spend eternity sobbing for their yesterdays."

The wind crooned its dreary monody again. A sob shook Myton and he cried: "My dead self of yesterday is out there, Julia, hunting me, haunting me. Hear it? Hear it?"

OVER SUNDAY

By Carolyn Wells

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY HUTT



DICK, I do believe we've a spare Sunday next week. The Carmichaels can't come, and I don't want to ask the Blacks until August, and so I think I'll have Kitty Tracy down. Now let's make up the rest of the party. We ought to have four at least."

"I wish you'd ask Ingalls; I saw him a couple of weeks ago and I told him we'd taken a house in the country for the summer, and we'd ask him over."

"Frank Ingalls? The very one. Do you know I think he admires Kitty Tracy immensely, and really he'd be a splendid match for her. And to have them down here in this lovely place, with the vines and moonlight and all would help matters along wonderfully. And, Dick, how would it do not to have anybody else, and you and I could efface ourselves at our discretion, and I do believe before they went home they'd be engaged!"

"Gracious! Alice, what an inveterate match-maker you are! Ingalls is a good fellow and Miss Tracy is a charming girl, but I'm not sure you ought to throw them at each other's heads like that."

"Oh, I'm not committing them to anything serious. But I'll invite them both and give them a fair field and no favor, and if they see fit to fall into the trap I can't help it, can I?"

"Your metaphors are a little mixed, but evidently your motives are not. Go ahead with your plans. It suits me well enough to have a chance of securing a small portion of your attention to myself, which I can't often do, as your guests are usually of a gregarious nature."

"Oh, what a pretty compliment," said Mrs. Clifford, half absent-mindedly, "and I'll tell you what we'll do, Dick. You see, if those two people know they're invited to meet each other it will spoil it all. So I'll write to Kit, and you write to Mr. Ingalls, and we'll both tell each of them—

I mean we'll each tell both of them that they're the only one to be here."

"Well, tell them more grammatically or they'll think it's to be quite a party."

"Oh, nonsense, you know well enough what I mean. And then when they come, each can think the other came unexpectedly. Oh, it will be lovely! So romantic, and they'll bless us all their lives."

"Perhaps," replied her husband, "but you know the human race is capable of base ingratitude, even in return for the most kindly meant efforts."

The invitations were sent, but up to Friday night no replies had been received, and it was with a sigh of relief that Mrs. Clifford spied in her mail Saturday morning an envelope addressed in Miss Tracy's smart, if illegible, chirography.

"It's all right, Dick, she's coming," said the prospective hostess, as she ran her eye hurriedly down the page, "but why—oh, my goodness! just listen to this—we've done a terrible thing—what can we do? It's too late now."

"What's the matter, Alice? Why is it too late? Is Miss Tracy married to Ingalls already? Hello, here's a letter from Frank himself."

"But wait a minute, Dick; wait a minute before you read it, and let me tell you what Kitty says. She's been at Southampton, and my letter had to be forwarded to her; that's why she was so late answering it. And Mr. Ingalls was there, too, at the same house, and he asked her to marry him, and she refused him, and oh, Dick, she says she's *so* glad to get away from him and from the other people, and spend a Sunday quietly alone with us. Isn't it awful? Now, do hurry and see what Mr. Ingalls says. Let me read it with you: ". . . Your invitation is a godsend. I'm specially anxious to get away from this house just now, and had no valid excuse. I'll be over on the five train, and I revel in the thought of a pleasant week-end alone



Drawn by Henry Hutt.

"Oh . . . how unpardonably awkward of me!"—Page 482.

with you and Mrs. Clifford. . . .” Oh, Dick, we *can't* have them both here, under the circumstances, and it's too late to head either of them off. Kitty is to arrive at four.”

“Well, it's a blessing they're not coming on the same train. You meet Miss Tracy with the cart at four and bring her home, and I'll meet Ingalls at five, and explain to him and send him back——”

“But you can't send him back. The last train back goes at 3.45, and that's before either of them will arrive.”

“Confound this one-horse railroad. Why, there are lots of trains *from* New York at that time of day.”

“I know it, because all the commuters and suburbanites are coming home from the city. But there's no train the other way until morning and—oh, Dick, there are *no* Sunday trains! He'll have to stay until Monday and so will she—and they mustn't meet. It would be *too* embarrassing. *Do* you suppose we could have them both here and not let either of them know that the other is here?”

“I think we'll have to, after these two vehement letters. We can't torture our guests.”

“No. But how could we manage it? Let me see—I'll go for Kitty first, and we'll come home and have dinner—no, that won't do. You'd come in with Mr. Ingalls while we were eating. I'll bring Kit home and make her lie down until after we've had an early dinner for Mr. Ingalls; then you must take him out for a walk or a drive and I'll have dinner over again for Kitty.”

“Why, Alice, you can't keep up any such game of hide-and-seek for three days. So what's the use?”

“Yes, I can. And I will, if you'll do your part.”

“Oh, I'll help. It'll be as exciting as a political intrigue. But I can't eat six or eight meals a day while they're here, and we haven't two dining-rooms anyway.”

“Oh, you can eat all the meals that are set before you. I have unlimited confidence in your powers. We'll have to have,” went on Mrs. Clifford, meditatively, “fricasseed chicken or something like that, so that the dish can be freshened up for the second dinner. Oh, I can fix it and I will, for I'm too fond of Kitty Tracy to let her

be penned up over Sunday with a man whom she has just refused to marry.”

“It would be awkward for Ingalls, too. Well, we can try it, and if we fail there's no real harm done. We can explain that we did it from the kindest motives.”

After much planning and many and minute directions to the servants, who were financially persuaded to regard the affair as business and not as a joke, Mrs. Clifford drove off to meet her friend at the train.

“Oh, Kitty, I'm so glad to see you,” she said, as her pretty visitor seated herself beside her.

“Not so glad as I am to see you,” returned Miss Kitty; “and oh, Alice, I don't know what I should have done if you hadn't sent for me this week. I've had the most exciting times—and I hope I shall *never* see Mr. Ingalls again. I'll tell you all about it, when we're alone tomorrow, but don't let's talk about him now. He's just horrid, and I wish I didn't even have to live in the same country with him.”

“Very well, dear, we won't talk about it now; I'll take you home and put you to bed for a good rest before dinner. We have dinner very late, not until eight o'clock or after.”

“That *is* late, for plain country people, which you say you're posing for this summer.”

“Yes, I know; but it suits Dick. He—he likes to fuss 'round the garden, you know.”

“'M—yes he must be fond of it, if he fusses 'round till eight o'clock. Is this your house? Oh, how lovely. I want to sit right down on this veranda, and not stir until dinner-time.”

“No, you can't do that, you must rest. But we'll sit here half an hour or so.”

“Oh, bother—I'm not tired. But don't mind me. If you've any household duties, go and attend to them. I'm perfectly contented here alone. Where's Mr. Clifford?”

“He—he's around somewhere, I think. Ah, here he comes in the trap. Jump out Dick and come and welcome Miss Tracy.”

“How do you do, Miss Tracy,” said her host, cordially. “I'm very glad to see you. Pardon my sudden departure



Sauntering along the rose-path to the house.—Page 485.

as you arrive, but I have to go over to the station for—to—to telegraph."

"Don't apologize," returned his guest. "We will sit here and await your return. I am enjoying the lovely country effects and the fresh air."

But half an hour later her hostess said, decidedly :

"Now you must go to your room for a rest. You can see just as good a view from your windows and—and I insist upon it."

Miss Tracy rose and followed her friend, surprised at the seeming tyranny to which she was being subjected, but too polite to make further remonstrance.

"Now," said Mrs. Clifford, fussing about the guest-chamber, "here's a dressing-gown for you, and you must make yourself comfortable and get a good nap, so you'll be fresh and bright for dinner. I'll come and call you in time to dress, and don't you dare appear before that."

"I suppose I must do as you say," returned Miss Tracy, with a slight pout, "but I don't see why 'I have to go to bed by day.'"

"It's better for you to rest, dear. You're tired and nervous, and a nap will refresh you wonderfully."

Mrs. Clifford kissed her friend, and went away, holding the knob of the door a moment after she closed it, as if fearful that her prisoner would escape. Then, with a beating heart, she went out on the front veranda and saw her husband and Mr. Ingalls just driving in at the gate.

She welcomed them gayly, and then said, though with no trace of haste in her manner:

"Dick, I wish you'd take Mr. Ingalls to his room at once, please, for dinner is nearly ready. I hope you won't mind a six o'clock dinner," she added, turning to her guest, "for in the country, you know, we feel that we must keep early hours or we're not living up to our privileges."

"Yes," said Clifford, "and I'm a bit hurried to-night, Alice, for I have to drive over to Stone Point to see about that—er—hay."

"Oh, yes, that hay must be attended to. It's lovely moonlight, suppose you take Mr. Ingalls over with you."

"Leaving you alone?" inquired Mr. Ingalls, gallantly.

"Oh, that doesn't matter. I have some—some domestic duties to attend to."

"This strenuous country life, Frank," explained Mr. Clifford; "you see we must avail ourselves of all our prerogatives."

The dinner passed off smoothly and very pleasantly. Host and hostess were gay and affable, and apparently without a thought beyond the entertainment of their guest. But when Mr. Ingalls indulged in audible appreciation of a funny story, Mrs. Clifford was seized with consternation lest his ringing laugh should penetrate Miss Tracy's closed door.

So, although the evening was a warm

one, she shivered slightly, expressed a fear of draughts, and asked Norah to shut all the doors of the dining-room and draw the portières.

However, as the windows remained open, there was no real danger of suffocation, and Mr. Clifford dilated sympathetically on his wife's susceptibility to colds. After dinner was over, Mr. Clifford and Mr. Ingalls started off in the trap to "see about the hay."

"You won't be gone long, will you, Dick?" inquired Mrs. Clifford, who had thoroughly learned her part.

"I'm afraid I will, dear," returned her husband, who was also letter-perfect. "It's a longish way over to Stone Point, you know. But we'll be back by ten. Wait up for us."

As soon as they had gone Mrs. Clifford flew to the kitchen and arranged for a second dinner to be served in half an hour. As she had carefully planned for this, and the dishes were *à la Russe*, it was really a simple enough proceeding.

Then she went to Miss Tracy's room and found that young woman just waking from a doze.

"You were right, Alice," she said, stretching her pretty arms above her head, "I *was* tired, and my nap did me a lot of good. I'll get ready for dinner right away."

"Yes, do. I'll help you dress. And I'm awfully sorry, Kitty, but Dick was called away unexpectedly. He had to drive 'way out in the country to see about some—some hay. So we'll have to dine alone, but you'll excuse him, won't you? He'll be home later and you'll see him this evening."

"Of course I'll excuse him, and we'll have a cosy visit together, you and I."

The second dinner went along as smoothly as the other, and as Mrs. Clifford had eaten very sparingly at the former meal, she was able to give Miss Tracy the impression that she had, at least, a normal appetite.

After dinner Miss Tracy suggested that they sit on the veranda, but Mrs. Clifford demurred, saying that she was afraid of the night-air.

"Why, Alice," said her friend, "I never knew you to think of your health before. What has come over you? Are you go-

ing into a decline? The night is warm and balmy, and you can wrap a shawl round you."

"No, Kitty, I can't do it, and I won't let you, either. The dew is falling, and—and this is an awfully malarious country, you know."

Ignoring her guest's evident disappointment, Mrs. Clifford led the way to the brilliantly lighted parlor, where they awaited the return of Mr. Clifford.

And when that gentleman neared his home, he gave a long, low whistle, which, his wife hearing, she exclaimed:

"Oh, there's Dick; excuse me just a moment, Kitty, I always run out to welcome him."

While Miss Tracy sat composedly awaiting her friend's return, a clever manoeuvre was executed at the front steps.

"Hello," said Dick, as his wife appeared, "you take charge of Frank, will you, Alice, while I drive 'round to the barn and tell Parkins about the hay."

"We'll entertain each other here on the veranda until you come back," said Ingalls alighting from the trap.

"Yes," said Dick, "or go on into the billiard-room, and I'll join you there."

Without seeming to force her cards, Mrs. Clifford led the way around through the rose-walk to the side-entrance which led into the billiard-room. Here were all sorts of creature-comforts, and almost before he knew it, the blighted young lover found himself smoking, and confiding his troublous love-affair to his pretty and sympathetic hostess.

Meanwhile Dick Clifford had joined Miss Tracy in the parlor. "Awfully sorry, Miss Kitty," he said, "that I couldn't be with you at dinner, but it was really a bit of important business——"

"Oh, don't apologize," she interrupted; "Alice and I were so glad to be together again, and we talked so continuously and even simultaneously that I doubt if you could have put in a word edgewise. But I'm worried about Alice, Mr. Clifford. She looks well, and yet she is so afraid of taking cold. It is unusual for her, for she has always been so recklessly imprudent."

"Yes, she is more delicate than she used to be, and a draught of air sets her sneezing at once. Why, she had to have all

the doors closed at dinner to-night—I mean—at luncheon, last evening—that is to say, this noon; pardon me, Miss Tracy, but this country life mixes our meals up so."

"Oh, perhaps you dine at noon, when you're alone?"

"Yes, yes, that's it; that is, sometimes we do, and sometimes we don't."

"Oh, well, that's the beauty of country life, the opportunity of being as informal as you like. Your place here is delightful. I want to explore it all. I just love barns and hay and all that sort of thing."

"You shall see it all. I'll take you myself, to-morrow. It is a pretty bit of a place, though it needs a lot of improvement. By next year I mean to make a veritable Paradise of it."

With desultory chat, Mr. Clifford entertained his guest for an hour or more, then said, casually:

"Alice seems to have deserted us. I daresay she's in the kitchen pottering over to-morrow's *menu*. We haven't as many servants as I'd like, but it's so difficult to get them out here—or, rather, to keep them. I begin to see the point of the funny-paper jokes about the autocracy of the cooks in Lonelyville. If you'll excuse me I'll go and bring Alice captive."

A moment later Dick sauntered into the billiard-room.

"And so you see," Mr. Ingalls was saying, "and so you see I *couldn't* stay under the same roof with her, it was too horribly awkward."

"Yes, indeed," cooed Alice's soothing voice, and then, after a few parting remarks she bade the men good-night and disappeared.

She found Miss Tracy still in the parlor.

"Where's Dick?" his wife inquired, innocently, as she appeared at the door.

"He just went to look for you," replied Kitty. "He's been entertaining me delightfully, and he says you spend too much time over your domestic duties."

"Well, I don't, you know, but my new waitress is a bit incompetent, and I have to look after the silver and glass, and I love to fuss around. In the city one never gets time for such things. But come on, let's go to bed. I'm tired out. I dare say Dick has gone out to lock up the—er

—chicken-houses, so you needn't wait to say good-night to him."

"Why, you two are positively bucolic. I never saw anything like it."

"Oh, call it pastoral. It sounds so much better, and suggests sheep and lambs. We haven't any, but I think next summer we'll go in for flocks and herds."

With subtle persistence, Mrs. Clifford persuaded her guest to her room and once more closed the door upon her, but she opened it again to say, "Don't come down to breakfast, Kit, it will be sent to your room. We all have it that way Sunday mornings."

"But I want to get up early, and investigate this lovely country-place, and the chicken-houses and all."

"Oh, you'll have time for that. Besides you can't get out. The doors aren't unbolted until—until ten o'clock."

"Why, Alice Clifford, what hours for country people!"

"I know it, but that's the way of the house. And it disturbs Dick dreadfully if anything upsets the regular routine. So stay in bed until Norah brings your breakfast-tray, won't you?"

"Of course I will," was the good-natured reply. "Probably I won't waken till then anyway."

Next morning the game went merrily on.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford and Mr. Ingalls met at a nine o'clock breakfast, and afterward dawdled about the veranda and rose-garden for an hour, care being taken by the principals not to get within eye or earshot of Miss Tracy's windows.

Then Mr. Clifford proposed a tramp in the woods. His wife declined to go, but urged Mr. Ingalls to accompany her husband.

The two men started off, and soon after Mrs. Clifford, in a dressing-gown, and with a manifestly suppressed yawn, and a general appearance of having just arisen, appeared at Miss Tracy's bedside to wish her good-morning.

"Get up, my dear," she cried. "It's a beautiful morning, and the birds are singing and the flowers are flowering and all nature is calling to you."

Miss Tracy responded amiably, and the two friends spent a delightful morning together roaming about the place and ad-

miring its natural beauties. Mr. Clifford, his wife mendaciously averred, had gone to church, but would be home in ample time for the dinner-hour, which was three o'clock on Sundays. But a clever woman's plans, like those of mice and men, will sometimes gang a-gley, and so it came to pass that as Mrs. Clifford and Miss Tracy sat on the veranda, enjoying the quiet summer morning, the latter said, suddenly:

"Why, there comes Mr. Clifford, and there's somebody with him. Who can it be? It looks like——"

But she got no farther, for during her speech Mrs. Clifford had faced the emergency and proved herself quite equal to it.

She jumped up quickly, and in doing so managed to overturn, apparently unintentionally, a swinging globe of gold-fish, so that a deluge of cold water and one slimy, slippery fish descended on Miss Tracy's beautiful pompadour.

"Oh," exclaimed her hostess, with deep solicitude, "how unpardonably awkward of me! You dear thing, come into the house at once, and Norah shall rub your hair dry. How could I have done it? I jumped so excitedly, you know, because you spoke as if you knew the man who is with Dick. But it's only our neighbor on the next farm, Mr. Townley. Oh, you poor thing! I'm so sorry you're so wet."

"It doesn't matter a bit, Alice, dear, I'm going to dress for dinner now, anyway, and a shampoo will do my hair good. See, my gown is scarcely wet at all."

"I'm glad of that. Well, take your time, Kitty, make your toilette, and join us again as soon as you like. Dinner's at three, you know——"

"She's safe for an hour, at least," said Mrs. Clifford, to herself, as she went down stairs, "but how could Dick have blundered so? He's back half an hour before the scheduled time."

She met the men smiling and self-composed, and for a time they chatted on the veranda. Mr. Clifford had seen the episode of the gold-fish globe, though from a distance, and he felt afraid Ingalls might have recognized Miss Tracy. But that bland gentleman gave no hint of having done so, and the conspirators hoped for the best.

Soon they allowed conversation to flag, and finally Dick Clifford said: "Look here, Frank, you're fagged with that long walk and I'm going to send you to your bunk for a rest. Sleep if you want to, or there's a ripping new novel on your dressing-table. Take a dip into that."

Mr. Ingalls objected very decidedly to this disposal of his able-bodied self, but his objections were politely overruled, and he was led away in triumph to his room, which chanced to be in the third story.

"There, old fellow," said his host, "keep yourself to yourself for a couple of hours. I'll do the same and we'll meet in the dining-room at five, when I daresay we'll be ready for our dinner."

Mr. Ingalls was quite sure he would be, for it seemed a long while since his nine-o'clock breakfast. Mr. Clifford had also appreciated this fact, but didn't dare suggest a lunch of any kind, as its possibilities were dangerous. He went down-stairs, embarrassed but victorious, and the Machiavellian host and hostess were soon presiding at a dinner at which Miss Tracy was the only guest.

Again, Mrs. Clifford, with her rooted fear of draughts, was obliged to have all the doors carefully closed, though the windows were flung wide open.

Her precaution was a wise one, for when dinner was about half over, her quick ear detected the sound of a man's step on the staircase.

"Dick," she said, hurriedly, "I'm sure there's a burglar in the front hall; won't you please go and see?"

Mr. Clifford left the table, and, closing the door behind him, went out into the hall.

"I'm a perfect idiot about burglars," said Mrs. Clifford to Miss Tracy, "but out here in the country, you know, one feels so unprotected. There are no policemen, of course, and no neighbors within half a mile."

"Do the burglars often come in the afternoon?" asked her guest, with a mild interest.

"Now, you're making fun of me, and I suppose it isn't really a burglar, anyway, but I can't help feeling timid."

Meantime Mr. Clifford, as he had expected, encountered Frank Ingalls coming down-stairs.

"Hello, old fellow," said the host, "had a nap?"

"No; I've been reading that book you spoke of, and, by Jove, it is a good one. But my room is too sunny, and I'm going into the billiard-room to finish the story. Don't let me disturb you. Where is Mrs. Clifford?"

"She's—she's asleep in the parlor. Just tiptoe around to the billiard-room, will you? and make yourself at home there—I'll join you later."

"Don't hurry yourself; I'll be lost in the book for an hour or more. When I get wrapped up in a story I never drop it until I've finished it."

"The saints be praised for that!" thought Dick Clifford, and as his friend tiptoed carefully away he returned to the dining-room.

"Your burglar was Parkins going upstairs to water the window-boxes," he said to his wife, with a pleasant smile born of the consciousness that he was telling a good lie and telling it well.

"There usually is some such absurd explanation to my burglar scares," said Mrs. Clifford, tranquilly, and then the dinner went on uneventfully to its close.

But after dinner was over the struggle began again. Mrs. Clifford was for putting her friend to bed once more, but Miss Tracy openly rebelled.

"Do you think me an infant?" she inquired, "that I must spend half my time in sleep. No, indeed—I'm going into the music-room to sing to you." Here was a predicament indeed! she would probably sing "Then you'll remember me," or some equally touching ballad, and Mr. Ingalls would hear her, and think she was eating her heart out for him when she was really doing nothing of the sort, and he would laugh in his sleeve—and besides, what *would* he think of his host and hostess's duplicity?

No, the game had succeeded so far and it must be carried on successfully if they had to lock the piano. Happy thought! and Mrs. Clifford did slip in and lock the piano while her husband and Miss Tracy walked leisurely through the halls.

"Yes, do sing, there's a dear," said Mrs. Clifford, while her husband tried to keep his eyebrows down to their proper level.

"Open the piano, will you please, Dick," and Mr. Clifford walked toward it wondering if Alice had given up the game.

"Why it's locked!" he exclaimed, in genuine surprise.

"Oh, is it?" said Mrs. Clifford in apparent perplexity. "Why, so it is, I locked it the day the Carey children came, for they do bang it so. But I can't think where I put the key. In this vase, I think. No, it isn't here."

Diligent search failed to produce the key, so the singing scheme was perforce abandoned.

But it was quarter to five, and Miss Tracy *must* be concealed somehow.

Mrs. Clifford snatched a moment to confer privately with her husband.

"We can't do anything," he responded to her urgent appeal for help. "The jig is up and besides I *couldn't* eat another dinner to-day."

"Oh, Dick, we *must* keep them apart. Kitty would die of shame if she knew what we've done, and Mr. Ingalls would be angry, and justly, too. And yet we couldn't help ourselves. Oh, here comes Fred Townley! I'll make him take Kit for a drive."

"The devil favors his own," whispered Mr. Clifford, wickedly. But his wife, nerved to fresh effort by this opportune assistance, introduced the caller to Miss Tracy, and gracefully, though somewhat hurriedly, arranged that he should undertake her entertainment for the next few hours.

Mr. Clifford declared afterward that his wife hypnotized Townley, but at any rate the plan worked to a charm. Miss Tracy went smilingly off with her new acquaintance, who was to escort her over to his farm, and from there take her for a drive behind his beautiful horses.

"You saw my sudden deluge when you were coming in the gate, this morning, didn't you?" asked Miss Tracy, as they went down the steps.

"I haven't been here before, to-day," answered Mr. Townley, in surprise.

Mrs. Clifford heard this, but dared not take time to offer a plausible explanation, for every moment she expected to hear Mr. Ingalls's step on the stairs.

So she let the two new acquaintances explain matters as best they could, and

drew a long breath of relief that Kitty was disposed of for three hours anyway, and that was enough for dinner.

Dinner was hilarious. For the Cliffords were elated with success, and full of amusement at the whole situation, and Mr. Ingalls, in gratitude for their opportune hospitality, exerted himself to be entertaining.

Dick carved the second leg of spring lamb as gravely and carefully as he had carved its mate two hours before, and his wife's thoughts had an undercurrent of foreboding as she looked forward to inevitable platters of cold lamb for days to come.

Coffee was reached at last, and then all sought the pleasant front veranda, and the men began to smoke.

The dusk fell, and when, later, Mr. Clifford heard the sound of hoofs rapidly approaching, he gracefully and expeditiously beguiled Frank Ingalls around to the billiard-room.

Mrs. Clifford greeted the new-comers, welcoming Kitty back, and inviting Mr. Townley to stay.

But the invitation was declined, and the gentleman drove away, leaving Mrs. Clifford serene, for she felt that the game was almost over, and victory was perching on her banners.

"What time is supper?" said Miss Tracy, "my drive has made me hungry as a hunter."

"Oh, we don't have a formal supper Sunday nights," said her hostess. "Come with me to the dining-room and we'll forage for some food."

This informality came near to proving disastrous, for Kitty followed her friend into the pantry, where two cold roasts of lamb sat in unblushing duplicity, flanked by twin dishes of various kinds.

Mrs. Clifford endeavored to induce a hasty exit by exclaiming, "Oh, there's a mouse!" which ruse was instantaneously successful.

"Now," said the thoughtful hostess, after they had finished their supper, "I know you're tired, and we'll go up to your room and put on our dressing-gowns and have a cosey comfy chat."

To her relief, Kitty agreed to this, and up-stairs they went, Mrs. Clifford feeling like Napoleon at Austerlitz.

All went well until the men came through the lower hall, and Frank Ingalls's voice was distinctly heard.

But Mrs. Clifford persuaded Miss Tracy that it was a doctor who had been called in to prescribe for the cook, and as that necessitated her presence in the cook's room, she would say good-night at once.

"And don't come down to breakfast until nine," she ordered, remembering, with unutterable relief, that Mr. Ingalls must depart on the nine o'clock train.

"Very well," said Miss Tracy, and she closed the door.

Then Mrs. Clifford, fairly beaming with glee over her assured success, went down stairs and presided over a supper for the two men.

Breakfast was to be at eight o'clock sharp the next morning, and at five minutes before eight Mrs. Clifford, fresh and lovely in her summer morning-gown, tripped down-stairs.

"Where is Mr. Ingalls, Dick?" she said, as she met her husband in the lower hall. "Isn't he down yet?"

"I don't know where he is," replied Mr. Clifford. "I banged at his door, and getting no response, I looked in, and he wasn't there. I've hunted the house for him, but I can't find him."

"Why, how very—oh, Dick, will you look there? There! out at the front door! For mercy's sake!"

Dick Clifford looked, and sauntering along the rose-path to the house were Mr. Ingalls and Miss Tracy!

"Hello, Dick," said the gentleman, with a most beaming smile, "is breakfast ready? Miss Tracy and I have been out here for an hour, and we're nearly starved. Ah, good-morning, Mrs. Clifford."

"What does it mean, Kitty?" said her hostess, looking bewildered and delighted, both at once.

"Oh, it means," said Kitty, airily, "that we made a mistake at Southampton, and we've straightened it out here."

"You see," said Mr. Ingalls, with an uncontrollable sigh of satisfaction at the

remembrance, "early this morning I heard Miss Tracy serenading me beneath my window."

"Yes," said Dick, "that's where serenaders usually perform."

"It was nothing of the sort," said Miss Kitty, briskly. "I'll tell the story myself, if you please. You know, Alice, I wanted to get up and enjoy the early morning in the country yesterday, and you wouldn't let me, so this morning it was so lovely I just couldn't resist, and I crept down-stairs and opened the front door without making a sound, because I know how you and Dick hate to have your regular routine disturbed." This with a sly smile, in which Mrs. Clifford joined—"And then," went on Miss Kitty, "I was roaming round the rose-garden, and it was all so beautiful and so early and so larky that I couldn't help singing a little bit to myself. And your inquisitive third-story guest put his head out of his window, thinking, I suppose, that it was Norah, and——"

"From here, I'll take up the tale and spare your blushes," broke in Mr. Ingalls.

"I recognized the siren voice that had often charmed me of yore, and, though I thought I was dreaming, I determined that I would walk in my sleep, so I came down here, and——"

"And all our trouble was for nothing," said Mrs. Clifford, sinking limply into a chair. "We might just as well have let you two meet Saturday night."

"No," said Miss Tracy, "it was our thinking things over all day Sunday that brought us both to our senses. If we'd met Saturday night we'd have hated each other worse than ever."

"Well, then, Alice," said her husband, "you succeeded in your match-making after all, for your original intention was to invite these two people here to spend Sunday in hopes that thereby they'd be induced to spend the rest of their lives together."

"As we hope to do," said Mr. Ingalls, with an idiotic beam at Miss Tracy—and then they all went in to breakfast.

INCIDENTS OF THE SLUMS

By Walter A. Wyckoff



IF anything is wanting to darken the picture of life in city slums, it is a sense of the needlessness of much of the suffering. And this is the sense which I cannot escape in looking back upon a winter in Chicago, from the vantage point of nearly a year of walking and working through regions west of that city. I left Chicago in May of 1892, and entered San Francisco in February of the following year, having gone on foot, in the meantime, through Illinois and southern Minnesota and western Iowa, and almost from end to end of Nebraska and Colorado and through some of New Mexico and much of Arizona and California. It was not in the character of a tramp, but as a wage-earner, that I made the journey; and the only notable fact about it was that I not only never lacked for labor, but I almost never had to ask for it, having scores of opportunities of work pressed upon me by employers hard up for hands. I am well aware of the abnormal in my experiment and of its little worth apart from the value of experience to myself, and I know how slight a connection with the deeper causes which give rise to congestion in labor centres the fact of ready employment in the country may have. Yet, as one result of personal contact, I cannot help seeing much of the misery of the mass in the light of individuals suffering wretchedly for want of knowledge of a better chance.

We speak in old-fashioned phrase of a city's slums as though they were a local evil in the town, quite remote in connection with the rest of the corporate whole, while in truth we know, in our haunting, new-found knowledge of social solidarity, that they form a sore which denotes disease in every part of the body politic. The conviction grows upon us that it is often at the cost of much suffering to our kind that we have food to eat and raiment to put on, and the immunity from personal responsibility which once we felt in paying

high prices for our wares is fast being undermined by increased acquaintance with the ramifications of the "sweating system." Indeed, we seem to see that, from the very frame of things, if one enjoys, another suffers, and that the unwitting oppressors of the poor are often the poor themselves, while the destruction of the poor is their poverty. Men tell us that things are growing worse, and that hope lies that way, because it points to ultimate dissolution and a new order. I find it impossible to share this form of optimism, and I cannot see that things are really getting worse, but rather incomparably better as measured, for example, by the standard of the last century of social progress. And so far from seeing hope in a belief that matters are getting worse, I find it rather in the view that much that is worst in modern life is fast becoming intolerable in a society which grows increasingly conscious of vital interdependence and relationship. Meanwhile the concrete facts remain, and here is a glimpse of some of them as they appear in a partial record of fragments of two days' experience in Chicago.

I was working as a hand-truckman in a factory far out on Blue Island Avenue. My wages were \$1.50 a day, and I was paying for board and lodging, in a tenement across the way, \$4.25 a week. As one result, I was saving money and would soon be able to leave the job and write up my notes, while widening my acquaintance with the town before looking for other work. Already I had a little knowledge of the city. For two weeks after entering it I had been among its unemployed and had suffered some and had seen the real suffering among others of my class, before I found occupation in a West-side factory.

It was during those two weeks that I came to know a widow, with whom this tale is first concerned. I met her early in December; it was now nearing the end of January, and we factory hands were marking with delight the lengthening of the days, for we were beginning to have a lit-

the daylight left when work was over. At last one afternoon the setting sun came pouring through the kitchen window while we were washing up for supper at Mrs. Schultz's boarding-house. That was because it was Saturday, and we had quit at five o'clock, being given, as was the custom in the factory, a half hour on Saturday afternoons.

The usual week's end excitement was running high among the men. Gibes and louder talk than common were rife, as black hands and faces came white from soap and successive basins of hot water. Some of the men were going in the evening to a "show," others to a "fancy-dress ball," and a few were saying nothing. We scattered widely after supper, leaving the house to the family, which must have been a welcome change to them, for generally, through the week, we all foregathered in the sitting-room at night and romped with the children and played cards until bed-time.

Mrs. Stone will serve as the widow's name, and my first errand that evening took me to her home, which was in the basement of a building on Boston Avenue. We were both concerned in pressing a claim which she had upon her husband's people, a highly just claim, I thought; for he had deserted her some time before his death, leaving her alone in the support of herself and their two children. Why she had ever come to the city, I could never make clearly out, beyond what had seemed to be to her a strong appeal to her reason that, if she must make her own living and the children's, she could hope to do it better in town than in the country where she was born and bred. And the marvel was that she had succeeded in keeping them all alive. The city had, of course, furnished an awful disillusionment. The children proved an insuperable barrier to employment at domestic service, and, failing to find any other labor, she was rescued finally from starvation by getting a job from a "sweater." She deserved success, for she was an heroic creature. To hear her describe the struggle, you would gather that hers had been the best of luck. She merely wanted a chance to work, so that they might live; and had she not found it, just when she thought, for lack of it, that they must starve?

From the sweater's shop she would carry the goods two miles to her home, walking both ways, for she could not afford car-fare. Then all day and through much of the night she made the garments. They were boys' waists, and the materials, ready cut, besides the necessary thread and buttons, were furnished her. There was left for her to do all the remaining work, down to sewing on the buttons and making the button-holes, and she was paid for the finished waists at the rate of thirty-five cents a dozen.

It was hard, she did admit, to feed and clothe her family and pay the rent on a wage-rate like that, and she was near to going under when another and a crowning stroke of fortune fell. In answer to a notice tacked on her door, two women, who worked in a neighboring book-bindingery, applied for board, and each agreed to pay two dollars a week. The five then lived together in the basement-room, whose furniture consisted chiefly of dry-goods boxes, but the boarders took kindly to the home and the children, and things had gone comfortably ever since. Gradually the children, a boy of nine and a girl two years younger, were learning to help at some of the simpler forms of sewing and in the house-work.

This, I beg to interpolate, was the small beginning of Mrs. Stone's success. Having shrewdness as well as energy, she soon discovered that keeping boarders was more profitable than making waists, and so she developed that side of her enterprise. When I saw her last, in the following May, she was mistress of a well-appointed mechanics' boarding-house on Milwaukee Avenue, but her troubles had taken new form, for the contamination of the slums had begun to appear in her son, who was fast developing into an incorrigible, and she had sent for me in order to consult about a plan of placing him in a reformatory.

But to return to the February evening, on which I called to talk with Mrs. Stone about a claim upon her husband's people: I found her at home. One ran little risk of failing to find Mrs. Stone at home, her engagements abroad being confined to trips to the sweater's shop for materials. I heard the swift clatter of her sewing-machine as I walked down the

steps from the filthy pavement to the door of the basement where she lived. The room had always to me an effect of being brilliantly lighted. It was due to the illumination of two large lamps which were kept faultlessly clean and were burning often in the day as well as night, and in part to the general cleanliness of the room, not to mention the cheerfulness which radiated from Mrs. Stone. She turned from her machine as I drew up an empty soap-box and sat down in front of her, and one would have thought, from the contagion of her manner, that she never knew any mood but one of hopeful courage. But she had no time to spare, and when our talk was ended, she turned again to work, while I went over to another corner and chatted with the children and the boarders.

I was waiting for my friend Kovnitz, whom I had asked to meet me there. Kovnitz was himself employed in the same trade as Mrs. Stone, although in quite another branch of it. He was a coatmaker, and had been brought up to work under the sweating system. Much of the value of his acquaintance, apart from my personal liking for him, lay for me in his thorough knowledge of the trade. He was a socialist, and a very ardent one; but his efforts for reform were directed mainly toward effecting organization among the workers of his kind, and with this I warmly sympathized. We were to go together in the evening to a gathering of the cloak-makers, and, when he appeared at Mrs. Stone's, we lost no time in starting for the meeting-place on the South-side.

One was never at a loss for conversation with Kovnitz, but it was always conversation which had to do with the condition of his class. That was uppermost and foremost in his mind. Other things interested him only as they were related to that. Although a collectivist, he wasted little thought upon a future socialistic state, and he cared little for present concerted political action in his party. The one supreme necessity, in his view, was that all wage-earners should be led to act together as a class, until their predominance in an industrial age is recognized. When once wage-workers are known to be the most powerful as a class, then social institutions will change in accordance with

their interests. It was curious to see how this, the central principle of his creed, absorbed him. It was the criterion of all his judgments, and it gave color and meaning to everything he saw. Generally he noticed little of what was about him. The inferno of those city streets at night seemed not to impress him as we passed. All the varied play of life upon them did not divert him from preoccupation in what he was telling me of the work of organization among wage-earners. Once only his attention was drawn off, and even then his habitual cast of thought moulded the new impression. In glancing up, his eyes had fallen upon a building newly occupied as a department store. It was Saturday evening, and, for some reason, the place was still open. Streams of shoppers were entering the doors and pouring from them. More even than by day, the store gave at night an impression of a bee-hive in full activity. The swarming of the crowds within, the lights from a hundred windows, and the brave array of goods formed the outer picture. But Kovnitz said nothing of that.

"There are two men in that store who are as different in general character as men can be," he remarked to me, as we stood at the curb. "One of them," he went on, "is a man of scholarly instincts. He is a disciple of Kant, and knows the Kantian philosophy well. Just now he is giving his leisure to reading Goethe. He is an enthusiast in philosophy and literature, and a man of really fine sensibilities. The other chap is a human brute, and looks it. Nothing interests him beyond his business and his dissipations. Both of these men are at the head of departments of ready-made garments in the store, and I know that they both draw salaries of \$4,000 a year. They have good business heads, and manage their departments well, but what makes them specially valuable to their employers is the fact that they know thoroughly the sweating system. They keep carefully informed on the condition of the labor market, and the demand for work; and, when the competition is keenest among the sub-contractors and the workers, they know how to pit the bidders against one another, until the tasks are finally let out at the lowest possible figures. Mrs. Stone is making boys'

waists for thirty-five cents a dozen, and there are more than 20,000 sweatshops in Chicago where similar prices prevail, and Chicago is but one of a score of cities in this country where sweating is in vogue."

Late that night, after the labor meeting, I was passing the store again. I was alone, for Kovnitz had gone home another way. The street lay quiet, and almost deserted through its length, and I could hear the echo of my tread under the glare of electrics. The sound of jangling music came faintly from a long line of almost continuous saloons. There was some movement in front of them which contrasted sharply with the general desertion of the street.

One is rarely at a loss to trace the antecedents of a sharp impression, and I can remember clearly that I was conscious of a man and woman who stood talking in low tones as I passed, and who disappeared that moment in an open passage. The next instant I was keenly alive to them, for I heard the woman scream as though in mortal fear, and turning, I saw the man dragging her violently out upon the pavement. Events followed one another then in quick succession. I was near enough to watch them at close range, and I had the sense of interpreting them as they moved. I saw the instant flash of anger in the face of a young mechanic who stood near, and the first quick thrust of his arm which sent the man reeling from the girl, then the swift onslaught of the two men, and I heard the rain of blows and oaths, and the loud asseverations of the one attacked that he was an officer, while the crowd thickened about them, and the girl pleaded piteously to be loosed from the grasp of someone who held her.

Two officers in uniform came down upon us from opposite quarters, and the fighting gave way to noisy explanations. It developed then that the attack had been made upon an officer in citizens' clothes who was doing detective duty against street-walkers. But he was wholly to blame for the disturbance, I thought; for he had handled his prisoner with needless violence, and the blow from the mechanic was so obviously the instinctive, chivalrous act of a man who sees a woman ill-treated. Technically, how-

ever, he was guilty of "resisting an officer while in the discharge of his duty," and he must answer for it, so that the group which started for the Harrison Street Station-house was made up of the three officers, the girl, the mechanic, and four or five stragglers, of whom I was one.

It was easy to learn at the station what course the case had taken. Both prisoners were admitted to bail, and bondsmen having been found, they went free that night under a charge to appear before the court on a certain morning of the following week. When the morning came I was on hand too, for by that time I had given up my job in the factory.

I went early, not knowing at what hour the case might come up, and, although there were already many persons seated on the wooden forms, I looked carefully through both of the court-rooms without seeing those in whom my interest lay. Finding a vacant seat in the inner room, I sat there, watching intently the changing groups at the bar. They were made up of the commonest criminals of the town, and it was rare that a novice appeared to disturb the atmosphere of perfect naturalness. Law-breakers they were without question; the magistrate knew them as well as the police, and frequently he spoke to them by familiar names, reminding them of earlier warnings and threatening them with severer penalties for the future. It was a sort of clearing-house, where a certain residuum of habitual criminals was dealt with by a doctrine of averages in an effort to regulate and control the crime inevitable in a great city.

Sitting beside me on the form was a young girl, plainly dressed, with an air of perfect neatness. Her gloved hands lay folded in her lap and in one of them she held a purse. Her mackintosh of dark material was unbuttoned and thrown open, with the cape falling loosely over her arms. It was the trimness of her hair and a certain trig simplicity in her hat which struck me first, and, when she spoke, the tone and manner were in keeping with her quietness of dress.

"Will you tell me, please, what time it is?" she asked, and, having learned the hour, "What are *you* up for?" she continued, abruptly.

There was nothing about her which had in the least prepared me for the question, and I floundered about in an explanation that I was there merely out of interest in a case which I expected to come up in the course of the morning.

She smiled wearily at that, regarding me with eyes which asked whether I knew how young I was and how dreary that sort of thing made her feel. I was afraid that I had cut short the conversation and was delighted when she continued, quite simply :

"I'm up for shop-lifting. It was at Walker's, and it was the hardest luck, for I had everything well concealed. But they suspected me, and, when they brought me here, the matron searched me and soon found the goods. And there I was, red-handed ! Now I'm trying to think up some story, but the judge knows me and he warned me well last time."

It was charming then, for we fell to talking as though we had known each other long. Her small gray eyes that looked straight into mine were as frank and innocent as a child's. There was little beauty but an entire composure in the lines of her face, heightened by a natural pallor very becoming to her. Her features betrayed no nervousness, and one saw the change of feeling only in her eyes and in a subtle quality in her smile which was expressive and sometimes sweet.

We were two children, who had met by chance, and, sitting there in the dingy light of a station-house court-room, we were presently unaware of anything but the fact that we had a great deal to tell each other. I told her of the mechanic and the girl, and she half believed me, and, in turn, began to tell me of herself. There was no system in her story, only a simple sequence of spontaneity that charmed me. I had but to listen and watch her inscrutable face and ask questions where my dull intuitions were at fault. In the foreground was the incident of shoplifting, and running from that was a chain of events which led back inevitably into the distant perspective of memory. She had never an air of giving me her confidence, rather of speaking freely as man to man.

It was bad to be caught at shop-lifting, and the more annoying because she had so often carried it off with success. At the best, shop-lifting was a wretched business, entailing much anxiety both in getting and disposing of the goods. But there was the stubborn fact that one must live. Of course she had worked as a shop-girl earning \$3.50 a week. And here she began to count up on her fingers the items of bare subsistence with their cost, and the smile with which she concluded was touched with the question, "When you have spent your all upon mere living, what have you left to live on?" There had been something of this idea in her protest to her employer, and he met her frankly with the assurance that, if she found it impossible to live on her wages, it would give him pleasure to introduce her to a "gentleman friend." Other employments which were open to her were no better in point of wages ; some of them were not so good, but they were all alike in offering relief by the way suggested at the department store.

"I'm not what you'd call a 'good girl,'" she said, "only, you know, I'd so much rather die than do that."

And the revulsion of the child's nature against what to her was this infinite terror led her to tell me of her bringing up. Her memory did not go back to the beginning of her stay in a convent near Dublin, where her parents placed her to be taught. Life had begun for her in the peaceful routine of the sisterhood. All her deepest impressions were got there, and, when as a child of twelve, she came out to emigrate with her people to America, she was instantly in a new world on leaving the convent walls. It had been an almost overwhelming discovery to her to find that the standards of goodness and purity which prevailed within were apparently almost unknown outside the convent. It staggered her intelligence as a child, and, during a long experience of earning her living as a girl, she had slowly constructed a philosophy of life which was drawn from the facts of hard struggle with a world which seemed bent upon compassing her ruin.

She spoke reverently of the teachings of the sisters, and of the influence of their devoted work. "But you know," she

added, "I cannot believe any longer that only those are Christians who are members of the Catholic Church, and that all others will be lost. The world would be too horrible, if that were true. To be a Christian must be simply to follow Christ."

It was from this revery that we were roused by the loud calling of her name. I watched her walk to the bar and stand there with perfect composure, while the clerk read the indictment, and the witnesses were mechanically sworn, and the girl was heard, and the magistrate gave his verdict.

"Minnie," he said, in closing, "I told you, when you were here last, that the next time you came up, you should go to the Bridewell, and now to the Bridewell you shall go. Minnie, why can't a smart girl like you be decent?"

Her profile was toward me, and I saw a faint smile play for a moment on the clear lines of her face.

"Your honor," she replied, "it is a little late now, but when I began to earn my living I wanted nothing so much as the chance to be decent."

Meanwhile, two reporters were quickly sketching her where she stood—a singularly well-poised figure—while others were noting the salient facts of the case; for it was a good "story," having already attracted attention. With wide notoriety as a thief, she went to prison that day, and when she came out a not too hospitable world was the more on its guard against her. An officer accompanied her from the room, but she did not forget to nod to me and smile as she passed out.

Engrossed as I had been in Minnie, I had not noticed the coming of the mechanic and the girl whose case had drawn me there. I saw them now when I looked around. The sight of the girl was perplexing at first, for she sat with another woman at the end of a neighboring form, and they looked so much alike that I could not distinguish the one who was there on trial. Crossing the passage, I asked leave to sit beside them. They drew up at once to make room for me, and I saw then that the girl next me was the prisoner. The other was a twin sister, as she frankly told me, and the resemblance fully sustained her. I explained that I had come to the station-

house because I happened to see the affair of a few nights before, and was anxious to find what course it would take in court. The girl agreed with me that the mechanic was in no way to blame.

"He never know'd that it was an officer that was draggin' me down the steps, and out into the street. I never know'd it neither till I see his star under his coat. I thought he was crazy, and was goin' to kill me like 'Jack the Ripper.'" She was a girl in age, and obviously one of the most helpless of her order.

There is a common impression that such women are attracted to their ruin by vanity and a love of dress. You lose that idea among the wrecks who walk the city streets at night. Anything to flatter their vanity or to gratify their taste is the least likely of all possible experiences to most of them. It is a matter of keeping soul and body together. Some are dexterous pick-pockets, who make large hauls at times, not always, however, for themselves; most are ill-fed, ill-dressed slaves, who, when their tributes are paid, are penniless. Any degree of viciousness may be found among them, and you may find as well a high degree of the innocence of the unmoral, the sense of morality completely lost in the instinct of self-preservation.

The girl beside me was like fragile porcelain, her thin lips and nostrils and delicate skin all marred by a pasty, white unwholesomeness. There was a hectic flush in her sister's face and her eyes were ablaze with disease. We were talking about the case and drifted naturally into further talk about themselves. They were orphans and had long supported themselves by working in a tobacco factory, but there their health had failed, and when they were well enough to work again, they found employment in a laundry. To supplement the "sweating" wages, they had taken to street-walking, and then their end was near. But they spoke as frankly of this last as a "business" as of the earlier occupations, and you saw that, to their thinking, it was only a degree more complete a sale of soul and body.

"But business is poor," the ill sister was saying, presently, "and I ain't very well, which I wouldn't mind, but there's my baby, and, if anything happens to me, who's goin' to take care of him? You don't

think I've got consumption, do you?" And she turned upon me a face with the cheeks sunk to the bone and the eyes dilating with the fire which was burning out her life.

When our case came up, it went through without a hitch. The officer told his story with a pompousness that was due to wounded pride, and he dwelt over-much upon his efforts to make his assailant understand from the first that he himself was a member of the force. The girl was simplicity and frankness itself; not an effort to conceal her character, but a straightforwardness about the officer's brutal roughness which threw it into strong relief. But the young mechanic was the best. He was new to courts as he abundantly proved, and when his turn came to testify, he stood licking his dry lips like one with stage-fright. Speech came haltingly from him at the first, while his face flushed, but the sense of injustice urged him on to a perfectly clear statement of how, while "doing the town," he had seen this girl ill-treated and had struck the man without knowing that he was an officer.

I knew that all was well, for I saw a smile pass vaguely now and then over the magistrate's face, and when he spoke, the girl was dismissed with a fine and the young mechanic with a friendly warning against "doing the town," while the officer was held up in open court for reproof and told that, if he knew no better how to handle his prisoners, he was ignorant of the first principles of the special service to which he had been assigned.

It is only a few steps from the station-house to the heart of the business section of the city. I passed through it now, as I often did, for the sake of the feeling that it gives one of the reach and strength of the industrial forces which are centred there. Here is no sense of failure or of loss, but of energy and skill trained to high efficiency in the co-operation of productive powers. Men are there producing for all mankind, and in spite of the present waste of human life, I cannot doubt that, with the problems of production so widely solved, the genius of the race is turning surely to the subtler questions of a fairer distribution.



THE PINES OF LORY *

By J. A. Mitchell

IX—A SINNER'S RECOMPENSE

AFTER a lapse of time—an unremembered period of whose length he had no conception—Pats awoke.

Was it a little temple of carved wood in which he lay? At each corner stood a column; above him a little dome of silk, ancient and much faded. Gradually—and slowly—he realized that he was reposing on a bed of vast dimensions and in a room whose furnishings belonged to a previous century. A mellow, golden light pervaded the apartment. This light, which gave to all things in the room an

air of unreality—as in an ancient painting luminous with age—came from the sunshine entering through a piece of antiquated silk, placed by considerate hands against the window.

Pats's wandering eyes encountered a lady in a chair. She sat facing him, a few feet away, her head resting easily against the carved woodwork behind, a hand upon each arm of the seat. She was asleep. In this golden mist she seemed to the half-dreaming man a vision from another world—something too good to be true—a divine presence that might vanish if he moved. Or, perhaps, she might fade back into a frame and prove to be only another

of the portraits that hung about the room. So far as he could judge, with his slowly awakening senses, he was gazing upon the most entrancing face he had ever beheld. At first the face was unfamiliar, but soon, with returning memory, he recalled it. But it seemed thinner now. There were dark lines beneath the eyes, and something about the mouth gave an impression of weariness and care; and these were not in the face as he had known it. However, the closed lids, and the head resting calmly against the back of the high chair made a tranquil picture. For a long time he lay immovable, his eyes drinking in the vision. There was nothing to disturb the silence save the solemn ticking of a clock in another part of the cottage. He heard, beyond the big tapestry, the sound of a dog snapping at a fly. Pats smiled and would have whistled to Solomon, but he remembered the weary angel by his bed. With a sort of terror he recalled this lady's capacity for contempt.

Being too warm for comfort he pushed, with exceeding gentleness and caution, the bed-clothes farther from his chin. But the movement, although absolutely noiseless, as he believed, caused the eyes of the sleeper to open. She arose, then stood beside him. A cool hand was laid gently upon his forehead; another drew up the bed-clothes to his chin, as they were before. With anxious eyes he studied her face, and when he found therein neither contempt nor aversion he experienced an overwhelming joy. And she, detecting in the invalid's eyes an unwonted look, bent over and regarded him more intently. As his eyes looked into hers he smiled, faintly, experimentally, in humble adoration. The face above him lit up with pleasure. In a very low tone she exclaimed:

"You are feeling better!"

He undertook to reply but no voice responded. He tried again, and succeeded in whispering:

"Has anything happened?"

"You have been very ill."

"How long?"

"This is the eighth day."

"The eighth day!" He frowned in a mental effort to unravel the past. "Then I must have been—out of my head."

"Yes, most of the time." She was watching him with anxious eyes. "Perhaps you would better not talk much now. Try and sleep again."

"No, I am—full of sleep. Is this the same house—we discovered that first day?"

"Yes."

He closed his eyes, and again she rested a hand upon his brow.

"Who is here besides you?" he asked.

"No one—except Solomon."

"Solomon!" and he smiled. "Is Solomon well?"

"Oh, yes! Very well."

"Then you have taken care of me all this time?"

She turned away and took up a glass of water from a table near the bed.

"Yes; Solomon and I together. Are you thirsty? Would you like anything?"

Pats closed his eyes and took a long breath. There was no use in trying to say what he felt, so he answered in a husky voice, which he found difficult to control:

"Thank you. I *am* thirsty."

"Would you like tea or a glass of water?"

"Water, please."

"Or, would you prefer grapes?"

"Grapes!"

"Yes, grapes, or oranges, or pears, whichever you prefer."

His look of incredulity seemed to amuse her. "Do you remember the two boxes and the barrel left by the *Maid of the North* on the beach with our baggage?"

He nodded.

"Well, one of those boxes was filled with fruit."

"Is there plenty for both of us?"

"More than enough."

"Then I will have a glass of water first and then grapes—and all the other things."

He drank the water, and as she took away the empty glass, he said, in a serious tone: "Miss Marshall, I wish I could tell you how mortified I am and how—how——"

"Mortified! At what?"

"All this trouble—this—whole business."

"But you certainly could not help it!"

"That's very kind of you, but it's all wrong—all wrong!"

She smiled and moved away, and as she

drew aside the tapestry and disappeared. he turned his face to the wall, and muttered, "Disgraceful! Disgraceful! I must get well fast."

And he carried out this resolve. Every hour brought new strength. In less than a week he was out of bed and sitting up. During this early period of convalescence—the period of tremulous legs and ravenous hunger—the Fourth of July arrived, and they celebrated the occasion by a sumptuous dinner. There was soup, sardines, cold tongue, dried-apple sauce, baked potatoes, fresh bread and preserved pears, and the last of the grapes. At table, Elinor faced the empty chair that held the miniature, for the absent lady's right to that place was always respected. Pats sat at the end facing the door. They dined at noon. A bottle of claret was opened and they drank to the health of Uncle Sam.

Toward the end of the dinner, Pats arose, and with one hand on the table to reinforce his treacherous legs, held aloft his glass. Looking over to the dog, who lay by the open door, his head upon his paws, he said:

"Solomon, here's to a certain woman; of all women on earth the most unselfish and forgiving, the most perfect in spirit and far and away the most beautiful—the Ministering Angel of the Pines. God bless her!"

At these words Solomon, as if in recognition of the sentiment, arose from his position near the door, walked to Elinor's side and, with his habitual solemnity, looked up into her eyes.

"Solomon," said Pats, "you have the soul of a gentleman."

In Elinor's pale face there was a warmer color as she bent over and caressed the dog.

After the dinner all three walked out into the pines, Pats leaning on the lady's arm. The day was warm. But the gentle, southerly breeze came full of life across the Gulf. And the water itself, this day, was the same deep, vivid blue as the water that lies between Naples and Vesuvius. The convalescent and his nurse stopped once or twice to drink in the air—and the scene.

Pats filled his lungs with a long, deep breath. "I feel very light. Hold me fast, or I may float away."

Both his head and his legs seemed flighty and precarious. Those two glasses of claret were proving a little too much—they had set his brain a-dancing. But this he kept to himself. She noticed the high spirits, but supposed them merely an invalid's delight in getting out of doors.

Under the big trees they rested for a time, in silence, Elinor gazing out across the point, over the glistening sea beyond. The shade of the pines they found refreshing. The convalescent lay at full length, upon his back, looking up with drowsy eyes into the cool, dark canopy, high above. Soothing to the senses was the sighing of the wind among the branches.

"This is good!" he murmured. "I could stay here forever."

"That may be your fate," and her eyes moved sadly over the distant, sailless sea. "It is a month to-day that we have been here."

"So it is, a whole month!"

Elinor sighed. "There is something wrong, somewhere. It seems to me the natural—the only thing—would be for somebody to hunt us up."

"Certainly."

"Could they have sailed by this bay and missed us?"

"Not unless they were idiots. Everybody on the steamer knew we sailed into a bay to get here."

"Still, they may have missed us."

"Well, suppose they did go by us, once or twice, or several times; people don't abandon their best friends and brothers in that off-hand fashion."

After a pause he added, "Something may have happened to Father Burke or to Louise."

"But even then," said Elinor, turning toward him, "wouldn't they try and discover why I had not arrived? And wouldn't they hunt *you* up?"

"No, I was to be a surprise. None of them knew I was coming. They think I am still in South Africa."

There was a long silence, broken at last by Pats. "What a hideous practical joke I have turned out! In the first place I strand you here and——"

"No! I was very unjust that day and have repented—and tried to atone."

"Atone! You! Angels defend us!"

If atonement was due from you, where am I? Instead of getting you away, I go out of my head and have a fever—and am fed—like a baby.”

She smiled. “That is hardly your fault.”

“Yes, it is. No *man* would do it. Pugs and Persian cats do that sort of thing. For men there are proper times for giving out. But there is one thing I should like to say—that is, that my life is yours. This skeleton belongs to you, and the soul that goes with it. Henceforth I shall be your slave. I do not aspire to be treated as your equal; just an abject, reverent, willing slave.”

She smiled and played with the ears of the sleeping Solomon.

“I am serious,” and Pats raised himself on one elbow. “Just from plain, unvarnished gratitude—if from nothing else—I shall always do whatever you command—live, die, steal, commit murder, scrub floors, anything—I don’t care what.”

“Do you really mean it?”

“I do.”

“Then stop talking.”

With closed eyes he fell back into his former position. But again, partially raising himself, he asked, “May I say just one thing more?”

“No.”

Again he fell back, and there was silence.

For a time Elinor sat with folded hands gazing dreamily beyond the point over the distant gulf, a dazzling, vivid blue beneath the July sun. When at last she turned with a question upon her lips and saw the closed eyes and tranquil breathing of the convalescent, she held her peace. Then came a drowsy sense of her own fatigue. Cautiously, that the sleeper might not awake, she also reclined, at full length, and closed her eyes. Delicious was the soft air; restful the carpet of pine-needles. No cradle-song could be more soothing than the muffled voices of the pines: and the lady slept.

But Pats was not asleep. He soon opened his eyes and gazed dreamily upward among the branches overhead, then moved his eyes in her direction. For an easier study of the inviting creature not two yards away, he partially raised him-

self on an elbow. The contemplation of this lady he had found at all times entrancing; but now, from her unconscious carelessness and freedom she became of absorbing interest. Her dignity was asleep, as it were: her caution forgotten. With captivated eyes he drank in the graceful outlines of her figure beneath the white dress, the gentle movement of the chest, the limp hands on the pine-needles. Some of the pride and reserve of the clean-cut, patrician face—of which he stood in awe—had melted away in slumber.

Maybe the murmur of the pines with the drowsy, languorous breeze relaxed his conscience; at all events the contours of the upturned lips were irresistible. Silently he rolled over once—the soft carpet of pine-needles abetting the manoeuvre—until his face was at right angles to her own, and very near. Then cautiously and slowly he pressed his lips to hers. This contact brought a thrill of ecstasy—an intoxication to his senses. But the joy was brief.

More quickly than his startled wits could follow she had pushed away his face and risen to her feet. Erect, with burning cheeks, she looked down into his startled eyes with an expression that brought him sharply to his senses. It was a look of amazement, of incredulity, of contempt—of everything in short that he had hoped never to encounter in her face again. For a moment she stood regarding him, her breast heaving, a stray lock of hair across a hot cheek, the most distant, the most exalted, and the most beautiful figure he had ever seen. Then, without a word, she walked away. Across the open, sunlit space his eyes followed her, until, through the doorway of the cottage, she disappeared.

For a moment he remained as he was, upon the ground, half reclining, staring blankly at the doorway. Then, slowly, he lowered himself and lay at full length along the ground, his face in his hands.

Of the flight of time he had no knowledge: but, at last, when he rose to his feet he appeared older. He was paler. His eyes were duller. About the mouth had come lines which seemed to indicate a painful resolution. But to the shrunken legs he had summoned a sufficient force to carry him, without wavering, to the cottage door. He entered and dropped, as

a man uncertain of his strength, into the nearest chair—the one beside the doorway. Solomon, who had followed at his heels, looked up inquiringly into the emaciated face. Its extraordinary melancholy may have alarmed him. But Pats paid no attention to his dog. He looked at Elinor who was ironing, at the heavy table—the dining-table—in the centre of the room. Her sleeves were rolled back to the elbow; her head bent slightly over as she worked.

The afternoon sun flooded the space in his vicinity and reached far along the floor, touching the skirt of her dress. Behind her the old tapestry with the two marble busts formed a stately background. To the new arrivals she paid no attention.

After a short rest to recover his breath, and his strength, Pats cleared his throat.

"Miss Marshall, you will never know, for I could not begin to tell you—how sorry—how, how ashamed I am for having done—what I did. I don't ask you to forgive me. If you were my sister and another man did it, I should—" He leaned back, at a loss for words.

"I don't say it was the claret. I don't try to excuse myself in any way. But one thing I ask you to believe: that I did not realize what I was doing."

He arose and stood with his hand on the back of the chair. As he went on his voice grew less steady. "Why, I look upon you as something sacred; you are so much finer, higher, better than other people. In a way I feel toward you as toward my mother's memory; and that is a holy thing. I could as soon insult one as the other. And I realize and shall never forget all that you have done for me."

In a voice over which he seemed to be losing control, he went on, more rapidly:

"And it's more than all that—it's more than gratitude and respect. I—" For an instant he hesitated, then his words came hotly, with a reckless haste. "I love you as I never thought of loving any human being. It began when I first saw you on the wharf. You don't know what it means. Why, I could lay down my life for you—a thousand times—and joyfully."

From Elinor these words met with no outward recognition. She went quietly on with her ironing.

Pats drew a deep breath, sank into his

chair and muttered, in a lower tone, "I never meant to tell you that. Now I—I—have done it."

During the pause that followed these last words she said, quietly, without looking up:

"I knew it already."

He straightened up. "Knew what already?"

She lifted a collar she was ironing and examined it, but made no reply.

"You knew what already?" he repeated. "That I was in love with you?"

She nodded, still regarding the collar.

"Impossible!"

She laid the collar beside other collars already ironed and took up another; but he heard no answer.

"How did you know?" he asked. "From what?"

"From various things."

"What things?"

There was no reply.

"From things I did?"

She nodded, rather solemnly, and her face, what he could see of it—seemed very serious. Pats was watching her intently, and exclaimed, in surprise:

"That is very curious, for I kept it to myself!"

"Any woman would have known."

Pats leaned back, and frowned. A torturing thought possessed him. In an anxious tone he said: "I hope I did not talk much when I had the fever."

As she made no reply he studied the back of her head for some responsive motion. But none came.

"Did I?" he demanded.

"Yes."

A look of terror came into his face and his voice grew fainter as he asked: "Did I talk much at that time—about you?"

"Freely."

With trembling fingers he felt for his handkerchief and drew it across his brow. "Did I say things that—that—I should be ashamed of?"

She nodded.

Pats sunk lower in his chair and closed his eyes. Judging from the lines in his cadaverous face the last three minutes had added years to his age.

"Would you mind telling me," he asked in a deferential voice, so low that it barely

reached her, "whether they were impertinent and ungentlemanly—or—or—what?"

"Everything."

His lips were dry, and on his face came a look of anguish—of unspeakable shame. There was a pause, broken only by the faint sound of the flat iron.

"Then I really talked about you—at one time?"

She nodded.

"More than once?"

"For days together."

Pats closed his eyes in pain, and there was a silence. Then he opened them. "Would you mind telling me some of the things I said?"

"I could not remember."

"Have you forgotten *all*?"

"No—but I prefer not repeating them."

On Pats's face the look of shame deepened. In a very low voice he said: "Please remember that I was not myself."

"I make allowance for that."

"Excuse my asking, but if I was out of my head and irresponsible what could I have said to make you believe that I was—in love with you?"

"You protested so violently that you were not."

With unspeakable horror and humiliation, Pats began to realize the awful possibilities of that divulgence of his most secret thoughts. A cold chill crept up his spine. He looked down, at the floor, from fear that she might glance in his direction and meet his eyes. Solomon, who felt there was trouble in the air, came nearer and placed his cold wet snout against the clinched hands of his master. But the hands were unresponsive.

At last, the stricken man mustered courage enough to ask, in a constrained voice:

"It is not from curiosity I ask it, but would you mind telling me—giving me at least some idea of what I said?"

Elinor carefully deposited a neatly folded handkerchief upon a little pile of other handkerchiefs. Then, looking down at the table and not at Pats, she said calmly, as she continued her work:

"You said I was a pious hypocrite—cold-blooded and heartless—and a fool. You repeated a great many times that I

was superior, pretentious, and 'everlastingly stuck on myself'—I think that was the expression. Of course I cannot repeat your own words. They were forcible, but exceedingly profane."

"Oh!"

"You kept mentioning three other men who could have me for all you cared."

Pats felt himself blushing. He frowned, grew hot and bit his lip. Mingled with his mortification came an impotent rage. He felt that behind her contempt she was laughing at him. As there was a pause he muttered, bitterly:

"Go on."

But she continued silently with her ironing.

"Please go on. Tell me more; the worst. I should like to know it."

Raising one of the handkerchiefs higher for a closer examination, she added: "You sang comic songs, inserting my name, and with language I supposed no gentleman could use——"

Pats gasped. His cheeks tingled. In shame he closed his eyes. The ticking of the old clock behind the door seemed to hammer his degradation still deeper into his aching soul. As his wandering, miserable gaze encountered the marble face of the Marshal of France he thought the old soldier was watching him in contemptuous enjoyment.

But Elinor went on quietly with her ironing.

Suddenly, into his feverish brain there came a thought, heaven-born, inspiring. It lifted him to his feet. With a firm stride he approached the table. No legs could have done it better. He stood beside her, but she turned her back as she went on with the ironing. His expression was of a man, exalted, yet anxious; and he spoke in a low but unruly voice.

"You say you have known I was in love with you ever since the fever."

She nodded slightly, without looking up.

"And yet you have been very—kind, and not, not annoyed or offended. Perhaps after all, you—you, oh, please turn around!"

But she did not turn, so he stepped around in front. Into her cheeks had come a sudden color, and in her eyes he saw the light that lifts a lover to the highest heaven.

It was Pats's cry of joy and his impulsive and somewhat violent embrace of this lady that awakened the dog reposing by the door. Looking in the direction of the voice Solomon seemed to see but a single figure. This was a natural mistake. In another moment, however, he realized that extraordinary things were happening—that these two distinct and separate beings with a single outline signified some momentous change in human life. Whether from an overmastering sympathy, from envy, delicacy, or disgust, Solomon looked the other way. Then, thoughtfully, with drooping head, he walked slowly out and left the lovers to themselves.



X—TRAPPING A QUAIL

HAPPY were the days that followed. Pats, uplifted with his own joy, became a lavish dispenser of cheerfulness and folly. Elinor, with unclouded eyes and a warmer color in her cheeks, seemed to have drifted into the Harbor of Serenity. Both were at peace with creation.

In pleasant weather they strolled among the pines, worked in the little garden behind the house, fished, played upon the beach, or explored the neighborhood. When it rained, which was seldom, they cleaned up the house, read books and old letters, ransacking trunks and drawers trying to discover the secret of the departed owner. But in vain. The departed owner had been careful to leave no clew of his identity or of his reason for abiding there. They did find, however, between the leaves of a book, a little chart of the point done by his own hand apparently, and beneath it was written

La Pointe de Lory.

So they felt they had learned the name of the place, but whether it was the official name or one given by the old gentleman for his private use they could not discover.

"There is a town of St. Lory in the south of France," said Pats. "I knew a man who came from there. Perhaps our host was from that vicinity."

The days went by and no sail appeared.

This, however, was of slight importance. In fact, during that first ecstatic period, nothing was important—that is, nothing like a ship. It was during this period they forgot to keep tally of time, and they either lost or gained a day, they knew not which—nor cared.

All days were good, whatever the weather. Time never dragged. With a companion of another temperament Elinor could easily have passed moments of depression. For a girl in her position there certainly was abundant material for regret. But the courage and the unwavering cheerfulness of Pats were contagious. He and melancholy were never partners. A discovery, however, was made one morning on the little beach that, for a moment at least, filled Elinor with misgivings.

Midway along this beach they found a bucket, rolling about on the sand, driven here and there by the incoming waves.

"That is worth saving," and Pats, watching his opportunity, followed up a receding breaker and procured the prize. It resembled a fire-bucket; and there were white letters around the centre. Elinor ran up and stood beside him, and, as he held it aloft, turning it slowly about to follow the words, both read aloud:

"Of—the—North—Maid."

"*Maid of the North!*" exclaimed Elinor, grasping Pats by the arm. "Oh, I hope nothing has happened to her!"

"Probably not. More likely some sailor lost it overboard." Then, looking up and down the beach, "There is no wreckage of any kind. If she had blown up or struck a rock there would surely be something more than one water-bucket to come ashore and tell us. I guess she is all right."

"But how exciting! It seems like meeting an old friend."

She held it in her own hands. "Poor thing! You did look so melancholy swashing about on this lonely beach."

When they returned to the house they carried the bucket with them.

Pats had his own misgivings, however. One or two other objects he had discerned floating on the water farther out, too far away to distinguish what they were. And the fact that no search had been made for Elinor was in itself disquieting.

But as his chief aim at present was to bring contentment to the girl beside him, he carefully refrained from any betrayal of these doubts. Nothing else, however, that might cause alarm was washed ashore.

And Pats, all this time, was growing fat. His increasing plumpness was perceptible from day to day, and it proved a constant source of mirth to his companion. One morning he appeared in a pair of checkered trousers purchased in South Africa during his skeleton period. They seemed on the verge of exploding from the outward pressure of the legs within. Elinor made no effort to suppress her merriment. She called him "Fatsy." And to the dog, who regarded the trousers with his usual solemnity, she remarked,

"O, Solomon!
See him grow fat!
Our erstwhile skinny,
Diaphanous Pat."

But with "Fatsy's" flesh came increase of strength, and he proved a hard worker. As soon as he was strong enough he began to build the raft by which they hoped to cross the river. But progress was slow for his endurance had limits, and he could work but an hour or two each day. Their plan was to paddle across the river on this raft as they floated down. Owing to the swiftness of the current they built the raft nearly a mile farther up the stream. With the walk to and fro, which also taxed the builder's strength, the month of July brought little progress. One afternoon, they sauntered home, the broad, swift, silent river on their right, the sun just above the trees on the opposite bank. Close at hand, on their own side of the river the nearest pines stood forth in strong relief against the mysterious depths behind. Near the river's bank long shadows from these towering trunks lay in purple bars across the smooth, brown carpet. It was about half way home that the man, with an air of weariness, seated himself upon a fallen tree. Elinor regarded him with an anxious face.

"Patsy, you have done too much again." As he looked up, she saw in his eyes an expression she had learned to associate with levity and foolishness. "Be serious. You are very tired, now aren't you?"

"Just pleasantly tired. But if I were

suddenly kissed by a popular belle it would give me new strength."

When, a moment later, he arose, fresh life and vigor seemed certainly to have been acquired. Catching her by the waist, he hummed a waltz and away they floated, over the pine-needles, he in gray and she in white, like wingless spirits of the wood. When the waltz had ended and they were walking hand in hand, and a little out of breath, the lady remarked:

"When I am frivolous in these woods I feel very wicked. They are so silent and reserved themselves, so solemn and so very high-minded that it seems a desecration."

"All wrong," said Pats. "This is a temple built for lovers: shady, spacious, and jammed full of mystery—and safe."

"But it's the spaciousness and mystery that make it so like a temple and suggest serious thoughts."

"Not to a healthy mind. Oh, no! This gloom is here for a purpose. Pious thoughts should seek the light, but lovers need obscurity. They always have and they always will."

A few steps farther on he stopped and faced her, still holding her hand: "If you will feed the hens to-night, bring in the wood and wash the dishes, you may embrace me once again—now, right here."

She snatched away her head. He sprang forward to catch her—but she was away, beyond his reach. She ran on ahead and Pats, after a short pursuit, gave up the chase, for his fallible legs were still unfit for speed. With a mocking laugh and a wave of the hand she hastened on toward the cottage. Following more leisurely he watched the graceful figure in the white dress hurrying on before him until it was lost among the pines.

Just at the edge of the woods, not a hundred feet from the house, he stopped. Standing behind a tree so that Elinor, if she came to the door, could not see him, he whistled three notes. These notes, clear and full, were in imitation of a quail. And he did it exceedingly well. The imitation was masterly.

But no one appeared at the cottage door, and after a short silence he repeated the call.

"Perfect!"

Pats started and turned about.

"A very clever hoax!"

And as Elinor stepped forth from behind a neighboring tree, there was a look in her eyes that caused the skilful deceiver to bow his head. With a slight movement of the hands, the palms turned outward, as if in surrender, he offered a mute appeal for mercy.

"So you are that quail!" And slowly up and down she moved her head as realizing with reluctance the bitterness of the discovery. "What fun you must have had in fooling me so often and so easily! And the many times that I have hurried to that door and waited to hear it again! What was my offence that you should pay me back in such a fashion?"

"Oh, don't put it that way! Don't speak like that!"

"And my sentiment about it! My saying that I loved the sound because it took me back to my own home in Massachusetts—all that must have been very amusing."

"Listen. Let me explain."

"And to keep on making me ridiculous, day after day, when I was on the verge of collapse from pure exhaustion—yes, it showed a nice feeling."

"Elinor, you are very unjust. Let me tell you just how it happened. The first morning that I could walk as far as this, you left me here at this very spot, and you went back to the house. I was told to whistle if I wanted anything. You remember?"

Almost imperceptibly and with contempt she nodded.

"Well, when I did whistle, I whistled in that way—like a quail. You thought it was a real quail and you didn't come out. When finally you helped me back you spoke of hearing a quail, and of how much pleasure it gave you. You hoped he would not go away." And he smiled, humbly, as he added: "And you made me promise not to shoot him."

She merely turned her eyes away, over the river, toward the sunset.

"And I thought then that if it gave you so much pleasure, why not keep on with it? The Lord knows the favors a helpless invalid can bestow are few enough! And the Lord also knows that I have no accomplishments. I cannot sing, or play, or recite poetry. At that time I could not

even start a fire or bring in water. In fact, my sole accomplishment was to imitate a bird. 'Tis a humble gift, but I resolved to make the most of it."

She stood facing him, about a dozen feet away, a striking figure, with the light from the setting sun on her white dress, the dark recesses of the wood for a background. Into her face came no signs of relenting. But he detected in her eyebrows a slight movement as if to maintain a frown, and he ventured nearer; slowly, as a dog just punished manœuvres for forgiveness. Removing his straw hat he knelt before her, his eyes upon the ground.

"I confess to a guilty feeling every time I did it. I knew a day of reckoning would come. But I was postponing it. I am ashamed, really ashamed; but on my honor my motive was good. Please be merciful."

"Are you serious?—or trying to be funny, and not really caring much about it?"

"I am serious; very serious."

"Do you realize what a contemptible trick it was—how mean-spirited and ungrateful?"

Lower still sank his head. "I do."

"And you promise never to deceive me again?"

"I swear it."

"You value my good opinion, I suppose."

"I would rather die than lose it!"

"Well, you have lost it; and forever."

From the bowed head came a groan. At this point Solomon approached the kneeling figure and placed his nose inquiringly against the criminal's ear. And the criminal involuntarily shrank from the cold contact. At this the lady smiled, but unobserved by the kneeling man.

"Are you sincerely and thoroughly ashamed?"

"Yumps."

"What?"

"Yes, oh, yes!"

"I don't like your manner."

"Please like it. I am honest now. I shall always be good."

"You couldn't. It isn't in you."

"There is going to be a mighty effort."

"Get up!"

He obeyed. As their eyes met he smiled, but with a frown she pointed toward the cottage. "Turn around and walk humbly with your head down. You are not

to speak until spoken to. And you are to be in disgrace for three days."

"Oh! Three days?"

"Go ahead."

And again he obeyed.

Elinor was firm. For three days the disgrace endured. But it was not of a nature to demolish hope or even to retard digestion. And Solomon, who was a keen observer, displayed no unusual sympathy, and evidently failed to realize that his master was in any serious trouble.

On pleasant evenings Pats and Elinor often went to the beach below and sat upon the rocks, always attended by Solomon, the only chaperon at hand. Here they were nearer the water. And one evening they found much happiness in watching a big, round moon as it rose from the surface of the Gulf. The silence, the shimmer of the moonlight on the waters—all tended to draw lovers closer together. Already the heads of these two people were so near that the faintest tones sufficed. And they murmured many things—things strictly between themselves, that would appear of an appalling foolishness if repeated here—or anywhere. They also talked on serious subjects; subjects so transcendently serious as to be of interest only by night. Like all other lovers they exchanged confidences. Once, when Pats was speaking of his family she suddenly withdrew her hand. "By the way, there is something to be explained. Tell me about that interview with your father."

"Which interview?"

"The disgraceful, murderous one."

Pats reflected. "There were several."

"Oh, Patsy! Are you so bad as that?"

"As what?"

"But you did not mean to do him injury, did you?"

"I do *him* injury?" he inquired, in a mild surprise. "Why, what are you driving at, Elinor?"

"I mean the quarrel in the arbor."

"And what happened?"

"You know very well."

"Indeed I do! But there were several quarrels. Which one do you mean?"

"I mean the one when you were violent—and murderous."

"But I wasn't."

"Yes, you were. I know all about it."

"If you know all about it what do you want me to tell?"

"Tell about the worst quarrel of all."

"That must have been the last one."

"Well, tell me about that."

Pats took a long breath, then began: "The old gentleman was a hot Catholic. There was no harm in that, you will think. And I am not such a fool as to spoil a night like this by a religious discussion."

"Go on."

"Well, he insisted upon my becoming a Catholic priest. Now, for a young man just out of college—and Harvard College at that—it was a good deal to ask. Wasn't it?"

"Continue."

"One day in that summer-house he sailed away into one of his tempers—did you ever happen to see him in that condition?"

"No, but I have heard of them."

"Well, my mother was a Unitarian. So was I. And the gulf between a Unitarian and a Catholic priest is about as wide as from here to that moon. It was like asking me to become a beautiful young lady—or a green elephant—I simply couldn't. Perhaps you agree with me?"

"Go on. Don't ask so many questions."

"I told him, respectfully, it was impossible. Then as he made a rush for me I saw, from his eyes and his white face, that murder and sudden death were in the air. Being younger I could dodge him and get away, and that so increased his fury that he fell down on the gravel walk in a sort of convulsion—or fit. I ran into the house for assistance, and while Sally and Martha tried to bring him to I went for the doctor."

A silence followed this story. At last Elinor inquired if his father persisted.

"Persisted! That question, oh, Angel Cook, shows how little you knew my father! As soon as he recovered he lost no time in telling me to leave the house and never see him again."

"And what happened?"

"I vanished."

"Oh!" A sympathetic pressure of his hand and the girl beside him leaned closer still. "Horrible! So you wandered out into the world and this is your home-coming. Well, Patsy, I shall never treat you

in that way. When you are very obstinate I shall just put my arms around your neck and treat you very differently."

"Well," said Pats, "I think it safer for you to be doing that most of the time, anyway. It might stave off any inclination to obstinacy."

Here followed a snug, celestial silence, broken at last by Pats. "Would you mind telling me, O Light of the North, where you heard I was the attacking party at that interview?"

"No, I must not tell."

"Did Father Burke make you promise?"

"Why do you mention *him*?"

"For lots of reasons. One is that he is the only person on earth who could possibly have told you. But it was clever of him to warn you against me. I knew from his expression when he said good-by, on the boat, that he thought he had settled my prospects, and to his perfect satisfaction. However, I don't ask you to betray him. And I bear no malice. He did his best to undo me, but Love and all the angels were on my side."

She laughed gently. "And you all made a strong combination, Patsy."

Then another long silence, and soon he felt the lady leaning more heavily against him. The head drooped and he knew she slumbered. Having no wish to disturb her, he sat for a while without moving, and watched the moon and thought delectable thoughts of the creature by his side. And as his thoughts, involuntarily, and in an amiable spirit, travelled back to Father Burke, he smiled as he pictured quite a different expression on the face of the priest when he should learn what had happened. And the smile seemed reflected in the radiant countenance of the big, round moon mounting slowly in the heavens. She appeared to beam approval upon him and upon the precious burden he supported. But with the drowsiness which soon came stealing over him he saw—or dreamed he saw—out in the glistening path of light between the moon and him, not far from where he sat, an object like a human face, upturned, moving gently with the waves. And mingling among the quivering moonbeams around the head was a silvery halo that might be the hair of Father Burke; for the face resembled his.

Pats was startled and became wide awake. Even then, he thought he had a glimpse of the face with its silver hair, as it drifted out of the bar of light into the darkness, slowly, toward the sea.



XI—FOOD FOR THOUGHT

THERE came, with August, a perceptible shortening of the days. Cooler nights gave warning that the brief Canadian summer was nearing its end.

Pats labored on the raft, but the work was long. A float that would bear in safety two people down the river's current—and possibly out to sea—demanded size and strength and weight. Felling trees, trimming logs, and steering them down the river to the "ship-yard," proved a slower undertaking than had been foreseen. But nobody complained. The air they breathed and the life they led were in themselves annihilators of despair. It was an exhilarating, out-of-door life; a life of love and labor and of ecstatic repose.

Both Elinor and Pats were up with the sun, and the days were never too long. To them it mattered little whether the evenings were long or short or cold or warm, for by the time the dishes were washed and the chores were done they became too sleepy to be of interest to each other. And when the lady retired to her own chamber behind the tapestries, Pats, at his end of the cottage, always whistled gently or broke the silence in one way or another as a guarantee of distance; that she might feel a greater security.

As for lovers' quarrels none occurred that were seriously respected by either party. In fact there was but little to break the monotony of that solid, absolute content with which all days began and ended.

"Tis love that makes the world go round.

There is no doubt of that, but two lovers, with unfailing appetites, however exalted their devotion, are sure, in time, to produce conspicuous results with any ordinary store of provisions. In the present instance the discovery—or realization—of

this truth was accidental. It came one morning as Elinor, in a blue and white apron, with sleeves rolled up, was preparing corn-bread at the kitchen table—so they called the table near the fireplace at the end of the room. Pats came up from the cellar with a face of unusual seriousness. "I have been an awful fool!"

She looked up with her sweetest smile. "And that troubles you, darling?"

Without replying he laid three potatoes on the table.

"I told you to get four."

"These are the last."

"Isn't there a second barrel?"

"No."

"Why, Patsy! We both saw it!"

"That's where I was a fool. I took it for granted the other barrel held potatoes because it looked like the first one."

"But it was full of something."

"Yes, but not potatoes. It is crockery, glass-ware, a magnificent table-set. Old Sèvres, I should say."

"What a shame!" And with the back of a hand whose fingers were covered with corn-meal, she brushed a stray lock from her face.

"Yes," he went on, "it's a calamity, for we cannot afford it. I took an account of stock while I was down there, and all we have now in the way of vegetables is the dried apples. Of course, there's the garden truck—the peas, beans, and the corn—if it ever ripens."

After further conversation on that subject Elinor said, with a sigh: "Well, we did enjoy those baked potatoes! We shall have to eat more eggs, that's all."

"Eggs!" And his face became distorted. "I am so chock full of eggs now that everything looks yellow. I dream of them. I cackle in my sleep. My whole interior is egg. I breathe and think egg. I gag when I hear a hen."

"But you are going to eat them all the same. We have a dozen a day and you must do your share."

"I won't."

"Yes, you will."

As Pats's eye fell on Solomon he brightened up. "There's that dog eats only the very things we are unable to spare. Why shouldn't *he* eat eggs?"

"You might try and teach him."

"Tell me," said Pats, "why hens should

lay nothing but eggs—always eggs? Why shouldn't they lay pears, lemons, tomatoes—things we really need?"

In silence the lady continued her work.

"Angel Cook."

"Well?"

"What do you think?"

"I think, considering your years, that your conversation is lamentable. Eggs are very nourishing, and we are lucky to have them. Didn't I make you a nice omelette only a few days ago?"

"You did, and I never knew a better for its purpose. I still use it for cleaning the windows."

"Really! Well, you would better make it last, for you won't get another."

"Oh, don't be angry! I thought you meant it as a keepsake."

He approached with repentant air, but when threatened by her doughy hands he retreated and sat on the big chest by the window. This chest had served for his bed since his convalescence.

Elinor frowned and pointed to the fire. Pats arose and laid on a fresh stick, then knelt upon the hearth and with a seventeenth century bellows inlaid with silver, that would have graced the drawing-room of a palace, he coaxed the fire into a more active life.

"Now go out and bring in some wood. More small sticks. Not the big ones."



XII—THE WOLF AT THE DOOR

DURING dinner—which occurred at noon—there were fewer words that day, and with somewhat more reflection than was usual. The store of provisions now rapidly disappearing, together with no prospect of immediate escape, furnished rich material for thought.

Both knew the raft might prove a treacherous reliance. Instead of landing them on the opposite bank of the river there were excellent chances of its carrying them out to sea. And the prevailing westerly wind was almost sure to drive them backward to the east again. Pats had been all over this so many times in his own mind—and with Elinor—that

the subject was pretty well exhausted. But still, from habit, he speculated.

"A penny for your thoughts."

He raised his eyes, and as they met her own his habitual cheerfulness returned. "My thoughts are worth more than that, for I was thinking of you."

"Something bad?"

"I was wondering how many days you could foot it through the wilderness before giving out."

"For ever, little Patsy, if you were with me."

"Then we have nothing to fear. We can both march on for ever. You are not only food and drink to me—that is, the equivalent of corncake, potatoes, marmalade and claret—but your presence is life and strength and a spiritual tonic."

"That is a good sentiment," and she reached forth a hand, which he took.

"Merely to look at you," he continued, "will be exhilarating on a long march. And to hear your voice, and touch you—why, my soul becomes drunk in thinking of it."

"Then you expect to be in a state of intoxication during the whole journey?"

"That is my hope."

It happened, a few minutes later, that she herself became preoccupied, her eyes fixed thoughtfully upon the little portrait on the opposite chair.

"A dollar for your thoughts."

"Why so much?"

"Because any thought of yours," said Pats, "is worth at least a dollar."

"Thanks."

"You were thinking, as usual, of that woman. The woman who has my place."

"It is *her* place; she had it before we came."

"But you ought to be looking at *me* all this time. I am the person for you to think about. I shall end by hating the woman."

"Oh, you mustn't be jealous. You *can't* hate her. Such a gentle face! And then all the mystery that goes with her! I would give anything to know who she was."

Pats scowled: "You would give Solomon and me, among other things."

"No, never!" And again she extended the hand, but he frowned upon it and drew back into the farther corner

of his chair. She laughed. "And is Fatsy really jealous?"

"No, not jealous; but hurt, disgusted, outraged, and upset."

"Because I insist upon treating our hostess with respect and recognizing her rights?"

"Our hostess! More likely some female devil who beguiled the old man. Probably he was so ashamed of her he never dared go home again."

"Oh, Pats! I blush for you."

"It's a silly face."

"It is a face full of character."

"Oh, come now, Elinor! It would pass for a portrait of the full moon."

"Well, the full moon has character. And I love those big merry eyes with the funny little, melancholy kind of droop at the outer corners. Poor thing! She must have had a sad life out here in the wilderness."

"Thank you."

As their eyes met he frowned again, and she, for the third time, extended the hand. "A sad life, because she had no Pats."

But he refused the hand. "That is very clever, but too late. The stab had already reached home."

She smiled and began to fold her napkin.

"To return to business, Miss Marshall, of Boston, the provisions are so low that we really must decide on something."

"How long will they last?"

"Perhaps a month or six weeks. Could you pull through the winter on eggs and dried apples—and candles?"

"If necessary."

He laughed. "I believe you could! You are an angel, a Spartan, and a sport. Your nature is simply an extravagant profusion of the highest human attributes. And the worst of it is, you look it. You are too beautiful—in a superior, overtopping way. You scare me."

She pushed back her chair. "You have said all that before."

"You remember the frog who was in love with the moon?"

She regarded him from the corners of her eyes, but made no reply.

"He used to sit in his puddle and adore her. One pleasant evening she came down out of the sky and kissed him."

"That was very good of her. And then what happened?"

"It killed him."

Elinor pushed back her chair, arose from the table and stood beside him. "Do you think it was a happy death?"

"Of course it was! Lucky devil!"

"Well, close your eyes and dream that I am the moon looking down at you."

With face upturned, just enough to make it easier for the moon, Pats closed his eyes. In serene anticipation he awaited the delectable contact that never failed to send a thrill of pleasure through all his being. But the tranquil, beatific smile changed swiftly to a very different expression as he felt against his lips—a slice of dried apple. And the cold moon stepped back beyond his reach, and laughed.

When the table had been cleared and the dishes washed Pats, Elinor, and Solomon went out behind the house and stood near the edge of the cliff. Eastward, across the bay, Pats pointed to a distant headland running out into the gulf, the highest land in sight.

"As near as I can guess that hill is about twenty miles away. If there is nothing between to hinder I can walk it in a day. Now, from that highest point I can probably get a view for many miles. Who knows what lies beyond? There may be a settlement very near. In that case we are saved."

"And suppose there is none?"

"Then I return, and we are no worse off than we were before."

Elinor stood beside him, regarding the distant promontory with thoughtful eyes. He put his arm around her waist. "You see the sense of it, don't you?"

"Yes, I suppose so. How long would you be gone?"

"Not over three days."

"That is, three days and two nights."

"Yes."

"And if the ground is very rough, and there are swamps, and divers things, it might be longer still."

"Hardly likely."

"And what am I to do while you are gone?"

"Oh, just wait."

She moved away and stood facing him. "Yes, that is like a man. Just wait! Just wait and worry. Just watch by day and lie awake at night. Just be sick with anx-

ity for four or five days. You would find me dead when you returned. Why should not I go with you?"

He seemed surprised. Into the ever-cheerful face came a look of anxiety. "I am afraid it would be a hard tramp for you, Angel Cook. And there would be twice as much luggage to carry, and we should be a longer time away."

"I will carry my own luggage."

"Never!"

"But I shall go with you."

"Is that a final decision?"

She nodded, an emphatic, half-fierce little nod, and frowned.

Pats smiled. "Miss Elinor Marshall, I am, as I have before remarked, your humble and adoring slave. Your will is law. When shall we start?"

"Whenever you say."

"To-morrow?"

She nodded, this time with a smile.

"Early?"

"As early as you please."

"Then at crack o' dawn we go."

And the next morning, at crack o' dawn, they started off, Pats with a knapsack so voluminous that he resembled a peddler.

Elinor thought it too much for him to carry. "You can never walk all day with that on your back. Pedestrians that I have seen never carry such loads."

"Then you have never seen pedestrians who carry their food and lodgings with them. And you forget that we are not in the zone of large hotels."

"I feel very guilty. If I were not along you would have less to carry."

"Have no fears, Light of the North. If one of us three falls by the wayside it will be neither Solomon nor myself."

This knapsack consisted of three blankets—two of flannel, one of rubber—some claret bottles filled with water, and food for five days. There was also coffee and a little brandy.

As they started off, along their own little beach, the sun was just appearing over the strip of land ahead. Solomon, in high spirits, galloped madly about on the hard sand, with an occasional plunge among the breakers. But Pats and Elinor, although similarly affected by the morning air, economized their steps, for a long day's tramp was before them.

At the eastern end of the beach, before

entering the woods, both stopped and took a final look toward home. A rosy light was on sea and land. Beyond the beach, with its tumbling waves all aglow from the rising sun, stood the Point of Lory, and their eyes lingered about the cottage. Nestling peacefully among the pines, it also caught the morning light.

"Adieu, little house," said Elinor. And then, turning to Pats, "Why, I am really sorry to leave it."

"So am I, for it has given me the happiest days of my life—or of anybody's life."

In and out among the trees they tramped, three hours or more, with intervals for rest, generally through the woods, but always keeping near the coast unless for a shorter cut across the base of some little peninsula. Elinor stood it well and enjoyed with Pats the excitement of discovery. After a long nooning they pushed on until nearly sunset. When they halted for the night both explorers were still in good condition; but the next morning, in starting off, each confessed to a stiffness in the lower muscles. This disappeared, however, after an hour's walking.

Early in the afternoon of this second day's march they stood upon the top of the hill which, from a distance, had promised a commanding view. But they found, as so often happens to every kind of climber, that another hill, still higher and farther on, was the one to be attained. So they pushed ahead. Just before reaching the summit of this final hill Pats halted.

"Now comes a critical moment. What do you think we shall see?"

Elinor shook her head sadly. "I am prepared for the worst; for the wilderness, without a sign of human life."

Pats's ever-cheerful face took on a smile. "I suspect you are right, but I am not admitting it officially. I prophesy that we shall look down upon a large and very fashionable summer hotel."

"Awful thought!" And she smiled as she surveyed her own attire and that of Pats. "What a sensation we should create! You with that faded old flannel shirt, your two days' beard and those extraordinary South African trousers; and I, sunburnt as a gypsy, with my hair half down——"

"No hair like it in the world——"

"And this weather-beaten dress. What would they take us for?"

"For what we are—tramps, happy tramps."

Five minutes later they stood upon the summit. To the eastward, as far as sight could reach, lay the same wild coast. For several miles every detail of the shore stood clearly out beneath a cloudless sky. Of man or his habitation they saw no sign. To the vast sweep of pines—like an ocean of sombre green—there was no visible limit either to the east or north. And southward, over the blue expanse, no sail or craft of any kind disturbed the surface of the sea. Here and there along the coast shone a strip of yellow beach with its fringe of glistening foam. Not far away an opening among the trees, extending inland for several miles, showed the grasses of a salt marsh.

In silence Pats and Elinor gazed upon this scene. Beautiful it was; grand, indescribably impressive; but it brought to both observers the keenest sense of their isolation. The vastness of it, and the stillness, brought a vague despair; and, to the girl, a sort of terror. Tears came to her eyes.

Pats turned and saw them. His own face had taken on a sadder look than was often allowed there, but his eyes met hers with their customary cheerfulness. For the first time since their acquaintance, Elinor wept—very gently, but she wept. All that a sympathetic and unskilful lover could do was done by Pats. He patted her back, kissed her hair, and suggested brandy. Her collapse, however, was of short duration. She drew back and smiled and apologized for her weakness.

"I am ashamed of myself for breaking down. But it's the first time, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is; and I have wondered at your courage. But do it all the time if you feel the least bit better."

She smiled and shook her head. "No, I shall not collapse again. I shall follow your example. You are always in good spirits."

"I? Well, I should think I might be! Here I am alone in the wilderness with the girl that all men desire, and not a rival in sight! Why, I am in Heaven! I had never dreamed that a fellow could have such an existence. I am *too* happy."

When they descended the hill and started leisurely on the homeward march two smiling faces were illumined by the western sun.

THE POINT OF VIEW

The Question
of the
Humanities.

A GREAT industrial community such as that of the United States," said Matthew Arnold in one of his American lectures, "must and will shape its education to suit its own needs." The truth of the comment is brought home to us by an event like the Yale bi-centennial, which marks, first

of all, the passing of the traditional Yale as it merges into a modern university. The significance of such a change was tersely defined

by President Pritchett, of the Institute of Technology, when he said at Harvard that the modern university fits the student "for the sort of environment which a man is to find in the world"—meaning the world of business. This definition emphasizes the displacement of what used to be called "the humanities" by what may be called the utilities, that is by "practical" studies needed for a given calling and not for general culture. A like thought was conspicuous in the discussions of last summer's convocation of the University of the State of New York. For example, Mr. St. Clair McKelway, in pleading for the continued usefulness of the small college under modern conditions, confessed, not without sarcasm, "to an admiration for the audacity and feasibility of the idea that the universities proper drop their literary and college features, and transform themselves into professional, special, technical, and post-graduate study-shops." While Professor Downing, of the New York Training School for Teachers, in welcoming signs of a reaction toward "humanistic studies," went so far as to affirm that the laboratory method, except in the hands of a master, fails to develop closeness of attention, exact knowledge, or the power to think.

The *motif* of the new educational scheme, born of industrialism, is the axiomatic principle that the student will best do that which he is best adapted to do. This, of course, is absolutely true if educational results are to be measured by quantitative attainment. But this reckoning in the lump leaves out of account the discipline which comes from an even partial mastery of that for which one has an inaptitude. Professor Bernadotte Perrin, a man of university largeness of view, once put this strikingly in contrasting the Yale that was with the Yale that is. The old-fashioned method he described as one where "a teacher with more or less formal

knowledge laid a small section of that knowledge before the pupil and compelled him to acquire it within a given time under pain of punishment." It was a method that lacked both "elucidation" and "enticement," driving the pupil, not leading him. But, continued Professor Perrin, "the rude process fostered in the pupil a confidence in his own powers, an expectation of conquest and a delight in it, a vigor and persistency of effort, which many of us miss in the products of the modern educational processes." The result of the application of this older method down to a rather recent Yale, one of about ten years ago, is interesting. The graduates of Yale, as a class, have been practical men of affairs, competent men in the world's work, and only occasionally idealists, men of literary and artistic leanings. They have enjoyed an apparent advantage of equipment over the technically trained student, in that they were forced to learn the art of adaptation to an adverse environment. If this be to any degree a warranted conclusion, may not the theory of training a man according to his aptitude—that is, of training him in college for his special calling or career—often fail at the very point at which it is most confidently expected to succeed?

The half-defined but widely felt fear lest liberty of individualism has already gone too far toward license, may not improbably lead to a new appreciation of the humanistic studies as an "educational tool." This need not involve a displacement of the scientific ideal, or mean a return to an outgrown and discarded curriculum. Rather the true compromise may be found in the suggestion of Hadley that university teaching be scientific rather than technical, not aiming so much to anticipate the things to be learned in practical life as to insist on the things not to be learned there. In short, a university, to elaborate Hadley's suggestion, should be a training-school no less than a study-shop, developing capacity even more than a special aptitude.

THE new American interest in international law and politics may be very usefully directed into suggestive channels of thought by such books as the recent translation of Gustav Rümelin's "Politics and the Moral Law." This is what the man in the street would call an academic discussion

of the never-solved question as to the extent to which political morality and individual morality may or may not be held to be governed by the same laws. But as it presents its matter simply, succinctly, and as lucidly as the subject admits of, Mr. Frederick Holls, author of "The Peace Conference at the Hague," who has supplied it with notes and a preface, has evidently thought that it might win its way into the attention of a class of readers

Future International Ethics.

that usually does not occupy itself with the metaphysics of the subject. It is certainly desirable that

the study of the higher political ethics should be popularized among us, or, in any case, that we should popularly recognize that there is such a distinct branch of ethics; our own concrete tendencies in politics, and absence of international affiliations, having hitherto kept us more indifferent to these topics than an intelligent public in European countries.

As it happens, the conclusions put forward in the present little book are not such as would popularly be called academic. Gustav Rümelin's views were opportunist—were the views, in fact, of Herbert Spencer, John Stuart Mill, and many other "theorists," who, in their recognition of the greater chances for the conflict of equal claims in political than in private duties, have been as "practical" as anyone could desire in believing that, while politics and individual morals both belong to ethics, they cannot be judged as ethical on the same lines. This, however, is not, in any book of this kind, the main matter of interest to Americans. The great point to them is that this ancient subject of the ethics of politics is about to enter a fresh phase in the world; and that it is a phase with which, by reason of their particular organization, they have a very special concern.

Until there really was established, by closeness of mental and physical communication, a genuine, constant, and active interest among the different nations in each other's affairs, how little, or how much, politics, in the higher sense, could, or should, come under the moral law that is valid for the individual was, after all, a topic of speculation that did not closely touch the mass of people. If there never has yet been found a means of discharging all national and international obligations upon the exact principles that a moral man would use in solving the problems of his personal duties, it is not to be forgotten that statesmen and philosophers formerly pondered political puzzles largely *in camera*.

This, certainly, is changing; and where, owing to our increased knowledge of each other, every practical solution of a political problem anywhere can be compared by intelligent laymen with all other similar solutions, it is not unreasonable to expect that the politico-ethical sense of mankind must receive a perfectly new development and, with that development, new lights.

Ideally, the American stands for the proposition that there *should* be no discrepancy between the idea of what is moral for the individual and what is moral for the state. That "laxity of principle," in the words of John Stuart Mill, "which has almost always prevailed in public matters, even when the moralities of private life have met with a tolerable amount of observance," the American has always declared, by his most representative men, not to be inevitable. Mr. Frederick Holls quotes James Russell Lowell, and E. J. Phelps's Harvard address in 1889, as substantially defining the ideal American position in these matters. The ideal American position is that "the highest morality and justice" should always prevail in international affairs as they should in private affairs; and, moreover, that the "right should always be preferred to the expedient"; which should be the less difficult that the right will, in the end, prove to have been the expedient.

These are not, it is certain, the opinions of the rest of the world; neither the opinions of philosophers nor of practical statesmen. They are desirable consummations, but they have never "worked." And there is really nothing to entitle the American to maintain that they ever can "work" but the altered situation in which all the nations of the earth now stand toward each other. That, however, is quite reason enough. He simply believes (whether his practical conduct invariably tallies with his belief is not to the purpose) that all nations will find a way to be fairer to each other in the future because, where all the circumstances of a given case are known and understood, to strike the medium honest course will be easier, just as it is in the dealings of individuals among themselves. This is not utopian. To believe that out of new elements new results may come is neither unpractical nor visionary. The service of all such discussions as that of the essay here considered is that they ultimately tend to make clear to the national consciousness the reasons for ideals that before, perhaps, were merely instinctive.

THE FIELD OF ART



SCULPTURE OF EXPRESSION AND ALBERT BARTHOLOMÉ

IN the cemetery of Père Lachaise, facing those who have walked straight into the enclosure by the principal avenue, is the Monument of the Dead, very recently built and completed with its elaborate sculptures. For what concerns us now it is merely a frontispiece—a massive wall built across the end of the broad foot-path and stopping the way which is carried farther only by two *perrons* which leave the path and mount to right and to left. This solid wall is, however, fashioned into the semblance of a very elaborate tomb with two wings, each having a small, seeming doorway filled with a slab of stone, and a centre in two stories, the upper story receding from the face of the lower and finished at top with a cornice, whose large hollow covè, terminating the battering walls below, completes the distant resemblance to

an Egyptian pylon. Above the largest and central doorway—the one in which are the two figures entering the darkness of the tomb (Fig. 1)—are carved the words *AUX MORTS*. Our photographs, taken from the earlier models prepared by the sculptor, do not give this architectural distribution; but the sculpture is in all respects the same; and it is with the sculpture that we concern ourselves now.

As for the sculpture, however, there remains that most interesting question how far the artist, when he has a statue—still more a large group—to model, may go in abandoning quietness, immobility, the expression of repose. Let us not seem to give positive laws for the conceptions of the artist: the sculptor, like the painter, is free to do as he pleases under the penalty of displeasing. If, then, we ask whether it is well that sculpture should deal with vigorous expression, in the sense of move-

ment, in the sense of violent grief and head-long passion, it is that the spectator, the student, reserves his right to disapprove strongly of that which seems to him an offence. And the question is now whether such sculpture as this is more an offence than a joy to the enlightened student of that art who may approach this monument without previously formed ideas of its immediate character. The fact that this sculpture adorns and completes a mortuary monument merely serves to add immediate interest to the question.

There can be no mistake about the pathetic character of the composition. The sculptor's attempt has been, it is clear, to express the diversity of passion (that word being used in its original sense of *strong feeling*) with which humanity faces the close of the present life. On the left of the entrance (the spectator's left) a very old woman sits with her head on her hands and her hair falling about her, the sentiment being, apparently, that regret of life which even the very old are thought to feel, that passionate clinging to this existence, with all its sorrows, fully as much as to its enjoyments merely. On the right, the contrasting feeling seems to be conveyed by the old man who seizes the jamb of the great door to steady his feeble steps. At his feet, however, is a young woman, her head bruised upon the stone in the extremity of her horror and distress, but again to contrast with this is the kneeling young girl who looks tranquilly at Death as something which she has been taught to reverence rather than to dread unduly. Behind her again a couple of lovers face death together, their diverse play of emotion too subtle to be expressed in words with any certainty, but all the more on this account forming a minor group, perhaps the most refined of the entire composition. Again, on this side, and at the extreme end of the group, a young woman turns to bid farewell to what she loves and is leaving behind her, completing so the gradation of sentiment from entire abandonment to death to the longing look back upon the lost world. On the left, behind the old woman described above, are other figures rendering diversity of sentiment with much delicacy, with considerable grace, and with the evidence of almost unlimited power of invention. It is in this, indeed, that the sculptor seems to excel, most markedly, other men of his time. Ideas occur to him, ideas of sentiment not strictly artistic, and of artistic ideas with which the former may be

so easily combined that they seem as one; and the best of all in this respect seems to be the central group, where Man and Woman actually enter the door to the unknown, and walk along the narrow pathways which border the central avenue. Why do these narrow pathways exist? They are needed as bases to raise the two figures above the flat floor of the broad passage—in that they are artistically important; but beyond this have they a reason of sentiment—an expressional reason? If not, then in one item at least, the sculptural composition and the sentimental composition are not quite one; and this is a useful point to observe, as illustrating, more clearly than anything else could, the close connection between the management of the Thoughts on Death and the Thoughts of Form. The central idea, that of the two persons passing into the grave, the man completely occupied with the great question Whither, while the woman, at once needing and offering sympathy, thinks more of her companion than he of her, and lays an extended hand upon his shoulder—all this is most finely imagined. Below, in the great opening of the basement, a personage who may be thought to represent the Spirit of the Future, or the Spirit of Hope, contemplates the recumbent bodies of the dead, and seems to draw from their presence a message, or at least a suggestion, which has in it something that is not despair, not merely resignation to that which cannot be avoided, but an appeal whose full significance every looker-on may interpret for himself.

If now the modelling of these figures is full of refinement and strength, as is certainly true of them, the next question which concerns us is the propriety of such extremely realistic rendering of the body in age and in youth. That this was in a sense essential to the sculptor's thought is at once evident, and that necessity criticises the thought itself. It was evidently essential that the man entering the way to the grave should not be modelled on the lines of a Doryphoros—of a youthful athlete in the pride of Greek vigor, and expressing the culmination of ideal form. It was obviously right that the woman should not be studied as the typical female body, should not be studied as the torso of the Venus of Melos is studied, nor even as are thought out and created the forms of that giantess who is crouched upon the tomb of Lorenzo dei Medici. Each of these two figures had to be in a way expressive of the ex-





III

Portrait Medallion by Albert Bartholomé.

isting man and woman as the sculptor knew them; not unidealized; not directly studied from any model in either case, not portraits nor anything like that. The modelling of the figure was, in either case, completely independent and abstract, expressing the thought of manhood and of womanhood in its simple, obvious, not too perfect modern character. And so with the figures on either side. The more vigorous action of those figures allows of more interest being given to the realistically imagined forms of man and woman, old and young; but here also there is the undoubted room for critical comment, and for an almost painful doubt as to whether such subjects are good for sculptural treatment. "Human worms," a phrase which has been applied to

these and to other similar thoughts in realistic form, expresses very coarsely the bad side of such design. It is, perhaps, not the business of the sculptor to see things as they really are. Leave that to the writers who are not of necessity poets; but every sculptor is by his very nature a poet; or if not, he should be employed in another occupation, where poetry is not so essential. But on the whole it is to this present writer a gratification that the monument exists in all its realistic character. That it is as far away as Paris is a regret; for while one would not make his tranquil Sunday evening visits to it with the hope of drawing consolation therefrom, it is not consolation alone which the student of life most needs.

R. S.



Pattern of Part of the Forty-three Ton Casting for the Battle-ships Rhode Island and New Jersey.

RECLAIMING OF STEEL SCRAP

STEEL is the talisman of modern industrial achievement. It is the one thing necessary in the production of almost every article in modern daily use, whether it be a lady's watch or a twenty-ton casting for a steamship. Without steel that wonderful bridge in India, 2,260 feet long, spanning a chasm five hundred feet deep, described in the September *World's Work*, could not have been built. No other material could stand the strain put upon it. The new East River bridge, now building in New York, is practically all steel; its tall towers are marvels of grace and lightness, yet they are capable of bearing a stupendous weight. The Brooklyn bridge, just a little below it, with its massive stone towers, allows a comparison that is very impressive. The famous old cup winner, "Amer-

ica," recently sailed in the New York Yacht Club cruise in company with the stars of the yachting world, "Constitution" and "Columbia," yet the "America" has become merely a curiosity as a racing boat, while the Herreshoff creations are the embodiment of modern speed afloat. The new cup defenders could not have been built if it were not for steel: steel frames, steel spars, steel rigging; their very existence is dependent upon this all-pervasive material.

It can be truthfully said that the nations producing the greatest amount of steel are to be reckoned as the greatest industrial world powers.

It is the commonly accepted idea that unless steel is forged, hammered into shape, or rolled, it has little more strength than cast iron. The common cast steel is more brittle than the



River Front of the Plant at Everett.



A Heap of Scrap Steel.
The material from which "Jupiter Steel" is made.

forged product, and cannot be used where it is called upon to bear a great tension. It has remained for H. B. Whall and A. B. Lundin to discover a method by which scrap or waste steel can be cast and still have all the qualities of the forged product. The United States Steel Company owns all the rights of this new invention, and at their plant in Everett, Mass., make "Jupiter Steel," as they call their new product, for an infinite variety of uses.

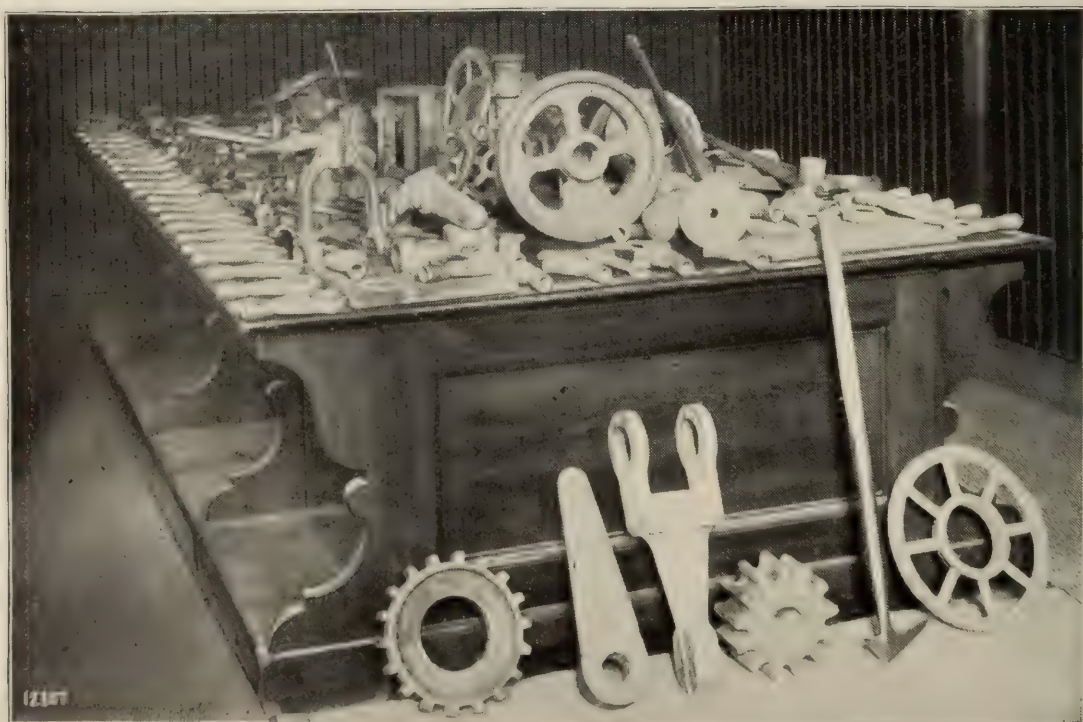
The United States Government, than whom there is no more exacting customer in this country, if not in the whole world, will have for its new battle-ships "Rhode Island" and "New Jersey" steel castings made of Jupiter steel weighing forty-three tons (86,000 pounds) each. The Fore River Ship and Engine Company have the contract for these new battle-ships and have

already given the order for the immense castings. This is simply a single example of the uses to which Jupiter steel is applicable. The same steel which can be produced cheaply enough to be used for a forty-ton casting in a battle-ship may be used, when treated in practically the same way, for tools requiring a very fine edge; such as a carpenter's chisel, or one hard enough to cut other steel, like a cold chisel. "Jupiter Steel," cheap enough to be used for a two-ton flywheel, can be and is also used to take the place of tool steel, which costs from nine to fourteen cents a pound.

Forging, which is only a shorter word for hammering into shape, requires, by the very nature of the process, much time and skilful handling to produce a perfect result. In forging, the metal is squeezed into shape, either by repeated blows of a hammer or through hydraulic pressure. If the former process is used, great pains are taken and much time is lost; if the latter, very expensive dies are necessary to shape the metal while it is in its semi-fluid state.

The molten "Jupiter Steel" is run into a mould, made out of sand by a wooden pattern, and when it has cooled the piece is ready for the finishers.

There is no comparison between the two processes when the trouble and expense are considered; the quality of the two products is the same. Capable of bearing a strain of 73,000 pounds to the inch (Government test), "Jupiter Steel" may be depended upon to stand any stress upon it.



Scrap Steel Made into Tools and Castings by the "Jupiter Steel" Process.



In the "Jupiter Steel" Works.
Cleaning some large castings.

The manufacturers of New England, and the number is legion, have learned that there is no need to send to far Pennsylvania for steel forgings to replace broken parts, to hold their machinery idle many days while an expensive forging is hammered out. The United States Steel Company's plant is at their very doors, where a casting of "Jupiter Steel" may be made in a few hours at half the cost and delivered at the disabled factory forty-eight or thirty-six hours after the pattern has been sent out.

Among the 700 customers on the United States Steel Company's books the greater majority are New England manufacturers, and the immense advantage of the factory's location within one to six hours' journey of the large consumers of its products will be at once apparent.

"Jupiter Steel" is not made up of absolutely new material, but refines and regenerates, as it were, scrap steel that has outlived its usefulness. By this process of alchemy a worn-out boiler-plate or a broken flywheel becomes keen-edged axes or swiftly moving steamboat walking-beams, and begins again an important existence. The manufacturers from whom scrap steel is

bought receive it again as tools, shafting, and machinery. For the first time supply and demand are brought close together in this respect in New England. So successful has the venture proved that the United States Steel Company have found it necessary to increase their plant fifty per cent. The enlarged plant will enable them to develop the Neal Duplex Brake—a power brake, the patents of which they control absolutely. Applicable to any car, occupying but four inches of axle space, and operated entirely by the force generated by the motion of the car, under absolute and immediate control of the motorman, but not dependent on his muscular force, the Neal Duplex Brake is sure to be in great demand for use on the modern, heavy, double and quadruple motor electric-car.

The power being controlled by and attached to the present brake-handle and brake-staff, gives him absolute control of the car in one handle, and it can be stopped, without jar, almost instantly. It is in daily use on the cars of the Boston Elevated Railroad Company, the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company, the Worces-

ter Consolidated Street Railway Company, the Lynn and Boston Street Railway Company, and the Fitchburg Street Railway Company, and has proved its efficiency and effectiveness. All parts requiring strength are made of "Jupiter Steel." It is evident that there is much profit in an alliance such as this, the patented article, for which there is a large and increasing demand, controlled by the company that produces the material from which it is made.

The United States Steel Company was organized in September, 1890. Full advantage cannot be taken of the company's opportunities because of limited facilities to handle the rapidly increasing business and to manufacture the Neal Duplex Brake, over which they have absolute control. Ground has already been broken for an addition to the buildings amounting to fifty per cent. of the present plant.*

The directors have therefore decided to sell a block of treasury stock at its par value of \$5 per share to provide the working capital for the manufacture of the brakes and increase the casting output of the present plant. In this connection it should be stated that the company has paid quarterly dividends at the rate of twelve per cent. per annum on its stock since December, 1899. With the facilities provided for the manufacture of the Duplex brakes these

dividends can be increased. The company's stock capitalization is 600,000 shares of a par value of \$5 per share.

It is interesting to note the significance of stock purchases, for they nearly always have been in quantity in direct ratio to the knowledge of the company's affairs acquired by the purchaser. An investor who will write about the purchase of twenty or thirty shares will buy two or three hundred shares after an inspection of the company's plant, its patents, and its growing business.

At Everett the company owns seventy-four acres of land, having both rail and water facilities. On this land a modern plant, 200 x 130 feet, has been built, with powerful electric cranes, furnaces, drying ovens, gas-producers, boiler and power-house with dynamos, sand blast, crucible plant, finishing machines, office buildings, etc.; and an increase of the plant amounting to fifty per cent. is now in course of construction.

A cordial invitation to inspect the plant at Everett is extended to all who are looking for a safe and legitimate investment. Those who cannot do this will have any information desired sent to them promptly upon application to the Boston office of the United States Steel Company, 152 Oliver Street, Boston. The United States Steel Company, organized in September, 1899, has no connection with the United States Steel Corporation, which was incorporated in February, 1901.

* Since the first of the articles on "Jupiter Steel" was published, in May of this year, the business has grown greatly and the plant has been found inadequate in consequence. Investors have subscribed very largely, and the reorders prove that the business men who have bought stock found the venture profitable.



Brooklyn Rapid Transit Electric Car Equipped with the Neal Duplex Brake.



Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

"COME, MISS LAVINIA—COME INTO THE LIBRARY."

—"The Fortunes of Oliver Horn," page 539.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XXX

NOVEMBER, 1901

NO. 5

AMONG THE DUNKERS

By Nelson Lloyd

ILLUSTRATIONS BY G. W. PETERS

THE sun is free of the ridges. It has shaken off the lone pine that stands out so boldly there in the clearing, and is soaring off over the mountains to the south. It is time for preaching. The clock would point the hour of eight, and the churchman of the town would hardly yet be considering his breakfast, but here in our little Pennsylvania valley we know that when the sun has cleared that solemn old tree it is time to be hitching, for five dusty miles lie between us and the Dunker meeting-house. The road is a hard one, too. From where it leaves the pike at the covered bridge to where it skirts the berry-patch at the crest of the hill, we can see every foot of it standing out white and hot against the green slope. There are three more climbs like that before we reach our journey's end, but why count the cost when we are to hear a young brother from "Ioway"; and these brethren from a distance are always better talkers than our home product. The mere fact that they have travelled from "Ioway" shows that they have seen the world and will have something new to tell us.

But all the valley is not going to Dunker preaching. The little brick meeting-house over the ridge would not hold one-half the pious folk that are to journey along that road to-day. Many will pass it and go on to the grove where the great Mennonite bush-meeting is on; or to the barn where the River Brethren gather for their simple service of devotion, or to the

white farm-house with the gates of blue. Within those blue gates the Amish are to worship, and, if their ancient custom had its inception in truth, one could not choose a better place, for it has been hallowed by the visit of many a passing angel, who, marking the heavenly hue of the entrance, has stepped inside to bless the home there.

So the valley is awake to its Sabbath duties. From its every quarter, along its every road, the rockaways are crawling. They meet at the covered bridge; they move solemnly up the long hill; and our church parade is on. How different it is from that famous one that swings along Fifth Avenue every Sunday, when the human pea-fowl of every class strut and spread their plumage! Here simplicity is the effect to be obtained, for the keynote of the teaching of these sombre folk is humility. There, for instance, is the Dunker bishop of the district. He drives a fat horse with a monstrous curly mane, and the good animal ambles along as though really anxious to make time, but fears to be seen running on Sunday. The brother sits well back in his vehicle, and is almost hidden from view by the dust-coated side-curtains, but still we can see his great black hat, with its high, cylindrical crown and broad, flat brim. It looks hot these summer days, but it is well in keeping with his heavy brown coat, which has a straight, clerical collar, close buttoned at the throat, is cut away well in front, and sweeps into broad tails behind. The bishop's hair is



A Dunker Barn where Meetings are Held.

long, and is trimmed off straight, just below the ears, which causes it to stick out in most inartistic fashion. His beard is long, too, and his upper lip is clean shaven, for among his people a mustache is a badge of worldliness.

Beside him is his wife. They have fine faces, the women of these simple sects, and the austere scoop-bonnet and the kerchief at the neck almost seem a fitting frame for the placid countenance of the bishop's helpmate. Her dress, too, is plain in color and cut, and is unornamented by frills or furbelows.

As it is with the bishop and his companion, so it is with every man and woman in the long line of vehicles bound over the ridges. You have seen them, and, unless you know their faces, you have seen all the brethren and sisters in the solemn procession. Yet there are differences. To the stranger in our valley these differences are so small as to pass unnoticed, but to them so big as to divide them at the Dunker meeting-house, to halt some there, to send some on to the farm with the blue gates, some to the gathering in the grove and others to the barn service.

To the Amishman, sitting in his shirt-sleeves, jogging the reins up and down over the back of his sleek horse, the Dunker is a worldly man, for the Dunker wears buttons, and the button is an emblem of vanity. Truly pious folk use hooks and eyes, as he does himself. Just why the

button should be so wicked a thing the Amishman would doubtless find it hard to explain. He simply knows that his people have for generations eschewed them as worldly. His knowledge of history does not extend back to the sixteenth century when the great Baptist movement was in its inception in Germany. Then it was the custom in many parts of the Fatherland for the young bloods to decorate their coats and waistcoats with row on row of bright metal buttons. To his forefathers these were outward manifestations of Satan, and in their protest they took to the hook and eye.

The Dunker has a dash-board on his wagon and a little hood in front to better protect him in the driving rain. The Amishman does not. He abhors dashboards and hoods. The lines of his vehicle are as straight and severe as those of his buttonless coat and his great wide trousers, cut in the fashion of a hundred years ago. But with all his studied simplicity, there seems unconscious art in the arrangement of his hair. It is smoothed over the forehead in a bang, brushed down the side of the head until the ear is almost covered, and chopped straight across behind, and the neck below it is kept well shaved.

There are differences then. As it is with this one man, so through the whole line. The shade of a gown or bonnet, the arrangement of the hair or beard, the button

on the coat, the dashboard on the wagon will tell the Dunker from the Amishman, the River Brother from the Mennonite.

It would seem that these folk are divided more by such small outward manifestations than by the great questions of faith. Still, between the Mennonite and the Dunker there is the one serious difference on the rite of baptism. To the latter three-fold immersion is all-important, while to the former it is sufficient to kneel in the stream and receive the water on the head from the hand of the elder, though in many congregations simple affusion is enough. On all other points they seem almost in accord. Both strive faithfully to follow the letter of the Scripture, to keep apart from the world and to be simple in their mode of living. The strange ceremony of the pedilavium is common to both, and for centuries they have stood together in opposition to infant baptism, to the taking of oaths, and the bearing of arms. Both use the courts to settle their disputes only as a last resort, but endeavor to follow the injunction: "If thy brother shall trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault between thee and him alone: if he shall hear thee, thou hast gained thy brother. But if he will not hear thee, then take with thee one or two more, that in the mouth of two or three witnesses every word may be established. And if he shall neglect to hear them, tell it unto the church: but if he neglect to hear the church, let him be unto thee as an heathen man and a publican." (Matthew xviii. 15-17.)

So we seldom find them in a court of law, and almost as infrequently at the polls, though of late years the progressive spirit of the age has stirred them in many

parts to exercise more and more the right of franchise.

The history of the Dunkers and the Mennonites shows a continual combating of this same progressive spirit. Nearly all of the quaint German sects in our middle and southern Pennsylvania counties can be traced to either one or the other of these denominations, and in every instance the schism has come on some question of church discipline, such as the introduction of the Sunday-school, the use of the meeting-house, or the enforcement of rules regarding dress. Such a revolt from the Mennonites two centuries ago, headed by Jacob Ammen, led to the formation of the Amish denomination. And strict as they were, they, too, suffered a rupture, and to-day we have the Old Amish, who scorn the meeting-house, but gather for worship in their homes. With the Dunkers, also, we find several divisions brought about by disputes over the principles of dress, the question of non-conformity with



A Dunker Sister.

the world, and the introduction of Sunday-schools. Even the small body of River Brethren has split in three. This denomination is supposed to have sprung from the Mennonites, whom they much resemble in belief and practice, though they hold to three-fold immersion. They were first known as one organization in the middle of the eighteenth century, when they began to baptize in the Susquehanna.

Of all the Protestant churches few have so ancient a history as the Mennonites. None, not even the Quakers, can point to a record of so much evil borne and so little returned. Their origin is surrounded with obscurity. They were reproached by some inimical historians of the sixteenth

century with being an outgrowth of those fanatical Anabaptists who seized the city of Münster and made John of Leyden king. Their own scholars contend that they descended from the Waldenses, who struggled so long against Rome before the Protestant movement became general. The best modern authorities say that the truth lies between these two theories. The Baptist movement in Germany, in the early part of the sixteenth century, embraced many Waldensian communities. John of Leyden and his compatriots stood at one extreme of the movement, and at the other were Dirck Philips and Menno Simons, who gave his name to the sect now known as the Mennonites or Mennists. These leaders had but one point in common, and that was opposition to infant baptism.

Menno Simons was born in Friesland in 1492. He entered the Roman priesthood, but became a close student of the teachings of Luther and Zwinglius, and eventually an ardent opponent of infant baptism. He left the Roman Church in 1536, and gathered around him a small company of persons who held views like his. Under his leadership this sect grew rapidly in numbers and influence. To that influence can be readily traced the great Baptist movement in England, and from the teachings of Menno Simons, Barclay says, George Fox imbibed the views that brought him to the front among the religious leaders of history. The Mennonites have been frequently spoken of as German Quakers. It were more just to speak of the Quakers as English Mennonites.

No Christian sect was ever more bitterly persecuted than these simple, harmless people. Their story, from the days of Menno Simons until they found refuge in Pennsylvania, is one of continued oppression.

In their Confession of Faith, adopted at Dordrecht in 1632, they set forth their doctrine of non-resistance. "Regarding revenge, whereby we resist our enemies with the sword," they declare, "we believe and confess that the Lord Jesus has forbidden his disciples and followers all revenge and resistance, and has thereby commanded them not 'to return evil for evil, nor railing for railing,' but to put 'the sword into the sheath'; or, as the prophets foretold, 'beat them into ploughshares.'"

At a time when men argued theology with the sword and Germany was being fought over by the armies of Europe, there could be little place for a people who lived up to such a principle. Particularly was this true in the Palatinate, which through the whole of the seventeenth century was a scene of ruthless ravage and rapine. Even in free Switzerland the doctrines of the Mennonites, and that of non-resistance especially, clashed with the State church, and those who held them suffered much at the hands of their Reformed brethren. So, when Penn opened his great domain in the New World to the oppressed of all lands, the followers of Menno Simons began to move across the sea. The first party of thirteen families went from Crefeld, a city on the lower Rhine, in 1683, and arrived in Philadelphia on October 6th of that year. They founded Germantown and started the great German immigration to Pennsylvania.

The movement which resulted in the formation of the large sect now known as the German Baptist Brethren, as the Dunkers are properly called, was independent of the Mennonites. The house of Alexander Mack in Schwarzenau, Germany, was the scene of the first gathering of these people. Here, in 1708, a little company of eight persons began to meet together at regular times to study the New Testament. They were convinced that its injunctions were not being consistently obeyed by either the Lutheran or Reformed churches, and they aimed to study it impartially, casting aside all prejudice and tradition, and to judge for themselves the duty it imposed on the believer. It was not long until they deemed that they saw that duty clearly, and the initial step to its proper performance was baptism by immersion.

"And now as they were prepared thereunto, so they went into the solitude in the morning," reads the old record by Brother Theophilus, of the monastery at Ephrata. "Even eight of them went out unto the water called *Æder* [The Eder]. And the brother upon whom fell the lot baptized the brother whom the congregation of Christ wanted baptized, and after he was baptized he immersed him who had baptized him and the remaining three brothers and sisters. And so all eight were baptized.



Drawn by G. W. Peters.

An Amish Camp Meeting.



Along its every road, the rockaways are crawling.

in the early morning hour. This was accomplished in the year 1708. But of the month of the year, or the day of the month or the week they have left no account."

Alexander Mack became the minister of the church. Its membership increased rapidly, but persecution followed and eventually drove the brethren to Crefeld. In 1719 the first party of these refugees, numbering nineteen families, reached Germantown. They were soon scattered, and it was not until some years later that they united again for religious worship. Peter Becker, a weaver of Germantown, was the moving spirit among them, and on Christmas-day, in 1723, he gathered together the brethren and formed the first congregation in this country. There were present the seventeen persons who had been baptized in the Fatherland, and six others presented themselves for reception into the fold. In the late afternoon the party went over an old Indian trail to the Wissahickon, and here was performed the baptismal rite which has fastened on the sect the name of Dunker, or dipper. There was ice on the Wissahickon that day, but the pious Becker, leading by the hand one Martin Urner, an Alsatian, stepped into the creek undaunted. From the little company kneeling on the bank arose the

solemn baptismal hymn of Alexander Mack, *Ueberschlag die Kost, Spricht Jesu Christ, wann du den Grund wilt Legen*. Before the elder, standing waist-deep in the water, the Alsatian knelt and was thrice immersed beneath the stream. The *Segenspruch* was pronounced and he stepped forth into the company of his spiritual brethren. It was nearly dark before the last rite had been performed and the little band left the wild, wooded ravine. That night, in the house of one of the congregation, they held a love-feast.

It is nearly 200 years since Becker and his people held their night service in the hut of Johannes Gumre, but time has wrought few changes in that quaint ceremonial. The brethren of to-day commemorate the Last Supper with the same peculiar forms. In that good time between the planting and the hay-making, when Nature is doing most of the farm-work, and again when the barns are stuffed with the fruits of the year's labor, the rockaways come out by the scores to liven the roads to the meeting-place. And who that has seen the rite can forget it? Go to our quiet valleys and follow these pious folk, sit with the bearded brethren as they drone out their German hymns, watch the flickering candle-light as it plays

over the faces of the white-capped sisters at the evening service, and they will carry you centuries into the past ; they will lift you out of a complex world into such a simple one.

It was the writer's privilege to follow the rockaways one day last May to a barn in the Lebanon Valley, one of those great white structures with green shutters, that so distinctly mark our Pennsylvania landscapes. The brethren came early. By noon a hundred vehicles stood side by side in the field close by, and as many horses were hitched along the fences or around the wagons filled with feed that had been provided for them, for beast as well as man was cared for here. Dinner was served to all in the long tent in the orchard. None was refused. For friend or stranger, for those of the fold or the unregenerate a bountiful meal was spread. The men at one table and the women

at another faced great plates or green pickles, loaves of bread of monstrous size, bowls of apple-butter, rich, black, and pasty, as only it is to be found on the Pennsylvania farm ; pans of beef-stew and rice, and generous rusk. Between the tables moved a score of sisters and long-bearded brethren with cheeks that glowed from sobriety and much scrubbing. They lugged about large pots of coffee and milk and saw that the wants of all were satisfied. Not till the wreckage had been cleared away and the last tin pail was shining like silver did the movement toward the barn begin. Here benches were fixed facing the platform that had been erected across the front of the floor for the ministers, who numbered more than ten. There were about 200 in the

company, which was divided, as it is at all their services, the women sitting on one hand and the men on the other.

An old brother started the singing by shouting the first line of a hymn, and the whole company joined in. A half-dozen hymns followed quickly, some in the Pennsylvania German, some in English, some

mere fragments droned out line by line after a preacher had repeated them. A half-hour was passed thus, and then began an "experience meeting." Here a brother or there a sister would arise and in a few words offer "testimony." Now and then there came a lull, but it would be but momentary, for some brother was ever ready to roll out a warning "Ho-oh-oh," and under his lead the whole company would swing away into a song again. The sermons were next, and once the preaching began it seemed to the onlooker interminable, for minister af-

ter minister arose, and some in Pennsylvania German and some in English expounded their simple doctrines. The big supper-bells were sounding all over the valley before the last man had finished.

Those discourses were certainly not masterpieces. One or two of the elders, powerful old men with splendid voices, did ascend to eloquence and made the rafters ring with their rolling, guttural periods, but for most the speech was halting and the ideas expressed were few and oft repeated. Absolute faith in the letter of the Scriptures was the keynote, for into these minds the question of their inspiration had never entered. But the people were no more learned than their leaders. Through that long afternoon they listened



An Amish Girl.



An Amish Farm House.

with rapt attention, the sole disturbing note being the wails of the babies, for there were many infants on the sisters' side and they not infrequently sought to give expression to their still more primitive ideas by bursting forth in a vociferous chorus. They never disconcerted the preacher. Once or twice they stopped him, but he was accustomed to such interruptions and waited with resignation until the youngsters had been lulled or shaken into silence.

The congregation had supper together. This common meal is in commemoration of the Passover, and is marked by the serving of a stew of the paschal lamb. The company by this hour far exceeded the capacity of the tent, so when one party had supped, a second was admitted, and then a third, until all had been fed, not excepting the goodly number of non-sectarians who were present purely as sightseers. No effort was made, however, to clean the eating utensils for each new company. The latest comer sat down and took the plate, cup, knife, and fork as the last brother had left them. To have expected otherwise would have been a gross display of pride and a reflection on those who had gone before. But this was the only respect in which the first table was desirable, for there was no falling off in the supply of food, and the brothers and sisters were everywhere seeing that none went hungry.

The sun is settling on the mountains in the west when again the movement toward the barn begins. A few brethren have been working there this half-hour preparing it for the night's service. They have improvised tables by placing one bench upon another, stretching them in parallel rows with other seats at either side. A few of the younger men gather in one corner and begin singing lustily, and as their voices reach the orchard the little groups there melt away. Soon the seats are full and the preachers are in their places. The whole barn resounds with a German hymn. And as they sing the deacons are moving to and fro, stretching white cloths along the tables, arranging a few candlesticks there at wide intervals and swinging lanterns from the beams. The hymn is done. There is an expectant pause. An old brother from a dark corner wails the warning "Ho-oh-oh." And away they all go again :

Ho-oh-oh—relitchen is the thing,
I feel it in my soul.
Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
I feel it in my soul.

And as the last notes die away, we hear again the plaintive "Ho-oh-oh." Then silence.

The bishop rises. There is a suppressed shuffling as the brothers turn sideways on the benches to face him. He reads the

thirteenth chapter of St. John and discourses on it, dwelling on the lesson of humility taught there in the lowly service of feet-washing. It is nearly dark when he finishes, and one after another the candles are lighted, and now the lanterns are flickering from the beams overhead.

At one side, at the long tables, sit the sisters, their white prayer-coverings showing full against the general gloom, their mild, serious faces turned toward the preachers, and on every hand hang their black bonnets—sombre draperies added to the sombre scene. At the other side are the brethren, long-bearded, long-haired men with solemn faces, and along every low-lying beam stretch row on row of great hats, their crowns rising like a series of monuments to the doctrine of humility. On the platform are the preachers—a line of them—most of them old and white. The few flickering lights throw strange shadows everywhere, and now and then bring into relief the black forms of the unregenerate in the half-filled mows at either end. From the stables below come the sound of cattle stirring restlessly in their straw bedding, the half-suppressed bleat of a lamb, the cluck of a nervous hen. Back of it all, a pushing, vulgar mass, crowding at the wide doors, stares

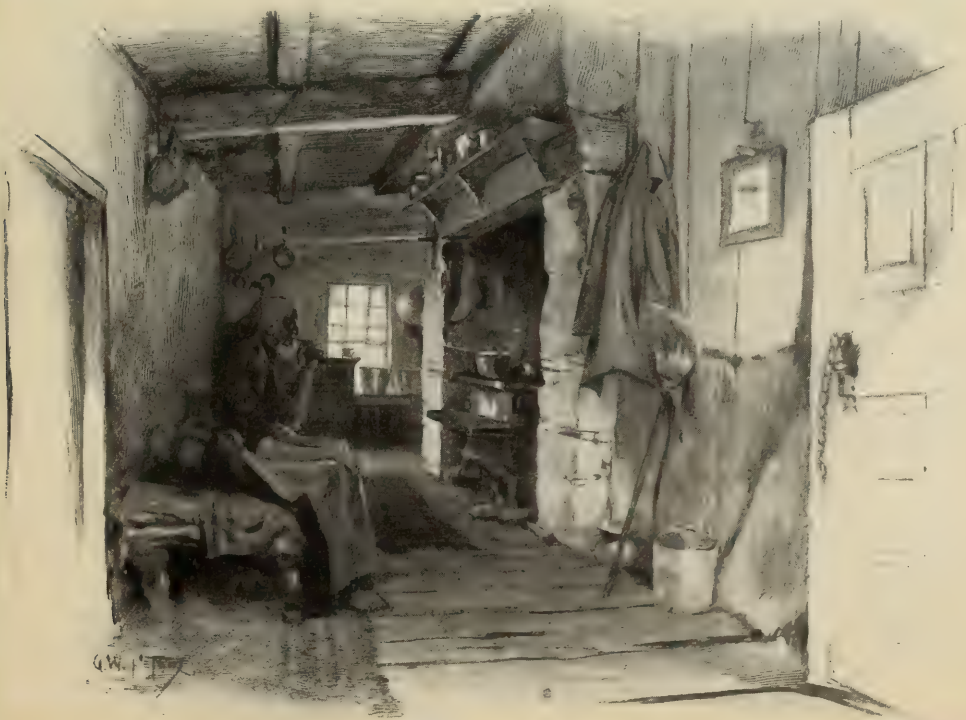
in at the company—the sightseers from the neighboring villages, arrayed in bonnets gay with paper flowers of every hue, bright dresses, or the terrible productions of the “fashionable tailor” or the “gents’ furnisher” of the country town.

A second preacher is on his feet expounding the doctrine of humility. He protests against the tendency of some of the sisters to relax a little in their strictness as to dress, as is evidenced here and there by a light blue gown. He beseeches them to keep apart from the world, and to shun the ways of the unregenerate.

“Let the young brethren be as the old brethren!” he cries. “Let the young sisters be as the old sisters!”

He, simple man, looks over the heads of his co-worshippers at the world as it stands there on the barn-bridge gaping at him, and the world seems a dreadful thing. Little wonder! As between his people, with their unconscious art, and the unregenerate without, our sympathies are with the brethren.

The preacher is closing. Now we hear a hushed clatter as brother after brother and sister after sister remove their shoes. The sermon is over. The congregation sit with backs to the tables, and great pans of water are carried down the aisles. Aprons are brought, and the bishop and



The “Powwow-doctor.”

the preacher at his side gird themselves and wash the feet of the two brothers next them. It is quickly done, and when he has dried his brother's feet with the apron, the bishop takes his right hand and leans down and gives him the kiss of peace. Then he hands him the apron and the pan. Down the aisles they go, two at a time, each pair performing the lowly service for the brothers next them and giving them the kiss as the ablutions are completed. So it is on the sisters' side. And during the odd rite the company sings.

The pedilavium done, the people kneel in prayer, and when they rise again they remain standing. The bishop turns slowly, takes the right hand of the preacher next him, and they kiss. It is the holy kiss, given as an emblem of love and charity, and it passes from one to another, slowly and solemnly, up the table on one side and down on the other, until the last brother has received it. He kisses his wife, and the gap between the sexes is bridged, and one after another the sisters receive it.

The communion service follows, and the congregation receive the emblems standing. On the brothers' side the strips of unleavened bread are passed from hand to hand, every man, as he gives it to his neighbor, saying, "Beloved brother, this bread which we break is the body of Christ." On the other side an elder goes from sister to sister breaking the bread. This difference has its foundation in the belief that as the women had no part in the breaking of Christ's body, neither should they break the emblem. So it is with the cup, the brethren passing it from hand to hand and the sisters taking it from the elder.

With the singing of a hymn the love-feast is over, but though the company separate to-night, they will meet again in the morning to pass another half-day in much singing and preaching and praying. Provision has been made to lodge them in the neighboring houses and barns, so it will be noon before the rockaways are on the road again, homeward bound.

In its details the ceremony of the love-feast differs much among the various sects. Most of the Dunkers have meeting-houses designed with special provision for the rite, with a great kitchen and dining-hall in the basement and an attic equipped as

sleeping quarters. Many of them make the supper still more closely a part of the evening service. Tables are set in the main hall of the meeting-house, and after the pedilavium the feast is held, the congregation having simply to put on their shoes and to wheel about on the benches. The chief dish, of course, is the lamb-stew, which is served in great bowls, four brethren usually eating from a common vessel.

The love-feast in its perfection must have been that observed at Ephrata, that strangest of monastic communities which flourished in the eighteenth century in Lancaster County, under the leadership of Conrad Beissel. When we read of that monastery and of its predecessor in the ridge on the outskirts of Germantown, much in the character and customs of our sectarians of to-day becomes clearer. When we know of the mystic midnight rites on the Wissahickon and the Coca-llico, we will not wonder at the quaint superstitions that cling to the pious descendants of the pious brethren of that day, for their influence was widespread among the people of their race and religion. It was on the ridge overlooking the Wissahickon that the "Society of the Woman of the Wilderness" (Revelation xii. 14-17) flourished in the latter part of the seventeenth and the early part of the eighteenth century. This company of German Pietists had come hither in 1694, and under the leadership of the mystic and scholar, Johannes Kelpius, established themselves in the wilderness to await the millennium. They continued here for many years, a band of forty mystics, living in a log house forty feet square, passing their days in charitable labors among their fellow-countrymen, in meditation and services of devotion, and in mysterious rites and incantations by which they hoped to obtain theosophical light. From a watch-tower on the roof, a brother nightly scanned the heavens with a telescope for a harbinger of the Bridegroom's coming, that their lamps might be trimmed and burning.

Conrad Beissel, a pious journeyman baker, arrived in Germantown in 1720, expecting to find there an ideally spiritual community where he, too, could spend his days in devotion. He found that



Each pair performing the lowly service for the brothers next them.—Page 522.

Kelpius was dead; the nightly vigil on the watch-tower had been abandoned, and the "Contented of the God-loving Soul," as the hermits called themselves, were scattered. Beissel had once in his wanderings stayed with the old Schwarzenau congregation, and now in his disappointment he sought out his former friends and indentured himself to Peter Becker to learn the weaver's trade. At the expiration of his service he removed to an anchorite's hut in the Conestoga valley, and endeavored, by ceaseless teaching and preaching, to revive the dying spirit of

religion among his countrymen. He soon became a power among them, and his fame as a pious man spread through the country. Then Becker came into the valley with a party of Dunker revivalists, and Beissel was baptized by his former master in the Pequa. He organized a Dunker congregation in Conestoga, but he and his followers soon split from the Germantown brethren on the question of observing the Sabbath on the first or seventh day. Beissel adhered to the Mosaic law, and a breach was formed that was never closed. The Sabbatarian

congregation grew in strength, but dissensions came, together with much persecution from without, and finally, in 1732, the weary teacher betook himself once more to the wilderness. He had hoped to lead a hermit's life on the banks of the Cocalico Creek, but one after another, brother after brother and sister after sister, followed him into seclusion until, in a few years, there had gathered under his rule one of the strangest monastic communities in history.

To-day a few tottering buildings mark the spot where the Solitary Brethren and the Sisters lived so long their hard lives of labor and prayer. The Sister House and its Saal, or prayer-hall, the Brother House, and a few cabins still stand. Only a handful remain of those who follow the lines laid down by the master spirit, Father Friesdam, as Beissel was called by his people. But Ephrata, until the close of the eighteenth century, was a great centre of religious teaching, and its influences have been lasting on a large body of Pennsylvania Germans.

It seems but a step from our barn-service to-day to those night gatherings in the old prayer-hall at the monastery, with the white-robed brotherhood on the platform at one end; the white-hooded, white-gowned sisters in their secluded gallery, the oddly garbed men and women of the secular congregation on the main floor, and at the preacher's table the mystic Beissel. But the pious folk at our barn-service are liberal as compared with the brothers and sisters of Ephrata. Their day of preaching and praying in the spring and autumn, long ordeal though it may seem, is as nothing to the ceaseless round of devotion in Father Friesdam's community, the long services of song and teaching, the midnight vigil awaiting the Bridegroom's coming, the pilgrimages afoot to awaken the lagging brethren far and near. And it was not on these duties alone that the Ephrata brother filled his life, for oddly mixed with the strict religious regimen were the weird ceremonies of the Zionitic Brotherhood, who studied deeply the mysterious philosophy of the Rosicrucians, and sought to attain spiritual regeneration by mystic rites which are said to have had their origin in the earliest ages.

The hermits of the Wissahickon were

skilled in the casting of horoscopes, and in the preparation of charms by occult ceremonies to drive away misfortune and disease. Superstition was rife among the Germans in Ephrata's time, and the rites of the Solitary Brethren could not have lessened its hold on the simple people. We do not wonder, then, to find in our valleys to-day strange charms to drive away disease, incantations to lull into helplessness the snake, and even the boisterous bee; lucky days, unlucky days, omens of good and evil, and odd beliefs almost innumerable. For in many a farmhouse we find the Bible and the almanac side by side, the first a guide to good living, the last to good husbandry. To many the almanac is as much of a mystery as the Bible, and they follow it as blindly. They know nothing of the fixed stars, the planets and their movements, which play so important a part in their gardening. The "signs of the moon" are found by studying the almanac, not the heavens. When she wants to plant cucumbers under the influence of The Twins, that they may bear abundantly, the farmer's wife does not sit up at night to find the moon's position in the Zodiac. Her little pamphlet will give her the important information. Indeed, the signs of the Zodiac were better called the signs of the almanac.

There is a bit of odd reasoning in the selection of these signs. For example, anything planted when the moon is in Pisces, the fish, will be well watered; beet-seed put in the ground when the moon is in Cancer, the crab, will run to sprouts; that which is to grow great and strong should be planted under Leo's influence; a calf weaned in this same sign is likely to become too valiant a beast, so for self-protection the farmer should trust him to the care of Pisces, and he will grow up spiritless.

The sign of the "Posey Woman" is in some sections a popular name for Virgo, and when the moon is in this part of the heavens it is best to plant flowers, for under the Virgin's guardian care they will bloom abundantly. When the horns of the moon point downward one should plant such things as are to obtain their greatest growth beneath the surface, as the onion, the potato, and the beet, for under the contrary conditions they are likely to

run to tops. Even the fence-post comes under the influence of the heavens, and stands firm and straight when put in the ground when the moon's horns are turned earthward, and the shingle should be nailed under the same conditions, else it will curl upward. So we can go through the almost innumerable little duties of the farm and find for each an odd superstition. Many of these have come down from the remotest ages in German history; some bear the stamp of pagan times; others seem outgrowths of the later mystic movement in Germany and the provinces on this side the sea.

The practice of "powwowing," or driving away disease by incantation, is said to have been in vogue for ages among the German people. And in our valleys to-day the "powwow-doctors" still repeat over many bedsides the mysterious formulas which have been handed down from generation to generation. Old women seem generally to be "blessed with the gift," and marvellous is the faith in their powers. A general condition of success is that they charge nothing for their services. This is laudable, indeed, but it is usually counterbalanced by the fact that they board for days at a time in the patient's house while they mutter their incantations over him. But the school is slowly driving the "powwow-doctor" farther and farther into the woods. Education is bringing to simple minds doubts as to their powers, and it is not unusual to see them mumbling their charmed words over limbs bandaged by modern surgery.

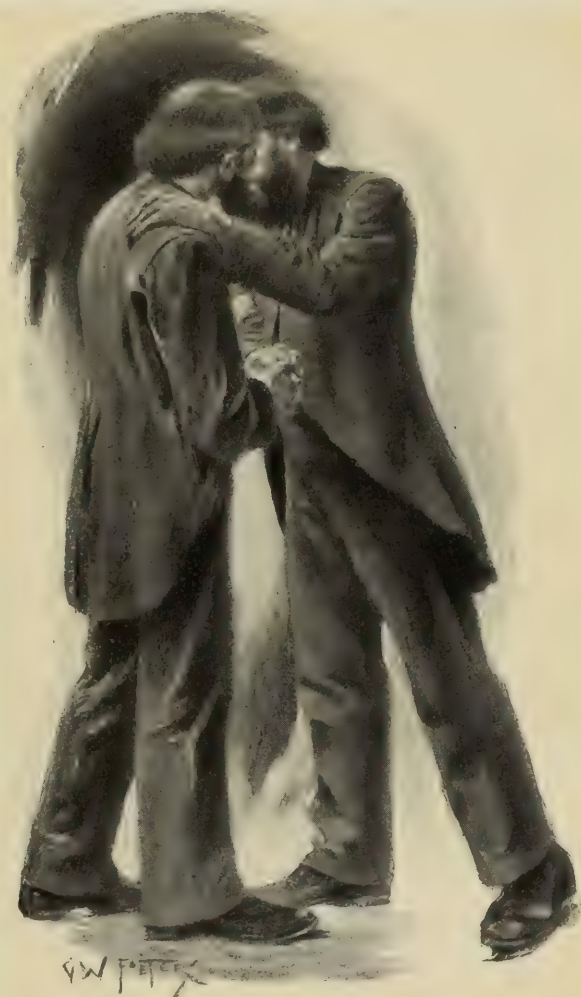
Even the apple-butter, Pennsylvania's great staple, is influenced by the movements of the heavenly bodies, for we must pick our apples when "the moon is wet," when its horns are turned up so the old Indian can hang a bucket on them. The apples will be juicy then, and we shall get

a good barrel of cider from every twelve bushels. Every drop counts during a boiling, for we are going to boast to our neighbors about how much our apples yield. That is an important topic of conversation. It is a point on which comparisons can be made as well as on the weight of hogs at butchering-time.

These "b'ilin's" are great occasions in our valley. When old Joe Dumble and his missus have fixed their date, the neighbors know it. It would be almost a breach of etiquette for any other person within a mile to choose the same day. But the Dumbles doubly preëempt it by borrowing all the cop-

per kettles in the neighborhood. The Dumbles "make" on Tuesday; they "boil" on Wednesday. It is announced, and those two days are given to the Dumbles. The first is passed by the men of the family gathering the apples and making cider; the women "schnitz." A great social occasion is a "schnitzin'," when the sisters sit through a whole afternoon paring apples and gossiping, until they have filled several large tubs with the white fruit ready for the boiling.

The Dumbles are up early next day. They are out early every morning, and the sun generally finds them through breakfast when he appears on the scene. But when



The Kiss of Peace.

one is going to boil, an extra good start is needed. Two great copper kettles full of cider are rigged over a fire behind the summer kitchen, and the tedious operation of "boiling down" is begun. By and by the neighbors begin dropping in again. There is Mrs. Andy Hooker from up the pike, who has come to help finish the "schnitz-in'," and has brought her man along to lend a hand at the stirrer; there is Dimple's wife's cousin and her aunt from over

members that he has some chores to do at the barn, and Mrs. Andy Hooker's man finds himself attached to the stirrer, with the women ever at hand to see that he never lags. Thicker and thicker and blacker and blacker turns the butter. The sun is low when the last apples disappear into the sticky, bubbling, steaming mass, but there are hours yet of stirring. It is long work, this boiling.

Darkness comes. Often when driving



The Sister House and its Saal, or Prayer-hall, and the Brother House.

the ridge, and a parcel of sisters from the adjoining places and the village. Brother Matthias Zook, who rents out his farm for the half and so has his whole time to himself, drops in to get a drink of cider, stays to dinner, and lingers on till the stirring begins. Then he disappears.

All morning long and well into the afternoon the cider boils until where there were three barrels now there is one big copper kettle full. The momentous hour has arrived when the "schnitz" must be tumbled in, bucketful by bucketful, and stirred into the steaming juice. It is a dreadful operation, this stirring, for to grasp the long handle that guides the wooden paddle about the kettle is like seizing an electric wire. Much as it hurts, you can't let go. The fire may blaze until you are blistering; though arms ache and legs totter, the stirrer must be kept moving, for let it rest one moment and the kettle will burn. And a good copper kettle is worth twenty dollars! So Dimple re-

through our valley on autumn nights we burst upon these scenes that for the moment recall the weird sisters in "Macbeth." About the great caldron, in the glare of the blazing logs, we see the hooded sisters, moving to and fro, into the light and out again. But what might seem the incantations of the witches over the hell-broth is really a hurried test of its thickness. The figure that sweeps from the darkness into the fire-lit circle with hands outstretched is not about to toss into the kettle the "eye of newt" or the "toe of frog." It is Mrs. Andy Hooker and her contribution to the butter, a half pound of cinnamon. She disappears again. Now comes the second witch, swinging across the glowing cavern, in the person of Mrs. Dimple, who waddles up to the caldron and flings into it not the "nose of a Turk" nor "a Tartar's lips," but a bucketful of sugar.

Double, double toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and caldron bubble.



These "b'ilins" are great occasions in our valley.—Page 525.

We doubt if "all" are repeating the weird incantation, but in the fat, dim outline against the black night we can see one who possibly feels it. This is Mrs. Andy Hooker's man at the end of the stirrer. It is late before he is freed from that dreadful burden, for they make the gruel "thick and slab," black and fragrant, all the virtues of the orchard boiled down into a few stone crocks.

The brethren and the sisters have few social gatherings, so the apple-butter boiling, the barn-raising, or the quilting is an occasion of importance. It is upon their

religious festivals and the meeting-house that they depend largely for their broader intercourse, for they usually shun the great county gatherings, the dances and the picnics, in conformity with their rule of keeping apart from the world. That they will be able to continue thus seems doubtful. Here and there in the meeting-houses a light blue calico dress beneath a gray bonnet, or a high, shining celluloid collar showing above a Dunker coat gives a hint that the world is closing in on them. It is pleasant, however, to see how tenaciously they do cling to their old customs.

Some of the Mennonites have drifted far from the rules of their fathers in the matter of conformity with the world, but they retain their quaint church discipline. For example, all the branches still choose their ministers by lot. The Dunkers select theirs by a general vote, but the Mennonite fulfils the law as he can best interpret it (Acts i. 23-26). When a preacher is to be chosen the members of the congregation suggest those whom they wish to see ordained. The men thus named are called at a fixed time before the bishop and the other preachers. The bishop places in front of them a number of books in one of which is a slip of paper. The brother who draws that book is at once ordained.

The lot falls in strange places sometimes. They get some odd preachers that way, but none who are ever likely to split the church in a controversy over higher criticism.

"There are no mysteries in the Bible," I heard a venerable bishop say to his people one day last summer. He leaned over the rough table that served him as a pulpit and added, with greater emphasis, "God never made no mysteries." There was a pause, as he straightened up, and his thoughts seemed to wander far away, for he was looking at the ceiling. He came back again, though, and in the tone of one thoroughly convinced of the truth of what

he was saying, he declared : "But, brethren, there are some tight p'int's."

Tight p'int's? Brother, avoid them ! Already we see, worming its way with your simple brain, the bacillus of higher criticism. Crush it. For in the "tight p'int" is the ruthless enemy of the broad-brimmed hat and the scoop bonnet ; the reviler of the almanac ; the boon companion of the worldly button ; the careless artist who will whiten over the cerulean gates ; the talented musician who will sneer out of your hymn-books the old buckwheat note, with its memories of harmonious discord. And we, even the unregenerate of the valley, who sing our songs of praise to the melodeon's accompaniment and listen to the discourses of a hireling ministry—even we should miss the Sunday procession across the ridges. The old Dunker sleigh, with its high back, or the rockaway, with its mud-coated curtains and the monstrous fat horse, the blue gate and the long, low meeting-house are as much a part of our landscape as the lone pine in the clearing and the gap in the mountain, where we can look into the home of the rattler and the bear.

Tight p'int's? Friend, watch where you wander ! For we who have known you would cry with the preacher at the love-feast, "Let the young brethren be as the old brethren, and the young sisters as the old sisters."



A Dunker Girl in the Fields.

THE FORTUNES OF OLIVER HORN

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH

ILLUSTRATION BY WALTER APPLETON CLARK

CHAPTER I

THE OLD HOUSE IN KENNEDY SQUARE

KENNEDY SQUARE, in the late fifties, was a place of birds and trees and flowers ; of rude stone benches, sagging arbors smothered in vines and cool dirt-paths bordered by sweet-smelling box. Giant magnolias filled the air with fragrance, and climbing roses played hide and seek among the railings of the rotting fence. Along the shaded walks laughing boys and girls romped all day, with hoop and ball, attended by old black mammies in white aprons and gayly colored bandannas. In the more secluded corners, sheltered by protecting shrubs, happy lovers sat and talked, tired wayfarers rested with hats off, and staid old gentlemen read by the hour, their noses in their books.

Outside of all this color, perfume, and old-time charm ; outside the grass-line and the rickety wooden fence that framed them all in, ran an uneven pavement splashed with cool shadows and stained with green mould.

Here, in summer, the watermelon-man stopped his cart ; and here, in winter, upon its broken bricks, old Moses unhooked his bucket of oysters and ceased for a moment his droning call.

On the shady side of the square, and half hidden in ivy, was a Noah's Ark church, topped by a quaint belfry holding a bell that had not rung for years and faced by a clock-dial all weather-stains and cracks around which travelled a single rusty hand.

In its shadow to the right lay the home of the Archdeacon, a stately mansion with Corinthian columns reaching to the roof and surrounded by a spacious garden filled with damask roses and bushes of sweet syringa. To the left crouched a row of dingy houses built of brick, their iron balconies hung in flowering vines, the win-

dows glistening with panes of wavy glass purpled by age.

On the sunny side of the square, opposite the church, were more houses, high and low ; one all garden filled with broken-nosed statues hiding behind still more magnolias and another all veranda and honeysuckle, big rocking-chairs and swinging hammocks ; and still others with porticos curtained by white jasmine or Virginia creeper.

Half way down this stretch of sunshine—and what a lovely stretch it was—there had stood for years, beneath a tall sycamore that spread its branches far across the street, a venerable mansion with high chimneys, sloping roof, and quaint dormer windows. Two white marble steps guarded by old-fashioned iron railings led up to the front door, which bore on its face a silver-plated knocker, inscribed in letters of black with the name of its owner—"Richard Horn." All three, the door, the white marble steps, and the silver-plated knocker—not to forget the round silver knobs ornamenting the newel, posts of the railings—were kept as bright as the rest of the family plate by that most loyal of servants, old Malachi, who daily soused the steps with soap and water, and then brought to a phenomenal polish the knocker, bell-pull, and knobs by means of fuller's-earth, turpentine, hard breathing and the vigorous use of a buckskin rag.

If this weazened-faced, bald-headed old ducky, resplendent in white shirt-sleeves, green baize apron, and his never-ceasing smile of welcome, happened to be engaged in this cleansing and polishing process—and it occurred every morning—and saw any friend of his master approaching, he would begin removing his pail and brushes and throwing wide the white door before the visitor reached the house, would there await his coming, bent double in profound salutation. Indeed, whenever Malachi had charge of the front steps he seldom stood

upright, so constantly was he occupied—by reason of his master's large acquaintance—in either crooking his back in the beginning of a bow, or straightening it up in the ending of one. To one and all inquiries for Mr. Horn his answer during the morning hours was invariably the same:

"Yes, sah, Marse Richard's in his li'l room wrastlin' wid his machine, I reckon. He's in dar now, sah—" this with another low bow, and then slowly recovering his perpendicular with eyes fixed on the retreating figure, so as to be sure there was no further need of his services, he would resume his work drenching the steps again with soap-suds or rubbing away on the door-plate or door-pull, stopping every other moment to blow his breath on the polished surface.

When, however, someone asked for young Oliver, the inventor's only son, the reply was by no means so definite, although the smile was a trifle broader and the bow, if anything, a little more profound.

"Marse Oliver, did you say, sah? Dat's a difficult question, sah. Fo' Gawd I ain't seen him since breakfas'. You might look into Jedge Elliott's office if you is gwine downtown, whar dey do say he's studyin' law, an' if he ain't dar—an' I reckon he ain't—den you might drap in on Mister Crocker, whar Marse Oliver's paintin' dem pictures; an' if he ain't dar, den fo-sho he's wid some o' de young ladies, but which one de Lawd only knows. Marse Oliver's like the rabbit, sah—he don't leab no tracks," and Malachi would hold his sides in a chuckle of so suffocating a nature that it would have developed into apoplexy in a less wrinkled and emaciated person.

Inside of the front door of this venerable mansion ran a wide hall bare of everything but a solid mahogany hat-rack and table with glass mirror and heavy haircloth settee, over which, suspended from the ceiling, hung a curious eight-sided lantern, its wick replaced with a modern gas-burner. Above were the bed-rooms, reached by a curved staircase guarded by spindling mahogany bannisters with slender handrail—a staircase so pure in style and of so distinguished an air that only maidens in gowns and slippers should have tripped down its steps, and only cavaliers in silk

stockings and perukes have waited below for their hands.

Level with the bare hall, opened two highly polished mahogany doors, which led respectively into the drawing-room and library; their windows draped in red damask and their walls covered with family portraits. All about these rooms stood sofas studded with brass nails, big easy-chairs upholstered in damask and small tables piled high with magazines and papers. Here and there, between the windows, towered a bookcase crammed with well-bound volumes reaching clear to the ceiling. In the centre of each room was a broad mantel sheltering an open fireplace, and on cold days—and there were some pretty cold days about Kennedy Square—two roaring wood fires dispensed comfort, the welcoming blaze of each reflected in the shining brass fire-irons and fenders.

Adjoining the library was the dining-room with its well-rubbed mahogany table, straight-backed chairs and old side-board laden with family silver, besides a much-coveted mahogany cellaret containing some of that very rare Madeira for which the host was famous. Here were more easy-chairs and more portraits—one of Major Horn, who fell at Yorktown, in cocked hat and epaulets, and two others in mob caps and ruffles—both ancient grandmothers of long ago.

The "li'l room ob Marse Richard," to which in the morning Malachi directed all his master's visitors, was in an old-fashioned one-story out-house, with a sloping roof, that nestled under the shade of a big tulip-tree in the back yard—a cool, damp, brick-paved old yard, shut in between high walls mantled with ivy and Virginia creeper and capped by rows of broken bottles sunk in mortar. This out-building had once served as servants' quarters, and it still had the open fireplace and broad hearth before which many a black mammy had toasted the toes of her pickaninnies, as well as the trap-door in the ceiling leading to the loft where they had slept. Two windows which peered out from under bushy eyebrows of tangled honeysuckle gave the only light. A green-painted wooden door, which swung level with the moist bricks, gave the only entrance.

It was at this green-painted wooden door that you would have had to knock

to find the man of all others about Kennedy Square most beloved, and the man of all others least understood—Richard Horn, the distinguished inventor.

Perhaps at the first rap he would have been too absorbed to hear you. He would have been bending over his carpenter bench—his deep, thoughtful eyes fixed on a drawing spread out before him, the shavings pushed back to give him room, a pair of compasses held between his fingers. Or he might have been raking the coals of his forge—set up in the same fireplace that had warmed the toes of the pickaninnies, his long red calico working-gown, which clung about his spare body, tucked between his knees to keep it from the blaze. Or he might have been stirring a pot of glue—a wooden model in his hand—or hammering away on some bit of hot iron, the brown paper cap that hid his sparse gray locks pushed down over his broad forehead to protect it from the heat.

When, however, his ear had caught the tap of your knuckles and he had thrown wide the green door, what a welcome would have awaited you! How warm the grasp of his fine old hand; how cordial his greeting.

"Disturb me, my dear fellow," he would have said in answer to your apologies, "that's what I was put in the world for. I love to be disturbed. Please do it every day. Come in! Come in! It's delightful to get hold of your hand."

If you were his friend, and most men who knew him were, he would have slipped his arm through yours, and after a brief moment you would have found yourself poring over a detailed plan, his arm still in yours, while he showed you the outline of some pin, or wheel, or pulley needed to perfect the most marvellous of all discoveries of modern times: his new galvanic motor.

If it were your first visit, and he had touched in you some sympathetic chord, he would have uncovered a nondescript combination of glass jars, horseshoe magnets, and copper wires which lay in a curious shaped box beneath one of the windows, and in a voice trembling with emotion as he spoke, he would have explained to you the value of this or that lever, and its necessary relation to this new invention of his which was so soon to

revolutionize the motive power of the world. Or he would perhaps have talked to you as he did to me, of his theories and beliefs and of what he felt sure the future would bring forth.

"The days of steam-power are already numbered. I may not live to see it, but you will. This new force is almost within my grasp. I know people laugh, but so they have always done. All inventors who have benefited mankind have first been received with ridicule. I can expect no better treatment. But I have no fear of the result. The steady destruction of our forests and the eating up of our coal-fields must throw us back on chemistry for our working power. There is only one solution of this problem—it lies in the employment of a force which this machine will compel to our uses. I have not perfected the apparatus yet, as you see, but it is only a question of time. To-morrow, perhaps, or next week, or next year—but it will surely come. See what Charles Bright and this Mr. Cyrus Field are accomplishing. If it astonishes you to realize that we will soon talk to each other across the ocean, why should the supplanting of steam by a new motive power seem so extraordinary?"

And while he talked you would have listened with your eyes and ears wide open, and your heart too, and believed every word he said, no matter how practical you might have been or how unwilling at first to be convinced.

On another day perhaps you might have chanced to knock at his door when some serious complication had vexed him—a day when the cogs and pulleys upon which he had depended for certain demonstration had become so tangled up in his busy brain that he had thoughts for nothing else. Then, had he pushed back his green door to receive you, his greeting might have been as cordial and his welcome as hearty, but before long you would have found his eyes gazing into vacancy while you questioned him, or he would have stopped half way in an answer to your question, his thoughts far away. Had you loved him you would then have closed the green door behind you and left him alone. Had you remained you would, perhaps, have seen him spring from his seat and pick up from his work-

bench some unfinished fragment. This he would have plunged into the smouldering embers of his forge and, entirely forgetful of your presence, he would have seized the handle of the bellows, his eyes intent on the brightening blaze, his lips muttering broken sentences. At these moments, as he would peer into the curling smoke, one thin hand upraised, the long calico gown wrinkling about his spare body, the paper cap on his head, he would have looked like some alchemist of old, or weird necromancer weaving a mystic spell. Sometimes, as you watched his face, with the glow of the coals lighting up his earnest eyes, there would have flashed across his troubled features, as heat lightning illumines a cloud, some sudden brightness from within followed by a quick smile of triumph. The rebellious fragment had been mastered. For the hundredth time the great motor was a success !

And yet, had this very pin or crank or cog, on which he had set such store, refused the next hour or day or week to do its work, no trace of his disappointment would have been found in his face or speech. His faith was always supreme ; his belief in himself unshaken. If the pin or crank would not answer, the lever or pulley would. It was the "adjustment" that was at fault, not the principle. And so the dear old man would work on, week after week, only to abandon his results again and with equal cheerfulness and enthusiasm begin upon another appliance totally unlike any other he had tried before. "It was only a mile-stone," he would always say ; "every one that I pass brings me so much nearer the end."

If you had been only a stranger—some *savant*, for instance, who wanted a problem in mechanics solved, or a professor, blinded by the dazzling light of the almost daily discoveries of the time in search of mental ammunition to fire back at curious students daily bombarding him with puzzling questions ; or had you been a thrifty capitalist, holding back a first payment until an expert like Richard Horn had passed upon the merits of some new labor-saving device of the day ; had you been any one of these, and you might very easily have been, for such persons came almost daily to see him, the inventor would not only have listened to your wants, no matter

how absorbed he might have been in his own work, but he would not have allowed you to leave him until he was sure that your mind was at rest.

Had you, however, been neither friend nor client, but some unbeliever fresh from the gossip of the Club, where many of the *habitués* not only laughed at the inventor's predictions for the future, but often lost their tempers in discussing his revolutionary ideas ; or had you, in a spirit of temerity entered his room armed with arguments for his overthrow, nothing that your good breeding or the lack of it would have permitted you to have said could have ruffled his gentle spirit. With the tact of a man of wide experience among men, he would have turned the talk into another channel, music or some other current topic, and all with such exquisite grace that you would have forgotten the subject you came to discuss until you found yourself outside the yard and half way across Kennedy Square before realizing that the inventor had made no reply to your attacks.

But whoever you might have been, whether the friend of years, the anxious client, or the trifling unbeliever, and whatever the purpose of your visit, whether to shake his hand again for the very delight of touching it, to seek advice, or to combat his theories, you would have carried away the impression of a man whose like you had never met before : A man who spoke in a low, gentle voice and yet with an authority that compelled attention ; enthusiastic over the things he loved, silent over those that pained him ; a scholar of wide learning, yet skilled in the use of tools that obeyed him as readily as nimble fingers do a hand ; a philosopher eminently sane on most of the accepted theories of the day and yet equally insistent in his support of many of the supposed sophistries and so-called "fanaticisms of the hour" ; an old-time aristocrat holding fast to the class distinctions of his ancestors and yet glorying in the dignity of personal labor ; a patriot loyal to the traditions of his State and yet so opposed to the bondage of men and women that he had freed his own slaves the day his father's will was read ; a cavalier reverencing a woman as sweetheart, wife, and mother, and yet longing for the time to come when she too could make a career,

now denied her, coequal with that of the man beside her.

A composite personality of strange contradictions ; of pronounced accomplishments and yet of equally pronounced failures. And yet, withal, a man so gracious, so courtly in bearing, so helpful in speech, so rational, human and lovable, that agree with him or not as you pleased, his vision would have lingered with you for days.

When night came the inventor would rake the coals from the forge, and laying aside his paper cap and calico gown, close the green door of his shop, cross the brick pavement of the back yard, and mount the stairs with the spindling bannisters to his dressing-room. Here Malachi would have laid out the black swallow-tail coat with the high velvet collar, trousers to match, double-breasted waistcoat with gilt buttons, and fluffy cravat of white silk.

Then, while his master was dressing, the old servant would slip down-stairs and begin arranging the several rooms for the evening's guests—for there were always guests at night. The red damask curtains would be drawn close ; the hearth swept clean, and fresh logs thrown on the andirons. The lamp in the library would be lighted, and his master's great easy-chair wheeled close to a low table piled high with papers and magazines, his big-eyed reading-glasses within reach of his hand. The paper would be unfolded, aired at the snapping blaze, and hung over the arm of the chair. Then the old servant, with a last satisfied glance about the room, would betake himself to the foot of the staircase to await his master's coming, glancing overhead at every sound, and ready to conduct him, when he came, to his chair by the fire.

Whenever Richard appeared at the top of the stairs, Malachi would stand until his master had reached the bottom step, wheel about, and, with head up, gravely and noiselessly precede him into the drawing-room—the only time he ever dared to walk before him—and with a wave of the hand and the air of a prince presenting one of his palaces, would say—"Yo' char's all ready, Marse Richard ; bright fire burnin'." Adding, with a low, sweeping bow, now that the ceremony was over—"Hope yo're feelin' fine dis evenin', sah."

He had said it hundreds of times in the

course of the year, but always with a salutation that was a special tribute, and always with the same low bow, as he gravely pulled out the chair, puffing up the back cushion, his wrinkled hands resting on it until Richard had taken his seat. Then, with equal gravity, he would hand his master the evening paper and the big-bowed spectacles, and would stand gravely by until Richard had dismissed him with a gentle "Thank you, Malachi ; that will do." And Malachi, with the serene, uplifted face as of one who had served in a temple, would tiptoe out to his pantry.

It had gone on for years—this waiting for Richard at the foot of the staircase. Malachi had never missed a night when his master was at home. It was not his duty—not a part of the *régime* of the old house. No other family servant about Kennedy Square performed a like service for master or mistress. It was not even a custom of the times.

It was only one of "Malachi's ways," Richard would say, with a gentle smile quivering about his lips.

"I do dat 'cause it's Marse Richard—dat's all," Malachi would answer, drawing himself up with the dignity of a chamberlain serving a king, when someone had the audacity to question him—a liberty he always resented.

They had been boys together—these two. They had fished and hunted and robbed birds' nests and gone swimming with each other. They had fought for each other, and been whipped for each other many and many a time in the old plantation days. Night after night in the years that followed they had sat by each other when one or the other was ill.

And now that each was an old man the mutual service was still continued.

"How are you getting on now, Malachi—better? Ah, that's good—" and the master's thin white hand would be laid on the black wrinkled head with a soothing touch.

"Allus feels better, Marse Richard, when I kin git hold ob yo' han', sah—" Malachi would answer.

Not his slave, remember. Not so many pounds of human flesh and bone and brains condemned to his service for life ; for Malachi was free to come and go and had been so privileged since the day the

old Horn estate had been settled twenty years before, when Richard had given him his freedom with the other slaves that fell to his lot; not that kind of a servitor at all, but his comrade, his chum, his friend; the one man, black as he was, in all the world who in laying down his life for him would but have counted it as gain.

Just before tea Mrs. Horn, with a thin gossamer shawl about her shoulders, would come down from her bed-room above and join her husband. Then young Oliver himself would come bounding in, always a little late, but always with his face aglow and always bubbling over with laughter, until Malachi, now that the last member of the family was at home, would throw open the mahogany doors and high tea would be served in the dining-room on the well-rubbed, unclothed mahogany table, the plates, forks, and saucers under Malachi's manipulations touching the polished wood as noiselessly as falling leaves.

Tea served and over, Malachi would light the candles in the big, cut-glass chandelier in the front parlor—the especial pride of the hostess, it having hung in her father's house in Virginia.

After this he would retire once more to his pantry, this time to make ready for some special function to follow; for every evening at the Horn mansion had its separate festivity. On Mondays small card-tables that unfolded or let down or evolved from half moons into circles, their tops covered with green cloth, were pulled out or moved around so as to form the centres of cosey groups, some extra sticks of hickory would be brought in and piled on the andirons, and the huge library table, always covered with the magazines of the day—*Littell's*, *Westminster*, *Blackwood's*, and the *Scientific Review*, would be pushed back against the wall to make room.

On Wednesdays there would be a dinner at six o'clock, served without pretense or culinary assistance from the pastry cook outside—even the ices were prepared at home. To these dinners any distinguished strangers who were passing through the city were sure to be invited. Malachi in his time had served many famous men—Charles Dickens, Ole Bull, Macready, and once the great Mr. Thackeray himself with a second glass of "that pale sherry, if you please," and at the

great man's request, too. An appreciation which, in the case of Mr. Thackeray, had helped to mollify Malachi's righteous wrath over the immortal novelist's ignorance of Southern dishes:

"Dat fat gemman wid de gold specs dat dey do say is so mighty great, ain't eat nuffin yet but soup an' a li'l mite o' tater," he said to Aunt Hannah on one of his trips to the kitchen as dinner went on. "He let dat tar'pin an' dem ducks go by him same as dey was pizen. But I lay he knows 'bout dat ole yaller sherry," and Malachi chuckled. "He keeps a' retchin' fur dat decanter as if he was 'feared somebody'd git it fust."

On Friday there was invariably a musicale—generally a quartette with a few connoisseurs to listen and to criticise. Then the piano would be drawn out from its corner and the lid propped up, so that Max Unger of the "Harmonie" could find a place for his 'cello behind it, and there would still be room for the inventor with his violin—a violin with a tradition, for Ole Bull had once played on it and in that same room, too, and had said it had the soul of a Cremona—which was quite true when Richard Horn touched its strings.

On all the other nights of the week Mrs. Horn was at home to all who came. Some gentle old lady from across the Square, perhaps, in lace caps and ribbons, with a work-basket filled with fancy crewels, and whose big son came at nine o'clock to take her home; or Oliver's young friends, boys and girls; or old Doctor Wallace, full of the day's gossip; or Miss Lavinia Clendenning, with news of the latest Assembly; or Nathan Gill with his flute.

But then it was Nathan always, whatever the occasion. From the time Malachi unlocked the front doors in the morning until he bolted them for the night, Nathan came and went. The brick pavements were worn smooth, the neighbors said, between the flute-player's humble lodgings in a side street and the Horn house, so many trips a day did the old man make. People smiled at him as he hurried along, his head bent forward, his long pen-wiper cloak reaching to his heels, a wide-brimmed Quaker hat crowning his head.

And always whenever the night or whatever the function or whoever the guests a particular side-table was moved in from Malachi's pantry and covered with a snow-white cloth which played an important part in the evening's entertainment. This cloth was never empty. Upon its damask surface were laid a pile of India-blue plates and a silver basket of cake, besides a collection of low glass tumblers with little handles, designed to hold various brews of Malachi's own concoctions, which he alone of all the denizens of Kennedy Square could compound, and the secret of which unhappily has perished with him.

And what wondrous aromas, too !

You may not believe it, but I assure you, on the honor of a Virginian, that for every one of these different nights in the old house on Kennedy Square there were special savory odors emanating from these brews, which settled at once and beyond question the precise function of the evening, and all before you could hand your hat to Malachi. If, for instance, as the front door was opened the aroma was one of hot coffee and the dry smell of fresh wafer-biscuit mingled with those of a certain brand of sherry, then it was always to be plain whist in the parlor, with perhaps only Colonel Clayton and Miss Clendenning or some one of the old ladies of the neighborhood, to hold hands in a rubber. If the fumes of apple-toddy mingled with the fragrance of toasted apples were wafted your way, you might be sure that Max Unger, and perhaps Bobbinette, second violin, and Nathan—whatever the function it was always Nathan, it must be remembered—and a few kindred spirits who loved good music were expected ; and at the appointed hour Malachi, his hands encased in white cotton gloves, would enter with a flourish, and would graciously beg leave to pass, the huge bowl held high above his head filled to the brim with smoking apple-toddy, the little pip-pins browned to a turn floating on its top.

If the occasion was one of great distinction, one that fell on Christmas or on New Year's, or which celebrated some important family gathering, the pungent odor of eggnog would have greeted you even before you could have slipped off your gum-shoes in the hall, or hung your coat on the mahogany rack. This seductive

concoction—the most potent of all Malachi's beverages—was always served from a green and gold Chinese bowl, and drunk not from the customary low tumblers, but from special Spode cups, and I must confess it was productive of a head—for I myself was once tempted to drink a bumper of it at this most delightful of houses with young Oliver, many years ago, it is true, but I have never forgotten it—productive of an *aching* head, I think I said, that felt as big in the morning as the Canton bowl in which the mixture had been brewed.

Or, if none of these functions or festivals were taking place, and only one or two old cronies had dropped in on their way from the Club, and had drawn up their chairs close to the dining-room table, and you had happened to be hanging up your hat in the hall at that moment, you would have been conscious of an aroma as delicate in flavor as that wafted across summer seas from far-off tropic isles, of pomegranates, if you will, ripening by crumbling walls ; of purple grapes drinking in the sun, of pine and hemlock ; of sweet spices and the scent of roses, or any other combination of delightful things which the excited imagination might suggest.

You would have known then just what had taken place ; how, when the gentlemen were seated, Malachi in his undress blue coat and brass buttons had approached his master noiselessly from behind, and with a gravity that befitted the occasion had bent low his head, his hands behind his back, his head turned on one side, and in a hushed voice had asked this most portentous question :

"Which Madeira, Marse Richard?"

The only answer would have been a lifting of the eyebrow and an imperceptible nod of his master's head in the direction of the mahogany cellaret.

Malachi understood.

It was the Tiernan of '29.

And that worthy "Keeper of the Privy Seal and Key," pausing for an instant with his brown jug of a head bent before the cellaret, as a Mohammedan bends his head before a wall facing Mecca, had thereupon unlocked its secret chambers and had produced a low, deeply cut decanter topped by a wondrous glass stop-

per. This he had placed, with conscious importance, on a small table before the two or three devotees gathered together in its honor, and the host removing the stopper had filled the slender glasses with a vintage that had twice rounded the Cape—a wine, of such rare lineage and flavor that those who had the honor of its acquaintance always spoke of it as one of the most precious possessions of the town—a wine, too, of so delicate an aroma that those within the charmed circle invariably lifted the thin glasses and dreamily inhaled its perfume before they granted their palates a drop.

Ah, those marvellous, unforgettable aromas that come to me out of the long ago with all the reminders they bring of clink of glass and touch of elbow, of happy boys and girls and sweet old faces. It is forty years since they greeted my nostrils in the cool, bare, uncurtained hall of the old house in Kennedy Square, but they are still fresh in my memory. Sometimes it is the fragrance of newly made gingerbread, or the scent of creamy custard with just a suspicion of peach kernels; sometimes it is the scent of fresh strawberries—strawberries that meant the spring, not the hot-house or Bermuda—and sometimes it is the smell of roasted oysters or succulent canvas-backs! Forty years ago—and yet even to-day the perfume of a roasted apple never greets me but I stand once more in the old-fashioned room listening to the sound of Nathan's flute; I see again the stately, gray-haired, high-bred mistress of the mansion with her kindly greeting, as she moves among her guests; I catch the figure of that old darky with his brown, bald head and the little tufts of gray wool fringing its sides, as he shuffles along in his blue coat and baggy white waistcoat and much-too-big gloves, and I hear the very tones of his voice as he pushes his seductive tray before me and whispers, confidentially:

"Take a li'l ob de apple, sah; dat's whar de real 'spression ob de toddy is."

II

STRAINS FROM NATHAN'S FLUTE

It was one of those Friday evenings, then, when the smell of roast apples steeping in hot toddy came wafting from out the

portals of Malachi's pantry—a smell of such convincing pungency that even the most infrequent of frequenters having once inhaled it, would have known at the first whiff that some musical function was in order. The night was to be one of unusual interest.

Nathan Gill and Max Unger were expected, and Miss Lavinia Clendenning, completing with Richard a quartette for 'cello, flute, piano and violin, for which Unger had arranged Beethoven's Overture to "Fidelio."

Nathan, of course, arrived first. On ordinary occasions another of those quaint ceremonies for which the house was famous would always take place when the old flute-player entered the drawing-room—a ceremony which brought a smile to the lips of those who had watched it for years and which to this day brings one to those who remember it. Nathan, with a look of quizzical anxiety on his pinched face, would tiptoe cautiously into the room, peering about him to make sure of Richard's presence, his thin, almost transparent fingers outspread to show Richard that they were empty. Richard would step forward and, with a tone of assumed solicitude in his voice, would say:

"Don't tell me, Nathan, that you have forgotten your flute?" and Nathan, pausing for a moment, would suddenly break into a smile and with a queer little note of surprise in his throat, and a twinkle in his eye, would make answer by slowly drawing from his coat-tail pocket the three unjointed pieces, holding them up with an air of triumph and slowly putting them together. Then these two old "Merry-Andrews" would lock arms and stroll into the library, laughing like school-boys.

To-night, however, as Nathan had been specially invited to play, this little ceremony was omitted. On entering the hall the musician gave his long, black, pen-wiper cloak and his hat to Malachi, and supporting himself by his delicate fingers laid flat on the hall table, extended first one thin leg, and then the other, while that obsequious darky unbuttoned his gaiters. His feet free, he straightened himself up, pulled the precious flute from his coat-tail pocket and carefully joined the parts. This done he gave a look into the hall mirror, puffed out his scarf, combed his straight

white hair forward over his ears with his fingers, and at Malachi's announcement glided through the open doorway to Mrs. Horn's chair, the flute in his hand held straight out as an orator would have held his roll.

The hostess, who had been sitting by the fire, her white gossamer shawl about her spare shoulders, rose from her high-backed chair and laying aside her knitting-needles and wools greeted the musician with as much cordiality—and it must be confessed with as much ceremony—as if she had not seen him a dozen times that week. One of the charms of the Horn mansion lay in just such delightful blendings of affection and formality.

"Am I a little early?" he asked with as much surprise as if he were not as certain to be early when music was concerned as he was to be late in everything else. "Yes, my dear madam—I see that I am early, unless Miss Lavinia is late."

"You never could be too early, Nathan. Lavinia will be here in a moment," she answered, resuming her seat.

"I'm glad that I'm ahead of her for once," he replied, smiling. Then, turning to the inventor, who had come forward from where he had been studying the new score, he laid his hand affectionately on Richard's shoulder, as a boy would have done, and added: "How do you like Unger's new arrangement?—I've been thinking of nothing else all day."

"Capital! Capital!" answered Richard, slipping his arm into Nathan's, and drawing him closer to the piano. "See how he has treated this *adagio* phrase," and he followed the line with his finger, humming the tune to Nathan. "The modulation, you see, is from E Major to A Major, and the flute sustains the melody, the effect is so peculiarly soft and the whole so bright with passages of sunshine all through it—oh, you'll love it."

While these two white-haired enthusiasts with their heads together were studying the score, beating time with their hands, after the manner of experts to whom all the curious jumble of dots and lines that plague so many of us are as plain as print, Malachi was receiving Miss Clendenning in the hall. Indeed, he had answered her knock as Nathan was passing into the drawing-room.

The new arrival bent her neck until Malachi had relieved her of the long hooded cloak, gave a quick stamp with her little feet as she shook out her balloon skirts, and settled herself on the hall settee while Malachi unwound the white worsted "nubia" from her aristocratic throat. This done, she, too, held a short consultation with the hall mirror, smoothing, with her jewelled fingers, the soft hair parted over her forehead, carefully dusting, with her tiny handkerchief, the little pats of powder still left on her cheeks and tightening up the side-combs that kept in place the clusters of short curls which framed her face. Then, with head erect and a gracious recognition of the old servant's ministrations, she floated past Malachi, bent double in her honor.

"Oh, I heard you, Nathan," she laughed, waving her fan toward him as she entered the room. "I'm not one minute late. Did you ever hear such impudence, Sallie, and all because he reached your door one minute before me," she added, stooping over to kiss Mrs. Horn. Punctuality was one of the cardinal virtues of this most distinguished, prim, precise and most lovable of old maids. "You are really getting to be dreadful, Mr. Nathan Gill, and so puffed up—isn't he, Richard?" As she spoke she turned abruptly and faced both gentlemen. Then, with one of her rippling laughs—a laugh that Richard always said reminded him of the notes of a bird—she caught her skirts in her fingers, made the most sweeping of courtesies and held out her hands to the two gentlemen who were crossing the room to meet her.

Richard, with the bow of a Cavalier, kissed the one offered him as gallantly as if she had been a duchess, telling her he had the rarest treat in store for her as soon as Unger came, and Nathan with mock devotion held the other between his two palms, and said that to be scolded by Miss Clendenning was infinitely better than being praised by anybody else. This done, the two old gallants returned to the piano and to a renewed study of the crumpled pages of the score which lay under the soft light of the candles.

While the party waited for Max Unger—not a note could be sounded until he arrived—the room relapsed again into its

wanted quiet, broken by whispered talk. Mrs. Horn began to knit again, while Miss Clendenning stood facing the fire, one foot resting on the fender.

This wee foot of the little lady was the delight and admiration of all the girls about Kennedy Square, and of many others across the seas, too—men and women for that matter. To-night it was encased in a black satin slipper and in a white spider-web stocking, about which was crossed two narrow black ribbons tied in a bow around the ankle. Nothing could be too fine or too costly to clothe this dainty old maid, with her stiff starched petticoats bescalloped and belaced, her trim figure filling out her soft white fichu.

There was that subtlety of charm about her which had played havoc with more than one heart in her day. Only Sallie Horn, who had all the dear woman's secrets, knew where those little feet had stepped and what hopes they had crushed. Or why the delicate finger was still bare of a plain gold ring. The world never thought it had made any difference to Miss Lavinia, but then the world had never peeped under the lower lid of Miss Clendenning's heart.

Suddenly the hushed quiet of the room was broken by a loud knock at the front door, or rather by a series of knocks, so quick and sharp that Malachi started from his pantry on the double quick.

"That must be Max," said Richard. "Now, Lavinia, we will move the piano, so as to give you more room."

Mrs. Horn pushed back her chair, rose to her feet, and stood waiting to receive the noted 'cellist, and Miss Clendenning took her foot from the fender and dropped her skirts.

But it was not Max!

Not wheezy, perspiring old Max Unger after all, walking into the room mopping his face and lugging his big 'cello, embalmed in a green baize bag, as was his custom—he would never let Malachi touch it—not Max, but a fresh, rosy-cheeked young fellow of twenty-two, who came bounding in, tossing his hat to Malachi—a well-knit, muscular young fellow, with a mouth full of white teeth and a broad brow projecting over two steel-blue eyes snapping with fun.

With his coming the quiet of the room departed and a certain breezy atmosphere

filled the room as would a gust of cool wind, and with him, too, came a hearty, whole-souled joyousness—a joyousness of so sparkling and so radiant a kind that it seemed as if all the sunshine he had breathed for twenty years in Kennedy Square had been somehow packed away in his boyish veins.

"Oh, here you are, you dear Miss Lavinia," he cried out, his breath half gone from his dash across the square. "How did you get here first?"

"On my two feet, you stupid Oliver," cried Miss Lavinia, shaking her curls at him. "Did you think somebody carried me?"

"No, I didn't; but that wouldn't be much to carry, Miss Midget." His pet name for her. "But which way did you come? I looked up and down every path and——"

"And went all the way round by Sue Clayton's to find me, didn't you? Oh, you can't throw dust in the Midget's eyes, you young rascal!" and she stretched up her two dainty hands, drew his face toward her, and kissed him on the lips.

It was her usual salutation to him. No woman ever hesitated to kiss him if they knew him well enough—he was that kind of a boy. They knew, too, that he could never misjudge any confidence they might give him, nor misconstrue any advances they might make.

"There, you dear Ollie——" and she patted his cheek—"now tell me all about it. What did you want to see me for," she added with one of those quick divinations which made her so helpful a confidante. Then, in a lowered voice—"What has Sue done?"

"Nothing—not one thing. She isn't bothering her head about me. I only stopped there to leave a book, and——"

Mrs. Horn, with laughing, inquiring eyes, looked up from her chair at Miss Clendenning, and made a little doubting sound with her lips. Black-eyed Sue Clayton, with her curls down her back, home from boarding-school for the Easter holidays, was Oliver's latest flame. She loved to tease him about his love-affairs; and she was always happy when he had a new one. She could see farther into his heart she thought when the face of some sweet girl lay mirrored in its depths.

Oliver heard the doubting sound his mother made, and reaching over her chair flung his arms about her neck and kissed her as if she had been a girl.

"Now, don't you laugh, you dear old motherkins," he cried, drawing her nearer to him until her face touched his—he was never so charming as when petting his mother. They were like boy and girl together. "Sue don't care a thing about me, and I *did* promise her the book, and I ran every step of the way to give it to her—didn't I, Uncle Nat?" he added gayly, hoping to divert the topic. "You were behind the sun-dial when I passed—don't you remember?" He shrank a little from the badinage.

The old musician heard the question, but only waved his flute behind him in answer. He did not even lift his head from beside Richard's at the score.

Oliver waited an instant, and getting no further reply released his hold about his mother's neck, now that he had kissed her into silence, and turned to Miss Clendenning again.

"Come, Miss Lavinia—come into the library. I've got something very important to talk to you about. Really, now; no nonsense about it! You've plenty of time—old Max won't be here for an hour, he's always late, isn't he, mother?"

Miss Clendenning turned quietly, lifted her eyes in a martyr-like way at Mrs. Horn, who shook her head playfully in answer, and with Oliver's arm about her slim waist entered the library. She could never refuse any one of the young people when they came to her with their secrets—most important and never-to-be-postponed secrets, of course, that could hardly wait the telling. Her little tea-room across the square, with its red damask curtains, its shiny brass andirons, and easy-chairs and lounges, was really more of a confessional than a boudoir. Many a sorrow had been drowned in the cups of tea that she had served with her own hand in dainty Spode cups, and many a young girl and youth who had entered its cosey interior with heavy hearts had left it with the sunshine of a new hope breaking through their tears. But then everybody knew the bigness of Miss Clendenning's sympathies. It was one of the things they loved her for.

She, of course, knew what the boy wanted now. If it were not to talk about Sue Clayton it was sure to be about some one of the other girls. The young people thought of nothing else but their love-affairs, and talked of nothing else, and the old people loved to live their youth over again in listening. It was one of the traditional customs of Kennedy Square.

Miss Clendenning settled herself in a corner of the haircloth sofa, touched her side-combs with her finger to see that they were in place, tucked a red cushion behind her back, crossed her two little feet on a low stool, the two toes peeping out like the heads of two mice, and taking Oliver's hand in hers said, in her sweet, coaxing voice:

"Now, you dear boy, it is Sue, isn't it?"

"No!"

"Not Sue? Who then?"

"Mr. Crocker."

"What Mr. Crocker?" She arched her eyebrows and looked at him curiously. The name came as a surprise. She knew Mr. Crocker, of course, but she wanted Oliver to describe him. Surely, she thought with a sudden sense of alarm, the boy had not fallen in love with the daughter of that shabby old man.

"Why the landscape painter—the one father knows. I have been taking drawing lessons of him and he says I've got a lot of talent and that all I want is practice. He says that if I begin now and draw from the cast three or four hours a day that by the end of the year I can begin in color; and then I can go to New York and study, and then to Paris."

The little lady scrutinized him from under her eyelids. The boy's enthusiasm always delighted her; she would often forget what he was talking about, so interested was she in following his gestures as he spoke.

"And what then?"

"Why then I can be a painter, of course. Isn't that a great deal better than sitting every day in Judge Ellicott's dingy office reading law books? I hate the law!"

"And you love Mr. Crocker?"

"Yes, don't you?"

"I don't know him, Ollie. Tell me what he is like."

"Well, he isn't young any more. He's about father's age, but he's a splendid old

man, and he's so poor! Nobody buys his pictures, nor appreciates him and, just think, he has to paint portraits and dogs and anything he can get to do. Don't you think that's a shame? Nobody goes to see him but father and Uncle Nat and one or two others. They don't seem to think him a gentleman." He was putting the case so as to enlist all her sympathies at once.

"He has a daughter, hasn't he?" She was probing him quietly and without haste. Time enough for her sympathies to work when she got at the facts.

"Yes, but I don't like her very much, for I don't think she's very good to him." Miss Clendenning smothered a little sigh of relief, there was no danger, thank Heaven, in that direction! What, then, could he want, she thought to herself.

"And he's so different from anybody I ever met," Oliver continued. "He doesn't talk about horses and duck-shooting and politics, or music or cards like everyone you meet, except Daddy, but he talks about pictures and artists and great men. Just think, he was a young student in Düsseldorf for two years, and then he shouldered a knapsack and tramped all through Switzerland, painting as he went, and often paying for his lodgings with his sketches. Then he was in Paris for ever so long and now he is here, where——"

"Where you tell me he is painting dogs for a living," interrupted Miss Clendenning. "Do you think, you young scapegrace, that this would be better than being a lawyer like Judge Ellicott?" and she turned upon him with one of her quick outbursts of mock indignation.

"But I'm not going to paint dogs," he replied, with some impatience. "I am going to paint women, like the Sir Peter Lely that Uncle John Tilghman has. Oh, she's a beauty! I took Mr. Crocker to see her the other day. It had just been brought in from the country, you know. You should have heard him go on. He says there's nobody who can paint a portrait like it nowadays. He raved about her. You know it is Uncle John Tilghman's grandmother when she was a girl." His voice suddenly dropped to a more serious tone as he imparted this last bit of information.

Miss Clendenning knew whose grandmother it was, and knew and loved every

tone in the canvas. It had hung in the Tilghman Manor-House for years and was one of its most precious treasures, but she did not intend to stop and discuss it now.

"Mr. Crocker wants me to copy it just as soon as I draw a little better. Uncle John will let me, I know."

Miss Clendenning tapped her foot in a noiseless tattoo upon the carpet, and for a time looked off into space. She wanted to draw him out, to know from what depth this particular enthusiasm had sprung. She was accustomed to his exuberance of spirits, it was one of the many things she loved him for. If this new craze was but an idle fancy, and he had had many of them, it would wear itself out and the longer they talked about it the better. If, however, it sprang from an inborn taste, and was the first indication of a hitherto undeveloped talent forcing itself to the surface, the situation was one demanding the greatest caution. Twigs like Oliver bent at the wrong time might never straighten out again.

"And why did you come to me about this, Ollie; why don't you talk to your father?"

"I have. He doesn't object. He says that Mr. Crocker is one of the rare men of the time, and that only inexperience among the people here prevents him from being appreciated. That's what he goes to see him for. It isn't father that worries me, it's dear old mother. I know just what she'll say. She's got her heart set on my studying law, and she won't listen to anything else. I wouldn't object to the law if I cared for it, but I don't. That's what makes it come so hard."

"And you want me to speak to your mother?"

"Yes, of course. That's just what I do want you to do. Nobody can help me but you," he cried with that coaxing manner which would have seemed effeminate until one looked at his well-built, muscular body and the firm lines about his mouth. "You tell her of all the painters you knew in London when you lived there, and of what they do and how they are looked up to, and that some of them are gentlemen and not idlers and loafers. Mother will listen to you, I know, and maybe then when I tell her it won't be such a shock to her. Do you know it is

incomprehensible to me, all this contempt for people who don't do just the same things that their grandfathers did. And how do I know, too, that they are right about it all? It seems to me that when a man is *born* a gentleman and *is* a gentleman he can follow any occupation he pleases. Instead of his trade making him respectable he should make *it* so." He spoke with a virility she had never suspected in him before, this boy whom she had held in her arms as a baby and who was still only the boy to her.

"But, Ollie," she interrupted, in some surprise, "you must never forget you are your father's son. No one is absolutely independent in this world, everyone has his family to consider." She was becoming not only interested now, but anxious. Mr. Crocker had evidently been teaching the boy something besides the way to use his pencil. Such democratic ideas were rare in Kennedy Square.

"Yes, I know what you mean." He had sprung from his seat now and was standing over her, she looking up into his face. "You mean that it is all right for me to go into old Mr. Wardell's counting-house because he sells coffee by the cargo, but that I can't take a situation in Griggson's grocery here on the corner because he sells coffee by the pound. You mean, too, that it is possible for a man to be a professor or president of a college and still be a gentleman, but if he teaches in the public school he is done for. You mean, too, that I could slice off a patient's leg and still be invited to Uncle Tilghman's house to dinner, but that if I pulled out his teeth I could only eat in his kitchen."

Miss Clendenning threw back her head and laughed until the combs in her side-curls needed refastening, but she did not interrupt him.

"I can't get this sort of thing into my head and I never will. And father doesn't believe in it any more than I do, and I don't think that mother would if it wasn't for a lot of old people who live around this square and who talk of nothing all day but their relations and think there's nobody worth knowing but themselves. Now, you've got to talk to mother; I won't take no for an answer," and he threw himself down beside her again. "Come, dear Midget, hold up your right

hand and promise me now, before I let you go," he pleaded in his wheedling way that made him so lovable to his intimates, catching her two hands in his and holding them tight.

Of course she promised. Had she ever refused him anything? And Oliver, a boy again, now that his confessions were made, kissed her joyously on both cheeks and instantly forgetting his troubles as his habit was when prospects of relief had opened, he launched out into an account of a wonderful adventure Mr. Crocker once had in an old town in Italy, where he was locked up over-night in a convent by mistake; and how he had slept on his knapsack in the chapel, and what the magistrate had said to him the next day, and how he had to paint a portrait of that suspicious officer to prove he was a painter and a man of the best intentions. In his enthusiasm he not only acted the scene, but he imitated the gesture and dialect of the several parties to the escapade so perfectly that the little lady, in her delight over the story, quite forgot her anxiety and even the musicale itself, and only remembered the quartette when Malachi, bowing obsequiously before her, said:

"Dey's a-waitin' for you, Miss Lavinia. Mister Unger done come and Marse Richard say he can't wait a minute."

When she and Oliver entered the drawing-room the 'cellist was the centre of the group. He was apologizing, in his broken English, for being so late, and Richard was interrupting him with enthusiastic outbursts over the new score which still lay under the wax candles lighting the piano, and which he and Nathan, while waiting for the author, had been silently practising in sundry bobs of their heads and rhythmic beatings of their hands.

"My dear Max," Richard continued, with a hand on the musician's shoulder, patting him in appreciation as he spoke, "we will forgive you anything. You have so exactly suited to the 'cello the opening theme. And the flute passages!—they are exquisitely introduced. We will let Miss Clendenning decide when she hears it—" and he turned Unger's head in the direction of the advancing lady. "Here she comes now; you, of course, know the fine quality of Miss Clendenning's ear."

Herr Unger placed his five fat fingers over his waist-band, bowed as low to Miss Lavinia as his great girth would permit, and said :

"Ah, yes, I know. Miss Clendenning not only haf de ear, she haf de life in de end of de finger. De piano make de sound like de bird when she touch it."

The little lady thanked him in her sweetest voice, made a courtesy and extended her hand to Max, who kissed it with much solemnity, and Richard, putting his arm around the 'cellist's fat shoulders, conducted him across the room, whereupon Nathan, with the assumed air of an old beau, offered his crooked elbow to Miss Clendenning as an apology for having reached the house before her. Then, seating her at the piano with a great flourish, he waved his hand to Oliver who had drawn up a chair beside his mother, and with a laugh, cried :

"Here, you young lover, come and turn the leaves for Miss Lavinia. It may keep you from running over other people in the dark, even if they are accused of hiding behind sun-dials."

With the beginning of the overture Mrs. Horn laid down her work, and drawing her white gossamer shawl about her shoulders gave herself up to the enjoyment of the music. As she sat leaning back in her easy-chair with half-closed eyes, her clear-cut features in silhouette against the glow of the fire, her soft gray curls nestling in the filmy lace that fell about her temples, she expressed, in every line of her face and figure, that air of graceful repose which only comes to those highly favored happy women who have all their lives been nurtured in a home of loving hands, tender voices, and noiseless servants—lives of never-ending affection without care or sorrows.

And yet to those who knew and who studied carefully this central figure of the Horn mansion—this practical, outspoken, gentle-voiced, tender wife and mother, tenacious of her opinions, yet big enough and courageous enough to acknowledge her mistakes ; this woman, wise in counsel, sympathetic in sorrow, joyous with the young, restful with the old—to such close observers there were lines about her white forehead which could not alone be accounted for by advancing years.

These lines seemed all the deeper to-night. Only a few hours before Richard had come to her, while Malachi was arranging his clothes, with the joyful news of a new device for his motor which he had developed during the day. He could hardly wait to tell her, he had said. The news was anything but joyful to her. She knew what it meant—she knew the amounts wasted on the other devices—a loss which at this time they could so little afford.

None of these anxieties had marked the earlier years of their married life, poor as they were, while Richard was giving his energies to the practice of the law. It had only been when the invention craze had taken possession of him that she had lost the sweet serenity which had made her life so restful. She was glad, therefore, to free her mind for the moment from the sorrows of the day ; glad to sit alone and drink in the melodies that the quartette set free ; glad to listen to harmonies Richard and she both loved. The overture, too, was one of their favorites—one they had often played together as a duet in their younger days.

As she sat beating time noiselessly with her thin, upraised hand, her head resting quietly, a clear, silvery note—clear as a bird's—leaped from Nathan's flute, soared higher and higher, trembled like a lark poised in air and died away in tones of such exquisite sweetness that she turned her head in delight toward the group about the piano, fixing her gaze on Nathan. The old man's eyes were riveted on the score, his figure bent forward in the intensity of his absorption, his whole face illumined with the ecstasy that possessed him. Then she looked at Richard, standing with his back to her, his violin tucked under his chin, his body swaying in rhythm with the music. Unger sat next to him, his instrument between his knees, his stolid, shiny face unruffled by the glorious harmonies of Beethoven.

Then her glance rested on Oliver. He was hanging over the piano whispering in Miss Clendenning's ear, his face breaking into smiles at her playful chidings. If the pathos of the melody had reached him he showed no sign of its effects.

Instantly there welled up in her heart a sudden gush of tenderness—one of those

quick outbursts that often overwhelm a mother when her eyes rest on a son whose heart is her own—an outburst all the more intensified by the melody that thrilled her. Why was her heart troubled? Here was her strong hope! Here was her chief reliance! Here the hope of the future. How could she doubt or suffer when this promise of the coming day was before her in all the beauty and strength of his young manhood.

With the echoes of Nathan's flute still vibrating in her, she recalled the anxious look on her boy's face as he led Miss Clendenning into the library. A new look—one she had never seen before. Still under the quickening spell of the music she began to exaggerate its cause. What had troubled him? Why had he told Lavinia, and not her? Was there anything serious?—something he had not told her to save her pain?

From this moment the music ceased to interest her. Her mind became absorbed in her boy. With restless, impatient fingers she began thrumming on the arm of her chair. Oliver would tell her, she knew, before many hours, but she could not wait—she wanted to know at once.

With the ending of the first part of the overture and before the two gentlemen had laid down their instruments to grasp Unger's hands, she called to Miss Clendenning who sat at the piano alone. Oliver having slipped away unobserved.

"Lavinia——"

Miss Clendenning raised her eyes in answer. "Come over and sit by me, dear, while the gentlemen rest."

Miss Clendenning picked up her white silk mits and fan lying beside the candles, and moved toward the fireplace. Malachi saw her coming—he was always in the room during the interludes, and with an alacrity common to him when the distinguished little lady was present, drew up a low chair beside his mistress and stood behind it until she should take her seat. Miss Clendenning smoothed out her skirt and settled herself with the movement of a pigeon filling her nest.

"Well, Sallie, what is it? Did you ever hear Nathan play so well?" she asked, as she laid her mits in her lap and fanned herself softly.

"What did Oliver want, my dear?" re-

plied Mrs. Horn, ignoring her question. "Is there anything really worrying him, or is it one of the girls?"

The little woman smiled quizzically. "No, Sallie—not Sue—not this time. That little rattle-brain's affections will only last the week out. Nothing very important—that is, nothing urgent. We were talking about the Tilghman portraits and the new Lely that Cousin John has brought into town from Claymore Manor, and what people should and should not do to earn their living, and what professions were respectable. I thought one thing and Ollie thought another. Now, what profession of all others would you choose for a young man starting out in life?"

"What has he been telling you, Lavinia? Does he want to leave Judge Ellicott's office?" Mrs. Horn asked, quietly. She always went straight to the root of any matter.

"Just answer my question, Sallie."

"I'd rather he'd be a lawyer, of course; why?"

"Suppose he won't, or can't?"

"Is that what he told you, Lavinia, on the sofa?" She was leaning forward, her cheek on her hand, her eyes fixed on the blazing logs.

"He told me a great many things, half of them boy's talk. Now answer my question; suppose he couldn't study law because his heart wasn't in it, what then?"

"I know, Lavinia, what you mean." There was an anxious tone now in the mother's voice. "And Oliver talked to you about this?" As she spoke she settled back in her chair and a slight sigh escaped her.

"Don't ask me, Sallie, for I'm not going to tell you. I want to know for myself what you think, so that I can help the boy."

Mrs. Horn turned her head and looked toward Richard. She had suspected as much from some hints that Judge Ellicott had dropped when she had asked him about Oliver's progress. "He is still holding down his chair; Madam." She thought at the time that it was one of the Judge's witticisms, but she saw now that it had a deeper meaning. After some moments she said, fixing her eyes on Miss Clendenning:

"Well, now, Lavinia, tell me what *you*

think. I should like your opinion. What would you wish to do with him if he were your son?"

Miss Lavinia smiled and her eyes half closed. For a brief moment there came to her the picture of what such a blessing would have been. Her son! No! It was always somebody else's son or daughter to whom her sympathy must go.

"Well, Sallie," she answered—she was leaning over now, her hands in her lap, apparently with lowered eyelids, but really watching Mrs. Horn's face from the corner of her eye—"I don't think we can make a clergyman out of him, do you?" Mrs. Horn frowned, but she did not interrupt. "No, we cannot make a parson out of him. I meant, my love, something in surplices, not in camp-meetings, of course. Think of those lovely pink cheeks in a high collar and Bishop's sleeves, wouldn't he be too sweet for anything?" and she laughed one of her little cooing laughs. "Nor a doctor," she continued, with a slight interrogation in her tone, "nor a shop-keeper, nor a painter"—and she shot a quick glance from under her arching eyebrows at her companion—but Mrs. Horn's face gave no sign—"nor a musician. Why not a musician, Sallie, he sings like an angel, you know?" She was planting her shafts all about the target, her eyes following the flight of each arrow.

Mrs. Horn raised her head and laid her hand firmly on Miss Clendenning's wrist.

"We won't have him a shopkeeper, Lavinia," she said with some positiveness, "nor a barber, nor a painter, nor a cook, nor a dentist. We'll try and keep him a gentleman, my dear, whatever happens. As for his being a musician, I think you will agree with me, that music is only possible as an accomplishment, never when it is a profession. Look at that dear old man over there"—and she pointed to Nathan, who was bending forward running over on his flute some passages from the score, his white hair covering his coat-collar behind—"so absolutely unfitted for this world as he is, so purposeless, so hopelessly inert. He breathes his whole soul into that flute and yet——"

"And a good deal comes out of it sometimes, my dear—to-night, for instance," laughed Miss Lavinia. "Did you catch those bird-like notes?"

"Yes, and they thrilled me through and through, but sweet as they are they won't help him make a career."

At this moment Richard called to Unger, who had been sitting on the sofa in the library, "cooling off," he said, as he mopped his head with a red handkerchief, one of Malachi's cups in his hand.

Miss Lavinia caught sight of the 'cellist's advancing figure and rose from her seat. "I must go now," she said, "they want to play it again." She moved a step forward, gave a glance at her side-curls in the oval mirror over the mantel, stopped hesitatingly and then bending over Mrs. Horn said, thoughtfully, her hand on her companion's shoulder, "Sallie, don't try to make water run uphill. If Ollie belonged to me I'd let him follow his tastes, whatever they were. You'll spoil the shape of his instep if you keep him wearing Chinese shoes," and she floated over to join the group of musicians.

Mrs. Horn again settled herself in her chair. She understood now the look on Oliver's face. She was right then, something was really worrying him. The talk with Miss Lavinia had greatly disturbed her—so much so that she could not listen to the music. Again her eyes rested on Oliver, who had come in and joined the group at the piano, all out of breath with his second run across the square—this time to tell Sue of Miss Clendenning's promise. He was never happy unless he was sharing what was on his mind with another, and if there was a girl within reach he was sure to pour it into her willing ears.

Mrs. Horn looked at him with a pang about her heart. From which side of the house had come this fickleness, this instability and love of change in Oliver's character? she asked herself—a new interest every day—all the traditions of his forefathers violated. How could she overcome it in him? how make him more practical? Years before, when she had thought him proud, she had sent him to market and had made him carry home the basket on his arm, facing the boys who laughed at him. He had never forgotten the lesson; he was neither proud nor lazy any more. But what could she do in a situation like this?

Harassed by these doubts her eyes wandered over Oliver's slender, well-knit

muscular body as he stood whispering to Miss Clendenning. She noticed the fine, glossy hair brushed from the face and worn long in the neck, curling behind the ears. She noted every movement of his body: the graceful way in which he talked with his hands, using his fingers to accentuate his words, and the way in which he shrugged his shoulders—the shrug of a Frenchman, although not a drop of their blood could be found in his veins—and in the quick lifting of the hand and the sidelong glance of the eye, all so characteristic of Richard when some new thought or theory reached his brain for the first time. Gradually and unconsciously she began to compare each feature of Oliver's face with that of the father who stood beside him: the alert blue eyes, overhanging brow and soft silkiness of the hair—identically the same, even the way it lay in the neck. And again she looked at Richard, drawing the bow as if in a dream.

Instantly a thought entered her mind that drove the blood from her cheeks. These vacillations of her husband's! This turning from one thing to another—first the law, then these inventions that never lead anywhere, and now Oliver beginning in the same way, almost in the same steps! Could these traits be handed down to the children? Would Oliver be like Richard in——

Instinctively she stopped short before the disloyal thought could form itself in her brain, straightened herself in her chair and closed her lips tight.

The music ceased; Nathan laid his flute on the piano; Unger rose from his seat and Richard turned to talk to Miss Clendenning. But she was unmindful of it all—she still sat in her chair, her eyes searching the blazing logs, her hands in her lap.

Only Malachi with his silver tray recalled her to consciousness.

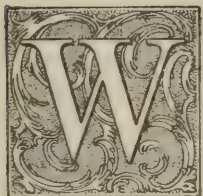
(To be continued.)

WITH THE COUGAR HOUNDS

By Theodore Roosevelt

SECOND PAPER

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHILIP K. STEWART



WE rode in to the Keystone Ranch late on the evening of the second day after leaving Meeker. We had picked up a couple of bobcats on the way, and had found a cougar's kill (or bait, as Goff called it)—a doe, almost completely eaten. The dogs puzzled for several hours over the cold trail of the cougar; but it was old, and ran hither and thither over bare ground, so that they finally lost it. The ranch was delightfully situated at the foot of high wooded hills broken by cliffs, and it was pleasant to reach the warm, comfortable log buildings, with their clean rooms, and to revel in the abundant, smoking-hot dinner, after the long, cold hours in the saddle. As everywhere else

in the cattle country nowadays, a successful effort had been made to store water on the Keystone, and there were great stretches of wire fencing—two improvements entirely unknown in former days. But the foreman, William Wilson, and the two punchers or cow-hands, Sabey and Collins, were of the old familiar type—skilled, fearless, hardy, hard-working, with all the intelligence and self-respect that we like to claim as typical of the American character at its best. All three carried short saddle guns when they went abroad, and killed a good many coyotes, and now and then a gray wolf. The cattle were for the most part grade Herefords, very different from the wild, slab-sided, long-horned creatures which covered the cattle country a score of years ago.

The next day, January 14th, we got our first cougar. This kind of hunting was totally different from that to which I had been accustomed. In the first place, there was no need of always being on the alert for a shot, as it was the dogs who did the work. In the next place, instead of continually scanning the landscape, what we had to do was to look down so as to be sure not to pass over any tracks; for frequently a cold trail would be indicated so faintly that the dogs themselves might pass it by, if unassisted by Goff's keen eyes and thorough knowledge of the habits of the quarry. Finally, there was no object in making an early start, as what we expected to find was not the cougar, but the cougar's trail; moreover, the horses and dogs, tough though they were, could not stand more than a certain amount, and to ride from sunrise to sunset, day in and day out, for five weeks, just about tested the limits of their endurance.

We made our way slowly up the snow-covered, pinyon-clad side of the mountain back of the house, and found a very old cougar trail which it was useless to try to run, and a couple of fresh bobcat trails which it was difficult to prevent the dogs from following. After criss-crossing over the shoulders of this mountain for two or three hours, and scrambling in and out of the ravines, we finally struck another cougar trail, much more recent, probably made thirty-six hours before. The hounds had been hunting free to one side or the other of our path. They were now summoned by a blast of the horn, and with a wave of Goff's hand away they went on the trail. Had it been fresh they would have run out of hearing at once, for it was fearfully rough country. But they were able to work but slowly along the loops and zig-zags of the trail, where it led across bare spaces, and we could keep well in sight and hearing of them. Finally they came to where it descended the sheer side of the mountain and crossed the snow-covered valley beneath. They were still all together, the pace having been so slow, and in the snow of the valley the scent was fresh. It was a fine sight to see them as they rushed across from one side to the other, the cliffs echoing their chiming. Jim and the three bitches were in the lead,

while Boxer fell behind, as he always did when the pace was fast.

Leading our horses, we slid and scrambled after the hounds; but when we reached the valley they had passed out of sight and sound, and we did not hear them again until we had toiled up the mountain opposite. They were then evidently scattered, having come upon many bare places; but while we were listening, and working our way over to the other side of the divide, the sudden increase in the baying told Goff that they had struck the fresh trail of the beast they were after; and in two or three minutes we heard Jim's deep voice "barking treed." The three fighters, who had been trotting at our heels, recognized the difference in the sound quite as quickly as we did, and plunged at full speed toward it down the steep hill-side, throwing up the snow like so many snow-ploughs. In a minute or two the chorus told us that all the dogs were around the tree, and we picked our way down toward them.

While we were still some distance off we could see the cougar in a low pinyon moving about as the dogs tried to get up, and finally knocking one clean out of the top. It was the first time I had ever seen dogs with a cougar, and I was immensely interested; but Stewart's whole concern was with his camera. When we were within fifty yards of the tree, and I was preparing to take the rifle out of the scabbard, Stewart suddenly called "halt," with the first symptoms of excitement he had shown, and added, in an eager undertone: "Wait, there is a rabbit right here, and I want to take his picture." Accordingly we waited, the cougar not fifty yards off and the dogs yelling and trying to get up the tree after it, while Stewart crept up to the rabbit and got a kodak some six feet distant. Then we resumed our march toward the tree, and the cougar, not liking the sight of the reinforcements, jumped out. She came down just outside the pack and ran up hill. So quick was she that the dogs failed to seize her, and for the first fifty yards she went a great deal faster than they did. Both in the jump and in the run she held her tail straight out behind her; I found out afterward that sometimes one will throw its tail straight in the air, and when walking

along, when first roused by the pack, before they are close, will, if angry, lash the tail from side to side, at the same time grinning and snarling.

In a minute the cougar went up another tree, but, as we approached, again jumped down, and on this occasion, after running a couple of hundred yards, the dogs seized it. The worry was terrific; the growling, snarling, and yelling rang among the rocks; and leaving our horses we plunged at full speed through the snow down the rugged ravine in which the fight was going on. It was a small though old female, only a few pounds heavier than either Turk or Jim, and the dogs had the upper hand when we arrived. They would certainly have killed it unassisted, but as it was doing some damage to the pack, and might at any moment kill a dog, I ended the struggle by a knife-thrust behind the shoulder. To shoot would have been quite as dangerous for the dogs as for their quarry. Three of the dogs were badly scratched, and Turk had been bitten through one foreleg, and Boxer through one hind leg.

As will be seen by the measurements given before, this was much the smallest full-grown cougar we got. It was also one of the oldest, as its teeth showed, and it gave me a false idea of the size of cougars; although I knew they varied in size I was not prepared for the wide variation we actually found.

The fighting dogs were the ones that enabled me to use the knife. All three went straight for the head, and when they got hold they kept their jaws shut, worrying and pulling, and completely absorbing the attention of the cougar, so as to give an easy chance for the death-blow. The hounds meanwhile had seized the cougar behind, and Jim, with his alligator jaws, probably did as much damage as Turk. However, neither in this nor in any other instance, did any one of the dogs manage to get its teeth through the thick skin. When cougars fight among themselves their claws and fangs leave great scars, but their hides are too thick for the dogs to get their teeth through. On the other hand, a cougar's jaws have great power, and dogs are frequently killed by a single bite, the fangs being

driven through the brain or spine; or they break a dog's leg or cut the big blood-vessels of the throat.

I had been anxious to get a set of measurements and weights of cougars to give to Dr. Hart Merriam. Accordingly I was carrying a tape, while Goff, instead of a rifle, had a steelyard in his gun scabbard. We weighed and measured the cougar, and then took lunch, making as impartial a distribution of it as was possible among ourselves and the different members of the pack; for, of course, we were already growing to have a hearty fellow-feeling for each individual dog.

The next day we were again in luck. After about two hours' ride we came upon an old trail. It led among low hills, covered with pinyon and cedar, and broken by gullies or washouts, in whose sharp sides of clay the water had made holes and caves. Soon the hounds left it to follow a bobcat, and we had a lively gallop through the timber, dodging the sharp snags of the dead branches as best we might. The cat got into a hole in a side washout; Baldy went in after it, and the rest of us, men and dogs, clustered about to look in. After a considerable time he put the cat out of the other end of the hole, nearly a hundred yards off, close to the main washout. The first we knew of it we saw it coming straight toward us, its tail held erect like that of a white-tail deer. Before either we or the dogs quite grasped the situation it bolted into another hole almost at our feet, and this time Baldy could not find it, or else could not get at it. Then we took up the cougar trail again. It criss-crossed in every direction. We finally found an old "bait," a buck. It was interesting to see the way in which the cougar had prowled from point to point, and the efforts it had made to approach the deer which it saw or smelled. Once we came to where it had sat down on the edge of a cliff, sitting on its haunches with its long tail straight behind it and looking out across the valley. After it had killed, according to the invariable custom of its kind, it had dragged the deer from the open, where it had overtaken it, to the shelter of a group of trees.

We finally struck the fresh trail; but it, also, led hither and thither, and we got

into such a maze of tracks that the dogs were completely puzzled. After a couple of hours of vain travelling to and fro, we gave up the effort, called the dogs off, and started back beside a large washout which led along between two ridges. Goff, as usual, was leading, the dogs following and continually skirting to one side or the other. Suddenly they all began to show great excitement, and then one gave furious tongue at the mouth of a hole in some sunken and broken ground not thirty yards to our right. The whole pack rushed toward the challenge, the fighters leaped into the hole, and in another moment the row inside told us that they had found a cougar at home. We jumped off and ran down to see if we could be of assistance. To get into the hole was impossible, for two or three hounds had jumped down to join the fighters, and we could see nothing but their sterns. Then we saw Turk backing out with a dead kitten in his mouth. I had supposed that a cougar would defend her young to the last, but such was not the case in this instance. For some minutes she kept the dogs at bay, but then gradually gave ground, leaving her three kittens. Of course, the dogs killed them instantly, much to our regret, as we would have given a good deal to have kept them alive. As soon as she had abandoned them, away she went completely through the low cave or hole, leaped out of the other end, which was some thirty or forty yards off, scaled the bank, and galloped into the woods, the pack getting after her at once. She did not run more than a couple of hundred yards, and as we tore up on our horses we saw her standing in the lower branches of a pinyon only six or eight feet from the ground. She was not snarling or grinning, and looked at us as quietly as if nothing had happened. As we leaped out of the saddles she jumped down from the tree and ran off through the pack. They were after her at once, however, and a few yards farther on she started up another tree. Either Tony or Baldy grabbed her by the tip of the tail, she lost her footing for a moment, and the whole pack seized her. She was a powerful female of about the average size, being half as heavy again as the one we first got, and made a tremendous fight; and savage

enough she looked, her ears tight back against her head, her yellow eyes flashing, and her great teeth showing as she grinned. For a moment the dogs had her down, but biting and striking she freed her head and forequarters from the fighters, and faced us as we ran up, the hounds still having her from behind. This was another chance for the knife, and I cheered on the fighters. Again they seized her by the head, but though absolutely stanch dogs, their teeth, as I have said, had begun to suffer, and they were no longer always able to make their holds good. Just as I was about to strike her she knocked Turk loose with a blow, bit Baldy, and then, her head being free, turned upon me. Fortunately, Tony caught her free paw on that side, while I jammed the gun-butt into her jaws with my left hand and struck home with the right, the knife going straight to the heart. The deep fang marks she left in the stock, biting the corner of the shoulder clean off, gave an idea of the power of her jaws. If it had been the very big male cougar which I afterward killed, the stock would doubtless have been bitten completely in two.

The dogs were pretty well damaged, and all retired and lay down under the trees, where they licked their wounds, and went to sleep; growling savagely at one another when they waked, but greeting us with demonstrative affection, and trotting eagerly out to share our lunch as soon as we began to eat it. Unaided, they would ultimately have killed the cougar, but the chance of one or two of them being killed or crippled was too great for us to allow this to be done; and in the mix-up of the struggle it was not possible to end it with the rifle. The writhing, yelling tangle offered too shifting a mark; one would have been as apt to hit a dog as the cougar. Goff told me that the pack had often killed cougars unassisted; but in the performance of such feats the best dogs were frequently killed, and this was not a risk to be taken lightly.

In some books the writers speak as if the male and female cougar live together and jointly seek food for the young. We never found a male cougar anywhere near either a female with young or a pregnant female. According to my observation the



Photograph by J. B. Goff.

Worry of the Cougar.

male only remains with the female for a short time, during the mating season, at which period he travels great distances in search of his temporary mates—for the females far outnumber the males. The cougar is normally a very solitary beast. The young—two to four in number, though more than one or two rarely grow up—follow the mother until over half grown. The mother lives entirely alone with the kittens while they are small. As the males fight so fiercely among themselves, it may be that the old he-cougars kill the young of their own sex; a ranchman whom I knew once found the body of a young male cougar which had evidently been killed by an old one; but I cannot say whether or not this was an exceptional case.

During the next ten days Stewart and Webb each shot a cougar. Webb's was got by as pretty an exhibition of trailing on the part of Goff and his hounds as one could wish to see. We ran across its old tracks while coming home on Wednesday, January 16th. The next day, Thursday, we took up the trail, but the animal had travelled a long distance; and, as cougars so often do, had spent much of its time walking along ledges, or at the foot of the cliffs, where the sun had melted the snow off the ground. In consequence, the dogs were often at fault. Moreover, bobcats were numerous, and twice the pack got after one, running a couple of hours be-

fore, in one instance, the cat went into a cave, and, in the other, took to a tree, where it was killed by Webb. At last, when darkness came on, we were forced to leave the cougar trail and ride home; a very attractive ride, too, loping rapidly over the snow-covered flats, while above us the great stars fairly blazed in the splendor of the winter night.

Early next morning we again took up the trail, and after a little while found where it was less than thirty-six hours old. The dogs now ran it well, but were thrown out again on a large bare hillside, until Boxer succeeded in recovering the scent. They went up a high mountain and we toiled after them. Again they lost the trail, and while at fault jumped a big bobcat which they ran up a tree. After shooting him we took lunch, and started to circle for the trail. Most of the dogs kept with Goff, but Jim got off to one side on his own account; and suddenly his baying told us that he had jumped the cougar. The rest of the pack tore toward him and after a quarter of a mile run they had the quarry treed. The ground was too rough for riding, and we had to do some stiff climbing to get to it on foot.

Stewart's cougar was a young-of-the-year, and, according to his custom, he took several photographs of it. Then he tried to poke it so that it would get into a better position for the camera; where-

upon it jumped out of the tree and ran headlong down hill, the yelling dogs but a few feet behind. Our horses had been left a hundred yards or so below, where they all stood, moping, with their heads drooped and their eyes half shut, in regular cow-pony style. The chase streamed by not a yard from their noses, but evidently failed to arouse even an emotion of interest in their minds, for they barely looked up, and made not a movement of any kind when the cougar treed again just below them.

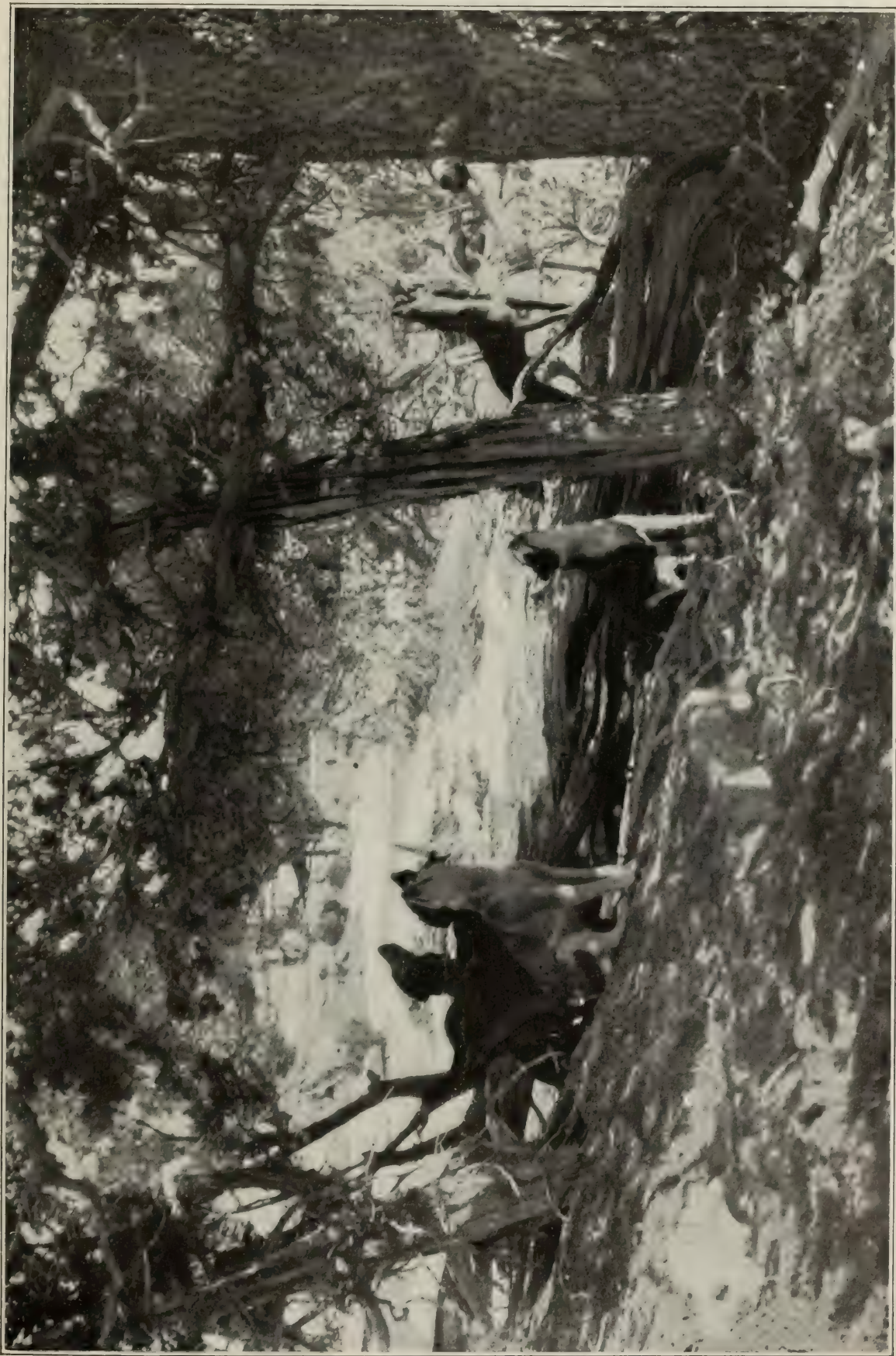
We killed several bobcats; and we also got another cougar, this time in rather ignominious fashion. We had been running a bobcat, having an excellent gallop, during the course of which Stewart's horse turned a somersault. Without our knowledge the dogs changed to the fresh trail of a cougar, which they ran into its den in another cut bank. When we reached the place they had gone in after it, Baldy dropping into a hole at the top of the bank, while the others crawled into the main entrance, some twenty-five yards off at the bottom. It was evidently a very rough house inside, and above the baying, yelping, and snarling of the dogs we could hear the rumbling overtone of the cougar's growl. On this day we had taken along Queen, the white bull bitch, to "enter" her at cougar. It was certainly a lively experience for a first entry. We reached the place in time to keep Jim and the hound bitches out of the hole. It was evident that the dogs could do nothing with the cougar inside. They could only come at it in front, and under such circumstances its claws and teeth made the odds against them hopeless. Every now and then it would charge, driving them all back, and we would then reach in, seize a dog and haul him out. At intervals there would be an awful yelling and a hound would come out bleeding badly, quite satisfied, and without the slightest desire to go in again. Poor Baldy was evidently killed inside. Queen, Turk, and Tony were badly clawed and bitten, and we finally got them out too; Queen went in three times, and came out on each occasion with a fresh gash or bite; Turk was, at the last, the only one really anxious to go in again. Then we tried to smoke out the cougar,

for as one of the dogs had gotten into the cave through an upper entrance, we supposed the cougar could get out by the same route. However, it either could not or would not bolt; coming down close to the entrance where we had built the sagebrush fire, there it stayed until it was smothered. We returned to the ranch carrying its skin, but not over-pleased, and the pack much the worse for wear. Dr. Webb had to sew up the wounds of three of the dogs. One, Tony, was sent back to the home ranch, where he died. In such rough hunting as this, it is of course impossible to prevent occasional injuries to the dogs when they get the cougar in a cave, or overtake him on the ground. All that can be done is to try to end the contest as speedily as possible, which we always did.

Judging from the experience of certain friends of mine in the Argentine, I think it would be safe to crawl into a cave to shoot a cougar under normal circumstances; but in this instance the cave was a long, winding hole, so low that we could not get in on hands and knees, having to work our way on our elbows. It was pitch dark inside, so that the rifle sights could not be seen, and the cougar was evidently very angry and had on two or three occasions charged the dogs, driving them out of the entrance of the hole. In the dark, the chances were strongly against killing it with a single shot; while if only wounded, and if it had happened to charge, the man, in his cramped position, would have been utterly helpless.

The day after the death of the smoked cougar Stewart and Webb started home. Then it snowed for two days, keeping us in the ranch. While the snow was falling, there was no possibility of finding or following tracks; and as a rule wild creatures lie close during a storm. We were glad to have fresh snow, for the multitude of tracks in the old snow had become confusing; and not only the southern hillsides but the larger valleys had begun to grow bare, so that trailing was difficult.

The third day dawned in brilliant splendor, and when the sun arose all the land glittered dazzling white under his rays. The hounds were rested, we had fresh horses, and after an early breakfast we



“Barking Treed.”

With the Cougar Hounds

started to make a long circle. All the forenoon and early afternoon we plodded through the snowdrifts, up and down the valleys, and along the ridge crests, without striking a trail. The dogs trotted behind us or circled from one side to the other. It was no small test of their stanchness, eager and fresh as they were, for time after time we aroused bands of deer, to which they paid no heed whatever. At last, in mid-afternoon, we suddenly struck the tracks of two cougars, one a very large one, evidently an old male. They had been playing and frolicking together, for they were evidently mating, and the snow in the tracks showed that they had started abroad before the storm was entirely over. For three hours the pack followed the cold trail, through an exceedingly rugged and difficult country, in which Goff helped them out again and again.

Just at sunset the cougars were jumped, and ran straight into and through a tangle of spurs and foothills, broken by precipices, and riven by long deep ravines. The two at first separated and then came together,

with the result that Tree'em, Bruno, and Jimmie got on the back trail and so were left far behind; while old Boxer also fell to the rear, as he always did when the scent was hot, and Jim and the bitches were left to do the running by themselves. In the gathering gloom we galloped along the main divide, my horse once falling on a slippery sidehill, as I followed headlong after Goff—whose riding was like the driving of the son of Nimshi. The last vestige of sunlight disappeared, but the full moon was well up in the heavens when we came to a long spur, leading off to the right for two or three miles, beyond which we did not think the chase could have gone. It had long run out of hearing. Making our way down the rough and broken crest of this spur, we finally heard far off the clamorous baying which told us that the hounds had their quarry at bay. We did not have the fighters with us, as they were still under the weather from the results of their encounter in the cave.

As it afterward appeared, the cougars had run three miles before the dogs over-



Walking Up to a Treed Cougar.



Cougar in a Tree.

took them, making their way up, down and along such difficult cliffs that the pack had to keep going round. The female then went up a tree, while the pack followed the male. He would not climb a tree and came to bay on the edge of a cliff. A couple of hundred yards from the spot, we left the horses and scrambled along on foot, guided by the furious clamor of the pack. When we reached them, the cougar had gone along the face of the cliff, most of the dogs could not see him, and it was some time before we could make him out ourselves. Then I got up quite close. Although the moonlight was bright I could not see the sights of my rifle, and fired a little too far back. The bullet, however, inflicted a bad wound, and the cougar ran along the edge, disappearing around the cliff shoulder. The conduct of the dogs showed that he had not left the cliff, but it was impossible to see him either from the sides or from below. The cliff was about fifty feet high and the top overhung the bottom, while from above the ground sloped down to the brink at a rather steep angle, so that we had to be cautious about our footing.

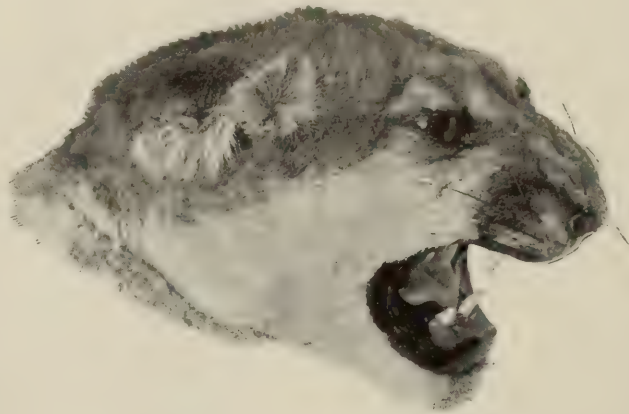
There was a large projecting rock on the brink ; to this I clambered down, and, holding it with one hand, peeped over the edge. After a minute or two I made out first the tail and then the head of the cougar, who was lying on a narrow ledge only some eight feet below me, his body hidden by the overhang of the cliff. Thanks to the steepness of the incline, I could not let go of the rock with my left hand, because I should have rolled over ; so I got Goff to come down, brace his feet against the projection, and grasp me by my legs. He then lowered me gently down until my head and shoulders were over the edge and my arms free ; and I shot the cougar right between the ears, he being in a straight line underneath me. The dogs were evidently confident that he was going to be shot, for they had all gathered below the cliff to wait for him to fall ; and sure enough, down he came with a crash, luckily not hitting any of them. We could hear them seize him, and they all, dead cougar and worrying dogs, rolled at least a hundred yards down the steep slope before they were stopped by a gully. It was a

very interesting experience, and one which I shall not soon forget. We clambered down to where the dogs were, admired our victim, and made up our minds not to try to skin him until the morning. Then we led down our horses, with some difficulty, into the snow-covered valley, mounted them, and cantered home to the ranch, under the cold and brilliant moon, through a white wonderland of shimmering light and beauty.

Next morning we came back as early as possible, intending first to skin the male and then to hunt up the female. A quarter of a mile before we reached the carcass we struck her fresh trail in the snow of the valley. Calling all the dogs together and hustling them forward, we got them across the trail without their paying any attention to it; for we wanted to finish the job of skinning before taking up the hunt. However, when we got off our horses and pulled the cougar down to a flat place to skin it, Nellie, who evidently remembered that there had been another cougar besides the one we had accounted for, started away on her own account while we were not looking. The first thing we knew we heard her giving tongue on the mountains above us, in such rough country that there was no use in trying to head her off. Accordingly we jumped on the horses again, rode down to where we had crossed the trail and put the whole pack on it. After crossing the valley the cougar had moved along the ledges of a great spur or chain of foothills, and as this prevented the dogs going too fast we were able to canter alongside them up the valley, watching them and listening to their chiming. We finally came to a large hillside bare of snow, much broken with rocks, among which grew patches of brush and scattered pinyons. Here the dogs were at fault for over an hour. It had evidently been a favorite haunt of the cougars; they had moved to and fro across it, and had lain

sunning themselves in the dust under the ledges. Owing to the character of the ground we could give the hounds no assistance, but they finally puzzled out the trail for themselves. We were now given a good illustration of the impossibility of jumping a cougar without dogs, even when in a general way its haunt is known. We rode along the hillside, and quartered it to and fro, on the last occasion coming down a spur where we passed within two or three rods of the brush in which the cougar was

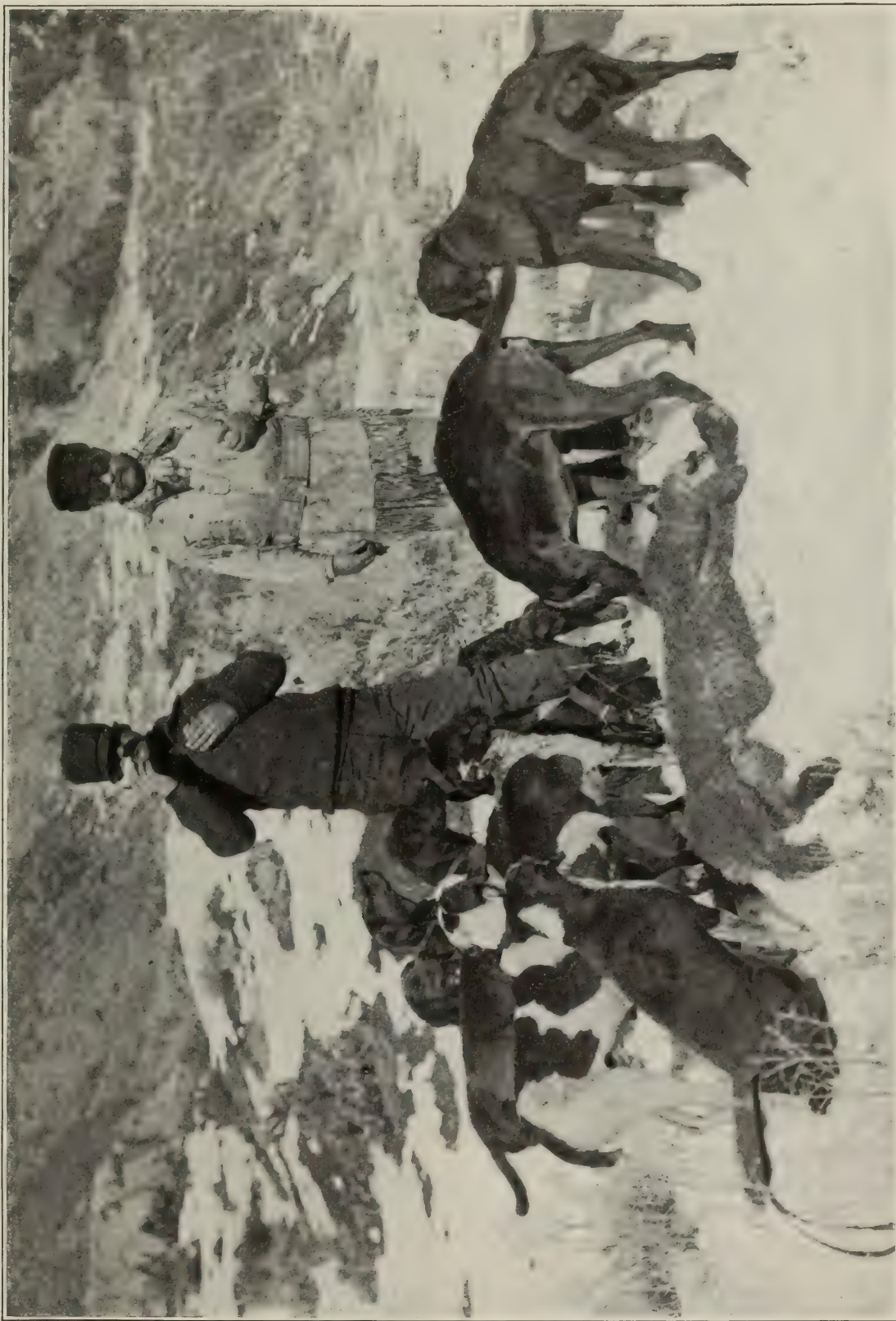
actually lying; but she never moved and it was impossible to see her. When we finally reached the bottom, the dogs had disentangled the trail; and they passed behind us at a good rate, going up almost where we had come down. Even as we looked we



Mounted Head of the Largest Cougar Killed.

saw the cougar rise from her lair, only fifty yards or so ahead of them, her red hide showing bright in the sun. It was a very pretty run to watch while it lasted. She left them behind at first, but after a quarter of a mile they put her up a pinyon. Approaching cautiously—for the climbing was hard work and I did not wish to frighten her out of the tree if it could be avoided, lest she might make such a run as that of the preceding evening—I was able to shoot her through the heart. She died in the branches, and I climbed the tree to throw her down. The only skill needed in such shooting is in killing the cougar outright so as to save the dogs. Six times on the hunt I shot the cougar through the heart. Twice the animal died in the branches. In the other four cases it sprang out of the tree, head and tail erect, eyes blazing, and the mouth open in a grin of savage hate and anger; but it was practically dead when it touched the ground.

Although these cougars were mates, they were not of the same color, the female being reddish, while the male was slate-colored. In weighing this male we had to take off the hide and weigh it sep-



The First Cougar Killed.



Coyote Basin.

arately (with the head and paws attached), for our steelyard only went up to 150 pounds. When we came to weigh the biggest male we had to take off the quarters as well as the hide.

Thinking that we had probably exhausted the cougars around the Keystone Ranch, we spent the next fortnight off on a trip. We carried only what we could put in the small saddle-pockets—our baggage being as strictly limited as it ought to be with efficient cavalry who are on an active campaign. We worked hard, but, as so often happens, our luck was not in proportion to our labor.

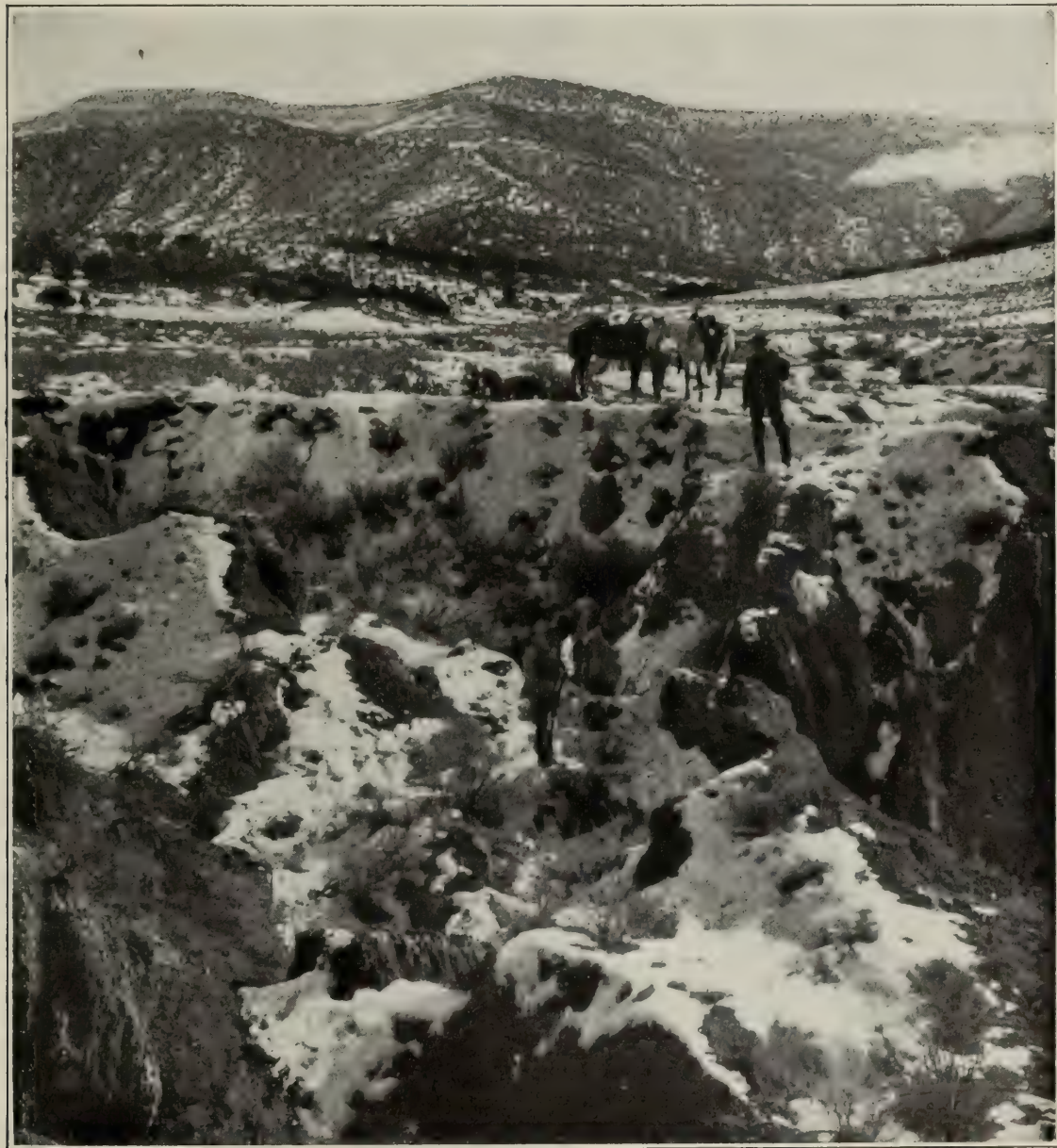
The first day we rode to the Mathes brothers' ranch. On the high divides it was very cold, the thermometer standing at nearly twenty degrees below zero. But we were clad for just such weather, and were not uncomfortable. The three Mathes brothers lived together, with the wives and children of the two married ones. Their ranch was in a very beautiful and wild valley, the pinyon-crowned cliffs

rising in walls on either hand. Deer were abundant and often in sight from the ranch doors. At night the gray wolves came down close to the buildings and howled for hours among the precipices, under the light of the full moon. The still cold was intense; but I could not resist going out for half an hour at a time to listen to them. To me their baying, though a very eerie and lonesome sound, full of vaguely sinister associations, has, nevertheless, a certain wild music of its own which is far from being without charm.

We did not hear the cougars calling, for they are certainly nothing like as noisy as wolves; yet the Mathes brothers had heard them several times, and once one of them had crept up and seen the cougar, which remained in the same place for many minutes, repeating its cry continually. The Mathes had killed but two cougars, not having any dogs trained to hunt them. One of these was killed under circumstances which well illustrate the queer nature of the animal. The three

men, with one of their two cattle dogs, were walking up the valley not half a mile above the ranch house, when they saw a cougar crossing in front of them, a couple of hundred yards off. As soon as she saw them she crouched flat down with her head toward them, remaining motionless. Two,

though slowly, and was well within a hundred yards when the other brother arrived, out of breath, accompanied by the other dog. At sight of him she jumped up, ran off a couple of hundred yards, went up a tree, and was killed. I do not suppose she would have attacked the men;



Den Where We Got the Young Lions.

with the dog, stayed where they were, while the other ran back to the ranch house for a rifle and for the other dog. No sooner had he gone than the cougar began deliberately to crawl toward the men who were left. She came on slowly but steadily, crouched almost flat to the ground. The two unarmed men were by no means pleased with her approach. They waved their hands and jumped about and shouted; but she kept approaching, al-

but as there was an unpleasant possibility that she might, they both felt distinctly more comfortable when their brother rejoined them with the rifle.

There was a good deal of snowy weather while we were at the Mathes ranch, but we had fair luck, killing two cougars. It was most comfortable, for the ranch was clean and warm, and the cooking delicious. It does not seem to me that I ever tasted better milk and butter, hot biscuits,

rice, potatoes, pork and bulberry and wild-plum jam ; and of course the long days on horseback in the cold weather gave an edge to our appetites. One stormy day we lost the hounds ; and we spent most of the next day in finding such of them as did not come straggling in of their own accord. The country was very rough, and it was astounding to see some of the places up and down which we led the horses. Sometimes I found that my horse climbed rather better than I did, for he would come up some awkward-looking slope with such a rush that I literally had to scramble on all fours to get out of his way.

There was no special incident connected with killing either of these two cougars. In one case Goff himself took the lead in working out the trail and preventing the hounds getting off after bobcats. In the other case the trail was fresher and the dogs ran it by themselves, getting into a country where we could not follow ; it was very rough, and the cliffs and gorges rang with their baying. In both cases they had the cougar treed for about three hours before we were able to place them and walk up to them. It was hard work, toiling through the snow over the cliffs toward the baying ; and on each occasion the cougar leaped from the tree at our approach, and ran a quarter of a mile or so before going up another, where it was shot. As I came up to shoot most of the dogs paid no attention, but Boxer and Nellie always kept looking at me until I actually raised the rifle, when they began to spring about the spot where they thought the cougar would come down. The cougar itself always seemed to recognize the man as the dangerous opponent ; and as I strode around to find a place where I could deliver an instantaneously fatal shot, it would follow me steadily with its evil yellow eyes. I came up very close, but the beasts never attempted to jump at me. Judging from what one reads in books about Indian and African game, a leopard under such circumstances would certainly sometimes charge.

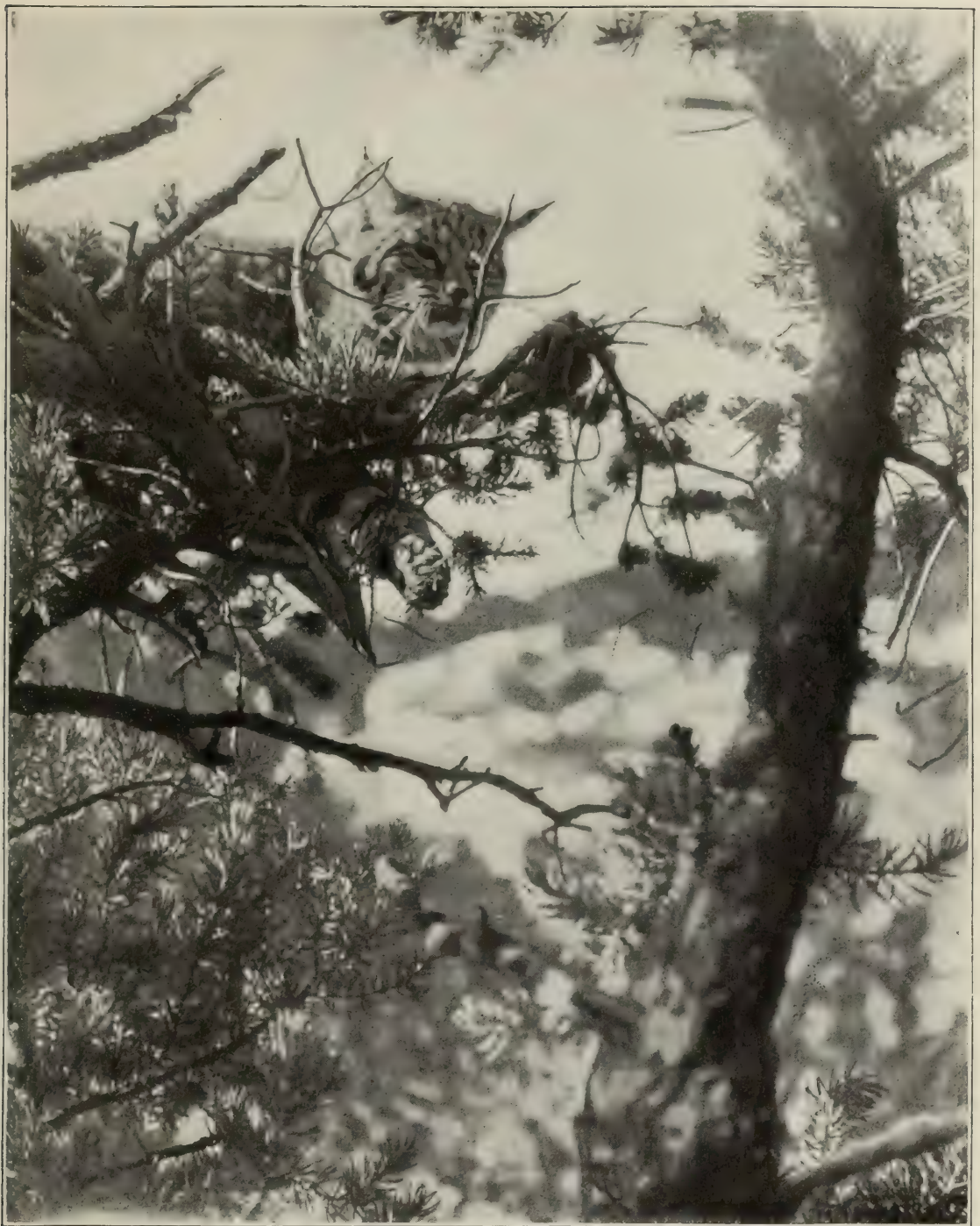
Three days of our trip were spent on a ride to Colorow Mountain ; we went down to Judge Foreman's ranch on White River to pass the night. We got another cougar on the way. She must really be credited to Jim. The other dogs were following in

our footsteps through the snow, after having made various futile excursions of their own. When we found that Jim was missing, we tried in vain to recall him with the horn, and at last started to hunt him up. After an hour's ride we heard him off on the mountain, evidently following a trail, but equally evidently not yet having jumped the animal. The hounds heard him quite as quickly as we did, and started toward him. Soon we heard the music of the whole pack, which grew fainter and fainter, was lost entirely as they disappeared around a spur, and then began to grow loud again, showing that they were coming toward us. Suddenly a change in the note convinced us that they had jumped the quarry. We stood motionless ; nearer and nearer they came ; and then a sudden burst of clamor proclaimed that they were barking treed. We had to ride only a couple of hundred yards ; I shot the cougar from across a little ravine. She was the largest female we got.

The dogs were a source of unceasing amusement, not merely while hunting, but because of their relations to one another when off duty. Queen's temper was of the shortest toward the rest of the pack, although, like Turk, she was fond of literally crawling into my lap, when we sat down to rest after the worry which closed the chase. As soon as I began to eat my lunch, all the dogs clustered close around and I distributed small morsels to each in turn. Once Jimmie, Queen, and Boxer were sitting side by side, tightly wedged together. I treated them with entire impartiality ; and soon Queen's feelings overcame her, and she unostentatiously but firmly bit Jimmie in the jaw. Jimmie howled tremendously and Boxer literally turned a back somersault, evidently fearing lest his turn should come next.

On February 11th we rode back to the Keystone Ranch, carrying the three cougar skins behind our saddles. It was again very cold, and the snow on the divides was so deep that our horses waded through it up to their saddle-girths. I supposed that my hunt was practically at an end, for I had but three days left ; but as it turned out these were the three most lucky days of the whole trip.

The weather was beautiful, the snow lying deep enough to give the dogs easy



Bobcat in Pinyon.

trailing even on the southern slopes. Under the clear skies the landscape was dazzling, and I had to wear snow-glasses. On the first of the three days, February 12th, we had not ridden half an hour from the ranch before we came across the trail of a very big bobcat. It was so heavy that it had broken through the crust here and there, and we decided that it was worth following. The trail went up a steep mountain to the top, and we followed on foot after the dogs. Among the cliffs on the top they were completely

at fault, hunting every which way. After awhile Goff suddenly spied the cat, which had jumped off the top of a cliff into a pinyon. I killed it before any of the dogs saw it, and at the shot they all ran in the wrong direction. When they did find us skinning it, they were evidently not at all satisfied that it was really their bobcat—the one which they had been trailing. Usually as soon as the animal was killed they all lay down and dozed off; but on this occasion they kept hurrying about and then in a body



A Trophy of the Hunt.—Mounted Heads and Skins.

started on the back trail. It was some time before we could get them together again.

After we had brought them in we rode across one or two ridges, and up and down the spurs without finding anything, until about noon we struck up a long winding valley where we came across one or two old cougar trails. The pack were following in our footsteps behind the horses, except Jim, who took off to one side by himself. Suddenly he began to show signs that he had come across traces of game; and in another moment he gave tongue and all the hounds started toward him. They quartered around in the neighborhood of a little gulch for a short while, and then streamed off up the mountain-side; and before they had run more than a couple of minutes we heard them barking treed. By making a slight turn we rode almost up to the tree, and saw that their quarry was a young cougar. As we came up it knocked Jimmie right out of the tree. On seeing us it jumped down and started to run, but it was not quite quick enough. Turk seized it and in a minute the dogs had it stretched out. It squawled, hissed, and made such a good fight that I put an end

to the struggle with the knife, fearing lest it might maim one of the hounds.

While Goff was skinning it I wandered down to the kill near which it had been lying. This was a deer, almost completely devoured. It had been killed in the valley and dragged up perhaps a hundred yards to some cedar. I soon saw from the tracks around the carcass that there was an older cougar with the younger one—doubtless its mother—and walked back to Goff with the information. Before I got there, however, some of the pack had made the discovery for themselves. Jim, evidently feeling that he had done his duty, had curled up and gone to sleep, with most of the others; but old Boxer and the three bitches (Pete had left her pups and joined us about the time we roused the big bobcat), hunted about until they struck the fresh trail of the old female. They went off at a great rate, and the sleeping dogs heard them and scampered away to the sound. The trail led them across a spur, into a valley, and out of it up the precipitous side of another mountain. When we got to the edge of the valley we could hear them barking treed nearly at the summit of the mountain opposite. It was over an hour's stiff

climbing before we made our way around to them, although we managed to get the horses up to within a quarter of a mile of the spot. On approaching we found the cougar in a leaning pinyon on a ledge at the foot of a cliff. Jimmie was in the lower branches of the pinyon, and Turk up within a couple of feet of the cougar. Evidently he had been trying to tackle her and had been knocked out of the tree at least once, for he was bleeding a good deal and there was much blood on the snow beneath. Yet he had come back into the tree, and was barking violently not more than three feet beyond her stroke. She kept up a low savage growling, and as soon as I appeared, fixed her yellow eyes on me, glaring and snarling as I worked around into a place from which I could kill her outright. Meanwhile Goff took up his position on the other side, hoping to get a photograph when I shot. My bullet went right through her heart. She bit her paw, stretched up her head and bit a branch, and then died where she was, while Turk leaped forward at the crack of the rifle and seized her in the branches. I had some difficulty in bundling him and Jimmie out of the tree as I climbed up to throw down the cougar.

Next morning we started early, intending to go to Juniper Mountain, where we had heard that cougars were plentiful; but we had only ridden about half an hour from the ranch when we came across a trail which by the size we knew must belong to an old male. It was about thirty-six hours old and led into a tangle of bad lands where there was great difficulty in working it out. Finally, however, we found where it left these bad lands and went straight up a mountain-side, too steep for the horses to follow. From the plains below we watched the hounds working to and fro until they entered a patch of pinyons in which we were certain the cougar had killed a deer, as ravens and magpies were sitting around in the trees. In these pinyons the hounds were again at fault for a little while, but at last evidently found the right trail, and followed it up over the hill-crest and out of sight. We then galloped hard along the plain to the left, going around the end of the ridge and turning to our right on the other side.

Here we entered a deep narrow valley or gorge which led up to a high plateau at the farther end. On our right, as we rode up the valley, lay the high and steep ridge over which the hounds had followed the trail. On the left it was still steeper, the slope being broken by ledges and precipices. Near the mouth of the gorge we encountered the hounds, who had worked the trail down and across the gorge, and were now hunting up the steep cliff-shoulder on our left. Evidently the cougar had wandered to and fro over this shoulder, and the dogs were much puzzled and worked in zigzags and circles around it, gradually getting clear to the top. Then old Boxer suddenly gave tongue with renewed zest and started off on a run almost on top of the ridge, the other dogs following. Immediately afterward they jumped the cougar.

We had been waiting below to see which direction the chase would take and now put spurs to our horses and galloped up the ravine, climbing the hillside on our right so as to get a better view of what was happening. A few hundred yards of this galloping and climbing brought us again in sight of the hounds. They were now barking treed and were clustered around a pinyon below the ridge crest on the side hill opposite us. The two fighters, Turk and Queen, who had been following at our horses' heels, appreciated what had happened as soon as we did, and, leaving us, ran down into the valley and began to work their way through the deep snow up the hillside opposite, toward where the hounds were. Ours was an ideal position for seeing the whole chase. In a minute the cougar jumped out of the tree down among the hounds, who made no attempt to seize him, but followed him as soon as he had cleared their circle. He came down hill at a great rate and jumped over a cliff, bringing after him such an avalanche of snow that it was a moment before I caught sight of him again, this time crouched on a narrow ledge of a cliff some fifteen or twenty feet below the brink from which he had jumped, and about as far above the foot of the cliff, where the steep hill-slope again began. The hounds soon found him again and came along the ledge barking loudly, but

not venturing near where he lay facing them, with his back arched like a great cat. Turk and Queen were meanwhile working their way up hill. Turk got directly under the ledge and could not find a way up. Queen went to the left and in a minute we saw her white form as she made her way through the dark-colored hounds straight for the cougar. "That's the end of Queen," said Goff; "he'll kill her now, sure." In another moment she had made her rush and the cougar, bounding forward, had seized her, and as we afterward discovered had driven his great fangs right through the side of her head, fortunately missing the brain. In the struggle he lost his footing and rolled off the ledge, and when they struck the ground below he let go of the bitch. Turk, who was near where they struck, was not able to spring for the hold he desired, and in another moment the cougar was coming down hill like a quarter horse. We stayed perfectly still, as he was travelling in our direction. Queen was on her feet almost as quick as the cougar, and she and Turk tore after him, the hounds following in a few seconds, being delayed in getting off the ledge. It was astonishing to see the speed of the cougar. He ran considerably more than a quarter of a mile down hill, and at the end of it had left the dogs more than a hundred yards behind. But his bolt was shot, and after going perhaps a hundred yards or so up the hill on our side and below us, he climbed a tree, under which the dogs began to bay frantically, while we scrambled toward them. When I got down I found him standing half upright on a big branch, his forepaws hung over another higher branch, his sides puffing like bellows, and evidently completely winded. In scrambling up the pinyon he must have struck a patch of resin, for it had torn a handful of hair off from behind his right forearm. I shot him through the heart. At the shot he sprang clean into the top of the tree, head and tail up, and his face fairly demoniac with rage; but before he touched the ground he was dead. Turk jumped up, seized him as he fell, and the two rolled over a low ledge, falling about eight feet into the snow, Turk never losing his hold.

No one could have wished to see a

prettier chase under better circumstances. It was exceedingly interesting. The only dog hurt was Queen, and very miserable indeed she looked. She stood in the trail, refusing to lie down or to join the other dogs, as, with prodigious snarls at one another, they ate the pieces of the carcass we cut out for them. Dogs hunting every day, as these were doing, and going through such terrific exertion, need enormous quantities of meat, and as old horses and crippled steers were not always easy to get, we usually fed them the cougar carcasses. On this occasion, when they had eaten until they could eat no longer, I gave most of my lunch to Queen—Boxer, who after his feast could hardly move, nevertheless waddling up with his ears forward to beg a share. Queen evidently felt that the lunch was a delicacy, for she ate it, and then trotted home behind us with the rest of the dogs. Rather to my astonishment, next day she was all right, and as eager to go with us as ever. Though one side of her head was much swollen, in her work she showed no signs of her injuries.

Early the following morning, February 14th, the last day of my actual hunting, we again started for Juniper Mountain, following the same course on which we had started the previous day. Before we had gone a mile, that is, only about half way to where we had come across the cougar track the preceding day, we crossed another, and as we deemed a fresher, trail, which Goff pronounced to belong to a cougar even larger than the one we had just killed. The hounds were getting both weary and footsore, but the scent put heart into them and away they streamed. They followed it across a sage-brush flat, and then worked along under the base of a line of cliffs—cougar being particularly apt thus to travel at the foot of cliffs. The pack kept well together, and it was pleasant, as we cantered over the snowy plain beside them, to listen to their baying, echoed back from the cliffs above. Then they worked over the hill and we spurred ahead and turned to the left, up the same gorge or valley in which we had killed the cougar the day before. The hounds followed the trail straight to the cliff-shoulder where the day before the pack had been puzzled until Boxer struck

the fresh scent. Here they seemed to be completely at fault, circling everywhere, and at one time following their track of yesterday over to the pinyon-tree up which the cougar had first gone.

We made our way up the ravine to the head of the plateau, and then, turning, came back along the ridge until we reached the top of the shoulder where the dogs had been ; but when we got there they had disappeared. It did not seem likely that the cougar had crossed the ravine behind us—although as a matter of fact this was exactly what had happened—and we did not know what to make of the affair.

We could barely hear the hounds ; they had followed their back trail of the preceding day, toward the place where we had first come across the tracks of the cougar we had already killed. We were utterly puzzled, even Goff being completely at fault, and we finally became afraid that the track which the pack had been running was one which, instead of having been made during the night, had been there the previous morning, and had been made by the dead cougar. This meant, of course, that we had passed it without noticing it, both going and coming, on the previous day, and knowing Goff's eye for a track I could not believe this. He, however, thought we might have confused it with some of the big wolf tracks, of which a number had crossed our path. After some hesitation, he said that at any rate we could find out the truth by getting back into the flat and galloping around to where we had begun our hunt the day before ; because if the dogs really had a fresh cougar before them he must have so short a start that they were certain to tree him by the time they got across the ridge-crest. Accordingly we scrambled down the precipitous mountain-side, galloped along the flat around the end of the ridge and drew rein at about the place where we had first come across the cougar trail on the previous day. Not a dog was to be heard anywhere, and Goff's belief that the pack was simply running a back track became a certainty both in his mind and mine, when Jim suddenly joined us, evidently having given up the chase. We came to the conclusion that Jim, being wiser than the other dogs, had discovered

his mistake while they had not ; " he just naturally quit," said Goff.

After some little work we found where the pack had crossed the broad flat valley into a mass of very rough broken country, the same in which I had shot my first big male by moonlight. Cantering and scrambling through this stretch of cliffs and valleys, we began to hear the dogs, and at first were puzzled because once or twice it seemed as though they were barking treed or had something at bay ; always, however, as we came nearer we could again hear them running a trail, and when we finally got up tolerably close we found that they were all scattered out. Boxer was far behind, and Nellie, whose feet had become sore, was soberly accompanying him, no longer giving tongue. The others were separated one from the other, and we finally made out Tree'em all by himself, and not very far away. In vain Goff called and blew his horn ; Tree'em disappeared up a high hill-side, and with muttered comments on his stupidity we galloped our horses along the valley around the foot of the hill, hoping to intercept him. No sooner had we come to the other side, however, than we heard Tree'em evidently barking treed. We both looked at one another, wondering whether he had come across a bobcat, or whether it had really been a fresh cougar trail after all.

Leaving our horses we scrambled up the cañon until we got in sight of a large pinyon on the hillside, underneath which Tree'em was standing, with his preposterous tail arched like a pump-handle, as he gazed solemnly up in the tree, now and then uttering a bark at a huge cougar, which by this time we could distinctly make out standing in the branches. Turk and Queen had already left us and were running hard to join Tree'em, and in another minute or two all of the hounds, except the belated Boxer and Nellie, had also come up. The cougar having now recovered his wind, jumped down and cantered off. He had been running for three hours before the dogs and evidently had been overtaken again and again, but had either refused to tree, or if he did tree had soon come down and continued his flight, the hounds not venturing to meddle with him, and he paying little heed to them. It was a different matter, however, with Turk

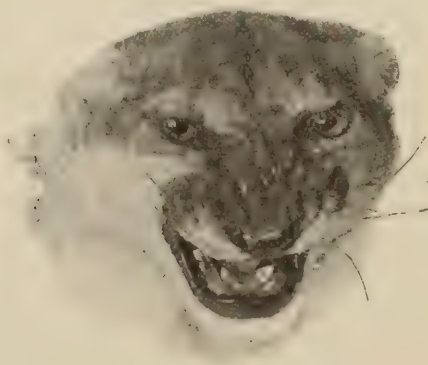
With the Cougar Hounds

and Queen along. He went up the hill and came to bay on the top of the cliffs, where we could see him against the skyline. The hounds surrounded him, but neither they nor Turk came to close quarters. Queen, however, as soon as she arrived rushed straight in, and the cougar knocked her a dozen feet off. Turk tried to seize him as soon as Queen had made her rush; the cougar broke bay, and they all disappeared over the hilltop, while we hurried after them. A quarter of a mile beyond, on the steep hill-side, they again had him up a pinyon-tree. I approached as cautiously as possible so as not to alarm him. He stood in such an awkward position that I could not get a fair shot at the heart, but the bullet broke his back well forward, and the dogs seized him as he struck the ground. There was still any amount of fight in him, and I ran in as fast as possible, jumping and slipping over the rocks and the bushes as the cougar and dogs rolled and slid down the steep mountain-side—for, of course, every minute's delay meant the chance of a dog being killed or crippled. It was a day of misfortunes for Jim, who was knocked completely out of the fight by a single blow. The cougar was too big for the dogs to master, even crippled as he was; but when I came up close Turk ran in and got the great beast by one ear, stretching out the cougar's head, while he kept his own

forelegs tucked way back so that the cougar could not get hold of them. This gave me my chance and I drove the knife home, leaping back before the creature could get round at me. Boxer did not come up for half an hour, working out every inch of the trail for himself, and croaking away at short intervals, while Nellie trotted calmly beside him. Even when he saw us skinning the cougar he would not hurry nor take a short cut, but followed the scent to where the cougar had gone up the tree, and from the tree down to where we were; then he meditatively bit the carcass, strolled off, and lay down, satisfied.

It was a very large cougar, fat and heavy, and the men at the ranch believed it was the same one which had at intervals haunted the place for two or three years, killing on one occasion a milch cow, on another a steer, and on yet another a big work horse. Goff stated that he had on two or three occasions killed cougars that were quite as long, and he believed even an inch or two longer, but that he had never seen one as large or as heavy. Its weight was 227 pounds, and as it lay stretched out it looked like a small African lioness. It would be impossible to wish a better ending to a hunt.

The next day Goff and I cantered thirty miles into Meeker, and my holiday was over.



MOTHERHOOD

By Josephine Dodge Daskam

THE night throbs on : but let me pray, dear Lord !
Crush off his name a moment from my mouth.
To thee my eyes would turn, but they go back,
Back to my arm beside me where he lay—
So little, Lord, so little and so warm !

I cannot think that thou hadst need of him !
He is so little, Lord, he cannot sing,
He cannot praise thee ; all his lips had learned
Was to hold fast my kisses in the night.

Give him to me—he is not happy there !
He had not felt his life : his lovely eyes
Just knew me for his mother, and he died.

Hast thou an angel there to mother him ?
I say he loves me best—if he forgets,
If thou allow it that my child forgets
And runs not out to meet me when I come—

What are my curses to thee ? Thou hast heard
The curse of Abel's mother, and since then
We have not ceased to threaten at thy throne,
To threat and pray thee that thou hold them still
In memory of us.

See thou tend him well,
Thou God of all the mothers ! If he lack
One of his kisses—Ah, my heart, my heart,
Do angels kiss in heaven ? Give him back !

Forgive me, Lord, but I am sick with grief,
And tired of tears and cold to comforting.
Thou art wise I know, and tender, aye, and good.
Thou hast my child and he is safe in thee,
And I believe—

Ah, God, my child shall go
Orphaned among the angels ! All alone,
So little and alone ! He knows not thee,
He only knows his mother—give him back !

WITHOUT LAW OR LICENSE

By Sewell Ford

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FLETCHER C. RANSOM



OF the many events in the somewhat tumultuous career of my friend, Major Pemberton Jones, there are two which belong together. Both have to do with high finance. There are, you know, high finance, plain, every-day finance, and highway robbery.

The Major's specialty was high finance. Not always did it pay, but to this he stuck through many reverses, ever building new argosies from the wrecks of stranded hopes. A scheme whose probable profits he could not write with six figures before the decimal was too paltry for his consideration.

It was an experiment in high finance which took the Major so far away as the republic of—well, there are a lot of little federations down in South and Central America. This particular one we will call Guanica. The enterprise was nothing short of bribing a few receptive government officials in relation to a grant of rubber forest.

Now, an all-wise providence probably intended the Major's varied talents for other things, but the fact remains that he seemed especially designed for business of this sort. Nature had furnished him with impressive bulk. It had endowed him with such dignity as is instinct in negro porters and acquired by statesmen. It had gifted him with persuasive speech. The Major had done the rest. He had held himself aloof from work of head or hand. Toil he viewed as some lamentable misfortune that might happen to others but could never happen to him.

Because of his gift in the matter of persuasive speech a discerning and not wholly reverent circle of friends were pleased to speak of the Major as "Lubricator" Jones, a nickname of which he did not wholly approve, but which he never took pains to resent.

By the time the Major had found just whose palms to cross in Guanica and had

properly "crossed" them he had distributed some four thousand dollars gold. Then to the trusting speculators who had supplied the funds he jubilantly cabled: "Have greased the ways; launching soon."

The Major was confidently awaiting the promised signatures to certain documents of state when something happened which was not on his programme. A lot of ridiculously uniformed soldiers marched from somewhere into the plaza, fired a few rifle shots, dragged some cannon about and waved some flags. They were joyously received by every Guanican in sight.

"What's it all about?" demanded the Major.

"Why, it's a revolution. Long live Mendez, the Liberator!" said his landlord in the one breath.

And so it was. The Major learned that the men who but the day before had guided the destinies of Guanica were now either in jail or in breathless flight therefrom, while an entirely new set of destiny shapers held forth within the walls of the jimcracky government palace.

Having meditated on these things Major Pemberton Jones went, with no indecent haste, to make inquiry of Mendez, the Liberator, as to the status of his concession. A very small, very dark man with bristling mustaches and unquiet eyes received him with scant courtesy. In his most persuasive tones, and in very faulty Spanish, the Major said some nice things to Mendez, the Liberator, and suggested that he would like his concession signed right away. Incidentally he mentioned that no further attempt at extortion would be successful. In very good Spanish, but in rather explosive tones, Mendez, the Liberator, suggested that Major Pemberton Jones should go to the devil.

Thereupon the Major played his trump. He, the Major, knew his rights. He should stand for them. He asserted that

he was an American citizen with a watchful state department, a great army, and a first-class navy at his back.

This should have wilted the liberator. But it didn't. His unquiet eyes grew still more unquiet, and he gave some sharp, snapping orders. In a remarkably short time Major Jones was hustled before a very impromptu court, and there charged with many grave felonies whose nature he understood but vaguely. From court he was taken to an ill-ventilated but very secure stone prison. It was all quite abrupt.

For twenty-seven unpleasant days the Major was badly treated. Then he was removed to a hospital where they found he had a well-developed case of yellow fever. The nurses were chiefly remarkable for greed, incompetency, and laziness, but the physicians knew how to handle yellow jack. So the Major survived.

Six weeks later an emaciated individual, wearing a faded suit of blue ticking, walked uncertainly up the steps of the government palace and demanded an interview with the dictator of Guanica. The man was what was left of Major Pemberton Jones, whose weight had dropped from 225 pounds to a bare 150. As was quite natural, he looked as if his skin did not fit him.

Through some mistake he was admitted into the august presence of the dictator. Before he could be stopped he had told about one-third the story of his wrongs. When the small, dark man with the unquiet eyes caught his drift he laughed mirthlessly. Next he banged a bell and there came in a dozen or more energetic guards.

"Take this Yankee pig outside and kick him off the grounds," he said. The order was obeyed with promptness and to the letter.

Mental poise had always been one of the Major's strong points, but years of self-control could not fit a person for such unusual emergency. Picking himself up out of the white dust of the roadway the Major then and there, to the intense enjoyment of some score of interested loungers, cursed the republic of Guanica in all its several departments, executive, judicial, civil, and military, from top to bottom and back again. Also did he declare the fut-

ure business of his life to be the pursuit of vengeance.

On the very face of it this declaration was vain, for there were left to the Major, after contact with Guanicans of high and low degree, neither coin, credit, nor proper raiment. The immediate future contained only dire necessity, but from it was born quick resource.

Walking as one whose way was clear the Major limped to the water-front. There he found a Norwegian tramp steamer which happened to be full of salt hides and short handed below decks. The Major impetuously shipped as stoker.

It is only just to state that the Major had but the most vague conception of a stoker's duties. They are not contemplative. Neither is the stoke-hold of a steamer an attractive place, particularly in tropic seas. During a nightmare existence of unguessed length did Major Pemberton Jones, disciple of high finance, feed mountains of pea-coal into the insatiate maw of a red-mouthed demon.

No clear recollections has he of that period save that with every shovelful he made a new vow, or repeated an old one, concerning his purpose and attitude toward the republic of Guanica. That the hard work and high temperature did not end his existence was a marvel. But it did not. While awake he worked like a fiend, ate what was given him and drank oatmeal water by the gallon. When it was permitted he dropped on the baled hides in the evil-smelling hold to sleep as one in a trance.

Some strange sights may be seen in the neighborhood of Pier 1, North River, but probably no one ever saw, before or since, a soot-grimed stoker jump ashore, run into the middle of Battery Place and kiss the unresponsive and not always immaculate Belgian blocks. Yet that is what Major Pemberton Jones did. Whether there is any potency for sanity in New York's paving-stones I do not know, but from that moment the Major regained his mental poise.

There ensued for the Major some bitter months. To the men who had coveted Guanica's rubber forests he made brief report of failure unadorned with the story of his personal sufferings. Then he dropped out of sight.

Just what vineyards of endeavor shadowed his paths during that period of disappearance are unknown to me. Into it was packed, I suppose, all the real toil of which Major Pemberton Jones was ever guilty, barring that in the stoke-hold, and there is no doubt that he still feels it the deepest blot on his record as a gentleman and a financier.

One spur there is more effective than ambition. This was supplied to my friend, the Major, when the minions of Guanica's dictator did hurt to his person and violence to his feelings. Now to undertake at forty-eight a climb, from the depths represented by a lodging which you buy at so much per night, to the comfortable heights associated with hotel apartments paid for by the quarter, this is indeed a task. Add to it the wreaking of a private revenge on the executive head of a sovereign republic and you have set a goal for nothing short of genius.

Of those desperate beginnings the Major will say no word. I have guessed at feverish days spent in haunting certain obscure brokers' offices where clerks and messenger-boys may risk the price of a week's luncheons on the rise and fall of stocks. Pony bucket-shops they are called in the metaphor of "the Street," and they serve both as kindergartens and asylums for those who follow the game.

In the end luck must have come to the Major. At any rate, he was seen, on that notable day when X, Y & Z (preferred) shook off the lethargy of months and rose from something like fifty-seven to four points beyond par, to sit, from opening to closing, breaking toothpicks into bits as he watched his little hoard grow like the magic flowers under the wand of the sleight-of-hand performer. Sometimes, but not frequently, this happens.

Next day Major Pemberton Jones reappeared. He took his old rooms at the hotel where he had been for years a fixture, was reinstated at his club, and leased two tiny offices on the eighteenth floor of a new skyscraper.

By many outward signs he was the same "Lubricator" Jones as before. Yet he was much changed. For one thing his dark-brown hair had become almost white. He was stouter than ever and week by week his weight increased. Even the ex-

pression of his eyes was new. There was another thing, though trivial. On one of his stubby fingers blazed balefully, from a heavy chased setting, a green diamond of quite three carats weight.

"It's an investment, not an ornament," explained the Major. "Queer stone? Well, yes. I'll tell you the story some day. The dealers call it *El Vengador*. That's Spanish, you know, for—well—" The Major thrust a well-kept hand out into the sunlight and allowed the rays to dance among the facets for a moment. "When you see me without it you will understand."

"Doubted," said I. "But it is of great price, this *El Vengador*?"

"No—and yes. I can get five hundred on it at an hour's notice, but while I wear it the stone stands for something I owe to seven hundred thousand dear friends."

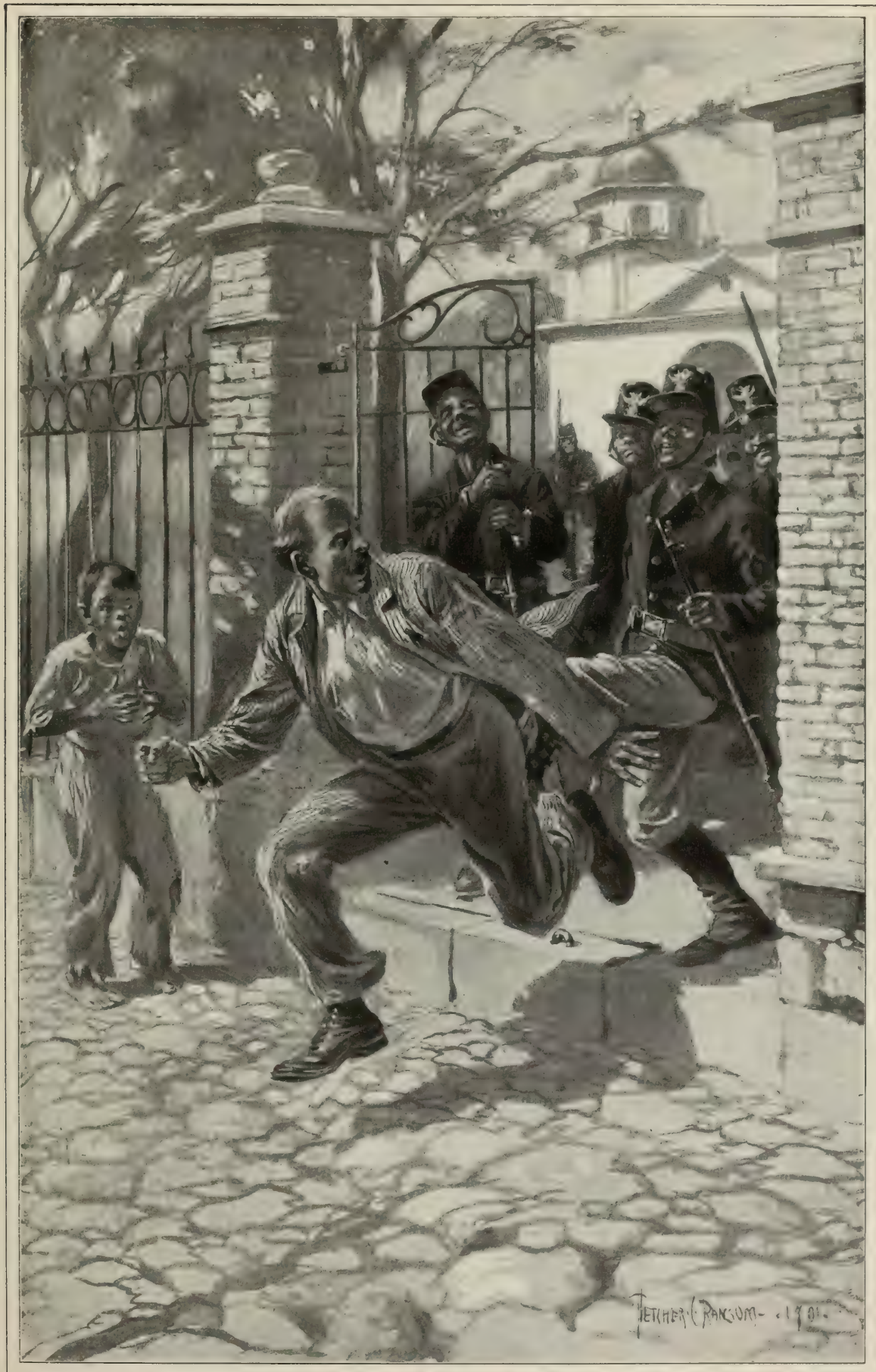
Not knowing the Major's point of view I set this down as mere imagery.

As president of the Montezuma Mining Company (Limited) the Major enjoyed a season of moderate prosperity, during which it was to be noted that he was somewhat uniquely busied in keeping track of South American affairs. I judged this from the journals and government reports with which his desk was burdened.

"When one wears *El Vengador* what else can you expect?" he would say; which reply, you see, was no reply at all.

Gradually there approached evil days. A suspicious public began to doubt the wonderfully convincing truths elaborately printed in the pamphlets of the Montezuma Mining Company and—here was the rub—to withhold its dollars. Even the curb brokers refused to traffic in such discredited stock. There were base rumors that the Montezuma mine was an unproductive hole in the ground, and that the early dividends had been purely fictitious declarations.

Vainly did Major Jones angle for men with money to invest and confidence in his ability to do the investing. The partial story of his failure in the matter of the Guanican rubber concession was widely spread, and where it went there fell a blight upon all budding assurance as to the financial wisdom of "Lubricator" Jones.



Drawn by F. C. Ransom.

The order was obeyed with promptness and to the letter.—Page 567.

So once more the Major was posted at his club, once more he gave up his hotel apartments, and in time his raiment became unfitting for one who practised high finance. Still, on a stubby finger of his right hand gleamed El Vengador, although many a time it would have brought to the Major not only the comforts of life but might have enabled him to grip fast golden and speculative chance.

Still another notable feature of the Major's conduct during these dark days was his habit of dining nightly at the Hôtel d'Espagne, an uptown hostelry where the charges are certainly not moderate and where gather well-dressed foreigners of the Latin races. Although his lodgings were so humble that their location was a matter of secrecy, although his breakfasts and luncheons must have been slight indeed, every evening found the Major at a little corner table in the bizarrely decorated dining-room of the Hôtel d'Espagne ignoring the slights of untipped waiters and narrowly watching, between the garlic-tainted courses of the table d'hôte, the crowd of swarthy, gesticulating señors.

This sort of thing continued until one night, after a day when the ultimate end became most obvious, the Major decided, and clenched his fat hands in unfruitful rage that it must be, to sacrifice El Vengador. An unsatisfied landlady had locked the door between him and the poor relics of his personal belongings, while a chattel-mortgage shark had stripped bare his tiny offices. There remained in his pockets only the price of bed and breakfast, or a dinner at the Hôtel d'Espagne. Which should it be? From five until six P.M. the owner of El Vengador sat on a bench in Union Square park and wrestled with this problem.

In the end the Major flipped a coin. Soon after he was sitting at his table in the corner wondering, and for the last time, what might be the true name of the pallid meat which at the Hôtel d'Espagne appears on the menu as filet de bœuf.

Some words, spoken in a tense whisper meant to carry only across the cloth, impinged on the Major's left ear. They roused him to a state of mental acuteness to be attained only in rare moments. With elaborate caution the Major turned

his head for one swift, inquiring glance. He saw a small, dark man with bristling mustaches and unquiet eyes.

The next half hour every nerve in the Major's big body, save that important one connecting the ear with the brain, was willed into stillness. That to which he listened was a confidence, imparted by the small, dark man, to another, even darker. It was a guarded confidence, spoken in hints and innuendo. Possibly not two other persons in the room would have understood. But the Major did. Not for nothing had he read *La Patria*. Eagerly he absorbed knowledge of affairs affecting the immediate future of the sovereign republic of Guanica.

In the first place he learned that Señor José Mendez del Norte, he of the unquiet eyes, was no longer dictator, but a hunted exile. More important still was the revelation that the señor was the leading spirit of an anticipated revolt, and that he had come to New York laden with much contributed gold, the filchings of his fellow-conspirators and some of his own. His errand was to buy some kind of armed and armored steamer, to buy it with all possible despatch, and to hurry back to Guanica in the same.

What even a third-rate war-ship could accomplish in the harbor of Guanica's capital Major Pemberton Jones well knew. With a few broadsides it could knock into a heap of junk the absurd fort which pretends to command the bay; with another it could riddle the antiquated wooden frigate that represents the whole of Guanica's naval strength, and then—why, then the dictatorship of Señor Mendez would be re-established so firmly that nothing short of a miracle could shake it.

Where the Major's feet took him that night he never knew. He had cloudy remembrance of passing through streets, of sitting on benches, of staring unseeingly into shuttered show-windows, and of being "moved on" by men in blue. He knew only that somehow the shifting destinies had once more jostled together himself and this arch rogue of his personal drama. He saw only wide-handed opportunity beckoning him to lay hold. But how? Where?

At last it came, this plan of vengeance for which he had waited with patience



Drawn by F. C. Ransom.

A soot-grimed stoker . . . kiss the unresponsive and not always immaculate Belgian blocks.—Page 567.

deserving better motive. It was elaborate, brilliant, daring. Yet he knew it must succeed. It should succeed. It began with the exchange of El Vengador for a yellow ticket and a neat packet of yellow-backed bank-notes. Then followed the busiest day in the Major's life and the one most productive of results.

One of these results was the receipt of a cablegram, some twenty-four hours later, by Señor Mendez del Norte. No detail was there about the envelope or contents to excite suspicion as to its genuineness. The message bore even the wrinkles left by the copying-press. It advised Señor Mendez to apply at once to the International Maritime Company, street number given. It was dated at Guanica's capital and signed by a discreet person who had once held office under the ex-dictator and who still had his confidence. Nothing could be more convincing.

So the Señor put on a fresh linen suit, pointed the ends of his bristling mustaches, set firmly on his head a high-crowned Panama hat and called a cab. If the Señor held himself very straight and looked very important as he rode downtown it should be passed by. One does not ride out every day, backed by a \$200,000 bank deposit, to buy a war-ship.

The piled-up mass of the building occupied solely, as he decided, by the International Maritime Company, had a somewhat sobering effect on the Señor. As he was jerked skyward in a grilled, cage-like express elevator he half expected to see prows of war-ships, stacked like goods on a shelf, jutting out here and there. But he caught only glimpses of marble tiled halls falling away with dizzying suddenness. So confused was he that when he was shoved out into a top corridor he paused a little before knocking on a lavishly lettered door that was, as near as he could judge, the entrance to the main offices of the great company with which he was to do business.

But if Señor Mendez expected to break in upon the routine of such a concern as the International Maritime Company and buy a war-ship offhand, as he might a package of cheroots, he was mistaken. There appeared to be a certain amount of ceremony preliminary to getting speech with the president-manager. Señor Men-

dez del Norte, ex-dictator of the republic of Guanica, was allowed to sit for a long quarter of an hour contemplating a framed lithograph of the late U. S. S. Maine, listening to the nervous click of typewriting machines and waiting for the reappearance of the serious-looking young man who had taken his card.

"The president-manager regrets very much," said the serious-looking young man when he finally returned, "but he is compelled to ask you to call again at one o'clock to-morrow, as he will be engaged for the rest of the day with the Secretary of the Navy."

There was no doubt that Señor Mendez was impressed. He had once seen a United States' squadron of evolution at target practice. Involuntarily he glanced at the closed door which separated him from the head of the United States navy and the president of the International Maritime Company. Oh, yes, he would come again. This was the right place for his purpose.

And he did come, on the stroke of the hour. At a massive roller-top desk brave with nickel-plated telephone, push buttons, speaking tubes and electric light fittings, sat the president-manager. He looked the part, for he was a large man. So big he was that the whole corner of the room seemed full of him. The bulk of him bulged through the chair-arms, ponderously he bulged at the waist-line, his ruddy, clean-shaven jaws bulged over his low collar and his big eyes bulged from a big face that, with its frame of white hair, seemed to bear the stamp of responsible authority. Small wonder then, that Señor Mendez failed to see, in this personage of obvious importance, the man whom he had ordered kicked from his palace steps.

One moment Major Pemberton Jones allowed for possible recognition and then, as it came not, plunged briskly into the business. "Cruiser, eh?" said the Major, just as a shoe-store clerk might say: "Oh, it's a pair of rubbers you want, is it?" "An auxiliary cruiser? Let's see, what government do I understand you represent?"

Quite unblushingly Señor Mendez announced himself as the authorized purchasing agent of the Republic of Guanica.



Drawn by F. C. Ransom.

The unquiet eyes of Señor Mendez scintillated with interest.—Page 574.

"Ah, Guanica! Yes, we've had dealings with you; sold you some torpedo boats three years ago, didn't we? No, it must have been Brazil. Well, we will see what we have in the way of auxiliary cruisers. I beg pardon." Here the Major pushed a button. A bell buzzed in the next room and the serious young man reappeared. "Mr. Brown, get me our list of war-ships. Ah, that's all. Um-m-m-m." The Major was running a fat forefinger down a column. "Albatross, Carlos V.—built for Spain, you know—Alliance, Le Presidente, Sequoia—now there's one that might do, the Sequoia!"

The unquiet eyes of Señor Mendez scintillated with interest.

"The Sequoia," continued the Major, "is one of that lot our Government sold at auction just after the war with Spain. We picked up quite a number at bargain prices. She's the only one left. Used to be a White Moon freighter, but they made an auxiliary cruiser out of her, finished her just in time to be too late. She's just as the navy turned her over to us, wardroom fittings, drab top-sides and all. Let's see, the Sequoia's a 3,500-ton boat and can make eighteen knots on a pinch. She carries eight four-inch Armstrongs, two six pounders and five machine guns, one pounders. No torpedo tubes, though. Were you particular about torpedo tubes?"

The Señor said he was not.

"Good! Her length is 225 feet, beam 35, mean draught 14, coal capacity 700 tons and indicated horse-power 4,000. She has a 1.5 armor belt, a steel deck and her coal-bunkers have been shifted to cover her vitals. But here, I'll tell you what we'll do; we'll just take a run over to the navy yard and have a look at her. We're still paying Uncle Sam dock charges, you see. Beg pardon." Here the Major once more pushed a button. "Mr. Brown, will you send for a hansom. If anyone from Cramps calls tell 'em to come tomorrow."

It was really quite simple. By applying at the proper time and place any citizen, or alien for that matter, may secure passes giving him limited freedom of the Brooklyn Navy Yard. When one has an acquaintance on the Commandant's staff, as Major Jones had, special privileges are also easy to get. But for all that, this

offering for sale, under the very eyes of the Government and on its own ground, a United States war-ship to the organizer of a filibustering enterprise, was a splendid piece of impudence. Even the Major admits this.

Having admired the officers' quarters, squinted knowingly about the engine-room and patted the breechlocks of the big guns, Señor Mendez declared his thorough approval of the Sequoia. The rest was mere business detail. It involved the signing of a thoroughly correct appearing bill of sale and the delivery of a certified check for \$100,000 as half payment, the remainder to be paid when the Señor took possession. The Major tossed the scribbled slip of paper negligently into a desk basket. The Señor smilingly bowed himself out. There had been neither hitch nor quibble.

That same afternoon the International Maritime Company, having existed for three consecutive days, ceased to be a factor in the business world. The serious-looking Mr. Brown chuckled as he watched a sign-painter scraping the recently painted names from the door in preparation for a new tenant. Three bewildered young women who had industriously copied many pages of the naval register went away with two weeks' salaries in their respective purses. A hustling dealer in second-hand office furniture carted away the desks and other things.

While making ready for dinner, a few hours after buying his war-ship, Señor Mendez was interrupted by a caller.

"I came up," said Major Jones, "to tell you that you have a very poor memory."

Señor Mendez checked his affable greeting and looked perplexed.

"Sit down," commanded the Major, pulling a chair before the closed door and taking a comfortable position. His tones were not the soothing ones peculiar to "Lubricator" Jones, for somewhere far below the Major's placid exterior there existed unsatisfied wrath of long standing. Your Cassius, who treasures up an injury and bides his time, need not always be lean. He may be fat and still love as well to pay off a score. Even the best of us carry one or two well-defined hates. The Major had his. This disturbed looking man with the unquiet eyes who stood there

fidgeting with a half-buttoned collar was its object.

"But, Señor, I—" began the ex-dictator.

"Excuse *me*," broke in the Major firmly, "you've had your turn. Now it's mine."

Well, he had it. Before he finished there was established thoroughly in the mind of Señor Mendez the identical relation between the man whom he had so abruptly caused to be kicked down his palace steps and the personage whom he now knew as the president-manager of the International Maritime Company.

"But the Sequoia, Señor—the bill of sale—my check?" There were in these queries every shade of anxiety and alarm.

"The Sequoia is still the property of the United States Government, just as she has been for several years past. Your check—that has been deposited to my account. The bill of sale—you may keep that as a souvenir of our last meeting." This was "Lubricator" Jones at his best.

Violent emotion, expressed by a certain contraction of the eyelids and a swelling of forehead veins, was visible on the swarthy face of Señor Mendez.

"I will bring suit! I will appeal to your Government! I will——"

"No," interjected the Major, speaking with much calm deliberation, "oh, no. You will not do any of these things. Neither you nor I, Señor, can afford to have the United States courts prying into our private business affairs. You especially cannot. There was a time, Señor, when you could send people you didn't like off to fever-reeking prisons. Then you might have brought suit and appealed to some purpose. It's different now. You are in a highly civilized country. So long as you are moderately quiet you are safe, but the moment you go about shouting that you've come to buy a war-ship you spoil the illusion. You become a filibuster, a disturber of the sacred peace between nations, and a character of interest to United States marshals.

"On the other hand"—here Major Pemberton Jones paused for purely rhetorical reasons—"down in Guanica there are a lot of inconsiderate people who ac-

cuse you of juggling with the public funds. They are politically prejudiced, perhaps, but they've declared you to be a felon and an outlaw."

Just at this point Señor Mendez squirmed and suddenly appeared to be hunting for something which he had lost.

"Tut, tut, now!" said the Major, sternly. "Never mind about that knife. I haven't struck a man for thirty years and I shouldn't like to begin with you. That's right. Sit down. Yes, a felon and an outlaw. Ugly words, are they not? And we have an extradition treaty with your country; don't forget that. You once did me the honor, Señor, to call me a Yankee pig. Spanish is so very expressive! A pig is a stupid, a very stupid animal. Just remember, Señor, when you are trying to explain to your fellow-revolutionists about your failure to get a war-ship, that a Yankee doesn't like to be called a pig. Adios, Señor."

In a highly dramatic manner Señor José Mendez del Norte paced the length of his hotel apartments, tore at his collar, and shook his clenched fists at the richly decorated ceilings. But that was all.

"Of course," says the Major, and you will note his fine regard for the ethics of statute breaking, "it was technically an illegal procedure. But it was morally just. I got about what I should have divided among my lawyers had I taken the case to the high courts. Yes, the señor was greatly displeased. He was game, though. When he found himself beaten he concluded to let the Guanican revolt shift for itself. The last I heard of him he was living very comfortably in Paris, on the rest of that war-ship money, I suppose. As for me, I have quit high finance."

Very often I see, riding up or down Fifth Avenue in a smart hansom cab, a big, very big man. On a finger of his right hand he wears a large green diamond set in a heavy chased ring. The big, very big man is Major Pemberton Jones, with whom riding in hansom cabs is almost a passion. The large diamond is called *El Vengador*, Spanish words whose meaning it is not hard to guess.



THE WINGED VICTORY

By Julia Larned

FROM what far, heavenly height of hope
Didst thou descend to light our way,
Cleaving with flash of snowy robe
Time's dusky veil of twilight gray ?

Not of the earth that buoyant strength
Forthreaching to a goal unseen ;
Thou hast beheld life's end divine,
Its light is in thy conquering mien.

Spread o'er our faint and faltering hearts
Thy joyous pinions evermore,
Bright vision of a triumph vast
When the long strife of earth is o'er !



THE PINES OF LORY*

By J. A. Mitchell

XIII—THE HORN OF PLENTY

HEAVY showers escorted the travellers during the last afternoon of their homeward march. Of the trio Solomon was the wettest, for his two friends were enfolded in a rubber blanket, drawn over their heads and shoulders and held together in front. Thus, by walking arm in arm and keeping close together, they escaped a soaking. But Elinor was tired, with a tendency to sadness. This was excusable, as the failure of the expedition left the choice of a perilous experiment on the raft or of starvation at the cottage. Even the saturated Solomon, as he preceded them with drooping head, seemed to have lost his buoyancy.

But Pats, whatever his inward state, continued an unfailing well-spring of cheerfulness and courage. Not a disheartening word escaped him, not a sign of weakening. And his efforts to enliven his companion were persistent—and successful. Being of a hopeful and self-reliant nature this task was not so very difficult.

At last, toward the middle of the afternoon, in rain and mist, they came to the eastern end of their own beach. But all view was shut out. Both the cottage and the point of land on which it stood were hidden in the fog. As they tramped along this beach, on the hard wet sand, the wind and rain from the open sea came strong against their faces.

"It will be good to get back," said Elinor.

"Yes, but I like this better," and Pats drew the rubber blanket a little closer still. "Our life at the cottage is too confined; too cut and dried, too conventional and ceremonious."

"Too much company?"

"No, just enough. But too much routine and sameness. Above all, it is too laborious. The charm of this life is having no chores to be done. No shaving; no floors to scrub or windows to clean."

"Poor boy! And you must work doubly hard when we first get back. To begin with, you will have to eat your half of all the eggs that have been laid."

"Not an egg! I swear it!"

"Let's see—four days. That will make about thirty-six eggs. You must eat eighteen this afternoon."

Their heads were of necessity very close together, and as Pats with a frown turned his face to look at her, she continued: "And to-morrow being your birthday, you shall have a double allowance. Just think of being thirty-one years old! Why, Patsey, it takes one's breath away."

"Yes, it is a stupendous thought."

"How does it feel?"

"Well, I can still see and hear a little; and I am holding on to my teeth. Of course, the lungs, liver, brain, and all the more perishable organs have long since gone."

"Naturally."

"But the heart is still there, and thumping hard and strong for the finest woman in the world."

"Well, the heart is everything, and you are a good boy—I mean a good old man."

"Thanks."

"And as soon as we get to the cottage I shall—" She pressed his arm, stopped suddenly, and listened. "Why, what was that?"

"What was what?"

"Out on the water, off the point there. I heard a noise like a steamboat."

Both listened.

* Copyright, 1901, by J. A. Mitchell.

"Are you sure?" he asked.

"I certainly thought so."

Again they listened. Nothing was heard, however, except the lapping of the waves along the beach.

At last, in a low tone, Pats muttered: "A whole fleet might be within a mile on a day like this and nobody know it. Are you sure it wasn't Solomon? He is a heavy breather sometimes."

She sighed. "Very likely. With this blanket about one's ears anything was possible."

They started on again. A few moments later the final shower had ceased. Swiftly the clouds dispersed, but the mist, although illumined by the sun, still lingered over land and sea. Solomon, followed by his friends, climbed the gentle ascent at the end of the beach, and as they hastened on among the pines all felt a mild excitement on approaching the cottage.

Gathered about the doorway, as if to welcome the returning travellers, stood a few white hens and the pompous rooster. To this impressive bird Pats took off his hat with a deferential bow.

"Glad to see you again, Senator."

"Why 'Senator'? Because nobody listens when he talks?" Elinor had been to Washington.

"Yes; and he knows so little and feels so good over it."

From its hiding-place behind the vines, Pats took the key and opened the door. With a military salute he stood aside, and the lady entered. He followed; and as he unslung his knapsack Elinor looked about her with a pleased expression.

"How rich it all is!" she exclaimed. "I had forgotten what a splendid collection we had."

Pats drew a long breath, as if to inhale the magnificence.

"Are you familiar with bric-à-brac shops?" he asked.

"Yes."

"And with the rooms of old palaces and châteaux that are opened only when visitors arrive?"

"Yes."

"Well, this is that smell."

She also inhaled, and closed her eyes. "So it is."

"It's the tapestries and old wood, and

the bloom on the paintings, I suppose. But it's good. I like it."

"It is a little musty, perhaps, but——"

She stopped so suddenly that Pats turned toward her. With a look of surprise she was pointing to the centre of the dining-table, close beside them. In the centre of this table, and very white against the dark oak, lay an envelope. Upon it had been placed a silver spoon to prevent disturbance from any possible gust of air through the open door.

"Someone has been here!" And she regarded Pats with startled eyes.

Before touching the letter he instinctively cast a look about the room for other evidence. While he was doing it, Elinor pointed toward the farther end of the cottage, to the kitchen table, and whispered,

"Look!"

Upon that table rested a pile of cans, boxes, and sundry packages. For a short moment both regarded in silence this almost incredible display. Then Pats took up the letter. On the envelope was no address—no name nor writing whatsoever. He turned it over in his fingers. "I suppose it is intended for the old gentleman, the owner of the place."

"And how careful they are that nobody shall know his name."

"There must have been several men here to bring up all these provisions, and whoever left the letter had no intention of giving the old gentleman away," and Pats tossed the letter upon the table.

Elinor in turn picked it up and looked it over. "I *would* like to know what it says."

"So would I," said Pats. "Let's open it."

"Open another man's letter!" And she frowned.

"It may not be a letter. It may be some information as to when they are coming again, or what he is to do about provisions or something important for us to know. Our getting away from here may depend on what is inside that envelope."

"Yes, that is possible."

"Well, open it."

But she handed it back to him. "No, *you* must do it."

Pats tore open the envelope. Elinor

stepped nearer and stood beside him, that she also might read.

"It is in French." Then he began:

"*Monsieur le Duc*——"

"Why, the old gentleman was a duke!" exclaimed Elinor.

"I am not surprised. You know we always suspected him of being a howling swell. But this writing and the language are too much for me. You really must read it." And he put the paper in her hands.

Elinor's French was perfect, but after the first sentence Pats interrupted.

"Translate as you go along. It is too important to take chances with, and I never was at home in that deceitful tongue."

Elinor dropped into the chair that stood beside her. Pats sat upon the edge of the table.

Monsieur le Duc:

It is with a grand regret that I find myself unable to pay my respects in person to your Grace, but a broken ankle keeps me a prisoner in the cabin. If there is anything of importance your Grace wishes to communicate have the extreme goodness to send me a note by the bearer. He can be trusted.

I leave the stores following last instructions. Enclosed is the list. The bearer, an honest man, will bring to me your new list from behind the door, if by chance you are not at home.

Your Grace's devoted servitor,
Jacques Lafenestre.

She laid the letter on the table. "What a shame! It really tells us nothing."

"Not a thing. Lafenestre might at least have mentioned the date of the next visit."

"They all seem dreadfully afraid we may learn something." She took up the other paper and unfolded it. "This is the list."

Then she read:

Four sacs corn meal,
Two sacs Graham flour,
Four boxes crackers,
Two barrels potatoes.

"Those must be down-stairs," said Pats. "I see the cellar-door is open."

Elinor continued:

One box lemons,
Four dozen candles,
Four dozen Pontet Canet,
Six pounds tobacco——

"Good!" said Pats. "Just what we need."

She went on:

Four pounds coffee,
Four boxes matches,
One pocket-knife,
Six pairs woollen socks,
Six old maids——

"Six *what*?"

"Six old maids: *vieilles filles*—that is certainly old maids."

"Yes, but, Heavens! What does he want so many for? And where are they? In the cellar?"

She smiled, still regarding the paper. "But you needn't worry. They are something to wear. It says six old maids, extra thick and double length."

"Double length! Well, each man to his taste. Go on."

"That is all," and she dropped the paper on the table and looked up into his face. Thoughtfully he stroked the three days' beard upon his chin. He was watching through the open door the last clouds of mist as they floated by, driven before the wind.

Suddenly he jumped to his feet. "Then you were right about the boat! You *did* hear one. And it was here an hour ago!"

Quickly he snatched a shotgun from the wall, rushed out of the house, down to the edge of the point and discharged one of the barrels. He shouted at the top of his voice, fired the second barrel and shouted again. For a few moments he stood looking off into the slowly dissolving fog, listening vainly for an answering sound.

Elinor joined him.

"I know it's of no use," he said, "for the wind is in the wrong direction. But I thought I would try it."

A moment later the final cloud of mist in which they stood was swept away, giving a clear view over all the waters to the south. And they saw, disappearing toward the west, around a promontory, a speck upon the blue horizon, and behind it a line of smoke.

In a melancholy silence both watched this far-away handful of vapor until it faded into space. When no trace remained of the vanished craft, Pats dropped the empty gun, slowly turned his head and regarded his companion. In Elinor's eyes, as they met his own, he recognized a gal-

lant effort at suppressing tears. Remembering her resolve of yesterday, he smiled—a smile of admiration, of gratitude, and encouragement.

She also smiled, for she read his thoughts. And something more was plainly written in his face: that self-effacing, immortal thing that lovers live on; and it shone clear and honest from this lover's eyes. Whereupon she stepped forward: he gathered her in his arms, and an ancient ceremony was observed; very ancient, indeed; primitive and easily executed.

Solomon, weary of this oft-repeated scene, looked away with something like a sigh, then closed his eyes in patience.



XIV—PILGRIMS

ANOTHER JUNE.

Along the northern shore of the St. Lawrence Gulf, through the cold, gray light of early dawn, a yacht was steaming eastward.

Leaning against the rail, near the bow, a woman with eager eyes watched the elusive coast. But this coast, in the spreading light, was rapidly revealing itself, becoming less ethereal; more savage and majestic. The woman was daintily attired. Every detail of her apparel, from the Parisian hat to the perfect-fitting shoes, while simple and designed expressly *pour le voyage*, was sumptuous in its simplicity. Although about thirty-five years of age, her round, rather wide face, graceful figure and vivacious expression would have made deception easy if she had cared to practise it. In feelings, in manner, and in appearance, she was eighteen. And she would never be older. A peculiar droop at the outer corners of two large and very dark eyes, and a mouth—too small for the face—with a slight and rather infantile projection of the upper lip gave a plaintive, half-melancholy expression to an otherwise merry and youthful face.

Behind her, pacing to and fro, a strongly

built, elderly man with heavy face and heavy hands, also watched the coast.

"Voilà, Jacques!" and the lady pointed to a promontory in front, just revealed by the vanishing mist. "*Le voilà, n'est ce pas?*"

The man stepped forward and stood beside her. After a careful scrutiny he replied, also in French:

"Truly, I think it is"

"Ah, le bonheur! At last! And how soon shall we land?"

He hesitated, stroking the end of his nose with a stubby finger. "In less than two hours."

"In less than two hours! Absurd! You mean to say in less than twenty minutes, is it not?"

He shrugged his shoulders in respectful protestation. "But, Princess, deign to remember that we are still some miles from this headland, and that Monsieur, your father, is yet farther away; some fifteen miles, at the very end of the bay which lies beyond."

She frowned and turned away. "Are we going as fast as possible?"

"I think so."

"Well, if you are not sure of it, Jacques, go down and tell that engineer to enliven his exasperating machinery. Make everything turn faster, or I shall jump into the sea and swim ahead. It is of a slowness to rend the nerves."

Jacques Lafenestre moved away to carry out this order. From his youth up he had served this lady and her parents. And when the father, for excellent reasons, left France in haste and came into the wilderness the old servant followed. Later on he settled in Quebec as keeper of an inn. And ever since that day he had maintained communication with his master.

As the Princess walked impatiently up and down the deck, erect and with elastic tread, often looking at her watch and frowning, she gave the impression of a commanding little person, much accustomed to having her own way—and with no talent for resignation. And when, a few moments later, another individual appeared upon the deck, a tall, thin, dark-robed ecclesiastic, evidently of high degree, with fine features and a stately bearing, she hastened to express her an-

noyance. To his polite greeting she replied rapidly :

"Good-morning, your Grace ; but tell me, did you ever see anything like this boat? Did you ever imagine a thing could crawl with such a slowness—such a slowness? I shall die of it ! I believe the screw is working backwards."

The Archbishop smiled—that is, his mouth lengthened, for mirth and he were strangers—"But it seems to me we move, Princess, and quite rapidly."

"Rapidly ! Well, never mind. Time and the wind will get us there. But why are you up so early? This is an hour when gentlemen are abed."

"I could not sleep."

"Ah, the misfortune ! For you may have a hard day. Remember, you are to do your best : and use your strongest arguments. You will need them. / My father is wilful."

"Have no fears, Princess, I shall do all in my power, for the cause seems righteous. The Duc de Fontrévault is, as you say, too old a man to be left alone under such conditions."

"Surely ! And you are the one of all others to convince him. He will not listen to the rest of us. And don't fail to impress upon him his duty to his family. That is your strongest point, is it not?"

"Yes, and that now he can return with safety."

She shook her head. "No, do not rely too much on that, for he loves his wilderness. And he has known for a long time all danger was past. Better attack his conscience, and his sense of duty."

"As you say, Princess. And I shall spare no effort."

"Then you will succeed." And looking up with a smile, "You could convince anybody of anything, dear Archbishop. A few words from you, if you could only get him alone, and the devil himself would turn over a new leaf—perhaps join the Church. Who knows?"

For these sentiments his Grace had no responsive smile. This lady from Paris, while a good Catholic, seemed to have so little reverence for certain sanctities that he was always on his guard. Her nature was not of the sort he preferred to deal with. There were too many conflicting elements. No one could tell with precis-

ion just when she was serious or when she was having a little fun. And, moreover, the dignity of an archbishop was not a thing to be compromised. But she was a *grande dame*, a person of great influence—also of great wealth and a free giver. And the Archbishop was no fool.

As they rounded the promontory and came in sight of the bay the emotion of the Princess was apparent. Impatiently she walked the deck. With the sun once fairly above the water, the little point of land at the farther end of the bay showed clearly in the morning light.

She beckoned the old servant to her side. "There it is, Jacques ! I see distinctly the cottage, a little mass of green against the shadow of the pines. And surely there is smoke from the chimney ! My father is an early riser ; already up and cooking his breakfast. Is it not so, Jacques?"

"Yes, I do not doubt Monsieur le Duc cooks his breakfast at this moment."

"What enormous trees !" she went on. "Beautiful, beautiful ! And they stretch away forever. An ocean of pines ! I had forgotten they were so tall—so gigantic. How many minutes now, Jacques, before we arrive?"

Jacques frowned and shrugged his heavy shoulders. "I shall not tell you."

"Wicked old man !"

And again, through her glass, she studied the coast.

He had carried this lady in his arms before she could walk ; he had superintended, in a way, her childhood ; and so, like many old servants in France, he was not expected to bear in mind, at all times, certain differences in birth.

With a fresh enthusiasm she exclaimed : "And there, down below, to the right, is the little beach—the ravishing little beach ! How I loved it ! Here, take the glasses, Jacques, and regard it."

Jacques regarded. "Yes, it is a good beach."

She dropped the glasses in their case, folded the daintily gloved hands upon the rail, and for several moments gazed in silence at the coast in front. Her face, in repose, became somewhat sadder, and now there was a moisture in the eyes.

"Tell me again, Jacques, just how long it is since you were here ?"

"Eight months."

"Much can happen in eight months."

"Yes, without doubt, but then it is to be remembered that when I was here last, in the month of September—all went well."

"You did not see him yourself, however."

"No, my broken ankle kept me aboard, but those who went ashore with the provisions brought a good report."

"But they did not *see* him."

"No, for he was away, probably on one of his hunting trips. But why disquiet yourself, Princess? We see the smoke rising from the chimney."

"Yes, it is true. You have reason."

When, at last, they arrived, the Princess was one of the first to land, and she hastened up the narrow path to the grove above. Although in haste to greet her father, she paused among the big trees to inhale the piney fragrance. With a smile of rapture she gazed upward and about. These old friends! How unchanged! And how many years they carried her back! As a very little girl her imagination had revelled without restraint and, to her heart's desire, in this enchanted grove. And now she was listening to the old-time murmurings, high above—the same plaintive whispering—the familiar voices, never to be forgotten—that told her everything a little girl could wish to hear, and whenever she cared to hear it.

But she lingered for a moment only. With eager steps she hurried toward the cottage—picturing to herself an old gentleman's amazement when he recognized his visitor.

The door was open. She stood upon the threshold and looked in—and listened. No sound came to her ears except from the old clock behind the door. How familiar this solemn warning of the passing time! It seemed a part of her youth, left behind and suddenly found again. But her heart was beating many times faster than the stately ticking of this passionless machine. Silently she entered and stood beside the table. She saw the hangings, the pictures, the busts, the furniture, precisely as she had known them, years ago.

From behind the tapestry came a sound,

faintly, as of someone moving. She smiled and there was a quivering of the lips. Then, in a low but clear voice, she said:

"*Petit père.*"



XV—REVELATIONS

THE rustle of a sudden movement—and an exclamation half suppressed—came from within the chamber. Then the tapestry was pushed aside.

The Princess, at sight of the figure that emerged, took a backward step, her smile of welcome supplanted by a look of wonder. Another woman stood before her, also pausing in surprise, a hand still holding the tapestry. This woman was young and slight of figure, erect, dark-haired and sunburned. In a single glance the quick eye of the Princess took in a number of details. She noticed that the stranger wore a jacket so faded that no trace of its original color remained; that the skirt, equally faded, was also stained and patched. But to the critical Parisian it was obvious that these garments, although threadbare, frayed, and weather-beaten, fitted extremely well.

Now, while the Princess was the more surprised of the two, the girl in the faded garments experienced a greater bewilderment. For this visitor bore a startling resemblance to the miniature—the wife whose grave was among the pines. And Elinor stared, as if half awake, at the round face, the drooping eyes and the very familiar features of this sudden guest. Even the arrangement of the hair was unchanged, and the infantile mouth appeared exactly as depicted in the little portrait that hung beside her. Had this portrait come to life and stood near its own chair, the effect would have been the same.

But the lady from Paris was the first to find her voice. In French, with somewhat frigid politeness, she said:

"Pardon me, Mademoiselle; I expected to find another person here."

Also in French the girl replied:

"Madame is the daughter, perhaps, of the gentleman who lived here?"

The Princess, with her head, made a slight affirmative movement. And she frowned more from anxiety than from resentment as she asked: "You say *lived* here. Does he not live here now?"

And she read in the face before her, from its sympathy and sadness, the answer she dreaded.

Elinor, before replying, came nearer to the table. "Do you speak English?"

The Princess nodded and seated herself in the chair of the miniature, and with clasped hands and a pale face, whispered:

"He is—dead?"

Elinor took the opposite chair. "May I tell you about it in English? I can do it more easily and better than in French."

"Certainly, certainly. And tell me all—everything."

Bravely the Princess listened. The tears flowed as she heard the story, pressing her handkerchief to her eyes and even trying to smile at times in grateful sympathy for the narrator's efforts at consolation.

"Tell me how he looked the day you found him. Did he seem to have been—ill—to have suffered?"

"We thought him asleep. There was no trace of suffering. The color of his face surprised us."

When the story of his burial was finished the Princess rose from her seat, came around and stood by Elinor and took her hand. "I owe you so much. You were very good and considerate. I am grateful, very grateful. He was unfortunate in his life. It is a consolation to know his death was happy—and that he was reverently buried."

Then Elinor, after hesitating, decided to ask a question.

"If it is no secret, and if you care to do it, would you mind telling me why he came across the water, out here in the forest, and lived in such a way?"

"Assuredly! And even if it were a secret I should tell you. In the first place he was the Duc de Fontrévault, a very good name in France, as perhaps you know. He fell in love—Oh! so fiercely in love!—with a lady who was to marry—well, who was betrothed to a king. It sounds like a fairy tale, *n'est ce pas?*"

"It does, indeed!"

The Princess was now sitting on the arm of Elinor's chair, looking down into her face, in a motherly—or elder sisterly—sort of way.

"Well, you would know all about the king if I told you. He died only the other day, so you will soon guess him. *C'était un vaurien, un imbécile.* My father not only loved this——"

She stopped, abruptly, leaning forward with one hand upon the table. "*Mais, Mon Dieu!* there is my portrait! My old miniature of twenty years ago! How came it there?" And she pointed to the opposite chair.

"We found it hanging there when we came, and have never disturbed it."

"You found it hanging there, on the back of that chair?"

"Yes."

"My own chair—where I used to sit! So, then, I was always before him!"

Elinor nodded. In the eyes of the Princess came fresh tears. She undertook to say more, but failed; and getting up she walked around the table and dropped into Pat's chair, gurgling something in French about the *petit père*. Then she broke down completely, buried her face in her hands, and made no effort to control her grief.

When she recovered composure, her self-reproaches were bitter for allowing so many years to go by without a visit to this devoted parent. Smiling as she dried her eyes—the eyes with the drooping corners, old friends to Elinor—she said: "You, also, have had me for a guest all this time."

"No, for a hostess. It is your house."

"And where do *you* sit?"

"Here, where I am."

"Then I have been your *vis-à-vis*?"

"Yes."

The Princess smiled. "Well, my face must be terribly familiar to you. Perhaps you recognized me at first?"

"Yes; I supposed you must be his daughter. But we believed the portrait to be your mother."

"How amusing! But poor mamma! there is no portrait of her here. She came away in too much of a hurry to stop for trifles."

She studied the miniature in silence; then, leaning back in her chair:

"*Mais voyons !* I was telling something."

"About your father—why he came here."

"Ah, yes ! Well, for a man to marry, or try to marry—or to dream of marrying—a princess formally betrothed to a king was *quelque chose d'inouïe*. But he was badly brought up, this little father of mine : always having his own way—*un enfant gâté*—you know, a child made worse—a child damaged—hurt—what am I trying to say ?"

"A spoiled child."

"Of course ! But the King also was a spoiled child, which is to be expected in a king. However, that did not smooth things for my little father, as the King was beside himself with rage—furious, wild !"

"He was jealous ?"

The Princess laughed—more of a triumphant chuckle than a laugh. "And well he had reason !"

"Then the lady preferred your father to the King ?"

"*Mon Dieu !* She had eyes." Then, with a slight motion of a hand : "And she had sense."

Elinor smiled. "But a king is a great catch."

The little lady shrugged her shoulders. "That made nothing to her. She was as good as the King. She was a *grande* Princess. Not an every-day Princess, like me."

"Are *you* a princess ?" Elinor asked in surprise.

"Yes, an ordinary princess—the common, every-day kind. But *she* was a *princesse royale*. And so he did this." With a comprehensive gesture of both her hands she indicated the tapestries, paintings, busts, furniture, and the entire contents of the house.

"You mean he brought his own possessions off here, across the water ?"

"Precisely."

"And did he bring the Princess with him ?"

"What a question ! It is evident, *Mademoiselle*, that you were not acquainted with my father, the Duc de Fontrévaut."

"Then this princess was your mother ?"

"Yes."

"And that is her grave out there, beneath the pines, next to his ?"

The Princess nodded, and blinked, but

smiled : "Poor mamma ! She only lived a few years after that ; I was nine when she died."

"Were you born here ?"

"In there." And she glanced toward Elinor's chamber.

"You must have had a lonely childhood."

"No. In those days we had a servant—and a cow."

"But why should your father and mother escape to this wilderness ? Surely a woman may marry whom she pleases in these days."

"Certainly. But an agent was sent to arrest my father—on a legal pretext—and in the quarrel this agent—also a gentleman of high rank—was killed. So that was murder. Just what his Majesty wished, perhaps. And my father, in haste, packed a few things on a ship and disappeared."

"A few things !"

"The King never knew where he went. Nor did anyone else. But enough of myself and family. Tell me of your coming here. And of your friend. Is she still here ?"

"My friend was a man."

"Ah !"

The Princess raised her eyebrows, involuntarily. "Pardon me if I am indiscreet, but you are not married ?"

"No."

Now this Parisian, with other Europeans, had heard startling tales about American girls ; of their independence and of their amazing freedom. She leaned forward, a lively curiosity in her face. To her shame be it said that she was always entertained by a sprightly scandal ; and seldom shocked.

"How interesting ! And this gentleman, was he young ?"

But the American girl did not reply at once. She had divined her companion's thoughts and was distressed, and provoked. This feeling of resentment, however, she repressed as she could not, in justice, blame the Princess—nor anybody else—for being reasonably surprised. So, she began at the beginning and told the tale : of the stupid error by which she was left with a man she hardly knew on this point of land ; of their desperate effort to escape in September, by taking to a raft and floating down the river ; how they

failed to land and were carried out to sea, nearly perishing from exposure. She described their reaching shore at last, several miles to the east. And when she spoke of the early snow, in October, of the violent storms and the long winter, the Princess nodded.

"Yes, I remember those winters well. But we were happy, my father and I."

"And so were we," said Elinor.

"Then this stranger turned out well? A gentleman, a man of honor?"

"Yes, oh, yes! And more than that. He gave his life for mine."

From the look which came into Elinor's face, and from a quiver in the voice, the sympathetic visitor knew there was a deeper feeling than had been expressed. She said, gently: "You are tired now. Tell me the rest of the story later."

"No, no. I will tell you now. One morning, about a month ago, the first pleasant day after a week of rain, we started off along the bank of the river to see if the flood had carried away our raft—the new one. Just out there, in the woods, not far from here, I stepped to the edge of the bank and looked down at the water. The river was higher than we had ever seen it; fuller, swifter, with logs and bushes in it. Even big trees came along, all rushing to the sea at an awful speed."

"Yes, I know that big river in spring. The water is yellow, and with a frightful current: fascinating to watch, but it terrifies."

Elinor nodded. "Fascinating to watch, yes. But Pats told me——"

"Pats?"

"My friend. His name was Patrick."

"And Pats is the little name—the familiar—for Patrick?"

"Sometimes."

"Ah, I never knew that! But pardon me. Please go on."

"He told me to come back—that the bank was undermined, by the river and might give way. He said: 'Whoever enters that river to-day leaves hope behind.' At the very instant I started back the earth under me gave way, and—and, well, I went down to the river and under the water—an awful distance. I thought I should never come up again. But I did come up at last, gasping, half dead, several

yards from the shore. The current was carrying me down the river, but I saw Pats on the bank above, watching me. His face was pale and he was hurrying along to keep near. Oh! how I envied him, up there, alive and safe!"

"Poor child! I can well believe it!"

"He cried out, 'Try and swim toward the shore! Try hard!' And I tried, but was carried along so fast that I seemed to make no headway. Then I saw him run on ahead, pull off his shoes and outer clothes, slide down the bank and shoot out into the water toward me."

"Bravo!" exclaimed the listener. "Bravo! That was splendid!" And in her enthusiasm she arose, and sat down again.

Elinor sank back in her chair. But the Princess was leaning forward with wide open eyes and parted lips.

"Then what happened?"

"He reached me, caught me with one hand by my dress between the shoulders, and told me again to swim hard for the shore. It seemed hopeless, at first, for the current was frightful—Oh, frightful! It washed us under and tried to carry us out again. But Pats pushed hard, and after an awful struggle—it seemed a lifetime—we reached the shore."

"Ah, good!"

But in the speaker's face there came no enthusiasm. She closed her eyes, leaning back in her chair as if from physical weakness. The Princess got up, and once more came and stood by the girl's chair, and gently patted a shoulder.

"Tell me the rest later. There is no haste."

"I shall feel better for telling it now. I started to climb up the bank. It was steep, all stones and gravel, and a few little bushes. The stones gave way and kept letting me down—slipping backward. He was still in the water. I heard him tell me to go slow and not hurry. He was very calm, and his voice came up from beneath me, for——" and here she laughed, a little hysterical laugh—more of a sob than a laugh, as if from overtaxed nerves—"for I seemed to be sitting on his head."

The Princess also laughed, responsively.

"I shall never know just how it hap-

pened, but in one of my struggles the whole bank seemed to slide from under me into the river. I clung to a bush and called to him, and tried to look down, but—he was gone.”

A silence followed. The Princess rested her cheek against Elinor’s hair, and murmured words of comfort. “How long ago did this happen?”

“A month ago.”

More from sympathy than from conviction the Princess said:

“He may return. Stranger things have happened. Perhaps he was carried out to sea—and rescued.”

Elinor shook her head. “He was buried beneath the rocks and gravel. If he had risen to the surface, I should have seen him, for the day was clear. No, I know where he is. I see him, all night long, in my sleep, lying at the bottom of the river, his face looking up.”

“My child,” said the Princess, “listen. With your sorrow you have precious memories. From what you have *not* told me of your Pats, I know him well. He loved you. That is clear. You loved him. That is also clear. Alone with him in this cottage through an endless winter, and perfectly happy! *Voyons*, you confessed all when you said ‘We were happy!’ He was the man of a woman’s heart! With no hesitation, he gave his life for yours: to save you or die with you. Tell me, what can Heaven offer that is better than a love like that?”

She closed her eyes and drew a long breath. “Ah! these Americans! These extraordinary husbands! I have done nothing but hear of them!”

“He was not my husband.”

“But he was to be?”

“Oh, yes!”

The Princess rose, walked around the table and stood beside the chair that held her portrait.

“My child, I respect your grief. My heart bleeds for you, but you are to be envied.” With uplifted eyebrows, and her head slightly to one side, she went on: “My husband, the Prince de Champvalliers is good. We adore one another. As a husband he is satisfactory; better than most. But if, by chance, I should fall into a river, with death in its current, and he were safe and dry upon the bank——”

Sadly she smiled, and with a shrug of the shoulders turned about and moved away.

Erect, and with a jaunty step, she walked about the room, renewing acquaintance with old friends of her youth; with the little tapestried fables on the chairs and sofa; with certain portraits and smaller articles. But it was evident that the story she had heard still occupied her mind, for presently she came back to the table and stood in front of Elinor. With a slight movement of the head, as if to emphasize her words, she said, impressively, yet with the suggestion of a smile in her half-closed eyes:

“Were I in your place, my child, I should grieve and weep. Yes, I should grieve and weep; but I should enjoy my sorrow. You are still young. You take too much for granted. You are too young to realize the number of women in the world who would gladly exchange their living husbands for such a memory.” She raised her eyebrows, closed her eyes, and murmured, with a long, luxurious sigh: “The heroism! the splendid sacrifice! I tell you, Mademoiselle, no woman lives in vain who inspires in an earthly lover a devotion such as that!”



XVI—NEWS FROM THE WORLD

JACQUES soon appeared. As his knowledge of English was scant the Princess gave him the story she herself had heard. Great was his horror on learning that when last he came—in September—and left the usual provisions, the Duc de Fontrévaulx had been in his grave since the previous June.

He asked many questions. Elinor told him everything that could be of interest, and the Princess listened eagerly to these replies. The old servant seemed pleased when Elinor turned to him with a smile and said, in his own language: “So you are the French Fairy. That is what we always called you after finding your letter.

Our lives were saved by that unexpected supply of food."

Then they talked of other matters; of what things should be carried back to France. And as the strength and energy of the American girl seemed to have gone—owing, perhaps, to a too meagre diet—the Princess insisted upon having her own maid sent up to pack the trunks. Jacques departed on this errand, and to get one or two men. He soon returned with them, and accompanied by the Archbishop. With a half-suspicious interest His Grace studied this young woman, still seated in her usual place by the table, her eyes, with a listless gaze, following the daughter of the house as she opened drawers and cabinets.

His Grace was standing by the big tapestry, between the two busts, his hands behind him.

"Pardon me, my child," he said with a deep-toned benevolence, calculated to impress the guiltless and to awe the guilty, "but what I find it difficult to understand is why your friends did not look for you. They certainly must have guessed the situation."

Elinor shook her head gently, as if she also recognized the mystery.

"To what do you attribute this singular indifference to your fate on the part of your family and friends?"

"I cannot guess. I have no idea."

"It was purely accidental your—your arrival here?"

"Naturally."

In this brief reply there was something that smote the Archbishop's dignity. It seemed verging upon impertinence. Again he scrutinized the faded garments, the sunburned face, the hands somewhat roughened by toil, now folded on the table before her. His perceptions in feminine matters were less acute than those of the Princess. He remembered a young man had been a companion to this girl in this cottage, and during a whole year. It was only natural that the Princess, in treating this person with so much consideration, should be misled by a very tender, romantic heart, and by a Parisian standard of morality too elastic and too easy-going for more orthodox Christians. Into his manner came a suggestion of these thoughts, his tone was less gracious,

a trifle more patronizing. But as the victim supposed this to be his usual bearing she felt no resentment.

"It was certainly a most unprecedented—one might almost say incredible—blunder. And in daylight, too."

She nodded.

"Do I understand that you came here in a steamboat?"

"Yes."

"And the steamboat, after leaving you and the young man, kept on her course toward Quebec?"

"Yes."

"Do you remember the name of the boat?"

"The *Maid of the North*."

"The *Maid of the North*!"

Elinor took no notice of this exclamation of surprise. In a purely amiable manner she was becoming tired.

"The *Maid of the North*, did you say?"

"Yes."

"But, my child, when was that? When were you left here?"

With a sigh of weariness she replied: "A year ago this month; on the ninth of June."

"The ninth of June," he repeated, in a lower tone, more to himself than to her. "Why—then, she was lost between this point and Quebec."

"Lost?"

And Elinor looked up at him with startled eyes.

"Yes." Then he added, "But I see that you could not have known it."

"Do you mean the *Maid of the North* never reached Quebec?"

"Nothing has been heard of her since the eighth of last June. On that day she was spoken by another steamer near the Magdalen Islands."

Elinor had risen from her chair and stood leaning against the table. "That is horrible! horrible. It does not seem possible! What do they think became of her?"

"Nobody knows. There are several theories, but nothing is certain. You are probably the only survivor."

"But were there no traces of her? no wreckage, nothing to give a clew?"

"Nothing."

With drooping head and a hand across

her eyes she murmured: "Poor Louise! And my uncle—and Father Burke!" And she sank back into her chair.

The Archbishop took a step nearer. "Did you know Father Burke?"

"He was a dear friend."

At this reply the eyebrows of the holy man were elevated. A light broke in upon him. With a manner more sympathetic than heretofore—and less patronizing—he said, gently:

"Father Burke was a dear friend of mine, also; and an irreparable loss to the Church and to all who knew him. Is it possible you are the young lady whom he held in such high esteem and affection, and of whom he wrote to me? Were you in his spiritual charge, with thoughts of a convent?"

She nodded.

Into his face came a look of joy. Then, in a voice brimming over with tenderness and paternal sympathy:

"I cannot express my pleasure, my heartfelt gratitude, that you have been spared to us. Of your exalted character and of your holy aspirations our dear friend spoke repeatedly. And now, in your hour of affliction, it will be not only the duty, but the joy and privilege of our Holy Church to serve you as counsellor and guide."

As the girl made no reply he went on, in a subdued and gently modulated voice:

"At this time more than ever before, you must need the consolation of Religion. Am I not right in believing that you feel a deeper yearning for the closer love and protection of our Heavenly Father? for that security and peace which the outer world can never offer? And too well we know that the outer world is uncharitable and cruel. It might look askance upon this strange adventure. But the arms of Our Mother are ever open. You are always her daughter, and with *her* there is nothing to forgive. All is love, and faith, and peace."

To this deeply religious girl, now stricken and weary, whose heart was numbed with grief, whose hope was crushed, these words came as a voice from Heaven. She held forth a hand which the prelate held in both his own.

"God bless you, my child."



XVII—VOICES OF THE WOOD

WHEN the Princess realized the somewhat famished condition of her new acquaintance she ordered a tempting lunch from the yacht, and had it served in the cottage: fresh meat, with fruit, vegetables, and cream and butter—new dishes among the Pines of Lory! Of this repast the Archbishop partook with spirit.

"Truly an invigorating air. What an appetite it gives!" And he devoured the viands with a priestly relish, but always with arch-episcopal dignity. The person, however, for whom the meal was served leaned back wearily in her chair, barely tasting the different dishes.

"You will starve, my child," said the Princess, gently. "Really, you must eat something to keep alive."

The effort was made, but with little success. And in Elinor's face her friend divined an overmastering grief.

The two women, after lunch, strolled out among the pines, toward the bench by the river. It became evident to the Princess, from the manner in which her companion leaned upon her arm, that days of fasting—and of sorrow—had diminished her strength. Upon the rustic bench Elinor sank with a sigh of relief. But into her face came a smile of gratitude as her eyes met those of the little lady who stood before her, and who was looking down with sympathetic eyes.

To Elinor's description of how she and Pats found the old gentleman reclining upon this same bench, the Princess gave the closest attention. Every detail was made clear by the narrator, who took the same position at the end of the seat, crossing her knees and leaning a cheek upon one hand, as if asleep. Then the Princess, after asking many questions, took the vacant place beside her and they sat in silence, looking across the river, to the woods beyond. To both women came mournful thoughts, yet with pleasant memories. And soothing to the spirit of each was the murmur of the woods. To Elinor

this plaint of the pines was always a consoling friend : a sad but soothing lullaby which now had become a part of her existence. It recalled a year of priceless memories. But these memories of late had become an unbearable pain ; yet a pain to which she clung.

For the Princess, also, there were memories, stirred by these voices overhead, but softened by time. Hers was not the anguish of a recent sorrow. From these day-dreams, however, she was brusquely awakened. With no word of warning, the girl at her side had sprung to her feet and faced about. Into her face had come a look of unspeakable joy. Her lips were parted in excitement, and a sudden color was in her cheeks. This transformation from deepest grief to an overpowering ecstasy alarmed her companion. And in Elinor's eyes there was a feverish eagerness, intense, almost delirious, as she exclaimed :

" You heard it ? "

" What ? "

" That sound ! The notes of a quail ! "

The Princess shook her head.

" Oh, yes, you heard it ! Don't say you did not hear it ! "

Then, when the Princess, still looking up in vague alarm, gently shook her head a second time, Elinor reached forth a hand imploringly, as it were, and whispered :

" You must have heard it. The whistle of a quail ; back there in the woods ? "

To the little woman upon the bench these words had no significance, but her sympathy was aroused. That sensitive nerves and an aching heart should succumb, at last, to despair and loneliness and fasting she could readily understand, and she answered, kindly :

" I heard no bird, dear child, but it may be there. Perhaps your hearing is better than mine. "

At this reply all the joy went out of Elinor's face, leaving in its place a look so spiritless and despairing that her friend, who could only guess at her companion's thoughts, added :

" Or it may be nothing. You merely dreamed it, perhaps. "

Elinor straightened up. She drew a long breath, and murmured, in a low voice from which all hope had fled :

" Of course ! I dreamed it, " and sank wearily into her place upon the bench.

Furtively, but with pity in her face, the Princess regarded the drooping head and closed eyes ; then she stood up and placed a hand affectionately upon Elinor's shoulder.

" I understand your feelings. Rest here until the boat goes. " Indicating, with a wave of her hand, the big trees towering high above, she added : " Your last moments with these old friends shall be respected. I am going to the two graves over there, and will return before it is time to start. "

She walked away, into the grove.

Again, among the shadows of these pines, came memories of her childhood, with the feeling of being alone in a vast cathedral. And the fragrance, how she loved it ! And she loved this obscurity, always impressive and always solemn, yet filling her soul with a dreamy joy.

In her passage between the columns of this shadowy temple she stopped and turned about for a parting glance at her friend. In the same position, her head upon her hand, Elinor still sat motionless, a picture of patient suffering. For a moment the Princess watched her in silence, then slowly turned about and started once again upon her way. Only a step, however, had she taken when the color fled from her cheeks and she halted with a gasp of terror. Gladly would she have concealed herself behind the nearest tree, but she dared not move.

In the gloom of the forest, scarcely a dozen yards away, a figure was moving silently across her path in the direction of the cottage. Such a figure she had seen in pictures, but never in the flesh. The North American savage she always dreaded as a child : and once, at a French fair, she had seen a wild man. This creature recalled them both. He was brown of color, with disorderly hair and stubby beard, and no covering to his body except strips of cloth, faded and in rags, suspended from one shoulder, held at the waist by a cord, and dangling in tatters about his legs. Bending slightly forward as he walked—or rather glided—among the pines, he was peering eagerly in the direction of the house. Had his gaze been less intent, he would have

seen this other figure, the woman watching him in silent terror. Furtively she glanced about the grove to see if other creatures were stealing from tree to tree. But she failed to discover them.

Now the Princess, while fashionable and frivolous, and reprehensible in many ways, was not devoid of courage. And her conscience told her to give warning to her friends. This heroic decision was swiftly made. In making it, however, her cheeks grew paler.

But she was spared the sacrifice. As she drew in her breath for the perilous attempt she saw the man himself stand still and straighten up. Then, before she could utter the warning—before her own little mouth was ready—the shadowy silence of the wood was broken, not by the dreaded warwhoop, but by an imitation, startlingly perfect, of the notes of a quail.

That this was a signal to his followers she had no doubt. But suddenly, while these clear notes were yet in the air, the stillness of the pines was again disturbed by a cry—a cry of joy, intense and uncontrolled—from behind her, toward the river. She turned about. In astonishment she saw the grief-stricken maiden—a moment ago too weak to walk alone—already lifted from the rustic bench as by a heavenly hand, now flying in this direction over the brown carpet of the pines, swift and light of foot, with wings, it seemed. The savage, too, had heard the cry and already he was running toward the approaching figure. And he passed so near the Princess that he would have seen her had he wished.

They met, the wild man and the girl. And the mystified spectator—mystified for a moment only—saw the maiden fling herself upon this denizen of the wood and twine her arms about his neck. And he, with a passionate eagerness, embraced her; then held her at arms' length, that again he might draw her to him, kissing her hair, mouth, forehead.

From the rapturous confusion of exclamations, of questions interrupted and unanswered, the Princess understood. For a moment she looked on in wonder, fascinated by this astounding miracle. But she soon recovered. With a lump in her throat she began backing away, to

escape unobserved. Elinor, through her tears, happened to see the movement and came forward, leading the savage by the hand. With a new light in her eyes, and her voice all a-quiver, she exclaimed:

"This is my Pats!"

The Princess courtesied.

"And, Pats, this is the Princess—the Princess de Champvalliers: our girl of the miniature."

Pats nodded—for he recognized the eyes with the drooping corners—and he smiled and bowed. And the Princess, as she looked into his face and forgot the wild hair and scrubby beard, the stains, the rags, and the nakedness, met a pair of unusually cheerful, honest eyes, and impulsively held out her hand.



XVIII—A NUNNERY?

IN very few words Pats told his story.

As Elinor had believed, he was forced beneath the water by the sliding earth and stones; but instead of lying at the bottom he had been carried by the under-current far out toward the middle of the river. On coming to the surface, more dead than alive, he found himself among the branches of an uprooted pine, also speeding toward the sea, at the mercy of the torrent.

Numb with cold from the icy water, he clung to this friend all one day and night, ever drifting toward the Gulf. At last, when rescued, he was barely conscious. And on recovering his wits he found himself aboard a Government coaster just starting on a two-months' cruise.

"I insisted on being landed. They refused at first, but when I told them the situation—of the solitary girl I was leaving alone—in the wilderness, they not only put me ashore, but gave me all the provisions I could carry."

"Bravo! A boat load of lovers!" exclaimed the Princess. "And they did well!"

"Indeed they did!" said Pats, "for they were pressed for time, and it cost

them several hours. So, in high spirits, I started westward along the coast, expecting to get here in three or four days."

Then, turning to Elinor: "Do you remember the wide marsh we noticed from the top of that farthest hill to the east, at the end of our journey last autumn?"

"Yes, I remember. We thought it the mouth of a river."

"Well, it *was* the mouth of a river, with a vengeance. That marsh extends for miles on both sides of a river as impassable as ours. Ten days I tramped northward up the farther bank. And then, in swimming across, I lost nearly all my provisions, and most of my clothes."

With a slight bow to the Princess, he added, "I hope madam will pardon these intimate details: also certain deficiencies in my present toilet."

"Make no apologies, and tell everything," she answered, "I am one of the family."

Pats continued: "During nine days I travelled south, retracing my steps, but on this side the river. The woods are different up there, with a maddening undergrowth, and it soon made an end of what clothes I had left. Yesterday morning I saw the sea again."

To every word of this narrative Elinor had listened, absorbed and self-forgetful. As for the Princess, she loved the unexpected, and here she found it. The more she studied Pats the better she liked him, and his cheerfulness—a cheerfulness which seemed to rise triumphant above all human hardship. She took an interest in his unkempt hair and barbaric, four weeks' beard; in his scratched and sunburnt chest and arms. Even in the tattered remnants of his clothes she found a certain entertainment. And she noticed that while he stood talking in the presence of two ladies he appeared unembarrassed by his semi-nakedness: perhaps from the habit of it. And, after all, what cause for embarrassment? How many times, on the beach at Trouville, had she conversed with gentlemen who wore even less upon their persons?

Another surprise was given her when a brown setter, from somewhere in the forest, came flying toward them, and threw himself upon the long lost Pats. And the dog's delight at the meeting was

similar to Elinor's. He, in turn, was presented to the Princess, who patted his head.

"*Bon jour, Monsieur Solomon.* I am happy to meet you: and for your enthusiasm I have the profoundest regard."

Then, as they all started toward the cottage, Pats still answering Elinor's questions, there appeared among the pines a black figure which recalled pictures of Dante in the forest of Ravenna. This figure halted in surprise at sight of the half-naked savage approaching with an easy self-possession, a lady on either side. And evidently the savage was a welcome object—a thing of interest—of affection even, if outward signs were trustworthy. And his Grace, when presented to this uncouth object, made no effort at assuming joy. Whether from an unfamiliarity with wild men, or from some other reason, this creature proved offensive to him. The lately lamented lover appeared politely indifferent to the priest's opinion—good or bad—and this so augmented his Grace's irritation that his words of welcome displayed more dignity than warmth. After proper congratulations on the return of her friend, he said to Elinor, in impressive tones, with a fatherly benevolence:

"We always rejoice when a human life is saved, but it would prove a sad misfortune, indeed, should it cause you to falter in your high resolve and return to worldly affairs."

Elinor instinctively edged a little closer to Pats and slid a hand in one of his—a movement observed by the Princess.

His Grace, with yet greater impressiveness in tone and manner, added:

"Yours is not a nature to forget or lightly ignore a pledge once given. And please understand, my dear child, it is for your spiritual future that I remind you of your solemn words to our dear friend—to him who is no longer here to recall them to you, and whose beneficent influence is forever gone."

Into Elinor's face had come a look of pain, for these words to a conscience such as hers were as so many stabs. Pats frowned. Still clasping the fingers that had slid among his own, and with a slight upward movement of the chin, he took one step forward toward the prelate. But before he could speak the Princess acted

quickly, to avert a scene. In a vivacious, off-hand manner, yet with a certain easy authority, she said, smiling pleasantly in turn upon her three listeners :

"You speak of a convent? Ah, your Grace forgets something! Religion is a mighty thing. We all know that. But there is one thing mightier—and here are two of its victims. 'Tis the thing that makes the world go round. You know what it is. Oh, yes, you know! And it has made archbishops go round, too; even Popes—and many times! And when once it gets you—well! *il s'en moque de la religion et de tous les Saints*—for it has a heaven of its own. Moreover, we must not forget, your Grace and I, that this unconventional gentleman——"

Here she turned a mirthful glance upon Pats and his rags, and he smiled as his eyes met hers—

"That our unconventional gentleman has already tried to give his life for this girl. Moreover, he will do it again, whenever necessary, and she is not likely to forget it."

Indeed not, if truth was in the look that came to Elinor's eyes.

"Princess," said the Archbishop, "this is not a matter for argument. It is a question to be decided by the lady's own conscience."

"But I have made no promise," said Elinor. "I told Father Burke it was my intention to enter a convent. It was merely the expression of a wish—not in the nature of a binding promise."

"But to me," said Pats, smiling pleasantly upon the Archbishop, "she *did* make a binding promise—a very definite promise of a matrimonial nature. If she enters a convent—I go, too."

Thereupon the Princess laughed—a gentle, merry laugh, spontaneous and involuntary. "A nunnery with a bridal chamber! *Fi, l'horreur!* Imagine the effect on the other sisters!"

At this utterance the Archbishop closed his eyes in reprobation. Then, with a paternal air he regarded Elinor. "Dear

lady, I have no desire to argue, or to persuade you against your wishes—or against the wishes of your friends. Pardon me if I have appeared insistent. I only ask that you will not forget that our Church is your Church—that in sorrow and in trouble, and at all times, her arms are open to you."

Then, addressing the Princess: "I am the bearer of a message from Jacques Lafenestre. The baggage is aboard, and the yacht can sail whenever Your Highness is ready."

With a ceremonious bow—ceremoniously returned by the group before him—his Grace strode slowly away toward the little path that led to the beach. The Princess also—after handing to Pats the key of the house—moved away in the direction of the two graves, promising the lovers another half hour for their parting visit to the cottage. She had gone but a few steps, however, when she stopped and wheeled about as if moved by a sudden thought.

"You know well the tapestry that screens the chamber. The scene in the Garden of Eden?"

Both nodded; and Pats exclaimed: "The most entertaining work of art I have ever seen!"

"I give it for my wedding present, so that Madame Pats may have a portrait of her husband as he appeared when first I met him."

With a smile and a nod she turned away and the jaunty figure was soon lost among the trees.

Once more alone, Pats and Elinor turned and looked into each other's eyes; and both discovered an overflowing happiness that choked all words—and all attempt at words.

Pats opened his arms. As of old, she entered, and the familiar rite was observed.

The surrounding silence remained unbroken. But in the murmuring of the pines, in that floating music now dear to both, there came to the reunited lovers a subdued but universal rejoicing—felicitations from above.



H. W. Halleck.
Major-General, 1862-1864.



U. S. Grant.
General, 1864-1869.



George B. McClellan.
Major-General, 1861-1862.

Generals who Commanded the Army from 1861-1869.

THE UNITED STATES ARMY

BY FRANCIS V. GREENE

(Late Major-General U. S. V.)

THIRD PAPER



Infantry Private Campaign Dress, Civil War.

IN the winter of 1860-61 the authorized strength of the army was 1,083 officers and 11,848 men, and its actual strength was about ten per cent. less. The troops were widely scattered, occupying seventy-nine posts and twenty-three arsenals. The 2d Artillery was in New York, New England, and along the lakes; part of the 1st Artillery was in the Southern and Gulf forts; all the rest of the army was beyond the Mississippi. One regiment of cavalry, one of artillery, and two of infantry were on the Pacific coast. The remaining thirteen regiments were stationed at small posts of a

few companies each, extending from Fort Snelling, in Minnesota, to Fort Brown, in Texas, and from Fort Leavenworth, in Kansas, to Fort Mojave, in that part of New Mexico which is now Arizona. Scott was in command, with the rank of brevet

lieutenant-general and head-quarters in New York, having declined to remain in Washington in consequence of a quarrel with Jefferson Davis, when Secretary of War; the three brigadier-generals were Wool, Twiggs, and Harney, commanding departments, with head-quarters respectively at Troy, N. Y., San Antonio, Tex., and St. Louis, Mo. The four other departments, New Mexico, Utah, Oregon, and California, were commanded by Colonels Fauntleroy, Cooke, Sumner, and A. S. Johnston, respectively. There was no retired list, and the colonels of artillery and infantry were old men, all but three of them having come into the service during the War of 1812 or earlier, and they were nearly all incapacitated for active service. The majors and captains, on the other hand, were in the prime of life, a majority of them graduates of West Point, and all of them well-trained soldiers with long experience on the frontier and in the Mexican War. The lieutenants were made up of the graduates subsequent to the Mexican War, and of those appointed from civil life on the enlargement of the Army in 1855.

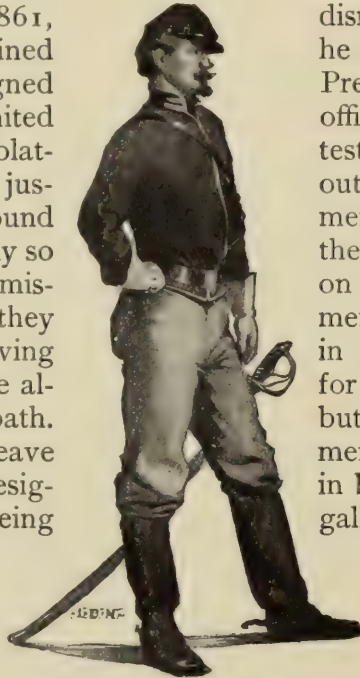
Of the 32,000,000 people in the coun-

try in 1860, a little more than one-fourth resided in the eleven States which seceded. About the same proportion of officers resigned in the first six months of 1861, the exact number of resignations being 269 and of dismissals twenty-six. A few of these resigned in January and February, but the majority of them only after their States had adopted ordinances of secession. Nearly all the Southern officers appointed from civil life went with their States, but, to the honor of West Point, of the 330 of its graduates appointed from Southern States, who were in service at the beginning of 1861, 162 or nearly one-half remained loyal. The officers who resigned and took arms against the United States, when accused of violating their oaths, attempted to justify themselves on the ground that the oath was binding only so long as they held the commission, and in proof of this they cited the fact that on receiving a new commission they were always required to take a new oath. They claimed the right to leave the service whenever their resignations were accepted, and being out of the service to have the same right as any other Southerner. None of them went over to the enemy while still in service, with two infamous exceptions, Twiggs and Lynde. Twiggs had been nearly fifty years in the service, had served with distinction in the War of 1812, the Florida War, the war with Mexico, and the subsequent Indian campaigns. He was now a brigadier-general, with only Scott and Wool senior to him; he commanded the Department of Texas, with all or parts of six regiments, numbering about 2,500 men—about one-fourth of the army. When Texas seceded in February, 1861, the Confederate Convention appointed commissioners to treat with Twiggs, and to them he basely surrendered all the troops under his command and all the public property in his department. The troops were paroled and were sent in detachments to the coast to embark for the North; but before this was effected Sumter had been fired upon, and

the detachments were attacked by overwhelming numbers, captured, and held as prisoners until they could be exchanged in the following years.

Lynde was major of the 7th Infantry, in command of the regiment and of Fort Fillmore on the Rio Grande, forty miles above El Paso. On July 20, 1861, he was attacked by an inferior force of Confederates to whom he surrendered his entire command without resistance. Twiggs was dismissed from the service on March 1st, in the last days of Buchanan's administration; and Lynde was dismissed in November, although he was subsequently restored by President Johnson in 1866. The officers of the 7th Infantry protested against the surrender without avail; they then cut the regimental colors from the staff, tore them in pieces and secreted them on their persons. When the regiment came North after exchange in November, 1861, application for a new set of colors was made, but it was refused, until the regiment should regain its good name in battle. This it did with great gallantry at the battle of Fredericksburg in December, 1862, and a new set of colors was furnished and presented with suitable ceremonies.

The resignation of so many officers, and the capture of so large a force in Texas, in a measure disorganized the army. A portion of it was retained on the plains for Indian service, but the greater part of it was gradually brought East and attached to the armies in the field. The artillery was used principally as light batteries, and the dragoons and mounted riflemen were henceforth called cavalry; there was a regular brigade of cavalry and one of infantry in the Army of the Potomac, and similar brigades in the Western armies. Officers were allowed to accept volunteer commissions, and the detachments for this purpose, combined with the casualties of the service, reduced the number of officers present for duty until regiments were commanded by captains and companies by sergeants. On May 3, 1861, the President issued an order, adding to the army

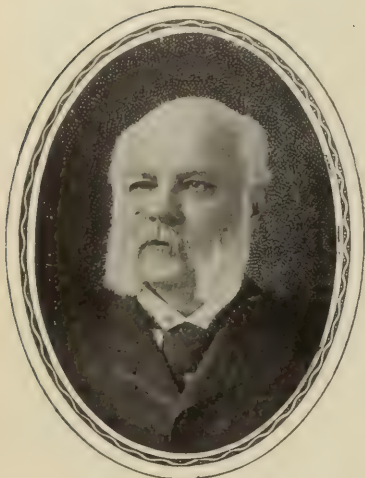


Cavalry Private, 1863.



Drawn by Frederic Remington.

The Defeat of "Crazy Horse" by Colonel Miles, January, 1877.



John M. Schofield.
Lieutenant-General, 1888-1895.



W. T. Sherman.
General, 1869-1883.



P. H. Sheridan.
Lieutenant-General, 1883-1888



Nelson A. Miles.
Lieutenant-General, now in command.

Generals who Commanded the Army from 1869 to the Present Time.

one regiment of cavalry, one of artillery, and nine of infantry. The new regiments had three battalions each, and with the increase in the enlisted strength of some of the old regiments carried the total authorized strength to 2,404 officers and 41,158 men. But enlistment in the regulars was not as popular as in the volunteers, and at no period of the war was the number of regulars on the rolls as great as 26,000, and those present for duty were always less than 20,000. These numbers were swallowed up and lost in the mighty host of volunteers by whom the war was fought, and the service performed by the regular army in the great conflict was chiefly to furnish officers for the volunteer commands in the line and the all-important posts in the staff departments.

The first call for volunteers was synonymous with the news that Fort Sumter had

been fired upon. It was issued on April 15, 1861, under the provisions of the militia law of 1795. It called for 75,000 men to serve three months. More than double the number instantly responded and over 91,000 were actually mustered under this call. But within ten days from the time it had been issued the President realized that it would not be sufficient and began the preparation of a second call, which was issued on May 3d. Confidently relying upon the approval of his acts by Congress as soon as it could convene, the President assumed the authority to call for 42,000 volunteers to serve three years, and to increase the regular army to the extent above mentioned. When Congress met in July these acts of the President were immediately approved, ratified, and confirmed; and other acts were passed authorizing him to call for 500,000 volun-

teers, and appropriating \$500,000,000 for the expenses of the war. In pursuance of this and similar legislation of the following years additional calls were issued from time to time. Under these various calls the number of men actually mustered in for three years service, as reported by the Provost Marshal General, was as follows:

July, 1861.....	657,868
July, 1862.....	421,465
October, 1863.....	369,380
March, 1864.....	292,193
July, 1864.....	153,049
December, 1864.....	54,967
From Southern States and Territories.....	166,848
Total for three years.....	2,115,770

Volunteers were also accepted from time to time for periods varying from sixty days to four years, amounting in the aggregate to 500,647 men. In special emergencies the militia were called out in successive years for periods of service ranging from one to six months; in the aggregate these amounted to more than 200,000 men. About 186,000 colored troops were enlisted. Excluding the regulars and a portion of the colored troops not specifically credited to the different States and Territories, the Provost Marshal General reported the total number of men furnished under all the calls as 2,859,132, the equivalent of 2,320,272 reduced to a three years standard.

The number of men on the rolls at different periods was as follows:

July, 1861.....	186,751
March, 1862.....	637,126
January, 1863.....	918,191
January, 1864.....	860,737
May, 1865.....	1,000,516

The percentage present, during the active years of the war, reached its maximum of nearly 700,000 in January, 1863; in January, 1865, only 621,000, were present out of a total of 960,000, the accumulation of wounded, sick, prisoners, and missing having steadily increased. Of those present, the number ready for duty on the firing-line was probably not over two-thirds, the remaining one-third being occupied as teamsters, cooks, hospital attendants, and in the many other duties incidental to movements of an army exclusive of fighting. As a striking illustration of the differ-

ence between paper strength and fighting strength in a war of such vast dimensions, covering such an enormous territory, Dr. J. W. Draper quotes a letter from "one of the greatest and most successful of the generals," in which he points out that at the close of hostilities in 1865 there were 1,050,000 men on the rolls and only 262,000 present for duty in the active fighting armies of Grant, Sherman, Thomas, and others. "Where were all the rest? Guarding thousands of miles of sea-coast, rivers, and roads, guarding prisoners, and acting as provost guards, or loafing about the country. I do not mention this in criticism, but to show how in war such vast expenses do occur, and how often the country overestimates the exact strength of armies from the official returns. At no single time during the late Civil War—not even in 1864, the time of greatest pressure—do I believe that fifty per cent. of the men drawing pay as soldiers were actually within striking distance of the enemy. To this cause may be traced some of the worst failures, when the Government and people behind pushed their officers 'on,' supposing that figures could handle muskets and fight battles."

It is interesting to note the difference between the manner of calling out men to fight in the Revolution and in the Civil War. In the Revolution, as previously stated, the army was discharged and renewed nine times over; in the Civil War the number of enlistments was only three times the average number on the rolls, and this was due more to the enormous losses than to short service, for the great bulk of the enlistments were for three years. In all the debates of 1861-65 there is no reference to the dangers of a standing army, with long enlistments; on the contrary, the whole legislation was expressly designed to secure the largest number of men for the longest period of time. Similarly there was no manifestation of contempt or jealousy for the army, as there was in the Revolution, but the warmest expressions of gratitude for the patriotic services of the men, and the bestowal of the highest honors upon the successful commanders. When the war ended the army did not melt away and slink home in small detachments, but so much of it as could be was gathered at Washington

for a grand review, forming one of the most impressive military pageants of the century. Some timid souls did indeed express their fears that there might be trouble in getting rid of the million of men under arms in 1865, but their fears were groundless. The regiments were transported to their respective States in an orderly manner, mustered out in an incredibly short space of time, but with every military formality, and the men were then absorbed in the mass of the community destined all their lives to receive honor and consideration for the inestimable services they had rendered and of which they were justly proud and conscious, but having no interests apart from those of other good citizens. The whole tone of public sentiment in regard to armies had completely changed between 1776 and 1865.

The raising of the regiments was confided to the States, each of which maintained an elaborate staff system under direction of its adjutant-general. In the States the men were recruited, organized, uniformed, armed and equipped, the officers appointed, and the preliminary drills established. Then the regiment was turned over to a federal mustering officer, mustered into the United States service, and thenceforth became a part of the army, supported by the federal government, subject to the Articles of War and in every respect upon the same footing as the regulars, except that its officers were always appointed and promoted by the governor of the State. From such regiments the great armies were formed, subdivided into corps, divisions, and brigades, the general and staff officers being appointed by the President. At the head of the War Department was a Secretary (Stanton) of intense earnestness of purpose, not infrequently unjust to individuals, but devoting his whole soul, with tremendous energy, to the gigantic task of suppressing the rebellion; and above him a President who stands out among the very few pre-eminently great men of all time, bringing to the study of purely military questions his extraordinary common-sense and often arriving at conclusions more correct than those of some of his best generals.

Whatever were McClellan's defects as a commander in the field, by universal consent he is acknowledged to have ren-

dered great service in organizing the armies in the East. Never after Bull Run was an attempt made to fight battles with untrained militia or short service men; these were occasionally called out for guarding specific points at critical moments, but for the actual fighting the reliance was placed on the three years' volunteers, who after their first engagements became veterans, the equals of any who ever fought.

The campaigns and battles were on a scale of surpassing magnitude. There were more than a score of single battles, sometimes extending over several days, in each of which the losses in killed and wounded on the Federal side were greater than the aggregate of all our losses in all our other wars combined. How paltry seem the 5,000 killed and wounded in the War of 1812, or the war in Mexico, or the war with Spain, compared with the 14,000 at Shiloh, 15,000 at the Chickahominy, 13,000 at Antietam, the same at Fredericksburg, 16,000 at Chancellorsville, 23,000 at Gettysburg, 16,000 at Chickamauga, 37,000 in the Wilderness, and 26,000 at Spottsylvania. The grand aggregate of destruction fairly staggers the imagination, accustomed as we have been for more than a generation to the figures: 93,000 killed by bullets, 186,000 killed by disease, 25,000 dead from other causes—a grand total of 304,000, about one in nine of every man who wore the uniform.

In no other war in all time has such respect been paid to the dead. Immediately after its close the Secretary of War was directed by Congress "to secure suitable burial-places, and to have these grounds enclosed, so that the resting-places of the honored dead may be kept sacred forever." In seventy-nine separate and distinct national cemeteries the bodies of nearly 300,000 soldiers who died during the Civil War are interred, and the decoration of their graves with flowers on a fixed day has become a national custom. Some of the cemeteries contain each a silent army of over 10,000 soldiers, in serried ranks marked by the white headstones, on nearly half of which is inscribed "unknown." The world may be searched in vain for anything similar or kindred; there is no other such impressive sight.

On fame's eternal camping-ground,
Their silent tents are spread ;
And glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

Such is the inscription at the gate of every one of the national cemeteries.

Indicating the magnitude of the struggle in another way, is the long list of battles, combats, and engagements ; excluding mere skirmishes, which in another war would have been noted, the total number of engagements was 2,261 ; and of these nearly 2,000 were in the 1,096 days of 1862-63-64 ; an average of almost two a day, week in and week out for three long years. Before their term of enlistment expired men in the ranks began to dream of home and family and friends as of something remote in the past, like ancient history, and as unlikely to form part of their surroundings in the future as the arrival of the millennium ; they came to think that they themselves had never led any other life than their present one of tramping through the mud, sleeping on the wet ground with a flimsy piece of shelter tent over their heads, walking up and down a sentry's post during the long watches of the night, firing hostile bullets at their fellow-men and receiving wounds from them. They almost forgot that there was any other kind of food but fat pork, stringy beef, and hard-tack ; any other drink but strong coffee, any other kind of cup but one of tin. The end of the war seemed as far away as the end of a long life to a young man, or farther ; and in their nightmare they saw themselves condemned through endless years to continue in the treadmill of their monotonous suffering, until finally their time should come to drop dead, as they had seen so many of their comrades, or to pass out of the army by way of the hospital, leaving an arm or a leg there. There have been longer wars, but never one of such length sustained with such unflagging and intense energy, by such a multitude of men.

The campaigns of the war can only be briefly referred to here. In the East they were marked by continuous desperate fighting, confined to a comparatively small area, yielding no positively decisive results on either side until the end ; in the West, by marches of extraordinary length, accompanied with fighting at times equally

desperate but not so continuous, producing much more decisive results in the capture of successive armies, the gaining of territory, splitting the Confederacy in twain on a north and south line, and then dividing the eastern segment on an east and west line, cutting a wide path through its interior and destroying its strength and resources.

In the East the northern limit of Confederate advance was on the Susquehanna, and the southern limit of final Federal victory was on the Appomattox ; from Harrisburg to Lynchburg the distance is only 250 miles ; from the Alleghanies to the Chesapeake the average distance is only 150 miles. In all Europe, with its centuries of warfare, there is no tract of equal size—not even that of which Leipzig is the centre—which has been so drenched with the blood of soldiers. Beginning at Bull Run under McDowell in 1861, driven back to Washington ; then a grand flank movement by the Peninsula under McClellan in 1862, arriving within sight of Richmond only to be driven back and return to the starting-point on the Potomac ; then fighting under Pope at Bull Run again in 1862, to be again driven back to Washington ; next, once more under McClellan, arresting the northern advance of Lee at the bloody battle of Antietam ; then resuming the offensive under Burnside at Fredericksburg, and being repulsed with horrible slaughter ; a few months later the same result under Hooker at Chancellorsville ; then under Meade, stopping Lee's second northern invasion in July, 1863, at Gettysburg, the "high-water mark of the rebellion" ; finally starting forward in the spring of 1864 under Grant, never again to turn back, but to suffer almost unprecedented carnage in the six weeks before reaching the James ; then nine months of trench digging and daily fighting, varied by a side issue in the Shenandoah Valley where Sheridan won undying fame, until Lee's lines were stretched to the breaking point and he was compelled to leave them, when Grant almost instantly crushed and captured his army in the spring of 1865—this was what the Army of the Potomac did and accomplished.

In the West the course of events was dissimilar. Serious work did not begin until the spring of 1862, when Grant left

the Ohio and broke into the Confederacy by the line of the Tennessee, capturing the army at Fort Donelson and being brought to a standstill by the bloody battle of Shiloh, where he was joined by Buell's army, and where A. S. Johnston finally terminated his career by death on the battle-field. Then Halleck took command of both Grant's and Buell's armies, but, lacking initiative and aggressive energy, first let his enemy escape at Corinth and then scattered his own army, the largest ever assembled in the West, in various directions and himself came East to succeed McClellan as general-in-chief. For the balance of the year 1862, the advance in the West was arrested, Bragg leading Buell back almost to Louisville and then being himself driven back to Georgia, fighting meanwhile severe battles at Perryville and Stone River; and Grant engaged in inconclusive movements in western Tennessee and engagements at Iuka and Corinth. But in the spring of 1863, the advance was resumed again down the Mississippi by Grant, and after several unsuccessful attempts to reach Vicksburg he marched past it on the opposite bank, then recrossed the river, abandoned his communications, and by a campaign as bold as it was brilliant divided his adversaries, defeated Johnston on the east and drove Pemberton on the west into Vicksburg, where he compelled his surrender—the second army captured by Grant. In the previous year Farragut had captured New Orleans, and while Grant was operating against Vicksburg Banks was besieging Port Hudson, the remaining confederate station on the Mississippi. Both fell on July 4, 1863, and then, in Lincoln's language, "the Father of Waters again went unvexed to the sea." The Confederacy being thus sundered Grant hastened back to southern Tennessee where Rosecrans, after being defeated by Bragg in the terrible battle of Chickamauga, was besieged in Chattanooga. Grant raised the siege, and in a series of battles during the latter part of November, 1863, drove Bragg back into Georgia and almost destroyed his army. Grant was then called East to the chief command, and Sherman, who had served under him since Shiloh, took up his work in the West. In the spring of 1864,

he alternately outmanœuvred and fought Johnston, forcing him down to Atlanta, and then cutting loose from his base in the West he marched to the sea at Savannah; thence he turned north and compelled the surrender of Johnston's army in North Carolina barely 100 miles south of Appomattox. From Atlanta, Hood had escaped around Sherman and marched north into Tennessee, but at Nashville, on December 16, 1864, Thomas destroyed him. From the mouth of the Tennessee River, whence Grant started in January, 1862, to Raleigh, where Sherman ended in April, 1865, the Western army had made a great circuit of about 1,500 miles; occasionally receding but almost constantly advancing, and fighting nearly all the way. There were regiments in the 15th and 17th Army Corps which had been in every movement from Donelson to Raleigh, and the aggregate of whose marches during the three intervening years was not less than 4,000 miles.

In so gigantic a conflict the number of generals was in itself a very considerable force. There were 2,537 of them, including brevet rank, almost as large a body as the army with which Taylor began the invasion of Mexico. Omitting the brevets as a mere form of compliment in reward for gallant or distinguished services, nearly 1,400 of them having been conferred on March 13, 1865, the actual number of appointments to the position of general officer was 736. Of these 139 were major-generals, 11 in the regulars and 128 in the volunteers; and 597 were brigadier-generals, 36 in the regulars and 561 in the volunteers. The first appointments to the highest rank in 1861 were of prominent and distinguished citizens, men of wide experience in civil affairs but devoid of military training, such as Dix, Banks, Butler, and E. D. Morgan, but this plan was soon abandoned and the appointments of generals were confined, with rare exceptions, to men who had served with distinction in the army either before the war or since its inception. Once appointed, advancement depended on the value of the services rendered and results accomplished, as estimated by public opinion and the judgment of Lincoln and Stanton. Many were tried and found wanting; they were quietly set aside on

waiting orders or in unimportant posts until the close of the war permitted their discharge. Those who succeeded were rapidly advanced. The results of this natural selection, made in the fiery school of war itself, are indicated with a fair degree of accuracy in the Army Register of 1866, where Grant appears as general-in-chief, Sherman as lieutenant-general, Halleck, Meade, Sheridan, Thomas, and Hancock as major-generals, McDowell, Rosecrans, Cooke, Pope, Hooker, Schofield, Howard, Terry, Ord, and Canby as brigadiers. All of these had been army commanders. Mansfield, McPherson, Sedgwick, Reynolds, Kearny, and Reno had been killed in battle, C. F. Smith, Sumner, and Buford had died. McClellan, Frémont, and Buell had resigned in 1864, Logan and Slocum in 1865.

The office of general-in-chief was held by Scott until his retirement from age and infirmities, after fifty-three years of active service, in November, 1861; it was then conferred upon McClellan until his failure on the Peninsula, when Halleck took his place in July, 1862; he was relieved by Grant and became chief of staff to the latter in the spring of 1864. Of the four, Grant was the only one equal to the stupendous task. His position as a great soldier, in the same class with Marlborough, Frederick, Wellington and Moltke, is now firmly established, in spite of adverse criticism. At Donelson he forced the surrender of an army nearly as large as his own by the skill and energy of his movements; his campaign against Vicksburg will bear comparison with Napoleon's campaign of 1796 in Italy, the classic of the military text-books; as a tactician his handling of his men on the field of Chattanooga was unsurpassed; and his campaign from the Rapidan to the James in 1864 was not the application of mere superiority of brute force, but was a series of flanking movements and vigorous attacks, remarkable for the skill with which they were executed in view of the topography of the country. He made mistakes—no general ever escaped them—the chief of which was the assault at Cold Harbor, and he frankly acknowledged this. His principal lieutenants, the commanders of the principal armies, reached their places, as he did his, by merit and selection, in which his

sound judgment of military men was an important factor—Sherman, Sheridan, Meade, Thomas, McPherson, Hancock, Schofield, Howard, Logan, Slocum—they were all justly famous for a successful campaign or for a great victory in battle.

The soldiers on the Confederate side were in no way inferior in military ability, and, considering their resources, in success; Lee, the two Johnstons, Jackson, Bragg, Hood, Longstreet, Early, were worthy antagonists of the army commanders on the Federal side; and they were all from the same school of the old army, graduates of West Point, veterans of Mexico and the Indian campaigns. They had the disadvantage of inferior numbers and resources, but this was practically neutralized by their interior lines, shorter communications, and the advantage of the defensive in a country whose topography was peculiarly favorable to defensive operations. Lee twice tried the offensive in the East, and Bragg and Hood did the same in the West, and all failed; but on the defensive they showed extraordinary skill and ability.

The million of volunteers on the rolls in April, 1865, were nearly all mustered out in less than six months. A constantly diminishing force of them was retained in service until the summer of 1866.

The peace establishment of the regular army was fixed by the act of July 28, 1866, at ten regiments of cavalry, five of artillery, forty-five of infantry, one battalion of engineers, and the staff departments—in all 3,036 officers and 51,605 men. In 1869 this was reduced by disbanding twenty regiments of infantry and consolidating them in the remaining twenty-five; in 1874, the number of enlisted men in each company of artillery and infantry was reduced so as to bring the total number of enlisted men down to 25,000, and in 1876 the number of officers was reduced to 2,150. These numbers remained practically unchanged until the war with Spain.

The reorganization of 1866 was practically the creation of a new army. Death and resignation of the officers, and expiration of service of the men, had left of the old army barely 450 officers and perhaps 2,000 men; the new army was to consist of over 3,000 officers and 50,000 men. Some of the regiments when the new army

was organized contained not an officer or man who had been in the service prior to 1861, and outside of the artillery no regiments had more than the field officers and a few captains from the old army. The 450 officers, however, were all officers of experience, the greater part of them graduates of West Point; the old regiments had their traditions and history—most important factors in any military body—and their organization had been continuous and unbroken. There was splendid material for the nucleus of the new force. The 2,500 new officers required by the law of 1866 were obtained almost entirely from meritorious officers of volunteers who were appointed to all grades from brigadier-general to second lieutenant, according to their age, and the positions they had filled during the war. Corps commanders became colonels, brigade commanders took new rank as majors and captains, and not a few who had commanded regiments of volunteers in battle (such as Corbin, MacArthur, and Young, now major-generals) accepted commissions as second lieutenants.

The influx of this new blood in such large quantities was in many respects beneficial to the army; the new officers had been trained in the great school of war on a large scale, they represented all parts of the country except the States lately in rebellion; and they had no sympathy with any narrow or exclusive views. They brought the army more closely in touch with the people at large, than it had ever been before. On the other hand it was inevitable that in making so large a number of appointments there should have been some mistakes, and some improper selections were made. The opportunity to rectify this came in the reduction of 1869 and 1870, when nearly 750 officers had to be discharged. Some resigned and others were retired on account of wounds. The selection of the remaining number who were to be dropped out with a year's pay, was made on the recommendation of a board of officers of high rank and unimpeachable character, familiarly known from its cleansing qualities as the "Benzine Board." These officers made a searching examination of the record, qualifications and habits of every officer in the army, and on the re-

sult of this examination based their recommendations, which, with very few exceptions, were carried into effect. The inferior material was thus literally wiped out, the officers who were retained being of high character as well as of ample military knowledge and experience. The influx of graduates from West Point also soon began to have its effect, the number of graduates between 1865 and 1898, inclusive, being more than 1,800. The character of the rank and file at first left much to be desired. It was difficult to secure recruits, and in order to fill up the ranks it became necessary to enlist recent emigrants of a low class, many of whom could hardly speak English. Year by year, however, this improved. Improvements were made in the pay, the clothing, the rations and messing arrangements, and in everything which pertained to the soldier's comfort, health, and morals. A small number of promotions from the ranks encouraged enlistments of a higher order of men, and finally the hard times succeeding 1893 induced many young men of a most desirable class to think of service in the ranks of the army. The number who applied was so large that it was possible to make careful selections, barely one-third of the applicants being accepted, and these being all American citizens, able to read and write, and bringing evidence of good moral character. The improvement had reached its highest point when the war with Spain broke out, and no more carefully selected and highly trained body of men ever carried arms than those who sailed to Santiago in June, 1898. It is doubtful if they were ever equalled.

The cavalry and infantry regiments of the new army under the law of 1866 were sent west of the Mississippi as rapidly as they were organized and officered, and the army again returned to its task of civilizing the great West. As we have seen, the years between the Revolution and the War of 1812 were occupied in subduing the Indians in the Northwest, in what is now Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. Between the War of 1812 and the war with Mexico, the Indian troubles were in the South—in Georgia, Alabama, and Florida. The problem had been solved at all points east of the Mississippi before the outbreak of

the war with Mexico. After that war attention was turned to the country beyond the Mississippi, but in the twelve years intervening before the Civil War the settlements were comparatively small in number and the work of the army was largely that of exploring the country in all its parts. But after the Civil War the task of subduing the country and its savage tribes was taken up in earnest by millions of settlers, under the protection of the army. The construction of the transcontinental railroads began immediately after the war, and the first of them was opened to traffic in 1869. It ran through the best hunting-grounds of Kansas, Nebraska, and Colorado, cutting the great buffalo herd in two. Close behind the construction of the track came white settlers in large numbers. The Indians quickly grasped the meaning of this, and saw how it would affect their future. They determined to fight; and they continued fighting at intervals for nearly thirty years. Their subjugation was barely completed at the outbreak of the war with Spain.

Beginning with the massacre of the garrison of Fort Phil Kearny in 1866, the hostilities extended over Kansas and Nebraska in 1868, during which occurred Forsyth's unique engagement with the Cheyennes on the Republican River; and Sheridan and Custer in the following winter showed that our troops could carry on an active campaign amid the blinding snows of winter, and with the temperature below zero. In 1870 the Piegiens in Montana were so severely punished by Baker that they have never since given trouble. In 1876 came the great war with the Sioux, in which Custer lost his life and nearly the whole of his regiment at the little Big Horn; and Crook, Miles, Mackenzie, Merritt, and Otis fought and dispersed the followers of Red Cloud, Sitting Bull, Crazy Horse, and other chiefs, who had gathered together the largest force of hostile Indians ever assembled in the West. The next year, Chief Joseph, with a small band, took the war-path on the Pacific Coast, and then conducted a running fight through Oregon, Idaho, Wyoming, and Montana, being finally captured at the Bear's Paw Mountain on the Missouri River. In Arizona there was almost incessant fighting from 1870 to

1887, the fierce Apaches refusing to live on the reservations, or to abstain from murder and robbery. From the inaccessible cañons, where they lived, and over the alkaline deserts which adjoined them, they hunted the white settlers and small bodies of troops as the tiger hunts his prey, and in time the troops learned to hunt them in similar fashion, and to equal them in craft. In five years' service in Arizona one regiment had ninety-seven engagements with the Indians, and another marched more than 6,400 miles.

In addition to these larger operations there were almost countless scouts and marches, necessary to keep the Indians in subjection and force them to live on the reservations. From 1866 to 1892 there was not a year, and hardly a three months, in which there was not some expedition against the Indians in the vast region west of the Mississippi, and between the Canadian and Mexican borders.

In these long years of scouting and fighting on the Western plains and mountains the army rendered inestimable service as the advance agent of civilization, protecting the settlement of a vast region more than twice as large as the country east of the Mississippi River, the greatest grain-producing and meat-producing area, and containing the richest mines, in the world. Its services have not been requited and have hardly been appreciated, but as time goes on and these great States are filled with the millions of people they are capable of supporting, the work of the army during the thirty years following the Civil War will receive due credit as a factor of the first importance in bringing the United States to its present commanding position among the great powers of the world.

The life was one of hardship, differing in every respect from the life of the East. It bred in the officers the habit of command and self-reliance, for even the youngest officers were constantly in command of scouting parties; it taught them the practical duties of their profession in a way that they could never learn in garrison, and it inculcated in them the sentiment that the faithful performance of duty, regardless of danger or suffering, is the highest aim of a soldier, and the consciousness of having done this is his great-

est reward. The results of all this were clearly shown in the war with Spain.

In addition to its strictly military duties the army has been entrusted during the last generation with other duties of the highest importance. The Engineer Corps has been charged with the conduct of all the great public works of a national character, the improvement of rivers and harbors, the construction of forts and public buildings, the explorations and surveys of the West, the demarcation of the national boundary lines on the north and on the south, the construction of light-houses on the sea and lake coasts, the hydrographic survey of the great lakes, and the conduct of astronomical expeditions. The sums expended on these great works are counted by the hundreds of millions of dollars, and while efforts have frequently been made to transfer these functions to civil departments of the Government, yet the confidence in the integrity and efficiency with which they have been administered by the army officers in charge is so great and so universal that all such propositions for a change have been rejected. The officers of the army have also for many years past furnished a constantly increasing number of instructors in military art and science at colleges and schools, thus disseminating the elements of military knowledge among the youth of the land as part of their general education. In recent years officers of the army have also been detailed to the various States for service with their National Guard or organized militia, and have been largely instrumental in bringing the State regiments to their present high state of efficiency, so widely different from the inefficiency which characterized the militia from the Revolution to the War of 1812.

The gradual cessation of Indian hostilities after 1885, the opening up of the Western country by railroads, and the growth of large cities even in the heart of the Far West, caused the frontier finally to disappear; and made it possible to concentrate the troops in comparatively large garrisons in the vicinity of cities, whence they could be rapidly transported by rail to any point where hostilities might break out, either on the plains or elsewhere. To this concentration General Sheridan gave unremitting thought

and attention while in command of the army during the last few years of his life. At these stations were built permanent barracks of the most modern and approved type, not excelled by any thing of the kind to be found in other countries. There was a startling contrast between these surroundings and the "dug outs" in which officers and men and even their families had lived just after the Civil War, at stations remote from every trace of civilization, where the mail arrived but once in two months during the long winters. The concentration of comparatively large bodies of troops at a single post made it possible to conduct drills and practice marches in a way to supplement the military instruction gained in the Indian campaigns. Schools of application were established to complete this education; for the Engineers in New York harbor, for the Artillery at Fort Monroe, for the Cavalry and Infantry at Fort Leavenworth, and for the light batteries at Fort Riley. The superior quality of intelligent American recruits led to the introduction of gymnastics and calisthenics, wall-climbing and gun-drill for the infantry, and rough riding for the cavalry, until in every cavalry regiment there was one or more troops who could hold their own in bareback performances with Buffalo Bill's cowboys. Practice at the rifle-range was not only made compulsory but was taken up with enthusiasm by the officers and men, with the result that in every company every man was a qualified marksman and a large number of them were sharpshooters. The ideal was at last fully realized about 1895 of an army small in numbers but most highly trained in every thing pertaining to their occupation; well educated officers, of unquestioned courage and high moral character; intelligent and thoroughly drilled men, every one an athlete in perfect health; and all, both officers and men, disciplined and subordinate, imbued with a loyalty to their country and their leaders which has never been surpassed. Their arms, equipments, and uniform were the very best that money, brains, and practical experience could devise.

Such was the superb little force of 25,000 men, constituting the United States Army in the spring of 1898.



Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum.

The Defeat of Roman Nose by Colonel Forsyth on the Arickaree Fork of the Republican River, September, 1868.

It was rudely disorganized during its brief campaign in the ensuing summer, but it accomplished the object for which it existed, and in a manner that commanded the applause of the entire world.

The Maine was blown up on February 15th, but the President continued his efforts to avert war, which was not declared until April 21st. In the interval Congress had passed an act (March 8th) adding two regiments of artillery to the army and providing for a three-battalion organization in all regiments; on March 9th it had passed a resolution appropriating \$50,000,000 for the national defence, to be expended in the discretion of the President; and on April 15th, nearly all the regiments of cavalry and infantry were ordered by rail from their stations in the west and on the Pacific coast to New Orleans, Mobile, Tampa, and Chickamauga.

Within a week after the declaration of war, Congress passed acts authorizing the President to call for volunteers to serve during the war not exceeding a period of two years, and increasing the regular army to 63,000 men by filling up the companies to their maximum strength. These were supplemented by the act of May 11th authorizing the raising of three regiments of volunteer engineers and ten regiments of immunes.

The first call for volunteers was made on April 23d for 125,000 men. They were practically all enlisted within thirty days, and on May 25th the second call was issued for 75,000 men. This call was substantially completed by July. In August the number of men under arms was 58,688 regulars and 216,029 volunteers, a total of 274,717, or an increase of about 250,000 since the declaration of war. The war was by this time already ended, and on August 18th orders were issued for mustering out 100,000 volunteers.

Of the volunteers who responded under the first call nearly one-half were National

Guard regiments of the various States, which had long been thoroughly organized, uniformed, drilled, and equipped, and many of which had the traditions of service in the Civil War. They bore no resemblance to the militia of the War of 1812. The other volunteers were largely commanded by regular officers of long experience, and they were composed of splendid material.

There were three campaigns in the war, each very brief, and each remarkably brilliant and successful; each was conducted on foreign soil, involving movements across the ocean in improvised transports and for distances varying from 1,000 to over 7,000 miles. Each was conducted with the assistance and co-operation of the navy. The first, under Shafter, consisted of 16,000 men, eighty-five per cent. of whom were regulars, the flower of the army, containing no recruits. It sailed from Tampa, landed near Santiago, fought three engagements, conducted a brief siege, and within three weeks of the landing received the surrender of a Spanish army

of 23,000 men. The second, under Merritt, consisted of 10,000 men, of whom three-fourths were volunteers. It proceeded from San Francisco on its long voyage across the Pacific in three detachments, landed within range of the enemy's guns at Manila, was engaged in constant skirmishes with the Spaniards, and within two weeks after the arrival of the third detachment captured the city of Manila and received the surrender of an army of 13,000 men. The third, under Miles, consisting of 10,000 men, sailed partly from Santiago and partly from Fort Monroe; it landed in Porto Rico, defeated the enemy in several minor engagements, and was about to compel the surrender of his army when its movements were arrested by the armistice of August 12th. The aggregate losses in the three campaigns were 280 killed and 1,579 wounded; of the latter less than five per cent. died. The deaths from disease were



Cavalry Private, Indian Campaign, 1870.



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

The Battle of Manila.

The regulars advancing from their trenches on the morning of August 13, 1898.



Cadet Private, 1901.

Spanish navy. The war was virtually terminated by the Protocol of August 12th, under the terms of which the Spanish troops were to evacuate Cuba and Porto Rico. There were more than 70,000 of them in the vicinity of Havana, which had not been brought into action.

There never was a war in which so many of the enemy were captured with such small loss to the captors; never one which, with so small an amount of hard fighting, brought about such profound and far-reaching political results.

The situation at Manila during the four months between the signing of the Protocol and the signing of the Treaty was in many respects without precedent; it was full of danger and difficulty, and contained all the elements of explosion. Within the walls were 13,000 Spanish prisoners, without the walls 20,000 United States troops, and just beyond the suburbs 15,000 armed Filipino insurgents. Spain had not yet surrendered the sovereignty nor expressed any willingness or intention to do so; the United States had not yet decided whether it would take over the islands or retire from them; an insurgent government had arisen under Aguinaldo, which, while it had no legal existence, and was not recognized by any nation, claimed dominion over the

whole group. The Spanish Government had, however, ceased to exist not only in Manila, but at nearly all other points in the Philippines; the United States force were bound fast, by the terms of the Protocol, to the city, bay, and harbor of Manila and could make no move in the interior; Aguinaldo alone was free to act, and he made the best of his opportunity, setting up his despotic government at all points, using the taxing power to the full limit, and with the proceeds buying arms and ammunition abroad and shipping them into the islands through every port and landing-place except Manila.

The treaty of peace was signed on December 10th, and on the 21st the President put an end to this anomalous situation which had grown intolerable. In his proclamation of that date (promulgated by General Otis at Manila on January 5, 1899) he announced that the islands had been ceded to the United States and "the military government heretofore maintained by the United States in the city, harbor, and bay of Manila is to be extended with all possible despatch to the whole of the ceded territory." The long delay had been interpreted by the Filipinos as an evidence of fear, and they had been forming their plans of attack with the intention of driving the Americans out of the islands. Within two days after the proclamation was issued these plans were perfected, but the execution of them was postponed until a favorable opportunity. This was thought to have arrived when the Senate was about to vote on the final ratification of the treaty, and on the night of February 4, 1899, the attack was begun. From the moment the first shot was fired the situation of the troops was completely changed; they were at last free to act, and they acted with uncommon vigor. The Filipinos were repulsed with enormous loss, and hostili-

Captain (Adjutant)
Light Artillery
Full-dress, 1901.

ties having begun they were vigorously pushed, and the circle of military operations around Manila was constantly enlarged. Expeditions were also sent to the Vizayas and other islands. Reinforcements of all available regiments of the regular army were hurried forward from America. The first of these arrived on February 23d, and by August 1st fifteen regiments had arrived, numbering in all about 20,000 men. The War Department had already submitted to Congress in December a plan for increasing the regular army to 100,000 men; but after long debate this was rejected on the threadbare and wholly inapplicable argument that such an army was dangerous to our liberties. In its place, at the close of the session on March 2d, a compromise measure was adopted by which, during a period to extend no longer than June 30, 1901, the regular army should remain at its war strength of 65,000 men, and 35,000 volunteers were to be enlisted. But the men who had enlisted in the regular army during the war, and all of the volunteers of 1898 were entitled to their discharge on the termination of the war with Spain, *i.e.*, on April 11, 1899, the date on which the ratifications of the treaty were exchanged. Had these men demanded and insisted on their discharge in accordance with their legal rights we should have been left in the Philippines with less than 4,000 men. To their eternal credit they did not claim their discharge, but practically all continued on duty in active campaigns against the Filipinos until they were relieved by other regiments, three to six months later.

The new volunteer force was composed of one regiment of cavalry and twenty-four of infantry. Unlike the volunteers of the Civil War and the war with Spain they were not apportioned among the States, but were raised by the United States, all officers being appointed by the President. They were organized during the spring and summer of 1899 and sent out in succession, as fast as each was fully uniformed, armed, and equipped. They arrived at Manila between October, 1899, and January, 1900. The volunteers of 1898 had already been sent home between June and October. In January, 1900, the number of troops in the Philippines

was 65,000, about one-half of whom were regulars and one-half volunteers.

Meantime the campaign against the insurgents had continued almost without abatement. As a result of their attack of February 4th, the insurgent line around Manila was broken, and they were separated into two parties, one on the north of the Pasig River and one on the south, and between the two communication was made impossible. On the 25th of March the offensive was vigorously opened by a campaign to the north, under MacArthur, with the three brigades of his own division and one brigade of Lawton's division, having an effective strength of nearly 12,000 men. The fighting began at Caloocan, just outside of Manila, on March 25th, and continued daily until MacArthur reached San Fernando, about forty miles to the north, on May 6th. Malolos, the seat of the insurgent government, was captured on March 31st, the passage of the Bagbag River was forced on April 23d, of the Calumpit River on April 25th. Colonel Egbert, of the 22d Infantry, was killed at Caloocan, Colonel Stotsenburgh, of the First Nebraska, at the Bagbag. The campaign was conducted at the close of the dry season, during the hottest period of the year. The losses were 88 killed and 697 wounded, but this gives only a small portion of the hardships of the campaign. General MacArthur says in his report: "The division camped in extended order, occupied towns in extended order, lived, marched, fought, and slept in extended order, with a view to sudden attack or defence at any time during the day or night. That is to say, the entire command has in effect, aside from the period of actual marching and fighting, been on outpost duty, without reserve, respite or relief, for nearly ninety days. . . . The sun, field rations, physical exertion, and the abnormal excitement arising from almost constant exposure to fire action, have operated to bring about a general enervation from which the men do not seem to readily recover." The sick list had increased to an alarming extent, "whole organizations being now worn out and broken in health." It became necessary for these troops to halt at San Fernando and rest.

Meanwhile Lawton, who had arrived at

Manila just before MacArthur started on his Malolos campaign, had first been sent to clear the insurgents from Laguna de Bay, then had been sent to the north to protect MacArthur's right flank in his advance, and had then been called back to Manila, where, early in June, he attacked the insurgents on the south of the city, drove them through Paranaque, Las Pinas and Bacoar to the Zapate River where, on June 13th, he had a very severe engagement with over 4,000 insurgents, strongly intrenched, whom he completely defeated and dispersed, with a loss among his own men of 14 killed and 56 wounded. The result of this expedition was to drive the insurgents, on the south, from the immediate vicinity of Manila into the eastern part of Cavité province.

Offensive movements were now suspended, in order to give the troops a needed rest, to send home the volunteers of 1898, and to await the arrival of the new volunteers. By October the rainy season was nearly over and the troops were arriving and on the way in sufficient number to justify the resumption of the offensive.

It was begun by an expedition under command of General Schwan, which overran Cavité province, completing the disintegration and breaking up of the insurgents on the south, which had been commenced by Lawton in the previous June. The main expedition was to the north, and was in three columns; Lawton with his division, Young's brigade of cavalry in the advance, was to follow up the Rio Grande Pampanga River to San Isidro, and then to penetrate the mountains of northern Luzon; MacArthur with his division was to continue his advance northward along the railroad; and Wheaton, with an independent brigade, was to be transported by sea to Dagupan, the northern terminus of the railroad, and advance thence into the interior to meet Lawton. These plans were all successfully carried out and resulted in the dispersion of the insurgent army in the great central plain, and the flight of Aguinaldo with what remained of his government into the mountains in the northeast of Luzon. General Lawton was recalled in December to Manila and sent out on an expedition to the northeast of Manila, where, in an engage-

ment at San Mateo, he was instantly killed. General Bates succeeded Lawton in command of the 1st Division, and in January 1900 he was sent with two brigades, under Schwan and Wheaton, to make a final campaign in the provinces to the south and southeast of Manila—Cavité, Batangas, Laguna, and Morong—and clear them of insurgents. With the successful carrying out of this expedition, all organized opposition ceased, and the authority of the United States was fully established not only in all parts of Luzon, but also in all the other islands. During the year which had elapsed since the insurgent attack of February 4, 1899, there had been upward of 500 actions, large and small, in which we had lost more than 400 killed and 1,500 wounded—a greater loss than the aggregate in the war with Spain. The number of armed insurgents at the time of the outbreak was estimated at between 30,000 and 40,000. Their losses have never been accurately known, but they are estimated to have exceeded 3,000 killed or died of wounds, and 7,000 wounded—the greater proportion of deaths being due to their lack of surgeons.

The insurgent army having disbanded and its government being lost in the mountains of northern Luzon, the Filipinos then deliberately entered upon a campaign of brigandage and guerilla warfare, for which most elaborate instructions were drawn up by a committee of Filipinos residing in Spain, approved by Aguinaldo, and printed and secretly distributed throughout the islands. They are published in full in General MacArthur's report of 1900, and form a most interesting and unique document. They were based on the general principle that there should be a secret government of the Filipinos extending throughout the islands; that the people should secrete their arms in their houses, in the jungle, or buried in the earth; that they should pursue apparently the ordinary avocations of peaceful life, but that whenever a favorable opportunity offered for capturing a convoy or destroying a small party on the march they should take out their arms, assemble and attack with vigor; then disperse, conceal their arms, and return to their ordinary pursuits. These instructions were carried out in all the operations of the Filipinos during the

spring, summer, and autumn of 1900, apparently with the idea of keeping up a semblance of opposition to the United States authority until after the election in November, 1900, when they hoped that if Mr. Bryan should be elected their independence would be recognized. When the news of McKinley's re-election finally penetrated through the islands this brigandage gradually came to an end, and from January, 1901, the military events have been only a succession of surrenders of arms and of scattered bodies of insurgents, each small in numbers but amounting to a great many in the aggregate. Finally, the capture of Aguinaldo by General Funston in an expedition in which he showed his capacity to outwit the natives in stratagem and to far surpass them in endurance and courage, gave the *coup de grâce* to the Philippine insurrection, which had been planned under the protection of our guns at Manila nearly three years before. During this time our troops—both regulars and volunteers—had shown their ability to deal with a foreign foe whose characteristics at the beginning of the struggle were quite unknown to them, and who displayed qualities which in some respects put them on a par with North American savages, although many of their leaders were men apparently of education, culture, and refinement. The total losses of our troops during the long and trying campaigns, from February 4, 1899, to June 30, 1900, were 509 killed, 2,223 wounded, and about 1,000 died of disease.

While this guerilla warfare was still in progress in the Philippines, it became necessary to send a part of the regular army to act in conjunction with troops of other nations on a novel mission in China. In June, 1900, telegraphic communication with Pekin was broken; it was reported that the foreign ministers and all the people at the legations had been murdered by the Boxer insurgents. England, France, Germany, Russia, Japan, and the United States joined in sending troops to rescue the ministers, if alive, and to avenge them, if dead. The 9th and 14th Infantry and Reilly's light battery of the 5th Artillery were sent from Manila to Taku, and the 6th Cavalry was sent from San Francisco. A battalion of marines was landed from the squadron. Major-

General A. R. Chaffee was assigned to the command. An additional force of over 12,000 men was assembled in America, consisting of seven regiments of infantry, three of cavalry, and two of artillery, and despatched from San Francisco; but when they arrived, in August, at Nagasaki, which the Japanese Government allowed us to use as a base, Pekin had already been taken and most of these troops were sent on to Manila.

The 9th Infantry was the first regiment to land at Taku. It arrived there on July 6th, pressed forward to Tientsin on July 11th, and on the 13th joined the British, French, and Japanese forces in the attack on that city. The city was captured after a severe engagement in which the 9th Infantry lost 18 killed and 77 wounded, the gallant Colonel Lisicum being among the killed. The 14th Infantry arrived about July 26th, and General Chaffee on the 29th. On August 4th, the movement against Pekin was begun. Five nations participated, with an aggregate force of about 19,000 men, of which Japan contributed 8,000 and the United States about 2,100—composed of detachments from the 9th and 14th Infantry, 6th Cavalry, Reilly's battery, and a battalion of marines. There was a sharp engagement at Yangtsun, on August 6th, in which our troops lost 7 killed and 65 wounded, and on the 14th Pekin was reached. Two companies of the 14th Infantry, under Colonel Daggett, scaled the high walls and planted the regimental colors on their summit. The Tartar city was entered after some street fighting during the afternoon. On the morning of the 15th the fighting was renewed and three gates of the imperial city were forced. The losses of the two days were 4 killed and 27 wounded, Captain Reilly being killed. The American losses of the whole campaign were 32 killed and 177 wounded. The city was occupied by troops, ours among others, until May, 1901, when all our troops were sent back to Manila except a legation guard of one company.

In this China Relief Expedition, for the first time in our history since the Revolution, soldiers of the United States fought as allies alongside the troops of other nations. The occasion was a most interest-

ing one, and our troops acquitted themselves in a manner which reflected great credit upon their country and upon the army of which they were the representatives. Our force was small, but it was sufficient. In fighting qualities it was second to none. In arms, equipment, rations, and transportation it was universally acknowledged that no other troops were so well provided as ours.

When Congress met in December, 1900, the law of March 2, 1899, was in force, requiring the discharge, on June 30, 1901, of all the volunteers of 1899, and all of the regular army in excess of 29,000 men. It was manifest that the regular army must be permanently enlarged, and this fact was fully recognized by Congress, although there was long debate on the details of the bill. As finally passed on February 2, 1901, it provides for an army not to exceed 100,000 enlisted men, including native troops in the Philippines and Porto Rico, the number of which is limited to 12,000 men; it consists of fifteen regiments of cavalry, a corps of artillery, thirty regiments of infantry, a regiment of engineers, and the staff departments.

The new regiments were organized during the spring and summer of 1901 and a portion of them sent to the Philippines. The volunteers of 1899 were all brought home and mustered out prior to June 30, 1901.

The officers are fixed in number, and so is the enlisted strength of the artillery, but in the other arms the enlisted strength varies as may be directed by the President; in a troop of cavalry from 65 to 100, in a company of infantry from 65 to 146, and in a company of engineers from 100 to 164. Each regiment consists of three battalions of four companies each. The strength fixed at the present time is intermediate between the maximum and minimum, and the aggregate enlisted strength is 77,287. The total number of officers is about 3,700, an increase of more than 1,500, as compared with the number on January 1, 1898. The number of general officers is increased from 9 to 22, viz.: 1 lieutenant-general, 6 major-generals, and 15 brigadier-generals.

The army thus enters upon another period of sudden increase similar to that at the close of the Civil War, but in this

case the new appointments are confined solely to the general officers and to the lowest grades in the staff and line. These vacancies have been filled from meritorious officers of volunteers, but the intermediate grades have been filled rigidly by seniority promotion. An effort was made to have the law provide that a limited number, say one-third, of the promotions should be for merit under rules carefully framed to prevent any favoritism, but this provision was defeated largely on account of the opposition to it in the army, which feared that no rules could be devised which would prevent the selections from being made by favor. Other changes have been made, however, for which the army has been asking in vain for nearly a generation, during which it was thought by many that we would never have another war, and that questions of army organization were not of any practical importance. The artillery has been changed from a number of regiments, the companies of which were never brought together, to a corps, composed of batteries for manning fortifications and of light batteries for service with armies in the field. The regiments of cavalry, infantry, and engineers all have a uniform organization of three battalions of four companies each. Extra captains are authorized for regimental adjutants, quartermasters and commissaries, and extra lieutenants for similar positions in battalions. Interchangeability of service between line and staff is arranged by a provision that as vacancies occur hereafter in the principal staff departments they are not to be filled by permanent appointments but by details of line officers for a period of four years. Staff officers will hereafter be fresh from the line and know its requirements, while the line will contain a large number of officers who have had experience in staff duties and will be available for such duties in higher grades in time of war.

Under this new law the organization of the army is better adapted to our needs than it has been at any previous period of our history; and as soon as the new officers have become imbued with the army traditions, and the new recruits have acquired the thorough instruction which they will surely receive, the new and

larger army of 77,000 men will attain that perfection of discipline, marksmanship, drill, and, above all, devotion to duty, which characterized the smaller army of 25,000 men in 1898—and there is no higher standard.

With the new century the army has a new and greater task before it. During the last 125 years it has been the instrument by which our independence was gained, the Union preserved, our territory extended, and this territory made habitable. It is now the instrument by which all resistance to the lawful authority of the United States in distant lands is suppressed; and it will hereafter be the strong

arm upon which the civil power will rely for support as it introduces among alien races which have come under our charge those principles of self-government, of liberty regulated by law, of honest dealing and fair play, under which we have been so long happy and prosperous, but the benefits of which our new wards have never known.

From Lexington to Peking the record of the army is one to be proud of. The Republic has not had and has not now in any branch of its public service a more devoted and faithful body of public servants, animated by intense loyalty, by splendid courage, by the highest sense of honor and duty.

MARQUIS ITO,

THE GREAT MAN OF JAPAN

By Frederick Palmer



TO say that Marquis Ito is to Japan what any other statesman is to his country, is out of the question. As the nation's is, the man's is—a career unto itself. Whatever comparisons I made in his study at Oiso, as he talked of modern politics or of his meetings with Grant, Bismarck, and Gladstone, were in turn dispelled by the thought that the fine old gentleman in a frock coat, sitting on a European sofa, had bridged, with his own span of life, the chasm between the Japan of ornate armor, queues, utter exclusiveness, and two-sworded men, and the Japan of to-day. If that were not enough, there is the story of that pilgrimage of courage, high patriotism, and more than a crusader's intrepidity which was the beginning of his great work.

He was a boy of twelve when Perry's squadron ran into the Bay of Yedo. A nobleman (though of the lowest grade), his education was entirely that of his class. He was being taught how to perform the elaborate and effeminate tea ceremonies;

to read the Chinese classics; to defend his person by graceful sword-play; to be prepared to commit suicide by the supposedly refined code of *hara-kiri* at the slightest aspersion on his honor as a gentleman; to regard the merchant as far beneath a farm-hand as a farm-hand was beneath a nobleman; and to regard the foreigner with the feeling of an artist for a bull who has broken into his studio.

Seven years later, every Power had a treaty and trading privileges with Japan. The Dutch monopoly was at an end. All the world landed its goods on the shores of Japan; Yokohama, Hakodate, and Niigata were open ports, with concessions of land under foreign jurisdiction. On the one hand, foreign gunboats could demand an indemnity whenever they might line up before a town; on the other hand, the Daimyos—pillars of the feudal system—looked to the Shogun to prevent encroachments. Powerless from the first, he was too proud, too exclusive, too dull until the last to seek the knowledge which would enable him to resist. Japan was still in utter darkness, closing its eyes to

any gleam of light which filtered in from the ports. No Japanese, except merchants and officials, was permitted to enter a foreign concession. No Japanese was permitted to leave his native shores under penalty of death.

The bitterest "foreign-haters" among the Daimyos were the heads of the great clans of Choshu and Satsuma. My lord of Choshu considered every foreign footprint a taint on Japanese soil. With a flight of arrows and a majestic scowl he would have sent the rats of traders in their ships back to their savage homes. The excuse of powerlessness was no excuse to him. He was insubordinate to the Shogun and plotted the re-establishment of the Emperor (whose actual powers the Shogun, as agent, had usurped for two centuries and a half) at the head of a conservative movement. The sagacity of one of his young retainers, who was discreet in all things, had attracted his attention. Ito Shunsuke (or Ito Hirobumi, as his name afterward became) had been sent frequently on political missions to Tokyo, where, instead of frowning at the foreigner from a distance, he had sought to learn all he could about the animal. He concluded that his Government had closed the only way to the expulsion of the foreigner by refusing to make the foreigner's secrets its own.

What could not be accomplished openly might be accomplished by stealth. At the age of nineteen, with the easy confidence of a boy on a lark, Ito led his dearest friend, the present Count Inouye, and three other young men, into a project which would delight the heart of a Funston. Eluding the guards at dusk, they entered the concession of Yokohama and crept to the house of Mr. Keswick, a British merchant. There the four followers, fearing betrayal to the authorities by native servants, hid in the garden, while Ito went forward to remind the owner of his promise to assist him to get passage to Europe. Mr. Keswick took them aboard a British ship, then in the harbor, expecting no difficulty. But the Captain refused to receive them, on the ground that by being a party to the violation of one of the most jealously guarded of Japanese laws he ran the risk of having his vessel refused entrance to the port thereafter

and of making trouble for his Government. But the future Premier was prepared for this argument.

"We have left our swords behind, so we have ceased to be *samurai*," he said. "We have cut off our queues, so our country will no longer recognize us as Japanese. As noblemen, we will not endure the punishment, let alone the degradation, which awaits us if we return. We shall kill ourselves, here and now, unless you take us with you."

The Captain knew that they would be as good as their word. It was not pleasant to contemplate five young men making triangular incisions in their bowels with concerted calmness and precision. Besides, the bloody remains of five young *samurai* on his deck would require more explanation than their living presence. He took the only humane way out of the dilemma.

They went as passengers who had paid their fare; but the skipper regarded them as interloping "heathen" who ought to be punished with work. Stomachs used to an Oriental diet were fed on "salt horse" and biscuit. Soft hands used to playing with fans and swords took their turn at shortening sails in storms to an accompaniment of oaths from the mate. Nauseated by the food and by seasickness, stung by the humiliation of doing a coolie's work for a lowborn barbarian, only their sense of duty to their country restrained them from following out the Japanese gentleman's code and committing suicide.

Different as was their means for securing it, precisely the same object as that which agitated the aristocratic breast of their lord, the Daimyo of Choshu, had brought them on board. The conduct of the skipper might well have confirmed them in it. They sought a means of expelling the last foreigner from their beloved land. Before they reached Shanghai, Ito and Inouye, in their discussions, had decided that merely European ships and guns would not enable them to meet the foreigner on equal terms. They must have his spirit and initiative. Profane and impolite as the crew was, the passengers could not fail to recognize their energy and fearlessness in battling with the sea under the iron will of the skipper.

Nothing could better illustrate the Jap-

anese quality, especially pronounced in Marquis Ito, of admitting a condition, however unpleasant it may be, than their change of mind. When they saw English warships, railways, factories, the shipping on the Thames, and great bodies of soldiers, armed with rifles and moving with precision, they realized that Japan's remoteness, which had saved her from aggression until that late day, could save her little longer now that the age of steam was at hand. If she would avoid the fate of India she must change her whole scheme of civilization.

The fate of India! This became the bogy of Japanese patriots in the early years of Japan's membership in the family of nations. Their fears, if groundless, were valuable in making the reorganization of their country as much of a common cause as a foreign war. The young tourists learned the precept which Japan has faithfully practiced, that only the strength of its own arm raises an Oriental people above the cupidity of expanding empires.

They had been in England nearly eight months when news came that Shimonoseki, a port of their own province of Choshu, was about to be bombarded. The Daimyo had some batteries of obsolete guns commanding the Straits of Shimonoseki and some miserable gunboats. With these he had taken to harassing foreign vessels which approached his shores. The Shogun, whom he defied, pleaded unaccountability for a rebellious vassal whom he was powerless to control. He was going to keep the barbarians out of his own province regardless of the pusillanimity of other Daimyos.

If ever the counsel of a globe-trotter was needed in Choshu it was needed then. Ito and his companions feared that their lord would carry his stubbornness too far and that a foreign flag might be planted for good and all on their native soil. They hastened home, arriving in Yokohama in August, 1864, just before the allied fleet of fourteen men-of-war departed formally to do the Shogun's work of punishing Shimonoseki. They registered themselves as Portuguese and in their European garb easily passed for such at the hotel. Then they placed themselves under the protection of the British Minister, who put them aboard the British flagship.

When the fleet swung in before Shimonoseki the five young men went ashore, and, using all the fund of arguments at their disposal to show the hopelessness of resistance, tried to convince their lord of the wisdom of making peace with the enemy until he should have modern weapons. The Daimyo scowled majestically, and bade the barbarians do their worst. The guns of the fleet reduced Shimonoseki, and sent the bowmen and the two-sworded men scurrying into the hills as easily as snuffing out a candle. A great light suddenly broke upon my lord. Conviction of the inefficacy of Japanese against foreign arms became general, not only in Choshu, but also in the other extreme anti-foreign province, Satsuma, whose Daimyo had seen his city of Kagoshima razed without his being able to do the allied fleet any injury in return.

At first the returned prodigals were in danger of their lives. Count Inouye was cut down in the streets and left for dead. Then it was their lot to lead men very soon after they had been scorned of them; to receive their reward for fearless initiative in their youth. They became the advisers of their elders; the schoolmasters of a province, of a nation.

At the outset, with the narrow object of expelling foreigners, then with a broader one, Choshu and Satsuma showed the enthusiasm of a proselyte in adopting foreign methods. For the first time in the history of the Shogunate, common men were drilled as soldiers. War ceased to be exclusively the occupation of nobles. Gentry stood in the ranks beside cooks and barbers in feudal Japan! Instead of a small band of men of select breeding sauntering forth in the manner of so many fencing masters, there were companies and regiments with rifles and field guns. It was not long before the two provinces could defy the Shogun's ill-organized army. They who had made party with the old Emperor against the Shogun's concessions to foreigners, now made party with the young Emperor against the Shogun's conservatism and saw the Revolution of '68 successfully accomplished. The leaders of Choshu and Satsuma became the statesmen and the military and naval leaders of the realm. For theirs was more than the advantage which Virginia

had in the matter of Presidents in the early history of the United States. Of that little band of brave voyagers, Marquis Ito, it is said, saw the ambition which he had set for himself accomplished when, thirty-five years after the bombardment of Shimonoseki, in the same port he dictated terms of peace with China which made Japan a world power. Inouye, his chum, has held the highest offices within the gift of the Emperor.

There have been Inouye as well as Ito factions. They have often disagreed, but every Japanese politician knows that their fondness for each other will not permit them to remain apart long. Let them but walk an hour together on the seashore at Oiso and the (now) amusing memories of the British skipper's "salt horse" and curses drown their differences.

To write the Marquis's biography is to write the history of the country since the revolution. To read the Constitution is to read him, for he draughted it. Whether out of office or in office, his has been the great dominating influence for the last twenty years. He has been as frequently the power behind the Premier as the Premier. Out of office or in office he has always had the ear of the Emperor. His first appointment was to the Governorship of Kobe when it became a free port. His first cabinet portfolio was that of Minister of Public Works, in 1873, when he was only thirty-two years of age. His first cabinet was from 1886 to 1889; his second, 1892-1896; his third, January to June, 1897; his fourth, October, 1900, to May, 1901.

The wonder of what he has accomplished is a part with the wonder that an edict should make the lords of provinces give up their fiefs and *samurai*, cut their queues, lay aside their swords, and face, with the masses, the problem of earning a living when handicapped by soft hands and minds trained only to chivalrous etiquette. The modern Japan which his policy has brought forth was made possible by the religious devotion of nobles and coolies to the Emperor, which made the Imperial wishes law; by the intense patriotism and the official integrity of the retainers of the Daimyos, who have become the officers of the army and navy and members of the civil service. As an

Occidental, I should place integrity as the first cause. When you have official servants so proud that even the postmen will not accept a Christmas present, a statesman knows that, whatever his errors of construction may be, the timbers are sound. As long as men become policemen on less than a coolie's pay for the honor of serving the Government, it will never lack for first-rate ability to fill its offices. Japan may well reverence her old military aristocracy, with its false punctilios of honor and its class distinctions, whenever she turns her eyes toward China, where chivalry is held in contempt and his privilege to accept bribes is regarded as inherent by the masses as by the official himself; where, however well planned the architecture, you may be sure that the timbers are rotten.

As I have said, what of the marvel official integrity does not explain, the position of the Emperor does. He is the 121st of an unbroken line, a deity of Shintoism, the real religion of Japan. Upon him as a rock Marquis Ito built the constitution of 1889, in which he adeptly reconciles the Emperor's ancient autocratic rights with a Privy Council, a House of Peers, a new order of nobility, and a House of Representatives; in which is guaranteed the right of the people to much the same functions of government as they have in Germany, at the same time that he placed the Emperor, "divine and sacred," as he calls him, in a position where he is not to be made the topic of "derogatory comment or of discussion." His book in elucidation of the constitution makes him quaint as a commentator, in republican eyes, but strong as a statesman, when you consider the task of changing a feudal régime into a modern state, where a thousand conflicting elements are striving for mastery. In one place he says: "The Emperor is not only the centre of the executive, but is also the source and fountain-head of the legislative power." Again: "In performing their heaven-descended mission sovereigns must first take advice before they arrive at a decision."

Impatience is the great weakness of Japanese statesmen, and, indeed, of the Japanese themselves; and it is with the opposite quality that the quick-spoken Marquis, who is light on his feet at sixty,



Marquis Ito.

From a photograph given to the author. The autograph inscription reads: "To Frederick Palmer—Ito Hirobumi."

who is whimsical as a geuius at times, has won most of his victories. If he cannot gain his object to-day, to-morrow will do.

It has usually been his lot to be just a little ahead of the nation. If the crowd stopped to dissent when the path looked rough, he has waited in front of them until they were ready to come up, never going to the rear and offering to lead them in the other direction. While he rests in retirement, as he is at the present moment, it is with a seeming easy confidence in his eventual return to power. To-day the papers of wide circulation are calling him an old foggy, and the nobles are accusing him of turning radical; while it is quite certain that if the country were in trouble both sides would turn to him as the one who could combine all elements in a steady working unit. Unpopularity never passes into distrust. His power is not in his policies so much as in the *man* who has put his policies through.

His golden period of administration was the five years, 1892-1896, of development

under the new constitution. It saw the extension of railways and other public works building in a time of universal confidence; the rise of factories, whose products startled America and Europe with the presence of a new competitor in the East; the construction of subsidized shipping lines (whose success, at first scouted, is now assured), which ply to all the ports between London and San Francisco; the efficiency of a yellow race's adapted modern army and navy demonstrated in the war with China.

The greatest shock of his career came in the moment of his triumph, when one morning the Ministers of Germany, France, and Russia drove to the Foreign Office bearing a joint note. With the squadrons of those three powers standing between the victorious troops in China and their base of supplies, there was but one course left for the Premier, who stood bravely to his task. He retained as many of the fruits of victory as he could, and passed out of office in an outburst of blame from the peo-

ple, who, if they could, did not want to appreciate in their angry resentment that a mere diplomatic ultimatum could defeat national ambition. For saying the word, without firing a shot, Great Britain could then have had the wedge of Lio-tung Peninsula and Korea placed between Russia and China. When she was approached she made no more use of the power of her great fleet than if it were built of paper. So the Russian flag floats over Port Arthur; while Great Britain, now not entirely lost in her South African dream, wants little Japan to put the wedge back again.

A triumph of peace for the Marquis (and his Minister of Foreign Affairs, Count Mutsu), as admirable as that of war, was the one which placed the foreign concessions under Japanese law, thus bringing Japan, as she deserved, absolutely into the comity of civilized nations. The foreign merchants cried out at the very mention of such a thing. Through many years the negotiations were kept up. Adroitly the Japanese had them transferred from Tokyo to the home offices, where they dealt directly with each of the thirteen nations interested. If there were objections the Marquis waited until time wore them out. His success in the end completed one of the finest pieces of ordinary working diplomacy of modern times. To-day, less than fifty years after Perry landed, a foreigner can travel as safely in Japan as in New York State, and I have yet to hear of one who has been deprived of his rights under Japanese law.

When in office the Marquis, who is poor, lives in Tokyo with less display than many secretaries of legation. When out of office he lives in Oiso, as modestly as a country rector. Oiso (on the seashore, two hours from Tokyo by rail) is a summer residence of the Japanese statesmen of to-day. Here cabinets are formed and broken in sultry weather, and here you may see the leading families of the land enjoying themselves with native simplicity. When I went to see him it was a month after the fall of his recent cabinet. He was again a free man, who had time to care for his health and to receive an unofficial caller. A few minutes walk from the station, straightway from the village, brought me and his old secretary, Mr. Zumoto, to a shady path, and then to a two-storied European house

of the same type, which, here and there in unfrequented Japan, denotes the home of a missionary. Through the foliage of one side of the yard a summer sea blinked in the distance. The gift of the Japanese for making a few stunted trees and some shrubbery go a long way toward a forest had as completely separated this little country seat from the rest of the world as if it were a castle in a great park in Scotland.

Frequently it is reckless, never is it kind, to approach Prime Ministers with a set of questions which are called an "interview." I did not go to Oiso with that purpose, but only to get a glimpse of the greatest personality between San Francisco and Suez when he was out of harness. My first and my last impression of Marquis Ito was of a simple, old-fashioned gentleman who could, when necessary, hide his opinions under a seeming candor. There was never the feeling, which is almost invariable when with Orientals, even with Japanese, that he belonged to a totally different world. If it had not been for his face and his slightly broken English—with now and then an effort to catch just the phrase that he wanted—he might have been a European or an American at home to a caller in his study. But his face is distinctly Japanese and of a well-defined *samurai* type. It is oval, with the curving as opposed to the flat nose; with eyes less slanting than those of the average Japanese.

There was one question which I intended to and did put, as soon as I had opportunity, to the one most competent to answer it. With European statesmen, the Far Eastern question has been only an incidental question. Their information has come second-hand from varying authorities. With the Marquis, the Far Eastern question has been the great question. He has gained first-hand information on a visit to China itself as a councillor who had the ears of the Emperor and the viceroys. An Oriental himself, who reads the Chinese classics as well as Li Hung Chang or Chang Chih Tung, he can understand the workings of the Chinese mind as an Occidental cannot. Unlike the foreign resident in China, such as Sir Robert Hart, his judgment is not obscured by the prejudice of locality, or

by his interests as an employee (which Sir Robert is), or as an employer. He has enough perspective; not too much, as most of us have. Finally, he has led an Oriental people—if I may compare the Japanese with the Chinese—out of the most hidebound Orientalism into the spirit of Occidentalism.

“Will China reform?” I asked.

“That is possible only with a strong Emperor or as the result of a general armed revolution,” he replied. “There is no strong Emperor. There is no prospect of one. Whenever any rebellion starts it will be so disturbing to their interests that the foreign powers will not permit it to spread.”

“Then, as far as China itself is concerned, it must drift?”

“Yes.”

“But if there is not a strong Emperor,” I added “there is a strong Dowager Empress.”

At this he smiled and pointed toward the one thing in the room which destroyed the illusion that I might be in the house of a European or an American who was fond of Japanese art. No Occidental ever becomes quite so Oriental in his tastes that he sees in a signature, eight feet by three in size, an object to hang on his wall, even though it be in Chinese characters done with an artistic trailing of a big brush dipped in India ink.

“The Dowager Empress’s autograph,” he said, “which she gave me when I was in Peking. This also,” he added, lifting another *kakemono* to show a spray of flowers on silk, very well painted indeed. “She prides herself a great deal on her work as an artist.”

Thereby hangs a tale in striking contrast to—or shall we say in striking confirmation of—the conclusion of a British Minister’s wife, that the Empress is a simple-minded old lady who has been greatly maligned. In those days of great expectations, when Kang Yu Wei, the reformer, was the man behind the throne of China, Marquis Ito visited Peking. The young Emperor was then reading English books and even contemplated a visit to Japan for purposes of enlightenment. He treated the statesman who had travelled the road which he had chosen as a royal guest. Fast on the heels of their inter-



Marquis Ito in Official Costume.

view came the *coup d'état*. The Empress put Kwang Su in leading-strings, recalled his edicts and sent the reformers flying for their lives. When Marquis Ito sought an audience with her, she pleaded a headache and sent him the *kakemonas*.

In theory, the Mikado chooses the best men for the cabinet portfolios, regardless of their factions. This worked out well in practice while the Choshu statesmen still had the call of the country and before the new monarch of popular representation had realized its power. The scores of young men who went abroad to study twenty years ago are now reaching middle age. They have formed many small factions which must be recognized when a cabinet is chosen. Therefore, cabinets are not long-lived and a continuous policy, except on such subjects as—well, as Russia and the army and navy—is difficult. These conditions led Marquis Ito to organize a party, the Seiyu-Kai, which controls the Lower House. His latest cabinet was formed from among its members and from outside elements. It encountered the almost solid opposition of the Peers, who hold that party government endangers the Emperor's prerogatives. The Marquis seemed to have thought as much himself when he wrote his comments on the constitution, for he says:

"In some countries the cabinet is regarded as constituting a corporate body. The Ministers are not held to take part in the conduct of the Government, each one in an individual capacity, but joint responsibility is the rule. The evil of such a system is that the power of party combination will ultimately overrule the supreme power of the sovereign."

His followers reply that party responsibility under present conditions—so it appears to a foreigner—will strengthen the Emperor's hand by giving him stable cabinets. And the Marquis is not the first statesman to change his mind.

"I am not seeking party government in the sense that you have it," he said. "If ever, that will not come for many, many years."

Thus, at the age of sixty, when most men are content with old associations, he finds that the need of the country, as he sees it, throws him into the company of the younger generation.

He spoke of the American constitution and (to him, the constitution-maker) of the marvellous circumstances which brought together, in so small a population, such a set of great men as its makers. He had read *The Federalist*, which he seemed to find more interesting than a novel. I mentioned the fact that many Americans thought that the occupation of the Philippines was inconsistent with our system.

ent with our system.

"A nation cannot stand still," he replied. "It must go forward or backward. Expansion is a natural law. You had to accept what came to you."

One cannot conceive of a repetition of conditions which will permit of the making of a new state out of hand by adopting, wherever met, parts of the old which are deemed suitable. Japan found in the British a model for her navy; at first, in the French, and, afterward in the German, a model for her army. Marquis Ito studied constitutional law under German professors, and visited Washington in 1870 to study our system of finance.

"General Grant was kindness itself," he said. "Mr. Boutwell gave me the run of



Marquis Ito in His Grounds at Oiso.

Photographed by the author.

the Department. No document which I wanted to see was refused ; no question but was answered by the fullest information. I saw the General again on his tour around the world. He was our first national guest."

The Marquis has been in America twice on other missions, and he promises himself a vacation trip to Canada some autumn. He is very fond of Montreal, which has none of the social responsibilities of a capital. For his tastes are quiet, as quiet as the villa at Oiso, where, when he is free from greater affairs, his favorite pastime is the writing of Chinese verses. The Emperor himself is a poet, who vies with the Empress of an evening in making Japanese couplets.

Before my departure, the Marquis showed me through his native house, which adjoins the other. With its cool-looking mats and the breeze playing through it, it justified his contention that if a European dwelling was more comfortable in winter, a Japanese dwelling is more comfortable in summer. Over the door was a piece of rough, knotted wood

bearing three Chinese characters, which Li Hung Chang had sent him. (Fancy an Occidental statesman making such a present !) These two veterans have tested each other's steel and have become better friends in many international controversies. They exchange occasional letters, in which, of course, quotations from the Chinese classics abound. When Marquis Ito was leaving Peking after the *coup d'état* he begged Li, who was exceedingly feeble, not to return his farewell call. But Li and his chair came, nevertheless.

"I could not deny myself that much," said the Chinese, "when, probably, we shall never meet again."

The life-work of one practically finished, that of the other long past the meridian, what a contrast they form ! Li sees his four hundred millions with their capital in foreign hands. Ito sees his forty-five millions a world power. Li has amassed a gigantic fortune : Ito is poor. And Li admires Ito, in spite of his neglect of his fiscal opportunities, as the greatest of Japanese ; while Ito admires Li, in spite of his wealth, as the greatest of Chinese.

RUSSIA OF TO-DAY

BY HENRY NORMAN, M.P.

VII

RUSSIA AND THE NATIONS



THE reader of these papers has now considered the six great divisions of interest in the Russia of to-day—the life of her two capitals, her vast Siberian territory, the people and problems of the multifarious Caucasus, her new and successful empire of Central Asia, her dependency of Finland, and the career and policy of the man who, under the Tsar, chiefly directs her contemporary development. There remains, in conclusion, the vital question : whither is this colossal conglomeration tending ? In other words, what is to be the future of Russia ? Interest-

ing as are her separate aspects, their chief importance and significance for other people lie in their joint and several contributions to the solution of the problem of her future destiny among the nations of the earth. He would be a bold—not to say an untrustworthy—writer who would try to give a precise answer to the above question ; but an examination of the international conditions surrounding Russia, sufficient, perhaps, to enable the reader who has followed me thus far to make for himself a forecast in general terms, may be attempted without over-confidence.

The future of Russia, far more than that of any other country, depends upon her relations with other nations. Three Powers of the world enjoy a certain geographical isolation which endows them with a corresponding measure of political

independence. These are : first, the United States ; second, Japan ; and third, Great Britain. Except where they touch an entirely friendly Power, the United States may be said to have no frontiers at all. The map of Europe might be repainted without affecting them. There is no great nation, except England, whose fall or aggrandisement would make them a whit the more or less secure. In a much smaller degree this is true of Great Britain, whose only frontiers are in Canada and along her Indian boundaries. Japan, too, is a Power which, except in so far as she considers Korea to be ultimately her own, has no boundaries that her battle-ships cannot protect. The converse is truer of Russia than of any other nation ; indeed, with the exception of the United States and France, there is no great Power whose frontier does not run with her own. A glance at a small scale map impresses this vital fact. Beginning at the North, the Russian land-frontier skirts successively Sweden, Germany, Austria, Roumania (and through Roumania, the other Balkan countries of Bulgaria and Servia), Turkey, Persia, Afghanistan, India, China, and (in Korea) Japan. Moreover, Russia has created an intimate relationship with the one great Power whose frontiers do not touch her own—France ; and by marriage and by protection she has interwoven her affairs with the two remaining countries of the Balkan chessboard—Greece and Montenegro. Thus, no political or status-threatening question can arise in any nation of the world—always excepting the United States—which does not immediately and vitally affect her own interests. Therefore I say that the future of Russia, far more than that of any other country, depends upon her relations with other nations. What is for the rest of mankind a merely humanitarian motto, *nihil humani a me alienum*, is perforce for Russia the first axiom of foreign policy.

The strange bridal of Russia and France—the unnatural alliance of autocracy and democracy—has been familiar to all the world since the bands of the French warships played the *Marseillaise*, the hymn of the revolution, before Alexander III., whose father had fallen at the hands of

revolutionists, in Kronstadt. This momentous event was the direct result of the change of German policy, marked by the downfall of Bismarck and the refusal of Count Caprivi to renew the secret treaty with Russia by which Bismarck had unscrupulously sought to “hedge” against his allies of the Triple Alliance. Russia turned to France, and Germany turned to Turkey—thereby adding to a negative anti-Russian policy a positive and indeed, certainly in Russian eyes, an aggressive one. The Dual Alliance has so far had but a financial result—the investment of many hundreds of millions of francs in Russian immovable securities—for it is almost wholly in repaying State advances to Russian railways that the French loans have been employed. The Russian alliance has not saved France from attack, for nobody has dreamed of attacking her ; and on the one occasion when she might have drawn her sword—about Fashoda—the influence of St. Petersburg was, with profound wisdom, used in the interests of peace. On the other hand, since it was known of all men that if the dogs of war were loosed in Russia, the leash would slip simultaneously, whatever the issue, from the hand of France, Russia has enjoyed a political and a military prestige far beyond that to which her own arms entitle her. It is commonly said that France is growing tired of this one-sided bargain, and that she is keenly alive to the fact that while Russia is adding enormously to her sphere in the Far East, she herself stands where she did before the fêtes of Kronstadt and Toulon. I think that in a certain degree this is undoubtedly the case. The jest that when the *charlotte russe* was placed upon the mess-table, the French officers rose and cheered, would have no point to-day. Moreover, the generation which fought in 1870 is dying out, and the new generation has forgotten Deroulède’s war-poems, and only looks upon him as the rather ridiculous conspirator of an impossible “plebiscitary republic.” The Kaiser, too, ceases not his friendly overtures—witness the distinguished reception of French officers at the manœuvres, the abandonment of the annual military banquet at Metz in celebration of the surrender at Sedan, and the motor-car race from Paris to Berlin—an event inconceivable ten years ago—and

Count Field-Marshal von Waldersee's extraordinary and fulsome compliments to everything French during the Chinese campaign. The Emperor William II. has set his heart upon certain aims which are before him now at every waking instant. To the realization of these Russia will inevitably be opposed. Therefore it is of the most urgent importance to him to allay French resentment and secure French neutrality, and to this end he will spare no effort and stop at nothing short of the actual relinquishment of territory. Such an attitude on the part of Germany is obviously calculated to undermine the foundations of the alliance of France with Russia. The Tsar did not visit the Exposition, but it will not be long before the Kaiser is seen in Paris, and from that moment the Dual Alliance will only possess an antiquarian interest. At present it proceeds upon the old lines, for another large Russian loan has just been floated in France, and no French ministry would dare to announce its collapse; but though it may linger long in name, its days of potency, be they few or many, are numbered. And I hold this view notwithstanding the fact that the Tsar, doubtless as a retort to Count von Waldersee's plain hint that the Kaiser could accept an invitation, is about to visit President Loubet. When the Dual Alliance was first made known to the world I asked a very distinguished diplomatist, belonging to neither nation, what he thought of this earth-shaking news. His reply was frank and epigrammatic: "*C'est du tra-la-la, et puis—rien!*" He was, I think it is now evident, a true prophet, but the more events prove him to have been so, the greater is this additional testimony to the consummate diplomacy of Russia.

The relations of Russia and Germany make a very different story. They are concerned with the future, and with a coming situation possibly more delicate and more pregnant than anything since the fall of the first Napoleon—a situation, moreover, that may burst upon us any day between night and morning.

To understand this, it is necessary to look back a little. The keynote of Bismarck's foreign policy was—keep on good terms with Russia. To that he subordi-

nated, and if needful, was ready to sacrifice, every other German interest abroad. For that, he went so far as to play a crooked game with Germany's chief partner in the Triple Alliance. For that, he contemptuously declared that the Balkans were "not worth the bones of a Prussian grenadier," because Russia desired to extend her influence there. For that, he even condoned that barefaced outrage, the Russian plot to kidnap Prince Alexander of Bulgaria, a German prince. For that, he inspired his reptile press to stir up ill-will with England, and himself even launched a most offensive insult against the British royal house, because he knew that Russia would be instantly alarmed by a *rapprochement* between Germany and England, but would remain on good terms with a Germany which occasionally growled across the North Sea. At the same time, he took good care to keep Russia convinced that if Germany wished it, she could at any time have an alliance with England, and therefore he managed that the relations of Germany with England should remain at the stage of a vague irritation, and not take on such an aspect of irremediable rupture as would naturally tempt Russia to seek in England an ally against Germany. So strongly were both States permeated with this Bismarckian policy of a Russo-German understanding that a dying Tsar and a dying Kaiser alike urged it upon their successors. Indeed, it appeared rooted in German policy, and when the Russian Foreign Minister once remarked to Bismarck that he had every confidence in him, but was he sure that his own position was secure, the Iron Chancellor replied indignantly that his imperial master had perfect confidence in him, and that he would assuredly only lay down his office with his life.

Such were the relations of Russia and Germany up to a short time after William II. ascended the throne. How simply and suddenly he "dropped the old pilot" in 1890 is well known. The dismissed and astounded Bismarck never forgave his Emperor, and the closing years of his life were deeply stained by an unparalleled series of malevolent interviews, inspired articles, and deliberate breaches of confidence, all intended to prove that Germany's policy had become anti-Russian,

and that nothing but disaster awaited the Fatherland in consequence. But William II. went on his way unmoved, and bit by bit his policy and his ambitions have been revealed to students of European affairs. They are original, daring, and gigantic. Moreover, he has, up to the present, succeeded at every step. The crucial time, however, has not yet come. When it does come, he will probably be found to have been aiming at nothing less than a transformation of the map of Europe, and an extension of the German Imperial sphere, in comparison with which the annexation of Elsass and Lothringen was, from the stand-point of national economics, but like adding a potato-patch to a dukedom.

I do not mean that after he had dismissed Bismarck the Kaiser adopted a frankly anti-Russian policy. That would have been as contrary to his own diplomatic methods as it would have been distasteful to his people and dangerous to the security of his empire. On the contrary, he endeavored to combine all the advantages of a good understanding with Russia, with the advantage also to be found in complete freedom of political action. "The incessant movement of his imagination," as an anonymous writer has recently said, "presents him in turn with equally persuasive pictures of incompatible designs." But Alexander III. was no lover of Germany and the Germans, as Alexander II. had been; moreover, he was a convinced Panslavist, and Panslavism and hatred of Germany are at the end of the same road. Therefore the Kaiser set himself, with such a Tsar in Russia, an impossible task. One of his first acts was to conclude a treaty with England, by which the latter secured an extension of rights and territory at Zanzibar, in return for the cession of Helgoland to Germany. This *rapprochement* was, of course, ill-viewed in Russia, and the Kaiser took the next opportunity of counteracting its effects, namely, by the very strong step of throwing aside all his previous sympathy for Japan, and joining Russia and France in forcing her to give up a large part of the fruits of her victorious war with China. This step involved many fateful consequences, several of which are still to come. It involved the seizure of Kiao-chao and Port Arthur, and

the cession of Wei-hai-wei; the virtual annexation of Manchuria by Russia; the change of route of the Trans-Siberian Railway; and, indeed, it may fairly be said to have been the cause, even if indirectly, of the Boxer rising and all that came in its train. Moreover, it has left Russia and Japan face to face under conditions in which war is only too possible an outcome. Naturally Russia was much gratified by the Emperor William's course, but her gratitude, probably to his lively disappointment, took no material form. He thereupon proceeded to help himself to advantages in the Far East which he had failed to secure by the good will of his temporary ally. With the murder of some German missionaries as a pretext, he boldly seized upon Kiao-chao and announced that Shan-tung was a German sphere of interest. The Foreign Offices of Europe were led to believe that Russia was a consenting party to this course, and consequently they failed to unite in the protest which would assuredly have been made if they had known that Germany was taking isolated action. This incident strained Russo-German relations very severely, as (to depart for a moment from chronological order) did the precisely similar stratagem by which the command of the international forces in China was secured for Count von Waldersee. On this occasion, too, Europe was given to understand that Russia's consent had been obtained—more, indeed, that the suggestion of the German Field-Marshal had originated with her. The German version was specifically repudiated later in a Russian official document, and the circumstances are believed to have been the subject of a private and personal explanation by the Kaiser to the Tsar.

From all these events—to say nothing of the two visits of the Emperor William to England and his enthusiastic reception there—it will be clear that the relations between Russia and Germany must now be widely different from what they were in Bismarckian days. And to complete the picture so far, must be added the conviction in St. Petersburg that Germany is about to impose an increased duty upon the import of Russian cereals. If this be done, Russia will retaliate—a tariff war.

In the foregoing, however, we have

hardly yet touched upon the real and fundamental causes which are moulding the relations of Russia and Germany to-day. These are not isolated incidents or personal encounters, but new springs of national policy, new drifts of racial development. The fact—as Russia sees it—is that Germany has deliberately placed herself athwart Russian policy in each one of the three paths along which Russian statesmen desire that their country should enjoy an unimpeded progress. These three paths lie in the Far East, the Near East, and toward the Persian Gulf. Here, then, we at last touch the danger-zone of contemporary European politics, and the most important factor in the future of the Russian Empire.

I have already spoken of German action, *vis à vis* Russia, in the Far East. It may be summed up as a claim to share a position which Russia has regarded as predestined to be hers alone. Germany has come into North China; she has established a naval base there and appropriated a province; she secured—by sharp practice, as Russia thinks—the conspicuous leadership of the European nations; she has concluded with England an open convention which, in spite of assurances to the contrary, means that under certain circumstances, she would join in opposition to Russian designs; she now maintains a considerable naval force in Far Eastern waters; she has, in a word, given Russia clearly to understand that any farther extension of Russian power in China must either “square” Germany or overcome her opposition, and this is a new, a serious, and a wholly unexpected obstacle in the path of Russian policy.

German activity in the Near East is a much darker cloud still upon the Russian horizon. Events here have moved for a long time precisely as Russia has desired, and her desires are deeply rooted in the aspirations and confident hopes of her people. Turkey has slowly but steadily decayed. The Russian Ambassador at Constantinople was the power behind the throne. Step by step Bulgaria, which, under the ferocious patriotism of Stambolof, barred the Russian advance in the Balkans, has been brought back under Muscovite influence. Stambolof’s strong and busy hands, chopped off in front of

his own house, are preserved by his wife in a bottle of spirits; his murderers, well-known to everybody, have never been punished; little Prince Boris was baptized into the Greek Church; Russia has lent Bulgaria money, and has once more sent her officers to the Bulgarian army; Prince Ferdinand has been permitted to entertain a Russian Grand Duke in a Bulgarian port, and the next steps will be his reception by the Tsar in St. Petersburg, his remarriage with a Russian or pro-Russian princess, and the elevation of Bulgaria into a kingdom.

All this has come about precisely as Russia desired. So, too, with Servia, hitherto jealously dominated by Austria—the Tsar was prepared to be godfather to the expected but mythical heir. Prince Nicholas of Montenegro remains the devoted friend of the Tsar, as he was of his father, and his influence is naturally much greater now that his daughter is Queen of Italy. Only Roumania preserves her diplomatic independence of Russia, and indeed, is allied by a military convention with Austria. With this single exception, the obstacles to a Russian advance to Constantinople had gradually been removed, when suddenly it dawned upon an astonished Europe and an indignant Russia that the Kaiser’s “mailed fist” had obtruded itself into the way. During the Armenian massacres Germany, with calculating and appalling indifference, declined to speak or act. The Turkish army was supplied from German factories with cannon and ammunition; when she took the field against Greece a German general drew up the plan of campaign; and the Turkish council of war at Elasona followed German advice day by day. (I was a prisoner in that camp for a whole day shortly before the outbreak of war, so I am not speaking without some personal knowledge). The Kaiser’s brother-in-law, the Crown Prince of Greece, commanded the Greek army against the irresistible combination of Turkish troops and German tactics, while the Kaiser’s sister wept bitterly over her brother’s ruthless indifference toward her adopted country. For a while Germany contributed one second-rate warship to the blockade of Crete, and finally withdrew even that. The Kaiser has made a

triumphal progress in Constantinople and in Asia Minor. Finally, the way being thus carefully made ready, Germany, with confident audacity and entire success, took the step for which all the rest had been but preparation, and openly thrust her line of policy not only across the ambitions of Russia but into the very kernel and heart of Russia's most cherished plan.

This was accomplished by the signature, in December, 1899, of the concession to a German company of the right to build a railway across Asia Minor to Baghdad, with an obvious ultimate terminus in the great harbor of El Kuwait, at the head of the Persian Gulf. The Russian Ambassador had moved heaven and earth to prevent this concession being given to Germany, and a British syndicate had even offered to construct the line without any State guarantee at all. But so powerful was the combination of Baron Marschall von Bieberstein, the German Ambassador in Constantinople, and Dr. von Siemens, the director of the Deutsche Bank, that they not only obtained the concession but also in it an undertaking from the Turkish Government to pay to the company a kilometrical guarantee or subsidy of £1,000 per mile per annum—that is, a yearly payment in all of £240,000—\$1,200,000! This is the most striking diplomatic success of modern times, and the rebuff to Russia is, of course, proportionate to the triumph of Germany. I say nothing of the rebuff to England; under Lord Salisbury's foreign policy we have grown accustomed to rebuffs. But it is worthy of remark that the final struggle for this great concession was taking place in Constantinople at the precise time when the Kaiser was in England and when the first startling disaster of the Boer War had just occurred.

The proposed railway is an extension of the line rapidly built and well worked by Germany, from Haidar-Pasha, in the Bosphorus, *via* Ismid, Eskischehr, and Afunkara-hissar, to Konia. The new line will proceed southward to Karaman, at the foot of the Taurus Mountains, then skirt this range northeastward to Eregli, cross it by the famous pass to Adana (whence there is already a short English line to the Mediterranean), and proceed to Tell-ha-

besch (with a branch to Aleppo), bridging the Euphrates at Europus, and *via* Mosul (near Nineveh) Tekrit, and Beled (with a branch to Chanekin, on the Persian frontier) to Baghdad. Thence the line will continue *via* Kerbela, Nedjef, and Bassora, to Kozima, at the head of the magnificent harbor of El Kuwait, where there is to be a German naval coaling-station—four days' steam from Bombay! To bring this railway into connection with European lines the Bosphorus is to be spanned by a bridge gratefully named after the present Sultan, and a recent well-informed anonymous writer calculates that Kozima will be reached in three and a half days from Constantinople, and ten days from Berlin. The length of the new railway will be 1,750 miles, and according to the Concession it is to be finished by 1907. But although the concession was signed nineteen months ago, the first shovelful of earth has yet to be lifted—and for a very good reason, of which I shall speak presently. I have described the railway in some detail in order that readers may mark its course upon the map, for it is certainly one of the most important matters—if not the most important—in European foreign politics to-day.

What will this railway accomplish? "The German calculation is, of course," says the anonymous writer I have already quoted, "not only that new trade will be developed, but that the course of present trade will be altered. It is expected that British vessels will cease to be the chief medium between Central Europe and the East. Passenger traffic with India is to be almost absorbed by the Baghdad Railway, reached from London and Paris *via* Munich and Vienna." But far more than this, Asia Minor is to serve for the overflow population of the Fatherland; its grain is to render Germany independent of the United States and Russia; Mesopotamia, irrigated anew, is to overflow with agricultural wealth; tobacco, silk, oil, petroleum, are to be produced lavishly; and a German fleet, at a naval base four days from Bombay, with a railway to Germany behind it, is to alter the balance of power in Asia. All discussion of these developments is stifled in Germany at present, but a glance at the map, combined with an elementary knowledge of ancient econ-

omic history, is sufficient to show them plainly.

Now Russia's designs upon Persia, and what she regards as the imperative reasons for them, were explained by me in the fourth article of this series,* and it is unnecessary to traverse the ground again here. Suffice it to say that Russia has been determined, at any cost, to secure the control of Persia and a naval and maritime outlet upon the Persian Gulf. Persia is perfectly helpless before her, she is virtually mistress in Teheran, her plans for railway extension from the Caucasus (as shown upon my previous map, February, 1901) are only hanging fire for want of money, and her engineers are already surveying a railway route through Persia to the Gulf. This extension she regards as a matter of life and death—so much so that her leading newspaper has recently declared that if England would consent to this, every other issue between the two countries could be settled amicably and at once.

It will thus be seen that the relations of Russia with Germany are highly critical. If the Emperor William persists in the scheme he has so grandly conceived and, up to the present, pushed forward with extraordinary skill—and he is not the man to be frightened from an ardently desired goal—a rupture of the traditional relations between Berlin and St. Petersburg is not far off. I need not point out what an opportunity this situation affords to England, if she had a statesman with insight and courage to take advantage of it. The more so, as she holds in her hands, for the moment, the key to the building of this Baghdad railway. Turkey is utterly unable to pay a penny of the guarantee she has promised unless she is permitted by the Powers to increase her import duties from eight to eleven per cent., which, backed of course by Germany, she is now desirous of doing. But England has the preponderant share of Turkish trade, and therefore for her to consent to burden her trade in order that Germany build a railway to rob her of an important trade route is, as has been said, like asking her to contribute to the cost of the razor for cutting her own throat. There is, however, reason to fear that Lord Salisbury

has recently concluded a secret convention of some kind with Germany. Nobody knows what is in it, and Englishmen can only pray that this concession to Germany—with another to be mentioned in connection with Austria—is not part of the price they will have to pay for the Kaiser's conspicuous and unwavering neutrality during the war in South Africa.

With Austria, no less than with Germany, have Russia's relations recently undergone a rapid and a vital change. For a number of years past peace has been guaranteed in the Balkans—the powder-magazine of Europe—by the common decision of St. Petersburg and Vienna that they would not allow it to be broken. Indeed it was preposterous that these semi-civilized little states, sizzling with ill-digested ambition, ignorant, reckless, ceaselessly intriguing, should be able, at any moment, to precipitate a situation in which two mighty empires might find themselves irresistibly dragged into a colossal and ruinous war. Thereupon Russia and Austria, having decided that this should not be, proceeded to communicate their decision to Servia and Bulgaria in terms that left no room for misunderstanding, and Europe breathed freely. It was tacitly understood that Austria would not interfere in Bulgaria, while Russia recognized that Servia must be more or less under Austrian influence.

It will be remembered that the freedom of Bulgaria was the result of the Russo-Turkish War, and that Servia was saved from Bulgaria during the war between the two by an Austrian aide-de-camp riding to Prince Alexander's tent to inform him that if he advanced farther he would find not Servian but Austrian bayonets in his front. Thus each of the two great powers had a kind of prescriptive right to exercise influence over one of the two little Balkan states.

Roumania did not come under this arrangement, for though she fought with Russia against Turkey, and, indeed, according to Moltke, saved the Russian army from the loss of the results of one whole campaign, she was alienated through her treatment by Russia at the close of the war, and she has been virtually a

* See SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for February, 1901.

member of the Triple Alliance for a good many years. Roumania is the most civilized and the most powerful of the Balkan countries, and so far from Russia having gained influence there, the only result of the growth of Russian influence in the Balkans is that King Charles has just concluded a new military convention—or, more probably, confirmed an old one—with Austria. So significant is this last act, that the *Reichswehr*, the semi-official journal of the Austro-Hungarian army, publishes, even as I write, the following remarkable comments :

It is only in case a Balkan situation were created which would be directed against Austria and Roumania, as also Greece, which is affiliated to the latter country, that what is now described as the Austro-Roumanian military convention, which, perhaps, exists on paper, would acquire practical significance. At the present juncture it is certainly a suspicious circumstance that Bulgaria, Servia, and Montenegro should make such extravagant efforts to manifest their devotion to Russia. It is, for the moment, impossible to say how far this policy of flattery will prove successful; but it is conceivable that under Panslavist influence it may one day lead to a regrettable disturbance of Austro-Russian relations.

But gradually, as Russia has resumed her old paramountcy in Bulgaria, which Stamboloff destroyed, this Austro-Russian understanding has worn thin, and Russia has begun to trench upon Austria's sphere in Servia. The Tsar's wedding-present to Queen Draga will be remembered; I have mentioned his intention to be godfather to the heir who never appeared; and the Servian royal pair are about to pay him a formal visit. The late King Milan had a personal feud with Prince Nicholas of Montenegro, the fine old mountain-fighter who belongs, body and soul, to Russia, but King Alexander has just withdrawn his military attaché from Vienna to send him to Cettigne, the little Montenegrin capital. In fact, the Russian press now uses language on this subject which a few years ago would have caused the immediate suppression of the newspaper printing it. A leading St. Petersburg journal of Panslavist views, for instance, speaks to-day of the meeting of the Grand Duke Alexander Mikhailovich and Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria as "the canonization of Russia's eternal and fraternal friendship with her loyal kindred of

the Balkan States" (note the plural), and adds that Russia has now addressed herself to the task of eliminating most thoroughly "the baneful Hapsburg incubus," not only from the independent Balkan States, but even from the peoples which still "languish under the oppressive sway" of Austro-Hungary. Frankness could go no farther.

There is, however, one other impending question, hardly mentioned yet in current comment, which may affect—and at any moment—the relations of Russia and Austria. I allude to the situation which will arise upon the death of the aged Austrian Emperor and the consequent action that Germany may take. We enter here upon the region of political speculation, though not without several definite and striking utterances to guide us. The Austrian Empire is of course a congeries of states, of widely differing origins and language, for the most part on bad terms with one another, only held together by the purely political and accidental bond of the Hapsburg Crown and, to an even greater degree, by the personality of the Emperor Franz Josef. Even Hungary, which is politically a separate kingdom, having its own King crowned in Buda, and only sharing its foreign affairs, customs, and army with Austria, cannot agree with the latter over the periodical *Ausgleich*. While as for the other races of the Dual Empire—Germans, Czechs (Bohemian Slavs), Poles, Ruthenians, Serbs, Croats and the rest, all hope of peace among them is now virtually abandoned. Every kind of concession and coercion has been applied in turn, but the abominable scenes of disorder in the Parliament at Vienna are a reflection of what exists throughout the land. Austria is in a state of general ill-veiled rebellion, and the next and only remaining step will be the suppression by the Crown of representative institutions, followed by absolute government.

Now, the great racial struggle is in Bohemia, between two million Germans and four million Czechs. Other warring interests are comparatively unimportant. The Czechs are of course backed by their fellow Slavs in the Empire, and the Germans by Vienna, with its almost exclu-

sively Hebrew and extremely influential capitalist ring. Between Czechs and Germans nothing less than a deadly hatred prevails, and both are disloyal to Austria.

Each of the rivals, it must next be observed, is included in a great politico-racial movement outside its own country. Russian Panslavism of course includes the Czechs, though they do not altogether reciprocate the feeling, as Panslavism carries with it the doctrines of the Russian Greek Church, and the Czechs are not orthodox. But they are infinitely nearer to this than to German Lutheranism. What, now, is the corresponding movement which includes the Germans? A precisely similar, though not nearly so well known aspiration, called Pan-Germanism, already wide-spread and deeply rooted both in Germany and Austria. It has its great leaders, its organization, its newspapers, its famous atlas, its flag ; and unless many signs fail, it possesses the sympathy and enjoys the devoted support of no less a power than the Kaiser himself. Its racial object is simple : Germany to include all German-speaking countries. Its political objects are as simple and strikingly concrete. Sir Rowland Blennerhassett describes them as follows : " This party now openly desires the break-up of the Austrian Empire, the annexation of all the German portions of Austria by Germany, and the extension of the German Empire to the Adriatic." Another well-informed writer upon this topic, Mr. W. B. Duffield, says : " The successful prosecution of German ambition means that Trieste is to be a German port, and the Adriatic a German lake," and with this " the imposition of a universal monarchy in German lands." And the latter truly remarks that it is impossible to read these words which the Kaiser spoke at Bonn on April 24th last in any but a Pan-German sense : " Why did the old Empire come to naught? Because the old Empire was not founded on a strong national basis. The universal idea of the old Roman Kingdom did not allow the German nation developments in a German national sense. *The essential of the nation is a demarcation outwardly corresponding to the personality of a people and its racial peculiarity.*" One must be stupider than even Heine said the Germans of his

day were, to misunderstand such a plain hint as this, and, indeed, the heir to the throne of Austria-Hungary, the Archduke Ferdinand, understood it well enough, for he retorted in a speech which startled Europe, calling upon the Roman Catholic forces of the Empire to rally to its defence.

To discuss what may be, and what ought to be, the attitude of England toward such a tremendous expansion of Germany, and the practical destruction of an Austria always peace-keeping and always friendly to us ; and still more to guess whether England's promise of neutrality has been pledged in order to keep Germany out of the South African question, would be outside the scope of this article. But it would be impossible to exaggerate the importance of this situation arising at the death of a monarch now aged seventy-one ; or the extreme delicacy and danger of the international complication that would thus be instantaneously produced.

Russia is not prepared, either from a purely military or a financial point of view, to fight Germany ; but such considerations have never kept her back yet, and it may reasonably be doubted whether she would not plunge the whole Balkan Peninsula into war, and perhaps even the whole of Europe, rather than see her mightiest military neighbor so vastly aggrandized in territory, in population, in wealth, and in sea-power. At any rate, we see here Panslavism claiming the Austrian Czechs, and Pan-Germanism claiming the Austrian Germans, and that definite rivalry alone constitutes one of the most momentous and puzzling factors in the relations of Russia with the nations.

As my space contracts, I must speak briefly of two other countries in connection with Russia. There has been for long in the United States a belief that Russia was a genuine, sympathetic friend, moved by admiration for the American people and their institutions. This has grown up chiefly, I suppose, from the apocryphal narratives of the readiness of Russia to intervene on the side of right during the war of the Rebellion. Therefore the American people have frequently

made public profession of their friendship for Russia, which Russia, needless to say, has cordially accepted, for who would refuse such a gift? But the whole belief is a political soap-bubble. It is nothing but a bright film in the ether. Russia likes to appear a friend of the United States, because the effect of that is to postpone any co-operation of England and America in world affairs—a contingency which Russia is not the only Power to fear. But beyond this, she never thinks of the United States, except to regard her institutions with profound disapproval and worse; to anticipate the time when enough cotton will be grown in Turkestan to make it safe for her to put a prohibitive tax upon every American bale; or to wish that the American billionaires would invest a few spare millions in government guaranteed 4 per cent. bonds of the Russian State railways—and, let me add, if I were a billionaire I should assuredly meet the Russian wish in this respect, for there is no better investment at such an interest in Europe. Beyond these things, America does not exist for Russia, except when a troublesome Secretary of State puts a series of direct questions about Manchuria or the Open Door, and insists upon answers in writing. In fact, Russia thinks about America precisely what a great religious autocracy *must* think about a huge secular democracy four thousand miles away. The rest is mere empty flag-wagging, and for my own part, when I see an American newspaper lauding Russian love for the United States, I cannot help asking myself, knowing what I know, why that particular newspaper goes out of its way to disseminate that particular view.

About Japan, on the contrary, Russia thinks night and day. When she, with the help of France and Germany, had uncereemoniously kicked Japan out of Port Arthur and off the mainland of China, Russia probably thought that she had done with the little island-Empire for a long time. But Japan thought otherwise, and proceeded to lay out a programme of naval and military expansion due to mature a short time before the Trans-Siberian Railway was to be completed. Many things have conspired to hinder the progress of

the great railway, but Japan's military and naval schemes have gone steadily onward, in spite of all financial difficulties. To-day she has a magnificent navy, including the most powerful battle-ship afloat, stronger than any fleet Russia could safely send to the Far East, while her army is at least equal in numbers, and superior in equipment and scientific training to the land forces Russia could muster on the Eastern side of her vast dominions. And between the two nations there lies Korea—a territorial deadlock, a political antinomy. Russia cannot allow Japan to have it, for that would give her Eastern border a land-frontier to a military Power. Japan cannot allow Russia to have it, for that would leave her island home almost within gunshot of the troops and the naval bases of the Colossus of the North, and deprive her of an outlet for her overflowing population. At present Japan is gaining, for her influence and her people and her trade are increasing in Korea every day. It is a very dangerous situation indeed, and Russia would give much for a diplomatic exit from this military and naval anxiety. So, too, would Japan, whom it has nearly ruined, and the situation would inevitably hatch out a treaty, except for the simple difficulty that neither country will relinquish the only thing the other wants.

There remains the last and greatest of Russia's foreign relationships. England—what of this long-existent and traditional rivalry? Is not mutual enmity rooted in the hearts of both peoples? Do not their statesmen take this nightmare of predestined war to bed with them every night, and wake every morning to find it wide-eyed upon their pillows? Has not a library of books been written in both languages to show to demonstration that Briton and Muscovite must inevitably come to the death-grip? In fact, are not England and Russia, by the eternal nature of things—

Like rival thunders from opposed poles,
Rushing toward the shock that splits the world?

Well, a few people do not think so, and I am one of them. Moreover, these few are growing in number every day, in spite of the fact that the last two or three books

on the subject are violently anti-Russian. If our statesmen were like those of other countries, we should ere this have been on the road to an understanding with Russia, for Lord Salisbury has confessed that the anti-Russian, pro-Turkish policy of Lord Beaconsfield was "putting our money on the wrong horse;" and Mr. Balfour has pointedly remarked that "Asia is big enough for both." But though our statesmen's words fly up, their thoughts remain below, and we are as suspicious of Russia as ever, and Russia is equally disgusted with our shilly-shally, invertebrate, hand-to-mouth conduct of our relations with her. Therefore she goes calmly ahead, doing what she pleases, taking what she wants, knowing perfectly well that when England alone desires or opposes anything, a few acid despatches and a little calling of names in Parliament will be the worst she has to fear. In diplomacy Russia plays a strong game, and plays it sometimes without many scruples; but she both respects and likes an opponent who plays his own game strongly, too, and she does not demand in others a higher standard of scrupulousness than she follows herself. I assert, with confidence resting on solid ground, that Russia would welcome to-day a direct challenge from England to "put up or shut up," as the vulgar phrase goes—to declare once for all, taking the consequences, whether she prefers open friendship or frank enmity, whether or not she is willing to give and take, in the matter of national ambitions, till a settlement is reached and a collision averted. If she were approached by the right man, in the right spirit, I am sure that England and Europe would be surprised at the cordiality of her assent, and the extent of her willingness to concede all that could fairly be asked of her. And I am profoundly convinced that this would be the wisest foreign policy that a British statesman could adopt.

There are only three parts of the world where serious obstacles are thought to exist—China, Persia, and India. As regards China, Russia has virtually got what she wants—namely, Manchuria and her free rail-route to the sea. I know that China has not signed the Manchurian Convention, but she will sign it, or it will make no difference if she does not. England and

the United States, the two Powers that could have kept Manchuria Chinese and open to the world's trade, have failed to unite to do so. I know, too, that the United States Government has formally warned all and sundry that it will not consent to any portion of China being seized and surrounded with a private wall of hostile tariffs, but as all and sundry are perfectly aware that the United States will not fight to back up this warning, they regard it as an interesting but wholly negligible expression of opinion. And Russia has got, too, the enormously valuable gold-mines of Mongolia, the original concessions for which were given to a Scotch friend of mine, who still owns them and wonders what on earth he should do with them. So in China, Russia being palpably replete, there should be no great difficulty in persuading her to admit the fact.

Persia presents a much more difficult problem, as her territory contains or controls the overland route to India, and here very delicate and determined diplomacy would be necessary. What Korea is between Russia and Japan, that Persia closely resembles between Russia and England. But I do not see that British interests under all conditions would necessarily exclude a Russian railway to the Persian Gulf, and it must be remembered that the alternative is a German railway thither and a German naval base.

Most people, however, believe that the real strain and danger between the Russian and British Empires lie in India. The intention of Russia to invade India has been for generations an accepted commonplace, due probably most of all to the idea expressed in Sir Henry Rawlinson's remark that "anyone who traces the movements of Russia toward India on the map of Asia cannot fail to be struck with the resemblance which these movements bear to the operations of an army opening parallels against a beleaguered fortress." This is very true, but it must be remembered, first, that some of these movements date back a considerable time, when the situation of Russia in world-politics was very different from what it is to-day; and second, that in many of these movements commercial development was beyond question the chief, if not the sole, aim—an aim which, be it added, results are

abundantly justifying. This question of Russia's views with regard to India has been present to my mind in every conversation I have ever held with a Russian whose opinion was worth hearing, and after long consideration I have come to the conclusion that the invasion of India is not seriously contemplated by either Russian statesmen or Russian soldiers of high rank. It would be roughly true to say that every Russian officer up to the rank of colonel believes firmly that the invasion of India is possible, probable, and desirable, while everyone above the rank of colonel has learned that as a military operation it is practically impossible, and that as a political move it would be the climax of folly. In Central Asia almost every Russian knows to a month or two when he will get his marching orders for Kabul—the time is generally close at hand; in St. Petersburg the very few men who really influence the course of Russian affairs will not waste their scanty leisure in discussing the question with you—they sincerely regard you as quite an outsider, diplomatically speaking, if you desire to raise it.

The truth is, in my opinion, that Russia regards her position on the Indian frontier as a lever to bring pressure to bear, whenever necessary, upon England. If the relations between the two countries grow strained beyond a certain point, you hear of troops from the Caucasus crossing the Caspian; if the situation gets worse, you learn the precise number of troops of all arms gathered at Kushkinski Post on the Afghan frontier; if a serious rupture occurs, or were about to occur, I should expect the Russians to seize Herat—which they could do at any time. After that there could be peace or war all round. But the notion of invading India to annex it and administer it, does not form part of any Russian plan. It would, from every point of view, be far beyond Russia's means, considering the vast task she has assumed and the vast aims she cherishes in other parts of the world. Finally, this must be considered. India no longer looms in Russia's eyes as the El Dorado of the world; she sees that problems of finance and population are assuming very grave dimensions there; she realizes what the strain of administering India is likely to be for England in years to come;

she has not the least desire to add that burden to the many she has already assumed. And one word more—a little prophecy: I venture to say that before long she will give England and the world a striking piece of evidence that she is harboring no designs against that part of the British Empire.

Therefore I hold that India offers no insurmountable or even serious obstacle to a solid and friendly understanding between England and Russia, covering all issues where their national interests appear now to be at variance.

Such, then, are, in necessarily brief outline, the relations of the Russian Empire, as a great whole, with the different nations surrounding her, upon whose attitudes and actions her future must in large part depend. It will have been seen that the problems awaiting her—perhaps close at hand—are neither few nor simple, but that they will demand all her judgment, all her diplomacy, all her prestige, and possibly all her resources, to solve them to her advantage. Some of them are so bound up with her national security and well-being that a mistake in handling them might throw her back for generations. If I were a Russian, however, I should feel little anxiety on that score.

At the present moment, it is true, Russia is passing through an industrial and commercial crisis of a very serious character. Precisely as in Germany, where the economic life of the nation is vastly better organized, her industrial development has for the time outstripped the financial resources of the commercial classes. Moreover, Russia is the victim of unscrupulous speculators. On the wave of enthusiasm caused by the great French loans, certain groups of promoters, chiefly Belgians, floated enterprise after enterprise as a joint-stock company. Not for an hour longer than they could help did these promoters retain a rouble of their own in their companies. The silly French and Belgian public swallowed them all. Most of them never had a moment's chance of success. Their capital was enormous, mostly fictitious, their actual working capital of the scantiest, and in many cases the enterprises were little better than swindles, the natural bases of the business being

lacking—rolling-mills, for instance, being erected where either ore or coal was unprocurable at paying rates. These enterprises are irrevocably doomed to bankruptcy—their promoters never expected anything else—and Russian reputation will unjustly suffer by their failure.

Furthermore, the transition from agriculture to industrialism is so sharp a change that some labor difficulties were inevitable. The Russian peasant does not easily accommodate himself to new conditions, nor, on the other hand, does the Russian employer. Both have to modify their habits to suit their new environment. But this industrial development was both right and inevitable in a country possessing the boundless natural resources of Russia. Perhaps it has been unduly hurried, but that is the Russian way: to be very slow in adopting a new principle, and then to embody it in act and fact with a rapidity that takes away the breath of an observer from less confident countries. The one imperative need of Russia is foreign financial assistance, and for this she has in many directions magnificent security to offer. The whole of her French loans have gone into productive enterprises, and she has never broken faith with a creditor or an investor. If only her ruling authorities could sweep away some of the mass of formality and Chinese-like delay that discourages the foreign capitalist and has often sent him away in disgust, her progress would be much more rapid. But she will progress, notwithstanding everything—including the devoted band of prophets of evil who vaticinate so glibly about her, and who, if more were known about them,

would not in some cases carry even the weight they do.

No, let my last word be, Russia is going ahead. It is foolish and unscientific to judge her solely by the foot-rule of our older and different civilization. She should be measured by a standard evoked from her own past, her own period of existence, and her own racial character. Then it will be seen that she stands, so far as virtue and vice go in a national development, very much where the rest of the nations do—that only the judge who is able to cast up very long debit and credit accounts, in a very great ledger, can strike a true balance. For the rest, she excels most European nations in her vivacity of intellectual outlook, in her insouciant courage to affront great difficulties, in her freedom from traditional and theoretical top-hamper, and in her absolute confidence in her own glorious destiny. Beyond this, no nation in the world, save perhaps America, can vie with her in lavish wealth of natural resources, and when we add that she has never lacked the guidance of statesmen of profound sagacity and almost reckless courage, and that her present all-powerful Emperor is a man inspired, beyond all question, by lofty ideals, it should be clear that the twentieth century will count Russia as one of its greatest factors in the movements and developments of human society. I trust that this series of studies of the Russia of To-day may have helped to bring home these conclusions, in the interests of peace and commerce, to readers on both sides of the Atlantic.



THE POINT OF VIEW

NOTHING is more interesting than to see some of our writers and artists striving to seize and reproduce the outward physiognomy of New York, its character and mien at certain times and in certain localities—its “spirit of place.” New York is not London or Paris or Rome for romantic possibilities of aspect, but it has moods and moments and manifestations of its own that can speak, even deeply, to the imagination. The endeavor to catch the look, the “feeling,” of a great city’s atmosphere and street-scenes—that elusive but most potent personal soul which all the interesting cities of the world possess—is full of fascination for the artistic instinct, and closely allied to the interest in the human types which, in every city, seem to sum up in themselves and to localize all the diffused impressions that the mind receives from the peculiar life of the place. Such studies in New York types as certain of our artists have been making have had an interest confirmatory of the revelations of the many portraits of Americans that the foremost painters, native and foreign, have given to the world of late. Lay those studies by the side of certain views of the New York streets, especially of foggy nights or late, snowy afternoons, which the best illustrators have been able strikingly to represent, and the resultant perception that you will have is rather a curious one. The streets appear to suggest more than those clever faces of men and women. The human types which people the city have somehow less perspective; they seem to convey less than the setting in which they move.

It is certain that it is not so in the old-world cities; and that leads one to various speculations as to what gives marked expressiveness to the human countenance. Leonardo da Vinci, who would not in such matters be accused of being a superficial observer, was of the opinion that the character of the habitation affected the physiognomy. He believed, for instance, that the face, the eyes especially, of persons who lived in big, old houses, lofty, and of a gloomy aspect, gained a singular degree of depth and intensity. This was what, in man or woman, attracted

him most, and what he sought persistently to put into his work; and one may therefore assume that it was more than a chance coincidence, discovered now and then, that made him associate some of those impassioned and tragic visages that he saw in the Italy of his day, and that we still may see in the Italy of ours, with the dark, massive, and ancient dwellings of many Italian towns. Some of those dwellings, then as now, might have been given over to squalor; but they had the details—the large rooms, high ceilings, broad staircases, dense walls discreetly muffling sound—of the noble in domestic architecture. They had, perchance, hanging over them, moreover, the sense of mystery that comes from an historic past. Such things breathe distinction and poetic dignity; they predispose to gravity, revery, and an undefined imaginativeness, to which the inmate may never be aware that he is subjected, yet which work their way subtly into his features. So far we know that the painter of Mona Lisa was right enough; but, having learned more as time has gone on, we also know that it is not the kind of house alone that people live in that influences unconsciously their mind and expression, their manner and carriage, but the mode in which they live in it. The habit of tubbing, flesh-brushing, exercising in the open air, and choosing sleeping-rooms with a sunny exposure, would have lessened even within the shade of old palaces the number of those mysteriously affecting physiognomies that Leonardo found so haunting. It would have neutralized the spell of the sombre and romantic environment in a sensible measure, and been a force tending toward the creation of what may be called the modern physiognomy—a physiognomy clear, open, straight-glancing, and practically shadowless. This is the physiognomy in which there is nothing morbid—in which the will expresses itself strongly, and the emotions may only express themselves very little—that can be studied in the portraits of Sargent and Alexander. It is this which we encounter oftenest in the New York types of Mr. Gibson. It is this, finally, which we oftenest see, in the flesh, in the streets and

theatres and churches and public conveyances of the great commercial city.

In its most radiant examples, in handsome youths and happy, blooming girls, there is no gainsaying the physical attractiveness of this same modern, this ideally American, countenance. But youth and beauty are not the whole of life, and it comes to one at times that there might be said of this all-will and no-emotion face what Matthew Arnold said of the radiant Greek life of ancient days—that it was all very well until people were sick or sorry. There are many phases of existence that correspond to being sick or sorry. People become middle-aged, they lead stupid lives in a narrow orbit, they have middling means and middling interests. Of such is the vast population of every place. Out of such, precisely, the Leeches and Gavarnis of London and Paris drew some of their richest types, their most unctuously characteristic physiognomies. Out of such also, the great Italian and Spanish painters brought forth the models for their Madonnas and their saints. The up-and-doing masses of a representative American population, however, produce comparatively very few idiosyncratic countenances, very few faces (as has often been remarked) out of the normal in any direction, and easy either to caricature or—at least at some points—very highly to idealize. Deprived of the flush of youthful beauty, the medium type of face of persons who live essentially the modern life—the life of energetic, concrete effort, of scientific sanitation in the home, and, outside of it, of cheerful acceptance of all sorts of promiscuous contacts, in cable-cars and Pullman sleepers—is a type that does not offer to an artist the most varied resources. Who would quarrel with sanitation or the life of vigorous action? And yet it is sure that we do not conceive of Mona Lisa as troubling about ventilation and plumbing, or “going in” for golf!

In other terms, it apparently takes a great deal of inward, rather than outward, life to make a little of the facial suggestiveness that artists seek. And (other things being equal) that will sometimes come to sedentary, cooped-up persons rather than to those that exult in motion. A Frenchman would say that to be physiognomically expressive one must “pay with one’s person.” That is what a great city does. It pays with its person. It has scars and it shows them. And it is what we divine of the complexities of human

history behind the scars that gives to certain city aspects such power to stir the imagination.

AN active member of our educational forces observed a short time ago that whatever a child understood he remembered. This was said in arguing against the supposed importance of cultivating, specifically, the memory in youth; and this view of the secondary place which should be assigned to memory, *per se*, is characteristic of the opinions prevailing throughout many departments of instruction at the present moment. The parrot-like memorizings of by-gone days have been set aside in the advanced systems of teaching, and it is perhaps one of the innovations that gives, to those technically interested in such matters, the greatest satisfaction.

Memory and the
Lack of It.

There is certainly another side to the questions involved, however, and it is at times borne in rather strongly upon the layman. Without doubt the drift of education, in what may be called the race-wide sense, is inevitably away from the very particular development of the memory. Practically, when man enters into the stage of the printing-press his memory ceases to be to him a faculty of the very first order of indispensableness; that is, its highest pitch of cultivation, the utmost that it can yield in stretch and tenacity, cease to be indispensable. Requirements that to men of to-day appear not short of phenomenal were demanded of the memory of generations that had the Vedas to hand down orally, every phrase exact, unimpaired. In Oriental countries, where the reverent retention of religious texts is still the major part of education, the memory receives a discipline that the Occidental peoples may be excused for feeling that they can well do without. Assuredly, to catch and hold words easily and for any length of time, if it be done without notion of the larger meaning behind the words, is but a comparatively poor use to make of the mind. The increasing purpose of the education of civilized men must then be to strengthen the understanding, rather than to set great store by the automatic action of memory, for whose services books and newspapers, and all the other agents of communication of modern life, offer so many substitutes.

Notwithstanding, it is possible to set too little store by the power of retaining accurately, with photographic fidelity, what has

been read or heard, and it cannot but strike one, in many ways, that this is what is occurring now. Those Hindoos, picked out anywhere from among the swarming millions of the population, who, as Mr. Kipling and other writers have told us, can pass on, unaltered by a syllable, an order, a message, a rallying-word, from one end of India to the other, testify to a general drill of the memory and a respect for verbal precision in a whole people, unthinkable in a modern country, and especially, one feels inclined to say, in America. It is really curious to observe how rare are the persons whom one meets in the miscellaneous relations of life who appear to be capable of repeating with perfect exactitude a statement which they may have listened to even a moment before, or a sentence to which their attention may have been but recently and very carefully called. They will give you the idea of it, more or less clearly; more or less intelligently they may "understand" what they have taken in, and what they seek to transmit farther. For all that, though, they have not closely *remembered*, in the verbal sense. They do not pass on the precise collocation of the words, of the statement heard, of the sentence seen. And, with all consideration for the opinion of those who hold that, with children, understanding and remembering are one, it is forced upon one that the two functions are, after all, distinct, and that it often matters seriously that the second faculty should be subordinated to the first. An individual who likes to know what colloquialism calls "the rights" of a fact or a remark, who prefers to be just in his judgments, and clear as to his own stand and that of others, develops a habit, unconsciously, of sifting the veriest trifles derived from hearsay with the caution of a German exegete over a disputed passage. He learns to distinguish "testimonies"; which to accept as trustworthy, and which to reject; and it may not infrequently happen that the rejected testimony

will be that of his best friends. They have no desire to deceive, they believe that they are conveying absolutely the truthful impression, but they are not *textual*, and hence they do deceive the unwary. One could probably not compute the disorders and confusions, and beclouding of sentiments and situations, due to innocent and honorable minds that have simply not been trained in the ability to reflect, mirror-like, an image just as they received it.

It will be objected that there is no such thing as a faultless reflection, that the personal element always enters to distort the outlines. Well, but the words can be remembered; one may not be sure as to the intention of the writer quoted and the speaker reported; but one can be sure as to the very words they used. All our current views and habits are such, nevertheless, that the verbal memory has paid to it, in practice as well as in theory, a very unimportant amount of regard. The mere fashion of our newspaper-reading, which skims, in the most superficial way, the most inconceivably heterogeneous mass of matter, day by day, relaxes the fibres of verbal memory, and makes us flippant as to its dignity. What is the use of painful precision when we have "got the drift" of a thing? We are like that light-hearted young critic whom Balzac described for us. "If some one take the liberty to remind him that Raphael did not paint the Judith in the Pitti Palace—'Pedant!' he replies, laughing."

The memory may be one of those faculties that one might call clerkly. Perhaps it is mechanical, and a plodder. But there are circumstances in which nothing and no one can fill the place of a good clerk: a merchant who had secured one would not exchange him for Napoleon. And it may be that we are too much disposed just now to underrate the sheer mechanical memory, and that we shall be constrained to restore it to some of its past repute.

THE FIELD OF ART

AN IDEAL SALON

THE Field of Art has received an article on this subject from Mr. André Saglio, son of a very well-known archæologist, and very lately charged with important work upon the Retrospective Exhibition of 1900, and Mr. Guy Wetmore Carryl. Attention is called to the discouraging effect upon the student of the overwhelming mass of paintings (four thousand and more), and the only less numerous array of important sculptures which a great exposition like that of Paris in 1900 includes. Advantage is taken of the existence of some excellent prints, the work of French engravers of the close of the seventeenth century, to call attention to the condition of the Salon in its earliest years. One of the prints shows the opening, or rather the preparation for the opening, of the Salon of that year. It is an "animated scene; trim valets, with sedulously rounded calves and arched ankles pose upon ladders in the act of hanging the three or four dozen pictures which compose the entire Salon of that halcyon epoch. The king himself—that Louis in whom no pressure of state affairs or pre-occupation of his Court were able to crowd out the love and encouragement of the beautiful—after a short tour of the room, for the purpose of inspecting the paintings individually, had taken his seat beneath a canopy sprinkled with fleurs-de-lys, and from his throne surveyed, well-satisfied, the general harmony of the collection against its Gobelins background."

So far the quotation is *verbatim* from an early page of the long article mentioned. What follows is the second half of the paper, and this may be given complete without inverted commas:

Doubtless there is no need to emphasize the fact that the present arrangement of our expositions is precisely the opposite of this most simple system. Our paintings are hung with a discrimination akin to that of a fruit-er placing pears in his shop-window, against an invariable drapery, in an invariable light, and in the sole design that the frames should

fit, as nearly as possible, each to each. Written out thus coldly, the statement is one of almost incredible brutality, but, "pity 'tis, 'tis true." And how, we may ask, is our public to enter into any understanding of the sentiment with which our painter has fairly impregnated some sombre autumnal landscape, if this same landscape be flanked on the one hand by a scullion drinking the wine intended for the sauce, and on the other by an English admiral dying on the deck of his disabled ship? And this is an actual case, noted at the Exposition of 1900! And when we turn to the arrangement of sculpture in our exhibitions, the chaos is more hopeless still: heads, legs, and arms inextricably confused within the range of vision, a bacchante dancing before a dying grenadier, a first communicant kneeling before a band of Roman roysterers, a modern beggar soliciting alms from a nude and chanting Apollo! Ah, no! Let us not boast too loudly of our civilization, for in these things we are barbarians still!

To make more coherent this project of an ideal Salon, let us picture to ourselves our imaginary rooms, and, by way of pointing the argument, place in them certain of the more notable works of art which figured in the United States' section of the Paris Exposition, and the memory of which is therefore fresh in the minds of all who saw them. We must suppose that for the purposes of this exhibition there is available a building similar to the city residence of one of our luxury-loving millionnaires, in which we have at our disposal fifteen or twenty spacious rooms, differently lighted. For it must be remembered that works of art have for a primary purpose the embellishment of a dwelling, and that, to form a proper estimate of their value, one should, so far as possible, see them in the ordinary light of such an interior as they are intended to occupy, rather than under the perpendicular illumination usually adopted in public galleries.

To begin at random, let us imagine a room of extreme but strictly refined richness, and of the most brilliant but the most harmonious

coloring. As a base, we should have draperies and wall-hangings of cherry-colored damask, serving on one side as a background for a colossal mirror, framed, after the style of Louis XIII., by elaborate and heavily gilt carvings. From the centre of the ceiling should depend a great bronze chandelier in a design of electric bulbs grouped like fruits among their leaves, while couches and chairs, still Louis XIII. in style, and with upholstery of old Genoese velvet, held by brass nails and in tone a deeper red than the draperies, should stand out upon a rich Savonnerie carpet. At one end of the room we should have an immense table with spiral legs and a top of polished marquetry, and thereon an equestrian statuette in silver, or one of George Gray Barnard's beautiful pagan divinities in smooth bronze, *patiné*. Around this bit of statuary should be scattered prints and books in costly bindings, and on half columns at the corners, busts in white marble or gilded bronze. Finally, a rare old cabinet should contain a collection of precious objects, jewelry, miniatures, and medals. It is in such a sumptuous setting alone that Sargent's superb portrait of a lady and her children could fitly be displayed. We should see it in the place of honor, its only companions such canvases as were peculiarly suggestive of light, as the Indian pictures of Edwin Lord Weeks and the Japanese studies of John La Farge, and others where richness of tone had been particularly cultivated—Abbey's "Hamlet," for example, or "The Expansionist" of Francis Millet.

By way of contrast, the succeeding room should be of an aspect much more sombre. A foundation of tanned leather should stretch from the ceiling down to a breast-high panel of dark-hued walnut, and above a high marble mantle, cream-white in color and intricately carved, should be installed that portrait of a mother and child wherein George de Forrest Brush so skilfully recalls the pictures of the Italian Renaissance, in an old frame with side columns, bearing faint traces of once brilliant blue and gold. Here, too, should be hung the portrait of a mother and daughter by Cecelia Beaux, that by Sargent of the principal of a woman's college, and Winslow Homer's deep-toned marines, "A Summer's Night" and "The Coast of Maine." On a great easel, draped with a Chinese fabric, blue-black in color and showing here and there a strand of gold, should be placed, up-

right, Whistler's portrait of himself, while one side of the room should be occupied by a broad, low book-case, filled with books in iridescent bindings of violet, plum, olive-green, brown, and nasturtium orange. On this, just at eye level, should be ranged pieces of Tiffany glass, between portraits in *bas-relief* by Saint-Gaudens, and bits of sculpture in bronze, wood, and ivory, by Proctor, Borglum, Bartlett, and others. Upon a table, a few feet from a window, a reduction of Saint-Gaudens's severe and stately statue of General Sherman should add a final note of dignity.

Again let us picture a room draped in heavy stuffs of faded rose, and furnished with moss-green divans very wide and deep, upon a rug of a similar but somewhat brighter green. In this we should have a harmonious setting for the subtle work of John Alexander, Walter MacEwen, and Alexander Harrison, while from a window an illuminating light should fall upon the soft brilliance of Mrs. MacMonnies's "Lilies and Roses." Elsewhere, touches of freshness would be lent by aquarelles, or by a series of delicate little interiors by Walter Gay, forming a frieze above the simple lines of a dark wood working-desk. Finally, in this interior we should see, in the centre of a panel and framed in deep-toned laurel and feathery fringed bamboo, the antique grace of Saint-Gaudens's "Angel with a Tablet."

As for the silvery dream-pictures of J. Humphreys Johnston, the landscapes of George Inness and Dessar, and the melancholy marines of Charles H. Fromuth and Eugene Vail, we should see them in an oval room, lighted with a sort of mystery, from the ceiling, against hangings of flax-gray. Here should be a blue-black carpet, and, in the centre of the room, a circular divan of embossed and gilded leather, around a stand supporting a bed of flaming geraniums, in the midst of which should dance MacMonnies's "Bacchante." At the two ends of the room credences should bear busts in white marble and lotus flowers, and chrysanthemums in Grecian vases with narrow necks.

We might long pursue this train of fancy, until we had placed all the works of art of the American section of the Exposition in surroundings designed to bring out their full value. But it is enough by these few illustrations to prove the point of our plea.

It may be argued that the cost of such an experiment would be excessive, but it should

be borne in mind that the luxury would be more spectacular than actual, since it would consist principally of mural hangings, to be colored and recolored at will, of carpets, plants, and of the simplest furniture. Nor can there be any doubt that a collection of works of art thus framed would prove profoundly instructive, not only to the general public, but also to the artists themselves, painters equally with sculptors, goldsmiths, designers of fabrics, glass-workers, and cabinet-makers. The city possessing such an annual Salon might go far in the development of a general Renaissance such as may be observed at various points in the history of art, and inevitably further a growth of lofty ideals and standards which would place her, for a time at least, in the very forefront of intellectual communities. But the experiment should above all be tried in a city not as yet corrupted, as is Paris, Berlin, London, or New York, by the mercenary and secular considerations which have come in these centres to be the prime factors in the activity of the artistic world.—A. S., G. W. C.

The distributing of works of art over walls, about floors, and throughout glazed cases will never be agreeable to the enthusiastic lover of the works of art themselves. But, then, for that matter, it will never be agreeable to the lover of the work of art to have it fixed permanently, kept out of the reach of his changing as to place and as to its angle of light, kept out of the way of his handling that he might turn it over and up and see its inside as well as its more brilliantly adorned exterior, kept out of the sphere of his influence that he might move it into a fuller daylight or put it into a more concentrated beam of light, with a view to bringing out its modelling. Neither the sculpture of large size which never seems at home in a gallery, nor the paintings of importance which must of necessity be injured by their near neighbors, nor the more refined and more exalted works of delicate water-color which are sure to find neighbors even more injurious than do the oil paintings, nor the pieces of book-bindings, of wrought silver, of carved ivory, of enamel or of porcelain, which are of necessity boxed in by sheets of plate glass, through which but a partial view of the charming objects themselves can be had; not one of all these can be enjoyed as well in the public gallery as the man who loves them

thinks he could enjoy them if in his own control. He would put the large scale sculpture into the open air and into a special point of vantage where its own special dignity might tell while its peculiar delicacy, whatever that might be, might not be lost; he would put the large painting upon a wall where nothing else could disturb it, trying gingerly, bit by bit, the neighborhood of this or that minor work of art in hopes that someone, or even several, of these last, might be found rather to gain than to lose by the neighborhood of their formidable neighbor and perhaps be helped by a sort of contrast. And as for the more delicate, the minuter objects, there is only one way to enjoy them, as the true student of such things knows. It is to keep them locked up out of harm's way and bring them out once in a while for examination with the fingers as well as with the eyes. A true lover of Japanese lacquer boxes or of repoussé and enamelled eighteenth century watches—if you have ever watched him enjoy the examination and critical appreciation of this or that piece of his favorite department of art, he will seem to you to perceive as much through his fingertips as through his eyes. If you have had the good fortune to visit the collection of a friend of art with the collector's presence and suggestions to help, you have noticed his eagerness to bid you take and handle the choicest pieces—he having first assured himself that you know how to grasp them firmly and hold them safely.

This freedom to handle and to change the point of view cannot be granted in the case of the public exhibition, permanent or temporary; but the other thing, the collection of works of art, arranged as in a private room and for the delectation of a loving collector, might indeed be attained, though not so very easily nor so very soon. Success in this will come only with time and as the result of experiment. A very singular intelligence on the part of placing committees themselves, and a very singular patience, too, will be found essential to arrange these imagined collections in which each piece helps its neighbors and is itself benefited by the help it gives. And, moreover, there is the certainty of protest from those persons who for the moment are more desirous to learn than to enjoy—more desirous to compare as investigators do than to receive and rejoice as enthusiasts do in their moments of leisure.

In fact, it is to many persons not a moment of leisure nor a moment fitted for tranquil enjoyment when they stand in a hall of temporary exhibition. The opportunity lasts for only a month; the building is a little out of the way; time is precious and engagements are many; it is not likely that more than three—or five—visits can be paid—and during the brief hours of those visits as much as possible must be learned—let enjoyment wait for another time, even for the time when memory shall deal with that which is to be learned while the exhibition remains open. So, too often, would the eager student receive your offer to him of a truly artistic combination of pieces in an exhibition of the future.

There is another difficulty to be met that is a two-fold one. It is the same difficulty that attends the organization and policing of our great modern agglomerations of men and women which we call cities, or—in a very modern phrase—metropolitan districts, and the like. It is a two-fold difficulty—the vast number of works of art which offer themselves for exhibition and the great crowds of people who come to look at them. Unless abundant space can be provided, the exhibitions of the twentieth century will suffer like those of the nineteenth century from the crowd, often of well-chosen works of art, and from the throng, which cannot be kept out, of even well-meaning visitors. Much system, much form and order must be maintained, or these crowds of works of art and of students of art will inevitably clash. It would seem as if the paintings must still hang on walls, and that the minor works of art must needs be arranged in somewhat a formal way on tables; and then the multitude, which tries to move slowly on before the pictures, will be impa-

tient with the tables, and eagerly seek for their removal. As for sculpture, unless the abundant space of the old Parisian Palais d'Industrie, with its green sward and winding paths, with statues and busts on pedestals standing here and there without apparent system;—unless that abundant accommodation can be provided, the statues and busts will still have to be arranged in rows, greatly to the injury of their effect, no doubt, but perhaps inevitably so. The ideal exhibition will be, as it has been, the small one—that in which only a few pieces are on view at any one time, and those are put into full light and can be seen without the severe elbowing of your neighbors. But at that rate the year would not be long enough to hold the exhibitions which succeed one another. And the immediate remedy seems to lie somewhere in combination of all the exhibitions of the great city into what might be considered a single exhibition—single, because simultaneous. A dozen societies can provide more room for their exhibitions than a single one; and if those many associations agree to build their galleries in close connection with one another, and, if they agree further to hold exhibitions simultaneously, such liberty of choice would be given, such abundant opportunity of passing restfully from one intellectual excitement to another, that the fatiguing mass of a great exhibition in a single line of thought would be partially removed. Whether out of such a collected exhibition the more freely combined display of works of art might find its origin we cannot assert in advance. The tendency might not be exactly in that way, but it would assuredly be a tendency toward opportunities for more enjoyment and more intelligent study.—R. S.





THE CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP SAT ON HIS SHADED BALCONY.

—"The Turquoise Cup," page 671.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XXX

DECEMBER, 1901

NO. 6

AMERICAN PORTRAITURE OF CHILDREN

By Harrison S. Morris

THE plant finds joy in its buds, the race lives anew in its offspring; and hence childhood, with its helpless little needs, its tiny mimicry, its confidence, and the simple purity of its conceptions, is the supreme human interest. All are engaged in rearing it. Even the unwilling bachelor has his economic share. The whole race exists for its preservation and thinks itself well paid if there is a scant glance of affection now and then, or a little arm stolen round the neck.

What wonder if the ancient painters we endearingly, though somewhat vaguely, call the old masters found in motherhood an endless source of impulse? They were thinking much about the larger facts of life, and their art was a language in which to give forth praise. Motherhood, childhood, the Madonna, were at once mysteries and revelations, and it was ordained that they, masters of color and form, seers of beauty, should interpret by tenderness and loveliness the subtle meaning of the relationship.

Color and design are by no means bad vehicles for the expression of insight. They convey compactly what has been observed, and they have a way of rendering it unmistakably. But when you add to this the simplicity of a deep conviction and the approach of a reverent spirit there is something more profound than a mere record—there is creation.

Those pious old worshippers with the brush created once and forever a Madonna which was lifted out of the realities by its sacred fervor. It was a mother and child, to be sure, but sublimated and ennobled by the intensity of devotion which produced it. All the gifts they

possessed, all the sights common to their daily vision, all the thoughts of their exalted moments, and the attentive study of the sacred texts were concentrated on this spiritual rendition of a Mother and Child.

But the conception, whence came it? Surely it had a fireside or wayside origin. One of those devout ancestors of art walked abroad some morning and saw a mother caressing her baby under the twinkling sunlight of a Florentine garden. Another, by a northerly hearthside, watched, with parental emotion, the little child he loved lie sleeping in its mother's arms. Botticelli painted the child and mother of Italy, touched with a charm which had come to him as guerdon for light-heartedness and love of beauty for its own sake. Michelangelo modelled a serener Madonna whose face bespoke the profundity of his own insight. Raphael's conception was angelic in its spirituality. He saw far into the Heaven of his faith, and lifted his type up to that exalted revelation. Rubens found his ideal at the threshold, and it keeps warm that homelier association.

As you go through the list it is plain that each master discovered a motive among his own surroundings, and those divine types of the Madonna we prize as the heirlooms of a world, are, after all, only the everlasting childhood interpreted by genius. The wonder is that such devout passion ever abated; that what was so universal in appeal should have lost its power to stir and inspire. But with the relaxing grasp of the simple old faith in revelation the Madonna was effaced from among the painter's ideals. It had ceased



Cynthia, by Cecilia Beaux.

(Owned by Arthur T. Sherwood, Esq.)

to reveal human attributes, and had taken on an ecclesiastical significance. In its passage into the realm of symbolic religion it lost its hold on filial emotions.

Thus, here in America, saving in some hopeful directions, there is no general counterpart for the tender and lovely Madon-

na of old. The type is all but lost in those perverse realisms which only a touch more of reverence for the maternal bond, that hovering aureole of sentiment and meaning which encircle every mother and child, might elevate into the ancient reality. There is no valid excuse for deserting the sweetest of all paintable subjects. Pass



Dorothy, by John S. Sargent.
(Owned by G. M. Williamson, Esq.)

through almost any street, enter almost any domestic circle, and there likely enough is the old significance. Dress and habitat do not alter it, nor when the intangible loveliness is innate, can squalor cancel it.

To be sure it is not every mother who bends into the beauty of Madonnahood. There are types that it evades. But without seeking you may find it, and in truth the revelation oftenest comes unbidden.

It has not infrequently come to me at moments when place and time were least hopeful. Looking up from a book or suddenly out door or window, or travelling down a "long, unlovely street," the old beauty and sentiment have appeared in undiminished appeal. It requires art-composition, color, design, to ennoble this into the accepted Madonna, but now and again all these elements combine, by an accident of nature, and you have the fe-



A Fairy Tale, by Sergeant Kendall.
(Owned by the artist.)

licity which stays long and blesses, of seeing the Mother and Child in an alien land, yet as authentic and touching as in mediæval Italy.

One such vision I recall for its vivid reality. It was in the grimy lane of an industrial village. The young mother sat with her child on a low door-step under the shade of a dusty maple. The clamor of great mills filled the air, and the sky was darkened by their smoke. Her roof was the forlorn shelter of an unbeautiful and meagre life, but the humble doorstep, like the manger of old, had become the throne of motherhood, and its wretched surroundings were lifted into unassailable beauty.

I have said that in some hopeful directions the American painter has kept open his receptive eyes, and the tender responsiveness between mother and child has not escaped them. The four or five groups by George de Forest Brush make this conspicuously plain. He has seen with an artist's soul the principle which underlies the lovely form, and he has dedicated his gifts to portray it again and again in differing compositions, each dwelling on some intangible attribute differing from the others, each emphasizing a new and elusive trait.

There are such groups by Brush of two, of three—as in the accompanying plate—and of five figures, and it is their high value that they strive to translate existing human forms into types that stand for ideals, just as those pure old Madonnas do, and just as all things painted or carved do, that possess the touchstone of endurance.

That Brush has found his own little ones his best inspiration is a present fact in the painting of childhood most significant. It means that he has crossed the thin partition which divides but does not sever the old from the new, and has drunk at the same springs of impulse as the elders of art. He has learned that the barrenness of achievement was not in the race nor in the sentiment of childhood,

but in the artist, and he has come back to his task with a confidence that has cast aside the reserves of convention, and brought him to touch hands with clever sentiment.



A Miniature, by Margaret Kendall.
(Owned by the artist.)

It takes a good deal of self-abnegation to win the friendship of a child. Gifts will not always do it. Gentleness, frankness, and good-humor go a long way; but a very potent aid is the ability to pretend. If the painter hopes to catch the fugitive charm he must put on the badge of the nursery and live its life. He must believe in the land of fairy and travel its perilous ways, he must be fresh in wonder and



Profile of Child, by John W. Alexander.
(Owned by L. Simon, Esq.)



Dorothy and Her Sister, by William M. Chase.

(Owned by the artist.)

inventive in whim, and he must be very pure of heart.

For tenderness and loveliness and the purity of sentiment which lives in beauty are nowhere expressed so simply as in a little child. He stands as he was fashioned, unaltered from Nature's mould. He twines the problem of existence with charm of form and character, and to catch his changing moods is half to solve the mystery of beauty. He is a divine possibility because he lies on the borderland between existence and the unknown.

The painter who deals with this problem must bring to it many qualities besides the desire to paint. He must have sympathy for childish character; he must surrender himself to the youngster's stand-

point, he must put on humility, and, above all, he must approach in a spirit of equality. There are many artists too self-conscious, or too little in harmony with the artless joy of being a child, to understand and interpret him, many fail altogether to catch sight of the "clouds of glory," trailed "from that imperial palace whence he came." Such may be sensitive enough to the grandeur or the soft appeal of landscape, or they may feel moved to express the universe in other equally profound symbols, but I cannot escape the conviction that when painters turn for a language in which to utter their highest aspirations to the mystery and innocence of childhood as Brush, and Thayer, and Sergeant Kendall have done in the pict-



Mother and Child, by Mary Cassatt.
(By permission of Durand-Ruell & Co., N. Y.)

ures here presented and in others equally significant, they are concerned as the reverent masters were with the deeper purport of life, and their choice is a happy augury for their future.

There are a great many ways, to be sure, in which the old spirit of child-and-motherhood may be evoked. The times change, and even art, the lasting element of life, changes with them. We all remember the poor youngsters of our own

day who suffered at the hands of the artist only less bitterly than from the iron instrument employed by the daguerreotypist to effect elegance of pose. I have in my eye a group executed by a painter of those days, in which the green effigy of a child, and a younger red one, lightly entwined in a whip describing the line of beauty, pause under an arch overlooking a sunset as unreal as the architecture. Such was one old way of seeing the hard fact called childhood. It lacked



Brother and Sister, by Abbott H. Thayer.

From a Copley print copyright, 1897, by Curtis & Cameron; painting copyright, 1889, by Abbott H. Thayer.

(Owned by Arthur A. Cary, Esq.)

every essential sweetness and subtlety which the season implies. It omitted almost every invisible attribute, every intangible charm, each impulse that lifts form and face into the most winning of human expressions; and it retained, happily not for long, those external angles and temperamental perversities which run

like an accompanying discord below the graces of youth. This example, perhaps, was an extreme one, but there were many gradations of conception, through conventional poses of little prigs, and the artificial refinements chosen by an adoring family, down to the photographic elegance of false plants and make-believe balustrades.

But it must not be argued that to approach the spirit of the Madonna it is needful to throw an aureole around every maternal group, or that to paint the natural youngster it is desirable to search into his being for evidences of eternal truth. A halo does its pious office in

race. The nursery cannot conceal the tenderness and loveliness of the little child, even in the antics of play or under the rigorous ablutions of the toilet, nor even when hidden in some make-believe, old-fashioned gown, as with the "Miss Persis Blair" by Laura Hills, nor when taking part in an appropriate composition such as that by Margaret Kendall, where the contour of the little chap has the lines loved by the simple-hearted masters. Even in these specimens so far removed from the original type, the kinship with what is most genuine in the art of painting childhood is not sought in vain.

It is on the common ground of interest in youth, infancy, babyhood, that the beginning and the end of art thus meet. Nature and human nature love a child as they love a bud, promises each of immortality. In them life moves forward. By them the pledges of existence are to have fulfilment. Every trait is momentous, each characteristic is vital to the race. How the child looks, its acts, its caressing little speech musically mispronounced, its restless waking, its dreamless sleep, its imitative play, and, above all, its expression, by every attribute, of the diminutive—that weakness of doating humanity—all these singly and collectively kindle our devotion to the child. The sacred Infant gathers into His being all the hopes and fears of mankind; the memories of our own youth are the fixed stars of our wayfaring; the cradle is the heart of the family. From the man-



Charles P. Curtis III., by Lucia F. Fuller.
(Owned by Mr. C. P. Curtis, Jr.)

withdrawing the figure on which it rests into the seclusion of worship. One could conceive a Madonna, such as that lovely one of Dagnan-Bouveret under the Pergola, without an aureole, but it adds to the tender divinity of the conception that such a symbol is there.

In the domestic loves of child and mother painted by Mary Cassatt, and in the household infant so characteristically portrayed again and again by Cecilia Beaux the essence of the hallowed tie which made sweet the Madonnas of old comes to us, altered in nothing save dress and

ger at Bethlehem to the encircling arms of the latest mother is only a step in the pathway of time. Is it therefore strange that the painter who reveals even one endearing trait of childhood touches some answering chord in the universal heart?

There is a babyhood which Sargent has painted with the buoyant technique and unbending truth that are his highest gifts. In the little Goelet child who toddles to the edge of the canvas with an impulse that "has had elsewhere its setting," and in "Dorothy," here depicted, he has stolen into the being of the pretty



Mother and Child, by George deForest Brush.
(Owned by the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts.)

infants and betrayed the guileless mysteries of their brief existence. His is an art which does not so much look for sentiment as for reality. He seeks the fact and discards as beyond his province those tender influences that may seem to hinder manly analysis. He has no madonnas in his list, and only a few compositions. He deals by choice with the portrait as a solvent of character and enjoys the biologic practice of revealing the secrets of life with a brush.

But, if you question that he knows the value and beauty of sentiment, you have only to turn to the group of Homer St. Gaudens and his mother, and in all the range of contemporary painting there is nothing that more adequately expresses childhood. It breathes the human sig-

nificance which makes one soul stand for all, and in this sense it ranks with the elder art. It avows the divinity of the maternal tie as seen in the thoughtful boy leaning with simple trust at his mother's side. The costume sinks away, the accidents of time and place count nothing. It takes no aureole to elevate such work to the plane of the masters, whether for subtlety, for interpretation, or for the mystery of motherhood, which, after all, is the soul of the ancient beauty.

The always apparent truth is that whether the youngster painted be large or small, black or white, sweet or homely, what is demanded is a spirit which seeks childhood in a sympathetic mood, a sense of the juvenile stand-point, and a feeling



Portrait, Gilman Nichols, by Wilton Lockwood.

(Owned by Mrs. E. Q. Nichols.)

for the tenderness and loveliness that exist in the maternal relation and in the mystery surrounding the nonage of every child. Some painters reach this through one mood, some another; but the essen-

tial traits thus grasped form the foundations of every enduring portrait.

In a picture like "The Story Book," by Charles Hopkinson, the sympathy of insight is marked. The caressing mother,



The Story Book, by Charles Hopkinson.

(Owned by the artist.)

the confiding boy, simple in his honest intelligence, show the sweetness that exists next us always were we as wisely alert for its charm as is this young painter. In his "Brother and Sister," Thayer makes search for a deeper purport of childhood, but the sincerity of approach is the same. It is only the angle of vision that

is altered, not the sympathetic and understanding scrutiny. So, too, in Chase's group, "Dorothy and Her Sister," the simplicity of young girlhood is studied with loving attention, and, indeed, were this other than a parental analysis I doubt if masculine questioning could have obtained an answer so naïve. Perhaps the



Miss Persis Blair, by Laura C. Hills.

portrait by John W. Alexander of his son, that sturdy, handsome boy in the brown velvet coat, owes its fidelity and manly young beauty to the same paternal insight; and though his portrait given here is of the winning little daughter of another painter, M. Jules Simon, it seems to say, "He has known me well, and I love him much."

As an experience for the painting of children's portraits nothing could surpass, I suppose, this practice with subjects found at home. It offers the utilities of an obedient model and convenient poses, and it supplies exercise for moments when the professional brush grows weary. But its crowning merit is that it cherishes those sentiments of intimate association and

promotes that zest of understanding without which little is achieved in this or indeed any field. A father or mother is surely endowed with a deeper knowledge of the household group than the keenest of strangers, and when such study takes the form of painting, it penetrates farther into character and betrays wider reaches of truth than are possible to the alien. The little figure by Mrs. Kendall and the madonna-like group by Sergeant Kendall bear substantial witness to this, and in the handsome boy "Sydney" by Benjamin Curtis Porter, though the sentiment of the lad is less emphasized and his straightforward likeness more desired, the qualities which join to make him the adorable child he is are those which flow from



Portrait of the Artist's Son, Sydney, by Benjamin Curtis Porter.
(Owned by the artist.)

parental intimacy. Always we are led back to the thesis of the venerable masters who found ideals realized at the threshold.

All of which shows how needful is the spirit of comradeship and self-abandonment to the adequate portrayal of childhood. The inflexible discipline of two generations ago in the household, at school, even in the playroom; the grim moralities and terrifying menaces which had crept into religious training were reflected in the painting of that austere day—even in the woodcut which accompanied the text of many a homily directed at the grace of light-hearted youth. The painter found only what he sought. The child gave him what he would, and the joyless result gathers dust on the panels of not a few prim homesteads which survive into a sunnier time.

I shall be reminded, and justly enough, that the technical skill of each painter limits his interpretation. Without doubt. Minus gifts to support sympathy there would be but a lame conclusion. It is, after all, the personal bias, the sign-manual of character, which stamps any work of art as self-sufficing. But we are concerned at the moment with those who are conceded to possess the equipment, who have achieved, with more or less convincing proofs, the right to stand *hors concours* as artists. What we are engaged in questioning is their ability to speak the simple language of childhood which none utters but the humble in spirit and the pure in heart. The painter may work in landscape and a thousand and one other subjects with matchless dexterity. How does he paint childhood?

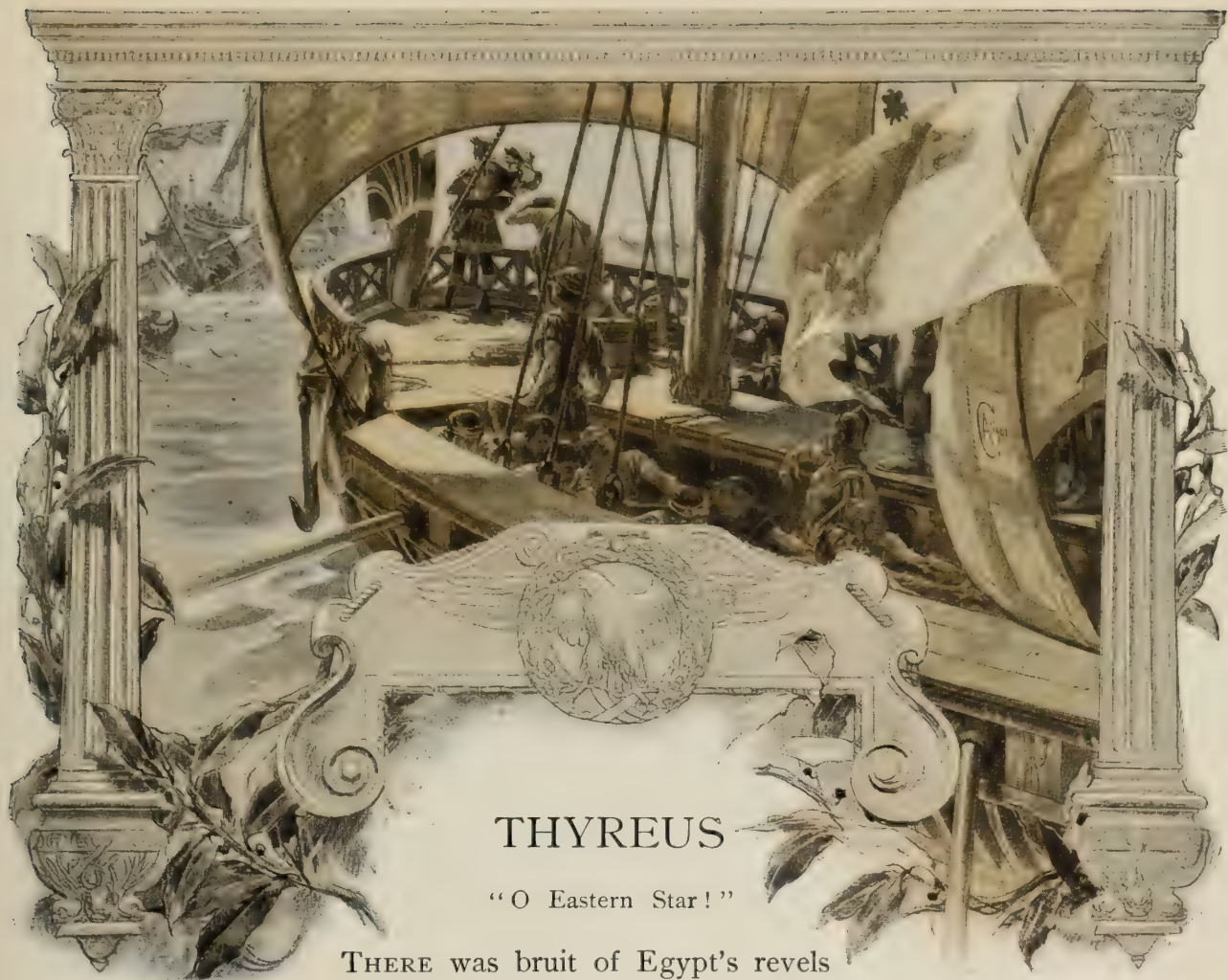
There is another way to paint childhood familiarly and with understanding, and, indeed, subjects of the class in question yield hardly to any other treatment. This is the way that reveals a youngster in his up-to-date surroundings, undeviating, unemotional, a likeness rather than a picture, though partaking enough of picturesqueness to render the image valuable as a record. It is the commoner way, because patrons who desire a likeness seldom want anything else, and, in truth, when so served, it is often beyond their deserts.

But distinction is in the artist, not in the sitter. One may imagine the Infanta of Spain to have been a plain enough little girl; Velasquez gave her royal dignity. And the lads and lasses painted by the golden brush of Sir Joshua or Gainsborough or Morland should thank their benign stars for the favor. Forever they will go down the admiring ages in the bloom of fragile loveliness, when in truth many of them were likely enough youths and maidens of full English habit and of robust and strenuous build.

The painter makes the man, and in dealing with types of the prevailing order, clothed in the fashions of a day of utility, subdued by Puritan and Quaker instincts to monotony of color, he has little choice. His hope lies in his subject, and, given a healthy, well-bred, and lively boy, even the disadvantages of a colorless and unemotional age may be overcome by evoking character, natural charm, and, where the conditions admit, the latent maternal beauty.

Of such are the "Gilman Nichols" by Wilton Lockwood and the "Charles P. Curtis III." of Lucia Fairchild Fuller. No attribute of childhood is lost in the every-day costume which blends social life into a unit as the uniform effaces the soldier. There is a sparkle of gayety bubbling over into mischief in the Nichols urchin; refinement of limb and elevation of instinct show forth through his tailored exterior. The lines which run through eternal childhood, though invisible, are instinctively felt twining this limb of the twentieth with the symbolic infant of an earlier century.

And in Mrs. Fuller's sturdy boy there exist the painter-like structure and grasp of human meaning which are independent of an age. To know life by observation and loving watchfulness is a high gift, and those who possess it are of one family, even though generations of indistinguishable beings have streamed between. It is this that makes the old and the new painters of one kin, and without those excellences which all but elude definition, but which are the soul of every living work, there is no fellowship with the past, no anointment from that fountain whence all art that endures has drawn its life.



THYREUS

“O Eastern Star!”

THERE was bruit of Egypt's revels
 Thro' all the haunts of Rome;
 There was question thro' the legions
 If Antony would come:
 The sails of Pompey fluttered
 E'en in the city's face,—
 The dread Sextus Pompeius
 Had swept the seas apace,
 While many a Roman matron
 Was loud of Fulvia's shame,
 And Octavius' look was clouded
 At the chief triumvir's name.
 For still “the queen,” “the Gypsy,”
 “The siren of the Nile”
 Was theme for song and gossip
 Of wit and fire and guile,—
 A being of fateful passion
 That held the time aghast—
 A trophy of Julius Cæsar,
 Still splendid with the past.

And then—thou knowest the story:
 How Lepidus was thrown,
 How from Octavia's tender arms
 Rough Antony had flown,
 How of the world's three pillars
 Cæsar would stand alone.

* * After Antony and Cleopatra had escaped from the disastrous sea-fight before Actium and had shut themselves up in Alexandria, the victorious Cæsar (Octavius) despatched thither Thyreus, a youthful favorite of his own household, to win the queen from her unfortunate lover. In the poem Thyreus recalls his memorable adventure—which recurs also in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iii, scenes xii and xiii.



Soon comes the word from Actium
 That Cæsar's fleet prevails—
 That Egypt's sixty galleys
 Turn, white with flying sails,
 Till pent in Alexandria
 Rome's stoutest soldier lies—
 Prince of so many kingdoms,
 There steeped in miseries.

But ere our hovering eagles
 Should cloud those shielding walls,
 'Twas mine to voice Octavius' will
 In Ptolemy's royal halls :—
 "Trouble thou not for Antony,
 Tinkering his battered casque :
 Lure Cleopatra from him !
 'Tis more than a soldier's task.
 Prove her with gold, with incense—
 Fling kingdoms as thine own !
 Thou wearest the seal of Cæsar :
 So wear thy head !—Begone !"

On a couch whose drifting shadows—
 (Breath of the Tyrian loom,)
 Still whispered of the Pharaohs
 Thro' all their haunted bloom,
 The queen of queens lay musing
 Of glories turned to gloom.



Emblems of grim Osiris
 Hung 'round her brow their spell ;
 'Neath the circling asp, "eternity,"
 Her eyes blent heaven and hell :
 Thou couldst not dream, "How beautiful!"
 Ere thou shouldst dread, "How fell!"

Was it my youth had moved her—
 Haply the ring I wore!
 Or was it my wild heart, beating
 Thro' the message that I bore?
 She sighed—perchance for Cæsar—
 Perchance for all the race!
 But her hand rose through my kisses
 To soothe my lifted face:—
 "Star of the East!" I murmured,
 "Through all the purple years
 Thus shall my master sue thee—
 Thus, thus my master's tears!"

With a roar as when Calabria's coast
 The siren Scylla chides,
 The Roman came upon us,
 Crushing his girded sides:—
 "Scourge him—this Jack of Cæsar's!
 Menial!—beat him with rods!"

Thyreus

(Oh, aye—if strokes might reach him
Thro' that fever of the gods !)
And they smote till my blood gave earnest
Through these thin masks and shows,—
Till I knew that her touch was real,
By the faintness of their blows !

We ask not of the sunlight,
Nor of the wind, "How old?"
The legend on the talent's face
Dates not the unchanging gold:
And over my heart's first passion
The wings of time are furled,
Save when their slow fanning enkindles
A dream of the underworld.
Once yet, in my soul's hereafter,
Beyond the Stygian gloom,
By a couch whose flame-wrought curtains
Shall blast your Tyrian bloom,
I shall kneel to that star Egyptian
Who lights the scene so wide,
And the shadow of my brave fortune
Shall cover all beside.



THE HIDDEN BIRD

By Josephine Preston Peabody

SING on, you little hidden bird :
What reck's it if we go
Athirst for all your wasted songs,
And you—you do not know :

One far-off day, the wind shall lay
Cold hands upon the bough,
And scatter all the summer leaves
That are your shelter now.

And there will be the nest laid bare,
High up and all alone ;
And we shall know where music lived,
But you—you will be flown.

THE MAKING OF A PILOT

By Albert White Vorse

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY REUTERDAHL

“NOW, Jack,” said Mr. Van Tassell,
“what was the matter?”

Jack turned red and fixed dismal eyes upon the compass. His reply came in a low tone :

“Well, sir, my mother was taken ill. I’m the only man she’s got, and she was crying out for me, sir, and it didn’t seem as if I could go to sea and leave her, sir.”

Mr. Van Tassell rose from his seat upon the starboard rail and took a few turns up and down the deck, observing the horizon the while with pale blue eyes, serene from half a century of gazing over the ocean.

“Jack,” he said, “you’re a good lad, and it’s right to look out for your mother. But if you mean to be a pilot—and I hope you do, for we need such stuff as you to keep up the craft as we old fellows die out—you have got to remember one thing. Your first duty is to the public, not to yourself, nor even to your mother. We waited for you five hours, my lad. We had no one else for boatkeeper. At last we put to sea without a boatkeeper and I had to bring the boat in myself. The weather had come in thick. Now suppose while we were waiting, expecting you to turn up

any minute, some vessel had needed a pilot on our station. We shouldn’t have been there to board her and she might have lost her bearings and gone ashore on Fire Island, and all hands might have been lost. Do you see? A pilot’s first duty is to be where he is needed.”

Mr. Van Tassell stepped down into the standing-room and laid his hand upon Jack’s shoulder.

“My boy,” he continued, “I’m sorry. The commissioners heard of your absence and were all stirred up. You know there is only one vacancy in the Pilots’ Association. The commissioners were thinking of giving you your eighteen-foot license. Now I’m afraid they’ll give it to Madden of No. 11, and you’ll have to wait for the next vacancy. Goodness knows how long that’ll be—we’re all pretty hearty men. Look out, you’re letting her fall off.”

Jack blushed again and whirled the wheel over. The smart little pilot-boat swung up toward the wind. Slap, came a wave against her bows. A dash of spray sleeted over the bulwarks and spread a dark stain upon the yellow deck.

The wind was freshening. The lower-

ing sun had disappeared behind piles of clouds that rose from the horizon. From the rim of these clouds floated long streamers, whose gilded edges darkened the gloomy blue of the mass below. The sea had turned dull lead color, touched up here and there with fresh white crests.

"Going to be a breeze o' wind," commented Mr. Van Tassell. "Glass has dropped to 29. Keep her by the wind, Jack."

He went below, leaving Jack to meditations which were melancholy enough. A mother ill at home, a doctor's bill to pay out of his wages of \$35 a month, and the prospect of waiting perhaps years for his license as pilot, just at the time, too, when he had been confident of winning it—these were not cheerful thoughts. After Jack had pondered them over for two hours they were as black as the sky.

The sky was very black. Long before the boom of the gun at the distant fort announced that the sun had officially set, Jack had to order the white light, the night signal of a pilot, to be run up to the masthead. The twin lights of the first class on the Highlands already glared fierce; two rubies appeared on the Sandy Hook Light-ship ahead, and, as the little schooner dashed past the Scotland Light-ship, suddenly the electric rays of the lamp flashed out like diamonds.

Against the eastern horizon shone the blue gleam of a steamer's pilot summons, and presently the huge shadow of her hull loomed out of the blackness. Her green starboard side-light swung high and low in great sweeps; as she rolled in the fast increasing sea. One of the pilots sprang into the yawl to board her. Jack watched the steamer until the little white boat appeared alongside her high hull. By the light of her lanterns the dark figure of the pilot labored up her ladder. Jack sighed. The pilot had barely given him a word since they had put to sea, early in the afternoon.

Before the yawl had returned, the lookout sighted the lights of other steamers. During the next three hours Jack had but little time to brood over his grief. One ship after another hastened into the harbor, and a pilot boarded each. In addition to keeping his course to the eastward the boatkeeper had to see that the yawl was

safely launched and hauled aboard, and that the sails were reefed.

"Better get the trysail on her," shouted Mr. Van Tassell when all the other pilots had left the schooner. "It's going to be a hurricane. Now, Jack, everything's putting into harbor for safety. I'll get a steamer before long. I want to say this. Don't you be discouraged. The pilots are down on you just now, but you do your work and they'll come 'round. I'll speak to the commissioners when I get in. You've done well to-night. I'd trust you to take a vessel in as soon as I would half the pilots in the association."

"Blue light on the starbo'rd bow, sir!" called the lookout.

"That's my steamer," said Mr. Van Tassell. "Good-by, Jack. Keep your head up."

After he had vanished among the wave-crests, Jack ordered the signal light down from the masthead, and the side-lights uncovered, and made ready to run for the Staten Island anchorage. His heart was lightened by the pilot's last words.

"After all," he thought, "it isn't so bad. If some fellows had skipped a cruise they'd have been fired. Gee, that was a corker!"

A tremendous blast of wind laid the schooner over so that the water seethed along her lee rail.

"Snow, too! It'll be thick in a minute. Get out the fog-horn!" he commanded.

As the sleet began to fall, the force of the wind doubled, and redoubled. The blasts caught the rapid seas as they rose, bent them double, tumbled their crests over in torrents. It sheeted the spray into the faces of the lookouts and steersmen. It made of the falling sleet-drops missiles that stung the cheeks like flying sparks. The air turned to smother. Everything outside the boat—even the lighthouses—vanished.

But the schooner made little of heavy weather, nor were those aboard her more alarmed than everyone, seaman or landsman, must be in the presence of nature angry. Jack laid his course confidently through the dark for Gedney's Channel. The two men on lookout, forward, peered eagerly into the spindrift and kept the fog-horn mooing out into the night. The

rest of the crew went calmly below to supper, belated by the heavy afternoon's work.

One of the men on lookout staggered aft over the sleet-covered deck. As soon as he had come within hailing distance in the wind, "I heered a gun, sir," he shouted, "on the port bow."

"Steamer signalling for a pilot," returned Jack. "He'll catch No. 5 inside of us."

"It's no pilot signal, sir. I've heered it twice in a minute. It's a ship in distress."

Jack bent his ear. Thud came the hollow report of a ship's cannon, unmistakable amid the singing of wind and crashing of seas. Then followed another detonation; then another.

"You're right, Tom," shouted Jack. "He needs help. Call all hands."

The reports came louder and louder. Suddenly, in one spot, on the port bow the blackness solidified. A small steamer was laboring across the course of the pilot-boat.

"Light tramp," commented Tom, standing ready, at Jack's order, to bear a hand with the wheel. "She do roll, sure enough."

She was steaming slowly in the trough of the sea directly to the northward, a course that in two hours would bring her up on Long Beach.

"They's a man on the rail," said Tom, "wid wan o' thim big trumpets six feet long. He' going to hail."

"Schooner aho-oy!" came through the storm a great voice. "Are you a pilot-boat?"

"Ye-e-e-h," returned Jack, at the top of his pitch, "but the pilots are out of her."

Apparently his words were lost, for the voice went on:

"Send a pilot aboard. We're afire!"

"Afire, is it?" said Tom. "Indeed, and we'll not send a pilot aboard. We'll just give ye the coorse or tak' ye off'n her."

For reply Jack jammed the wheel up. The schooner fell off with a rush. A couple of billows carried her under the stern of the steamer, and, in the smooth water under her lee, Jack rounded his craft up.

"Man the yawl," shouted Jack. "Tom," he continued, hardly conscious of his words, "I'm going aboard of her. Even if we gave her the course, she might miss No. 5 and the station-boat and get on the Romer. I'm the nearest to a pilot there is here. But you can take the boat into Staten Island as well as myself. There isn't too much sea to launch the yawl, is there?"

"The saints presarve ye, sorr! No, sorr," said Tom. "It's a bowld thing ye're doin', sorr, but I'm thinkin' ye know yer business bist."

It was a hard pull across the hundred yards that separated the two vessels. In the lee of the steamer, the waves did not break, to be sure, but they heaved even higher than those in the open. The wind, too, though partly diverted by the vessel's hull, yet checked the row-boat fiercely. Moreover, although the steamer lay hove to, she seemed about to forge ahead and leave the tiny craft to the mercy of the breaking crests, any one of which would have swamped her in an instant. But after ten minutes of back-breaking work, the rowers found themselves poised upon the top of a billow that had just slipped from under the steamer's bottom. For an instant the decks of the distressed vessel lay below them. In spite of the storm, the fore hatch was open. The sleet, descending into it, lighted by a fierce glow from inside, shone with unearthly radiance. Above the hatch, revealed in the glow, clustered the black figures of the crew.

"Hold hard," shouted Jack, as the steamer rose high upon another wave. A rope flung from her deck fell across the row-boat. One of the men took a hitch with it through a ring in the bottom, and the others laid the boat close alongside where a Jacob's ladder was already swinging.

"Show a light at the masthead when you get aboard. Good-by," he shouted and sprang overboard.

The ladder jerked within his reach. He seized it, planted his feet upon a step and waited for the windward roll. It came sharply and hauled Jack out of the boat, so that for a moment he hung in mid-air. When the steamer turned over the crest of the wave his knees came bang against her iron sides. Before she had completed her

roll, however, he had scrambled to the bulwarks, and in a moment he stood upon her decks.

His first glance was for his boat. She was safe, a white speck already well down to leeward. The gray schooner, was however, near to pick her up. Jack turned toward a little man, evidently in command, who stood by his side.

"Hello, cap'n," said Jack. "What ship's this?"

"St. Mary of Egypt, ten days out o' Philadelphia, bound to Boston 'th coal. We got into a storm first day out. This is nothin' to it. A sea came aboard an' knocked the cap'n and the two mates endways, an' they're lyin' in the cabin with some bones broken. I'm the chief engineer. I can't take the sun, and we haven't had no reckonin' in nine days. Whereabouts be we? I reckoned to run in at Provincetown."

"Provincetown!" exclaimed Jack. "You're in New York Harbor."

"Pilot boat shows a light, sir!" called one of the hands.

"All right," said Jack. "Now, chief, head her nor'west by west, 'cause you're running onto Long Island. Are your engines all right?"

"Yes," answered the little man, as they clambered toward the bridge, "but they're about all as is right. The coal got afire for'd, an' we couldn't put it out. I sent all I could overboard so 's it shouldn't spread. When we got near the fire the crew, which is Italians an' no good, wouldn't work, an' me an' the stokers had to clear her out. The pump got choked so's we couldn't throw any more water on the fire. She's by the head on account o' havin' her laden' all took out aft, an' the propeller 's out o' water half th' time, in a seaway. I don't dares to run her full speed for fear o' racin' it off 'er."

"Better go below and fix your pump," said Jack. "I'll take her in if you'll keep her going, and the fire doesn't melt her out. It may be a close squeak, though. How much water does she draw?"

"'Bout fifteen foot for'd; a little less aft, I guess, now she's been lightened."

The engineer disappeared down his iron ladder and Jack took a hasty survey of the new charge.

"Old-fashioned, wooden house," he

commented. "If the fire ever reaches it, she'll go like tinder."

When he had mounted upon the bridge, he turned a shade paler. The glow of the fire below the hatch was perceptibly stronger than it had been a few moments before. The crew had withdrawn from the opening, and stood staring and irresolute. Jack seized the megaphone that rolled to and fro at his feet.

"Bear a hand with that hatch," he roared. "Put it on and batten it down!"

The man hesitated.

"Bear a hand there, quick."

A man ran forward to the hatch; another followed. The rest of the crew, with a shout, hastened to join the leaders. In a moment iron plates were fastened over the opening, and all outward signs of fire ceased.

"Come, they're not so bad!" said Jack to himself. "Two of you go on lookout forward," he ordered; "the rest get below. Who's steering there?" he asked, through an odd little tube that ran to the wheel-house below the bridge. "Keep her head nor'west by west."

As the steamer swung off before the wind her motion eased. The trembling of her funnel-guys, and the smoke that poured from the funnel itself, told Jack that the propeller was once more spinning at full speed.

The vessel rushed headlong with the waves, at a rate that Jack could not estimate. It was a perilous pace in the darkness, through a bay thick with sailing-craft. At any moment there might appear ahead a black, helpless mass, and there would be no avoiding her. With her lightened stern and her rudder for seconds at a time but half submerged, the steamer was under slight control. She would certainly cut down whatever came in her way.

Nevertheless it was a race with fire. If they should not reach the harbor before the house caught——

Jack put the thought away from him. "Two hours to Staten Island," he muttered. "Less in this wind. We ought to do it."

The storm still waxed. The wind caught the lifted stern of the vessel at the crest of every wave and slued it down the slope. The ship's heavily laden bow



Drawn by Henry Reuterdaahl.

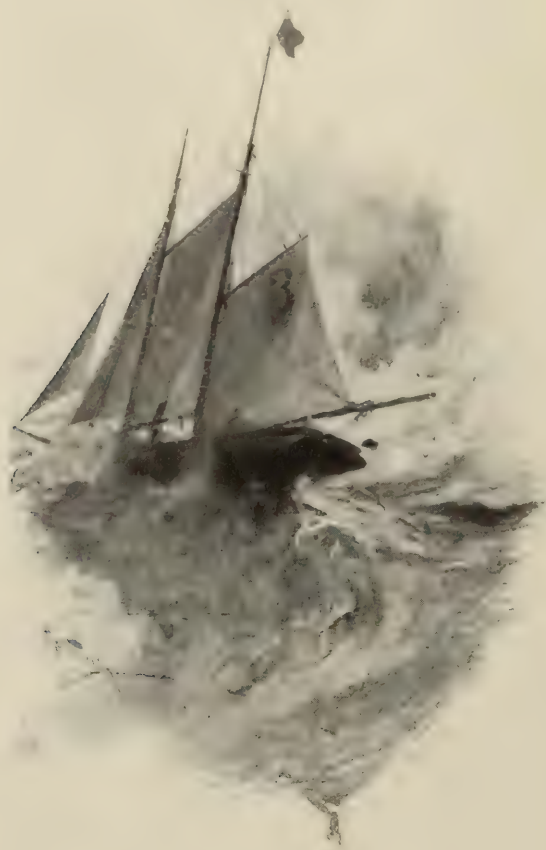
"You'll have to wait for the next vacancy."—Page 661.

threatened to dive under every sea, but somehow she always staggered up the crest. Upon the whole she proved herself able.

"Guess we'd better take a sounding," mused Jack. "Get out the lead!"

"Get out of the way, then!" shouted Jack.

He ran down the ladder. The smoke puffs came denser as he descended into the hold. Below decks the air was almost opaque, but through the haze glowed a



A dash of spray sleeted over the bulwarks.—Page 661.

"By the deep 16," came a faint hail through the storm.

"All right," exclaimed Jack. "No danger yet. Hello, what's that?"

Hitherto the wind had carried forward the little spires of smoke that forced themselves through the battening of the hatch. Jack had not caught a whiff of the peril. But now puff after puff passed him, coming from somewhere aft. A man stumbled up the ladder.

"Da door of da bulkhead ees ope. Et ees red wit da heat," he exclaimed.

"Well, close it!" shouted Jack. "Go and close it!"

The man shrugged his shoulders and turned out the palms of his hands.

"Et ees 'otta!" he protested.

red square where the open door showed the mass of incandescent coal. The heat scorched Jack's face. To close the door was out of the question. There was no shutting off the air that nourished the flames. No hose aboard the ship could cope with that raging heat. The race was going badly.

As he hurried toward his post upon the bridge, Jack growled at the careless seamen who had left the door half bolted.

At the ladder he met the two lookouts slinking aft.

"What are you doing here?" he shouted. "Get forward."

The men crouched toward him.

"Eet ees impossible," said one. "Da decks is 'otta. Our feet burn!"



Drawn by Henry Reuterdahl.

For a moment he hung in mid-air.—Page 663.

"You cowards!" raged Jack.

He sprang upon the bridge, seized the megaphone, and dashed forward to the bows. As he passed over the hatch he shuddered. He could not have stood there a moment, for the heat.

In the eyes of the vessel, however, he could still hold his post. He even had some comfort in the warm blasts of wind and the warm deck beneath his feet. The bridge had been deep in sleet, but the deck forward was dry as it was upon a summer noonday.

The smoke came thicker. It choked Jack, and as he leaned forward to peer into the blackness it blinded him. Even in the midst of the sleet he could see the white wreaths whirling past him. As he turned to ask through the megaphone whether the steersmen were keeping the course, he thought he noticed a red glow in the deck beside the hatch.

The steersmen still held their posts. Jack's hail brought a reply down the wind. The course was still nor'west by west.

"Must be almost time we sighted the light-buoys," thought the boatkeeper. "It'll be a close call getting into the channel. And we can't slow down for soundings. There is just about one chance in a hundred for us."

Even as he mused, his ear caught, amid the tumult of wind and sea, a dull, thunderous rumbling. It came from dead ahead. With the next surge it was louder.

Jack lifted the megaphone.

"Hard a-starboard," he shouted. "Hard a-starboard! Damn you, hurry!"

It was a breathless instant before the steamer began to swing across the sea. As she rose upon the next crest Jack thought he could see a gleaming of foam in the darkness. The thunder of the breakers filled the air.

The wind helped the vessel around with a grip on the stern. Down she sank, and in the trough won a few yards across the shoal. From the next crest the white chaos to starboard was dimly visible.

"Tell chief to crowd it on to her," shouted Jack. "Tell him to weight down the safety-valve. We'll get through yet."

He paused and dropped the megaphone. The hatch-cover and the deck

beside it were red hot. The battening was burned away. Columns of smoke poured from under the cover.

But he had little time to note these things. Out of the darkness loomed a wave whose crest overtopped the funnel of the steamer. It advanced to the rail, hung for an instant, then curved over. Jack clung to the anchor chain with arms and legs. A thundering noise stunned Jack; a flood of water rushed over him; his feet lost their grip of the anchor shaft and his body swung dizzily to and fro. Then came a sudden shock, and Jack lost consciousness.

By and by, after ages had passed, he was aware of a hand shaking his shoulder violently, and a voice.

"Git up! Git up! Quick!" it said. "Yonder's a light on the stabbord bow!"

Mechanically Jack struggled to his feet. He was not drowned. The steamer was not swamped. Indeed, on consideration, she seemed to ride as high as ever. There was a great jagged hole in her deck, and out of it at intervals, as she slid down the troughs of the seas, spouted volumes of steam. But the deck was no longer red but black. The edges of the hole, Jack noticed, turned upward. But he had little time to think about this. The engineer was standing by his side, shaking his arm and pointing over the starboard rail. A faint red gleam, low upon the water, twinkled through the mist.

"By Jove, the light-buoy!" shouted Jack. "Hard a-starboard! Bear a hand with that wheel now! Get a move on!"

"What happened?" he asked ten minutes afterward, as he stood upon the bridge, conning a steamer once more easy before the wind in a lessening sea, and picking up the light-buoys as precisely as if the weather had been sunshine.

"Our enemies settled each other," chuckled the engineer. "The fire'd ha' burned us up; th' water'd 'a' got down in th' bow an' swamped us er made us tak'n er summerset er somethin'. What happened? The water put out th' fire, an' th' fire tarned th' water inter steam, so's it cudn't weight down the bow. It bu'st up th' decks, but that ain't no gre't matter. 'Twas Providence, I guess, t' sent 'em both ten once!"



Drawn by Henry Reuterdahl.

The rest of the crew, with a shout, hastened to join the leaders.—Page 664.



Out of the darkness loomed a wave.—Page 668.

The fire was not quite out, but it was under control, and when the vessel was safely anchored under the lee of Sandy Hook, the pumps, repaired, finished it. Next morning the *St. Mary* steamed quietly to a dock. Jack was delayed with reporters, and it was some hours be-

fore he could betake himself, as was his duty, to report at the office of the pilots.

Mr. Van Tassell met him.

"We've heard all about it, my boy," he said: "The commissioners are holding a meeting. You'll get your license to-day."

THE TURQUOISE CVP



By Arthur Cosslett Smith

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAXFIELD PARRISH

I

THE Cardinal Archbishop sat on his shaded balcony, his well-kept hands clasped upon his breast, his feet stretched out so straight before him that the pigeon, perched on the rail of the balcony, might have seen fully six inches of scarlet silk stocking.

The cardinal was a small man, but very neatly made. His hair was as white as spun glass. Perhaps he was sixty; perhaps he was seventy; perhaps he was fifty. His red biretta lay upon a nearby chair. His head bore no tonsure. The razor of the barber and the scythe of Time had passed him by. There was that faint tinge upon his cheeks that comes to those who, having once had black beards, shave twice daily. His features were clearly cut. His skin would have been pallid had it not been olive. A rebellious lock of hair curved upon his forehead. He resembled the first Napoleon, before the latter became famous and fat.

The pigeon's mate came floating through the blue sky that silhouetted the trees in the garden. She made a pretence of alighting upon the balcony railing, sheered off, coquetted among the tree-tops, came back again, retreated so far that she was merely a white speck against the blue vault, and then, true to her sex, having proved her liberty only to tire of it, with a flight so swift that the eye could scarcely follow her, she came back again and rested upon the farther end of the

balcony, where she immediately began to preen herself and to affect an air of non-chalance and virtue.

Her mate lazily opened one eye, which regarded her for a moment, and then closed it with a wink.

"Ah, my friends," said the cardinal, "there are days when you make me regret that I am not of the world, but this is not one of them. You have quarrelled, I perceive. When you build your nest down yonder in the cote, I envy you. When you are giving up your lives to feeding your children, I envy you. I watch your flights for food for them. I say to myself, 'I, too, would struggle to keep a child, if I had one. Commerce, invention, speculation—why could I not succeed in one of these? I have arrived in the most intricate profession of all. I am a cardinal archbishop. Could I not have been a railroad president?' Ah, signor and signora," and he bowed to the pigeons, "you get nearer heaven than we poor mortals. Have you learned nothing—have you heard no whisper—have you no message for me?"

"Your eminence," said a servant who came upon the balcony, a silver tray in his hand, "a visitor."

The cardinal took the card and read it aloud—"The Earl of Vauxhall."

He sat silent a moment, thinking. "I do not know him," he said at length; "but show him up."

He put on his biretta, assumed a more erect attitude, and then turned to the pigeons.

"Adieu," he said, "commercialism approaches in the person of an Englishman. He comes either to buy or to sell. You have nothing in common with him. Fly away to the Piazza, but come back to-morrow. If you do not, I shall miss you sorely."

The curtains parted, and the servant announced, "The Earl of Vauxhall."

The cardinal rose from his chair.

A young man stepped upon the balcony. He was tall and lithe and blonde, and six-and-twenty.

"Your grace," he said, "I have come because I am in deep trouble."

"In that event," said the cardinal, "you do me much honor. My vocation is to seek out those who are in trouble. When *they* seek *me* it argues that I am not unknown. You are an Englishman. You may speak your own language. It is not the most flexible, but it is an excellent vehicle for the truth."

"Thank you," said the young man; "that gives me a better chance, since my Italian is of the gondolier type. I speak it mostly with my arms," and he began to gesticulate.

"I understand," said the cardinal, smiling, "and I fear that my English is open to some criticism. I picked it up in the University of Oxford. My friends in the Vatican tell me that it is a *patois*."

"I dare say," said the young man. "I was at Cambridge."

"Ah," said the cardinal, "how unfortunate. Still, we may be able to understand one another. Will you have some tea? It is a habit I contracted in England, and I find it to be a good one. I sit here at five o'clock, drink my cup of tea, feed the pigeons that light upon the railing, and have a half-hour in which to remember how great is England, and"—with a bow—"how much the rest of the world owes to her."

"A decent sort of chap, for an Italian," thought the earl. The cardinal busied himself with the tea-pot.

"Your grace," said the earl, finally, "I came here in trouble."

"It cannot be of long standing," said the cardinal. "You do not look like one who has passed through the fire."

"No," said the earl, "but I scarcely know what to say to you. I am embarrassed."

"My son," said the cardinal, "when an Englishman is embarrassed he is truly penitent. You may begin as abruptly as you choose. Are you a Catholic?"

"No," replied the earl, "I am of the Church of England."

The cardinal shrugged his shoulders the least bit. "I never cease to admire your countrymen," he said. "On Sundays they say—'I believe in the Holy Catholic Church,' and, on work-days, they say—'I believe in the Holy Anglican Church.' You are admirably trained. You adapt yourselves to circumstances."

"Yes," said the earl, a trifle nettled, "I believe we do, but at present I find myself as maladroit as though I had been born on the continent—in Italy, for example."

"Good," laughed the cardinal; "I am getting to be a garrulous old man. I love to air my English speech and, in my effort to speak it freely, I sometimes speak it beyond license. Can you forgive me, my lord, and will you tell me how I can serve you?"

"I came," said the Earl of Vauxhall, "to ask you if there is any way in which I can buy the turquoise cup."

"I do not understand," said the cardinal.

"The turquoise cup," repeated the earl. "The one in the treasury of St. Mark's."

The cardinal began to laugh—then he suddenly ceased, looked hard at the earl and asked, "Are you serious, my lord?"

"Very," replied the earl.

"Are you quite well?" asked the cardinal.

"Yes," said the earl, "but I am very uncomfortable."

The cardinal began to pace up and down the balcony.

"My lord," he asked, finally, "have you ever negotiated for the Holy Coat at Trêves; for the breastplate of Charlemagne in the Louvre; for the Crown Jewels in the Tower?"

"No," said the earl, "I have no use for them, but I very much need the turquoise cup."

"Are you a professional or an amateur?" asked the cardinal, his eyes flashing, his lips twitching.

"As I understand it," said the earl,

slowly, a faint blush stealing into his cheeks, "an 'amateur' is a lover. If that is right, perhaps you had better put me down as an 'amateur.'"

The cardinal saw the blush and his anger vanished.

"Ah," he said, softly, "there is a woman, is there?"

"Yes," replied the earl, "there is a woman."

"Well," said the cardinal, "I am listening."

"It won't bore you?" asked the earl. "If I begin about her I sha'n't know when to stop."

"My lord," said the cardinal, "if there were no women there would be no priests. Our occupation would be gone. There was a time when *men* built churches, beautified them, and went to them. How is it now; even here in Venice, where art still exists, and where there is no bourse? I was speaking with a man only to-day—a man of affairs, one who buys and sells, who has agents in foreign lands and ships on the seas; a man who, in the old religious days, would have given a tenth of all his goods to the Church and would have found honor and contentment in the remainder; but he is bitten with this new-fangled belief of disbelief. He has a sneaking fear that Christianity has been supplanted by electricity, and he worships Huxley rather than Christ crucified—Huxley!" and the cardinal threw up his hands.

"Did ever a man die the easier because he had grovelled at the knees of Huxley? What did Huxley preach? The doctrine of despair. He was the Pope of protoplasm. He beat his wings against the bars of the unknowable. He set his finite mind the task of solving the infinite. A mere creature, he sought to fathom the mind of his creator. Read the lines upon his tomb, written by his wife—what do they teach? Nothing but 'let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.' If a man follows Huxley, then is he a fool if he does not give to this poor, squeezed-lemon of a world another twist. If I believed there was nothing after this life do you think I should be sitting here, feeding the pigeons? Do you think—but there, I have aired my English speech and have had my fling at Huxley. Let me fill your cup and then tell me of this woman whom I have kept

waiting all this time by my vanity and my ill manners. Is she English, French, Spanish, or American? There are many Americans nowadays."

"No," said the earl, "she is Irish."

"The most dangerous of all," remarked the cardinal.

"It is plain that you know women," said the earl.

"I?" exclaimed the cardinal. "No; nor any living man."

"Her father," resumed the earl, "was a great brewer in Dublin. He made ripping stout. Perhaps you use it. It has a green label, with a bull's head. He kept straight all through the home-rule troubles, and he chipped in a lot for the Jubilee fund, and they made him Lord Vatsmore. He died two years ago and left one child. She is Lady Nora Daly. She is waiting for me now in the Piazza."

"Perhaps I am detaining you?" said the cardinal.

"By no means," replied the earl. "I don't dare to go back just yet. I met her first at home, last season. I've followed her about like a spaniel ever since. I started in for a lark, and now I'm in for keeps. She has a peculiar way with her," continued the earl, smoothing his hat; "one minute you think you are great chums and, the next, you wonder if you have ever been presented."

"I recognize the Irish variety," said the cardinal.

"She is here with her yacht," continued the earl. "Her aunt is with her. The aunt is a good sort. I am sure you would like her."

"Doubtless," said the cardinal, with a shrug, "but have you nothing more to say about the niece?"

"I followed her here," continued the earl, his hands still busy with his hat, "and I've done my best. Just now, in the Piazza, I asked her to marry me, and she laughed. We went into St. Mark's, and the lights and the music and the pictures and the perfume seemed to soften her. 'Did you mean it?' she said to me. I told her I did. 'Don't speak to me for a little while,' she said, 'I want to think.' That was strange, wasn't it?"

"No," said the cardinal, "I don't think that was strange. I think it was merely feminine."

"We came out of the church," continued the earl, "and I felt sure of her; but when we came into the Piazza and she saw the life of the place, the fountain playing, the banners flying, the pigeons wheeling, and heard the band playing, she began to laugh and chaff. 'Bobby,' she said, suddenly, 'did you mean it?'"

"'Yes,' I said, 'I meant it.' She looked at me for a moment so fixedly that I began to think of the things I had done and which she had not done, of the gulf there was between us—you understand?"

"Yes," said the cardinal, "I understand—that is, I can imagine."

"And then," continued the earl, "I ventured to look into her eyes, and she was laughing at me."

"'Bobby,' she said, 'I believe I've landed you. I know you're a fortune-hunter, but what blame? I dare say I should be one, but for the beer. I'm throwing myself away. With my fortune and my figure I think I could get a duke, an elderly duke, perhaps, and a little over on his knees, but still a duke. A well-brought-up young woman would take the duke, but I am nothing but a wild Irish girl. Bobby, you are jolly and wholesome, and auntie likes you, and I'll take you—hold hard,' she said, as I moved up—'I'll take you, if you'll give me the turquoise cup.' 'What's that?' I asked. 'The turquoise cup,' she said; 'the one in the treasury of St. Mark's. Give me that and Nora Daly is yours.' 'All right,' I said, 'I'll trot off and buy it.'"

"Here I am, your grace, an impecunious but determined man. I have £4,000 at Couttses, all I have in the world; will it lift the cup?"

The cardinal rubbed his white hands together, uncrossed and recrossed his legs, struck the arm of his chair, and burst into a laugh so merry and so prolonged that the earl, perforce, joined him.

"It's funny," said the latter, finally, "but, all the same, it's serious."

"Oh, Love!" exclaimed the cardinal; "you little naked boy with wings and a bow! You give us more trouble than all the rest of the heathen deities combined—you fly about so—you appear in such strange places—you compel mortals to do such remarkable things—you debauch my pigeons, and, when the ill is done, you

send your victims to me, or another priest, and ask for absolution, so that they may begin all over again."

"Do I get the cup?" asked the earl, with some impatience.

"My lord," said the cardinal, "if the cup were mine, I have a fancy that I would give it to you, with my blessing and my best wishes; but when you ask me to sell it to you it is as though you asked your queen to sell you the Kohinoor. She dare not, if she could. She could not, if she dare. Both the diamond and the cup were, doubtless, stolen. The diamond was taken in this century; the cup was looted so long ago that no one knows. A sad attribute of crime is that time softens it. There is a mental statute of limitations that converts possession into ownership. 'We stole the Kohinoor so long ago,' says the Englishman, 'that we own it now.' So it is with the cup. Where did it come from? It is doubtless Byzantine, but where did its maker live; in Byzantium or here, in Venice? We used to kidnap Oriental artists in the good old days when art was a religion. This cup was made by one whom God befriended; by a brain steeped in the love of the beautiful; by a hand so cunning that when it died art languished; by a power so compelling that the treasures of the world were opened to it. Its bowl is a turquoise, the size and shape of an ostrich's egg, sawn through its longer diameter, and resting on its side. Four gold arms clasp the bowl and meet under it. These arms are set with rubies *en cabochon*, except one, which is cut in facets. The arms are welded beneath the bowl and form the stem. Midway of the stem, and pierced by it, is a diamond, as large"—the cardinal picked up his teaspoon and looked at it—"yes," he said, "as large as the bowl of this spoon. The foot of the cup is an emerald, flat on the bottom and joined to the stem by a ferrule of transparent enamel. If this treasure were offered for sale the wealth of the world would fight for it. No, no, my lord, you cannot have the cup. Take your £4,000 to Testolini, the jeweler, and buy a string of pearls. Very few good women can resist pearls."

"Your grace," said the earl, rising, "I appreciate fully the absurdity of my errand and the kindness of your forbearance. I

fear, however, that you scarcely grasp the situation. I am going to marry Lady Nora. I cannot marry her without the cup. You perceive the conclusion—I shall have the cup. Good-by, your grace; I thank you for your patience.”

“Good-by,” said the cardinal, ringing for a servant. “I wish that I might serve you; but, when children cry for the moon, what is to be done? Come and see me again; I am nearly always at home about this hour.”

“I repeat, your grace,” said the earl, “that I shall have the cup. All is fair in love and war, is it not?”

There was a certain quality in the earl’s voice—that quiet, even note of sincerity which quells riots, which quiets horses, which leads forlorn hopes, and the well-trained ear of the cardinal recognized it.

“Piatro,” he said to the servant who answered the bell, “I am going out. My hat and stick. I will go a little way with you, my lord.”

“They went down the broad stairs together, and the earl noticed, for the first time, that his companion limped.

“Gout?” he asked.

“No,” said the cardinal; “the indiscretion of youth. I was with Garibaldi and caught a bullet.”

“Take my arm,” said the earl.

“Willingly,” said the cardinal, “since I know that you will bring me into the presence of a woman worth seeing; a woman who can compel a peer of England to meditate a theft.”

“How do you know that?” exclaimed the earl; and he stopped so abruptly that the cardinal put his free hand against his companion’s breast to right himself.

“Because,” said the cardinal, “I saw your face when you said good-by to me. It was not a pleasant face.”

II

THEY went on silently and soon they came to the Piazza.

“I don’t see her,” said the earl; “perhaps she has gone back to the church.”

They crossed the Piazza and entered St. Mark’s.

“Not here,” said the earl.

They walked up the south aisle and came to the anteroom of the treasury. Its door was open. They entered what had once been a tower of the old palace. The door of the treasury was also open. They went in and found the sacristan and a woman. She held the turquoise cup in her hands.

“Did you buy it, Bobby?” she exclaimed.

She turned and saw that the earl was not alone.

“Your grace,” he said, “I present you to Lady Nora Daly.”

She bent with a motion half genuflection, half courtesy, and then straightened herself, smiling.

The cardinal did not notice the obeisance, but he did notice the smile. It seemed to him, as he looked at her, that the treasures of St. Mark’s, the jewelled chalices and patens, the agate and crystal vessels, the reliquaries of gold and precious stones, the candlesticks, the two textus covers of golden cloisonné, and even the turquoise cup itself, turned dull and wan and common by comparison with her beauty.

“Your eminence,” she said, “you must pardon Bobby’s *gaucherie*. He presented you to me and called you ‘your grace.’ He forgot, or did not know, that you are a cardinal—a prince—and that I should have been presented to you. Bobby means well, but he is an English peer and a guardsman, so we don’t expect much else of Bobby.”

“He has done a very gracious thing to-day,” said the Cardinal. “He has brought me to you.”

Lady Nora looked up quickly, scenting a compliment, and ready to meet it, but the cardinal’s face was so grave and so sincere that her readiness forsook her and she stood silent.

The earl seemed to be interested in a crucifix of the eleventh century.

“While my lord is occupied with the crucifix,” said the cardinal, “will you not walk with me?”

“Willingly,” said Lady Nora, and they went out into the church.

“My dear lady,” said the cardinal, after an interval of silence, “you are entering upon life. You have a position, you have wealth, you have youth, you

have health, and," with a bow, "you have beauty such as God gives to His creatures only for good purposes. Some women, like Helen of Troy and Cleopatra, have used their beauty for evil. Others, like my Queen, Margarita, and like Mary, Queen of the Scots, have held their beauty as a trust to be exploited for good, as a power to be exercised on the side of the powerless."

"Your eminence," said Lady Nora, "we are now taught in England that Queen Mary was not altogether proper."

"She had beauty, had she not?" asked the cardinal.

"Yes," replied Lady Nora.

"She was beheaded, was she not?" asked the cardinal.

"Yes," said Lady Nora, "and by a very plain woman."

"There you have it!" exclaimed the cardinal. "If Elizabeth had been beautiful and Mary plain, Mary would have kept her head. It is sad to see beautiful women lose their heads. It is sad to see you lose yours."

"Mine?" exclaimed Lady Nora, and she put her hands up to her hat-pins, to reassure herself.

"Yes," said the cardinal, "I fear that it is quite gone."

Lady Nora looked at him with questioning eyes. "Yes," she said, "I must have lost it, for I do not understand you, and I have not always been dull."

"My dear lady," said the cardinal, "the Earl of Vauxhall was good enough to pay me a visit this afternoon."

"Oh," exclaimed Lady Nora, clapping her hands, "if I only could have been behind the curtains. What did he say?"

"He said," replied the cardinal, "that he had asked you to be his wife."

"Indeed he has," said Lady Nora, "and so have others."

"He also said," continued the cardinal, "that you had promised to marry him when he brought you the turquoise cup."

"And so I will," said Lady Nora.

"He proposed to buy the cup," continued the cardinal. "He offered £4,000, which, he said, was all he had in the world."

"Good old Bobby!" exclaimed Lady Nora. "That was nice of him, wasn't it?" and her eyes glistened.

"Yes," said the cardinal, "that was nice of him; but when I had explained how impossible it was to sell the cup he bade me good-by, and, as he was going, said, 'I shall have it. All is fair in love and war.' I feared then that he meant to take the cup. Since I have seen you I am certain of it."

"What larks!" cried Lady Nora. "Fancy Bobby with a dark lantern, a bristly beard, and a red handkerchief about his neck. All burglars are like that, you know; and then fancy him creeping up the aisle with his johnnie—no, his jimmy—and his felt slippers—fancy Bobby in felt slippers—and he reaches the treasury door, and just then the moon comes up and shines through that window and illuminates the key in St. Peter's hand, and Bobby says, 'An omen,' and he takes out his own key-ring and the first one he tries fits the lock and the door flies open, and Bobby lifts the cup, locks the door, goes down to the steps by the Doge's palace—no gondola—too late, you know, so he puts the cup in his teeth, takes a header, and swims to the yacht. When he comes alongside they hail him, and he comes up the ladder. 'Where's your mistress?' he asks, and they call me, and I come on deck in my pink *saut de lit*, and there stands Bobby, the water running off him and the cup in his teeth. 'There's your bauble,' he says. (Of course he takes the cup out of his mouth when he speaks.) 'And here's your Nora,' I say, and the boatswain pipes all hands aft to witness the marriage ceremony. No, no, your eminence," she laughed, "it's too good to be true. Bobby will never steal the cup. He has never done anything in all his life but walk down Bond Street. He's a love, but he is not energetic."

"You are doubtless right," said the cardinal, "and my fears are but the timidity of age; still——"

The earl joined them. He had just given the sacristan ten pounds, and had endeavored to treat the gift as a disinterested *pourboire*. He felt that he had failed; that he had overdone it, and had made himself a marked man. The sacristan followed him—voluble, eulogistic.

"Tomasso," said the cardinal, "this is the Earl of Vauxhall. He is to have

every privilege, every liberty. He is to be left alone if he desires it. He is not to be bothered with attendance or suggestions. He may use a kodak ; he may handle anything in the treasury. You will regard him as though he were myself."

Tomasso bowed low. The earl blushed. Lady Nora looked at her watch.

"Five o'clock!" she exclaimed, "and Aunt Mollie will be wanting her tea. The launch is at the stairs. Will you come, Bobby? And you, your eminence, will you honor me?"

"Not to-day, my lady," replied the cardinal, "but perhaps some other."

"To-morrow?" she asked.

"Yes," said the cardinal.

"Thank you," said Lady Nora ; "the launch will be at the landing at half-past four."

"Is it an electrical contrivance?" asked the cardinal, with a smile.

"Yes," replied Lady Nora.

"Then," said the cardinal, "you need not send it. I will come in my barca. Electricity and the Church are not friendly. We have only just become reconciled to steam."

Lady Nora laughed. "Good-by," she said, "until to-morrow," and again she made her courtesy.

"Until to-morrow," said the cardinal ; and he watched them down the aisle.

"Tomasso," he said to the sacristan, "give me the turquoise cup."

Tomasso handed it to him, silent but wondering.

"Now lock the door," said the cardinal, "and give me the key."

Tomasso complied. The cardinal put the cup under his robe and started down the aisle.

"Tomasso," he said, "you are now closed for the annual cleaning. You understand, do you not?"

"Perfectly, your eminence," replied Tomasso, and then he added—"when a stranger gives me two hundred and fifty lire it is time to lock my door."

The cardinal went out of the church, the turquoise cup under his cassock. He crossed the Piazza slowly, for he was both limping and thinking. He came to the shop of Testolini, the jeweler, under the North arcade, paused a moment, and

entered. The clerks behind the counters sprang to their feet and bowed low.

"Signor Testolini?" asked the cardinal ; "is he within?"

"Yes, your eminence," said the head clerk. "He is in his bureau. I will summon him."

"No," said the cardinal, "if he is alone I will go in ;" and he opened the door at the back of the shop and closed it behind him. In ten minutes he came out again. Signor Testolini followed, rubbing his hands and bowing at each step.

"Perfectly, your eminence," he said. "I quite understand."

"It must be in my hands in ten days," said the cardinal.

"Ten days?" exclaimed Testolini, "impossible."

"What is that strange word?" said the cardinal, "it must be a vulgarism of New Italy, that 'impossible.' I do not like it and I will thank you not to use it again when speaking to me. In ten days, Signor."

"Yes, your eminence," said Testolini, "but it will be in the afternoon."

"In ten days," said the cardinal, very quietly.

"Yes, your eminence," said Testolini.

"He looks like Napoleon," whispered the head clerk to his neighbor.

The cardinal went limping down the shop. He had almost reached the door when he stopped and spoke to a little man who stood behind the showcase in which are the enamels.

"Ah, Signor!" he exclaimed, "how come on the wife and baby? I meant to see them this afternoon, but I was diverted. I wish you to continue the same diet for them—take this"—and he fumbled in his pocket, but drew a blank.

"Signor Testolini," he said to the master at his heels, "I find I have no money. Kindly loan me fifty lire. Here," he said to the little man, and he slipped the money into his hand, "plenty of milk for the child;" and he went out of the shop.

"That was not like Napoleon," said the head clerk ; and then he added, "occasionally one meets with a priest who rises superior to his profession."

The little man behind the enamel counter said nothing, but he drew his hand across his eyes.

III

THE following day was a busy one for the cardinal. While Piatro was shaving him he parcelled out the hours.

"What time is it, Piatro?" he asked.

"Three minutes past seven, your eminence."

"Good," said the cardinal; "at half-past I make my mass; at eight, I take my coffee; from eight to ten, my poor—by the way, Piatro, is there any money in the house?"

"Yes, your eminence," said Piatro; "there are eight hundred lire in your desk."

"Take fifty of them to Signor Testolini, in the Piazza, with my thanks," said the cardinal, "and put the rest in my purse. Where was I, Piatro?"

"Your eminence had reached ten o'clock," replied Piatro.

"From ten to eleven," continued the cardinal, "audience for the laity; from eleven to half-past, audience for the clergy; half-past eleven, my egg and a salad. Keep all who look hungry, Piatro, and ask them to take *déjeuner* with me; at twelve, see the architect who is restoring the altar-rail at St. Margaret's; take time to write to the Superior at St. Lazaro in reference to the proof-sheets of the 'Life of Eusebius'; from one to three, my poor—we must get some more money, Piatro; from three to four——"

"There, your eminence!" exclaimed Piatro, "I have cut you."

"Yes," said the cardinal; "I was about to mention it. Where was I?"

"Your eminence was at four o'clock," replied Piatro.

"Four o'clock already!" exclaimed the cardinal, "and nothing done; from four to half-past four, interview with the treasurer of the diocese. That's a bad half-hour, Piatro. At half-past four I wish the barca to be at the landing. Have the men wear their least shabby liveries. I am to visit the English yacht that lies over by St. Giorgio. You must dress me in my best to-day."

"Alas, your eminence," said Piatro, "your best cassock is two years old."

"How old is the one I wore yesterday?" asked the cardinal.

"Four years at least," said Piatro. "You have your ceremonial dress, but nothing better for the street."

"I caught a glimpse of myself in one of Testolini's mirrors yesterday," said the cardinal, "and I thought I looked rather well."

"Your eminence," said Piatro, "you saw your face and not your coat."

"Piatro," said the cardinal, rising, "you should have turned your hand to diplomacy; you would have gone far."

At half-past four o'clock the cardinal's barca drew up to the mola. The oarsmen were dressed in black, save that their sashes and stockings were scarlet. The bowman landed. It was as though a footman came off the box of a brougham and waited on the curb. While the figures on the clock-tower were still striking the half-hour, the cardinal came limping across the Piazza. The gondoliers at the mola took off their hats and drew up in two lines. The cardinal passed between them, looking each man in the face. He beckoned to one, who left the ranks and came up to him, awkward and sheepish.

"Emilio," said the cardinal, "I have arranged your matter. You are to pay four lire a week, and are to keep out of the wine-shops. Mind, now, no drinking." To another he said, "I have looked into your case, Marco. You are perfectly right. I have employed counsel for you. Attend to your business and forget your trouble. It is my trouble, now." To a man to whom he beckoned next he spoke differently. "How dare you send me such a petition?" he exclaimed. "It was false from beginning to end. You never served in the legion. The woman you complain of is your lawful wife. You married her in Padua ten years ago. You have been imprisoned for petit theft. You got your gondolier's license by false pretences. Mark you, friends," he said, turning, "here is one of your mates who will bear watching. When he slips, come to me," and he stepped into his barca.

"To the English yacht," he said.

When they arrived they found the Tara dressed in flags, from truck to deck; Lady Nora stood on the platform of the boarding stairs, and the crew were mustered amidships.

"Your eminence," cried Lady Nora,

"you should have a salute if I knew the proper number of guns."

"My dear lady," said the cardinal, taking off his hat, "the church militant does not burn gunpowder, it fights hand to hand. Come for me at six," he said to his poppe.

"Surely," said Lady Nora, "you will dine with us. We have ices with the Papal colors, and we have a little box for Peter's pence, to be passed with the coffee. I shall be much disappointed if you do not dine with us."

"Wait!" called the cardinal to his barca. The oarsmen put about. "Tell Piatro," he said, "to feed the pigeons as usual. Tell him to lay crumbs on the balcony railing, and if the cock bird is too greedy, to drive him away and give the hen an opportunity. Come for me at nine."

"Thank you," said Lady Nora; "your poor are now provided for."

"Alas, no," said the cardinal; "my pigeons are my aristocratic acquaintance. They would leave me if I did not feed them. My real poor have two legs, like the pigeons, but God gave them no feathers. They are the misbegotten, the maladroits, the unlucky—I stand by that word—the halt, the blind, those with consciences too tender to make their way, reduced gentlefolk, those who have given their lives for the public good and are now forgotten, all these are my poor, and they honor me by their acquaintance. My pigeons fly to my balcony. My poor never come near me. I am obliged, humbly, to go to them."

"Will money help?" exclaimed Lady Nora; "I have a balance at my banker's."

"No, no, my lady," said the cardinal; "money can no more buy off poverty than it can buy off the bubonic plague. Both are diseases. God sent them and He alone can abate them. At His next coming there will be strange sights. Some princes and some poor men will be astonished."

Just then, a woman, short, plump, red-cheeked and smiling, came toward them. She was no longer young, but she did not know it.

"Your eminence," said Lady Nora, "I present my aunt, Miss O'Kelly."

Miss O'Kelly sank so low that her skirts

made what children call "a cheese" on the white deck.

"Your imminence," she said, slowly rising, "sure this is the proud day for Nora, the Tara, and meself."

"And for me, also," said the cardinal. "From now until nine o'clock I shall air my English speech, and I shall have two amiable and friendly critics to correct my mistakes."

"Ah, your imminence," laughed Miss O'Kelly, "I don't speak English. I speak County Clare."

"County Clare!" exclaimed the cardinal; "then you know Ennis? Fifty odd years ago there was a house, just out of the town of Ennis, with iron gates and a porter's lodge. The Blakes lived there."

"I was born in that house," said Miss O'Kelly. "It was draughty, but it always held a warm welcome."

"I do not remember the draught," said the cardinal, "but I do remember the welcome. When I was an undergraduate at Oxford, I made a little tour of Ireland, during a long vacation. I had letters from Rome. One of them was to the chapter at Ennis. A young priest took me to that house. I went back many times. There was a daughter and there were several strapping sons. The boys did nothing, that I could discover, but hunt and shoot. They were amiable, however. The daughter hunted, also, but she did many other things. She kept the house, she visited the poor, she sang Irish songs to perfection, and she flirted beyond compare. She had hair so black that I can give you no notion of its sheen; and eyes as blue as our Venetian skies. Her name was Nora—Nora Blake. She was the most beautiful woman I had ever seen—until yesterday."

"My mother!" exclaimed Miss O'Kelly.

"My grandmother," said Lady Nora.

The cardinal drew a breath so sharp that it was almost a sob, then he took Lady Nora's hand.

"My child," he said, "I am an old man. I am threescore years and ten, and six more, and you bring back to me the happiest days of my youth. You are the image of Nora Blake, yes, her very image. I kiss the images of saints every day," he added, "why not this one?" and he bent and kissed Lady Nora's hand.

There was so much solemnity in the act that an awkward pause might have followed it had not Miss O'Kelly been Irish.

"Your imminence," she said, "since you've told us your age, I'll tell you mine. I'm two-and-twenty and I'm mighty tired of standin'. Let's go aft and have our tay."

They had taken but a few steps when Lady Nora, noticing the cardinal's limp, drew his arm through her own and supported him.

"I know the whole story," she whispered. "You loved my grandmother."

"Yes," said the cardinal, "but I was unworthy."

IV

THEY had their tea, two white-clad stewards serving them. The cardinal took a second cup and then rose and went to the side. He crumbled a biscuit along the rail.

"I have often wondered," he said, "if my pigeons come for me or my crumbs. Nora Blake used to say that her poor were as glad to see her without a basket as with one. But she was a saint. She saw things more clearly than it is given to us to see them."

The women looked at each other, in silence.

"No," said the cardinal, after an interval, "they do not come; they are as satisfied with Pietro's crumbs as with mine. Love is not a matter of the stomach;" and he brushed the crumbs overboard. "Perhaps the fishes will get them," he added, "and they will not know whence they came. Anonymous charity," he continued, coming back to his chair, "is the best. It curbs the pride of the giver and preserves the pride of the recipient. Open giving is becoming a trade. It is an American invention. Very rich men in that country offer so much for an object—a college—a hospital—a library—if someone else will give so much. The offer is printed in the newspapers of the land and its originator reaps much—what is the word I wish?—acclaim? no; kudos? no;—ah, yes, advertisement; that is the word. Thank God that charity does not thus masquerade in Italy. There are men here, in poor old Venice, who give half

their goods to feed the poor. Are their names published? No. The newspapers reason thus—'here is a gentleman; let us treat him as one.' We have no professional philanthropists in Italy. After all," he added, "mere giving is the lowest form of charity. If all the wealth of the world were divided the world would be debauched. Binding up wounds, pouring in oil and wine, bringing the wronged man to an inn, giving him your companionship, your sympathy, so that he shows his heart to you and lets you heal its bruises—that is your true charity."

"That's what I'm telling Nora," exclaimed Miss O'Kelly; "she's forever drawing checks. There was my nephew, Nora's cousin, Phelim. He gave away all he had. He gave it to the piquet players in the Kildare Club. 'Aunt Molly,' he said to me, 'piquet has cost me £15,000, and I am just beginning to learn the game. Now that I know it a bit, no one will play with me. Your bread cast on the waters may come back, but it's ten to one it comes back mouldy, from the voyage.' Phelim is the flower of the family, your imminence. He is six foot three. He was out twice before he was two-and-twenty. The first time was with Liftennant Doyle of the Enniskellins. 'Twas about a slip of a girl that they both fancied. The Liftennant fired at the word and missed. 'Try your second barrel,' called Phelim, 'I'm still within bonds'—(that's pigeon shootin' talk, your imminence). The Liftennant laughed and the two went off to the club, arm in arm, and they stayed there two days. There's waiters in the club yet, that remembers it. The next time Phelim was out, 'twas with a little attorney man from Cork, named Crawford. There was no girl this time; 'twas more serious; 'twas about a horse Phelim had sold, and the little attorney-man had served a writ, and Phelim went down to Cork and pulled the little man's nose. When the word was given the attorney-man fired and nicked Phelim's ear. Phelim raised his pistol, slow as married life, and covered the little man. 'Take off your hat!' called Phelim. The little man obeyed, white as paper, and shakin' like a leaf. 'Was the horse sound?' called Phelim. 'He was,' said the little man. 'Was he six years old?' called

Phelim, 'At least,' said the little man. 'None of your quibbles,' called Phelim. 'He was six, to a minute,' said the little man, looking into the pistol. 'Was he chape at the price?' asked Phelim. 'He was a gift,' said the attorney. 'Gentlemen,' says Phelim, 'you have heard this dyin' confession—we will now seal it,' and he sent a bullet through the attorney-man's hat. I had it all from Dr. Clancey, who was out with them. They sent Phelim to Parliament after that, but he took the Chiltern Hundreds and came home. He said his duties interfered with the snipe-shootin'. You'd like Phelim, your immi-nence."

"I am sure I should," said the cardinal.

"He's in love with Nora," said Miss O'Kelly.

"Ah," said the cardinal, "I spoke too quickly."

Meanwhile the shadows began to creep across the deck. The cardinal rose from his chair.

"At what hour do you dine?" he asked.

"I made the hour early when I heard you order your barca for nine," said Lady Nora; "I said half-past seven."

"Then," said the cardinal, "I should excuse you, but I do it reluctantly. I am keeping you from your toilette."

Miss O'Kelly laughed. "Your immi-nence," she said, "when a woman reaches my age it takes her some time to dress. I told you I was two-and-twenty. It will take my maid nearly an hour to make me look it," and, with a courtesy, she went below. .

Lady Nora stayed behind. "Your eminence," she said, "the evening will be fine; shall we dine on deck?"

"That will be charming," said the cardinal.

"Whenever you wish to go to your room," said Lady Nora, "you have but to press this button, and the head steward will come." She still loitered. "I think it very likely," she said, hesitating, "that the Earl of Vauxhall will drop in; he often does. I should have mentioned it before, but I was so delighted at your staying that I forgot all about him."

"My dear lady," said the cardinal, "to supplant the Earl of Vauxhall in your thoughts is great honor."

She looked at him quickly, blushed, cast down her eyes, and began, nervously, to play with a gold boat-whistle that hung at her belt. When she had exhausted the possibilities of the whistle she looked up again, and the cardinal saw that there were tears upon her cheeks. When she knew that he had seen them she disregarded them, and threw up her head, proudly.

"Yes," she said, "I think of him far too often; so often that it makes me angry, it makes me ashamed. He is an earl; he is tall and straight and beautiful and clean, and—he loves me—I know it," she exclaimed, her face illumined; "but why," she went on, "should I give myself to him on these accounts? Why should he not earn me? Why does he compel me to so one-sided a bargain? I, too, am tall and straight and clean, and not ill-favored, and, in addition, I have that curse of unmarried women—I have money. Why does he not *do* something to even up the transaction? Why does he not write a page that someone will read? Why does he not write a song that someone will sing? Why does he not do something that will make the world call me his wife, instead of calling him my husband? The other day, when he and love were tugging at me, I told him I would marry him if he brought me the turquoise cup. It was an idle thing to say, but what I say I stand by. I shall never marry him unless he brings it to me. You know us Irish women. We have our hearts to contend with, but we keep our word. I set my lord a trivial task. If he really wants me he will accomplish it. I am not dear at the price."

"With true love," said the cardinal, "I do not think there is any question of price. It is an absolute surrender, without terms. I say this guardedly, for I am no expert as to this thing called human love. I recognize that it is the power that moves the world but, for more than fifty years, I have tried to forget the world."

"Yes," cried Lady Nora, "and, but for a cruel mistake, you would have married my grandmother."

"Yes," said the cardinal, "but for a cruel mistake."

"The mistake was hers?" exclaimed Lady Nora.

The cardinal threw up his hands. "It was a mistake," he said, "and it was buried fifty years ago. Why dig it up?"

"Forgive me," said Lady Nora, and she started toward the hatch.

"My child," said the cardinal, "you say that you will not marry his lordship unless he brings you the cup. Do you hope that he will bring it?"

She looked at him a moment, the red and white roses warring in her cheeks. "Yes," she said, "I hope it, for I love him," and she put her hands to her face and ran below.

"If the earl is the man I take him to be," said the cardinal to himself, "I fear that I am about to shut my eyes to a felony," and he pressed the electric button at his side. The head steward appeared so quickly that he overheard the cardinal say—"I certainly should have done it, at his age."

V

AT six bells there was a tap on the cardinal's door.

"Come in," he said.

The head steward entered. He had exchanged the white duck of the afternoon for the black of evening. He was now the major-domo. He wore silk stockings and about his neck was a silver chain, and at the end of the chain hung a key.

"Your eminence's servant has come on board," he said.

"Piatro?" asked the cardinal.

"I do not know his name," said the steward, "but he is most anxious to see your eminence."

"Let him come in at once," said the cardinal. The steward backed out, bowing.

"There was a loud knock upon the door. Enter," said the cardinal. Piatro came in. He carried a portmanteau.

"What is it?" exclaimed the cardinal. "Is anyone dying? Am I needed?"

"No, your eminence," said Piatro, "the public health is unusually good. I have come to dress you for dinner with the English."

"They are not English," said the cardinal, "they are Irish."

"In that event," said Piatro, "you will do as you are."

"No," laughed the cardinal, "since you have brought my finery I will put it on."

Piatro opened the portmanteau with a sigh. "I thought they were English," he said. "The Irish are as poor as the Italians. If I dress your eminence as I had intended they will not appreciate it."

"Do not fear," said the cardinal. "Do your best."

At seven bells there was another knock at the cardinal's door. Piatro opened it.

"Shall dinner be served, your eminence?" asked the head steward.

"Whenever the ladies are ready," replied the cardinal.

"They are already on deck, your eminence."

"At once, then," said the cardinal, and he went up the companion-way, leaning on Piatro's arm. The after-deck was lighted by scores of incandescent lamps, each shaded by a scarlet silken flower. The table stood, white and cool, glittering with silver and crystal. In its centre was a golden vase, and in the vase were four scarlet roses. The deck was covered with a scarlet carpet, a strip of which ran forward to the galley-hatch, so that the service might be noiseless.

Lady Nora was dressed in white and wore no jewels. Miss O'Kelly was partially clad in a brocaded gown, cut as low as even the indiscretion of age permits. A necklace of huge yellow topazes emphasized the space they failed to cover.

The cardinal came into the glow of the lights. His cassock was black, but its hem, its buttons, and the pipings of its seams were scarlet; so were his stockings; so was the broad, silk sash that circled his waist; so were the silk gloves, thrust under the sash; so was the birettina, the little skull-cap that barely covered his crown and left to view a fringe of white hair and the rebellious lock upon his forehead. The lace at his wrists was Venice point. His pectoral cross was an antique that would grace the Louvre. Piatro had done his work well.

The cardinal came into the zone of light, smiling. "Lady Nora," he said. "Ireland is the home of the fairies. When I was there I heard much of them. Early in the morning I saw rings in the dew-laden grass and was told that they had been made by the 'little people,'

dancing. You, evidently, have caught a fairy prince and he does your bidding. Within an hour you have converted the after-deck into fairy-land ; you have——”

Just then, out of the blue darkness that lay between the yacht and Venice, burst the lights of a gondola. They darted alongside and, a moment after, the Earl of Vauxhall came down the deck.

“Serve at once,” whispered Lady Nora to the major-domo.

“Pardon me, your eminence,” she said, “you were saying——”

“I was merely remarking,” said the cardinal, “that you seem to have a fairy prince ready to do your bidding. It seems that I was right. Here he is.”

Lady Nora smiled. “What kept you, Bobby,” she said, “a business engagement, or did you fall asleep?”

“Neither,” said the earl ; “I lost a shirt-stud.”

“Your eminence is served,” said the major-domo.

They stood while the cardinal said grace, at the conclusion of which, all, except the earl, crossed themselves.

“Was it a valuable jewel, my lord?” asked Miss O’Kelly, in an interval of her soup.

“No,” said the earl, “a poor thing, but mine own.”

“How did it happen?” asked Miss O’Kelly ; “did your man stale it?”

“Dear, no,” said the earl, “it happened while I was putting on my shirt.”

Miss O’Kelly blushed, mentally, and raised her napkin to her face.

“It twisted out of my fingers,” continued the earl, “and rolled away, somewhere. I moved every piece of furniture in the room ; I got down on all fours and squinted along the floor ; I went to the dressing table to look for another ; my man, after putting out my things, had locked up everything and gone to his dinner. I couldn’t dine with you, like freedom, ‘with my bosom bare’——”

“No,” said Miss O’Kelly, glancing down at her topazes, “you couldn’t do that.”

“Certainly not,” said the earl, “and so I put on my topcoat and went out to Testolini’s in the Piazza, and bought a stud. I was lucky to find them open, for it was past closing time. They told me they were working late on a hurry order. I put the

stud in my shirt, raced across to the mola, jumped into a gondola, and here I am. Am I forgiven?”

“Yes,” said Lady Nora, “you were only five minutes late and your excuse is, at least, ingenious. You could not have come unadorned.”

“Unadorned!” exclaimed the earl ; “it was a question of coming unfastened.”

Piatro began to refill the cardinal’s glass, but his master stopped him. Piatro bent and whispered. The cardinal laughed. “Piatro tells me,” he said, “that this is better wine than that which I get at home and that I should make the most of it. The only difference I remark in wines is that some are red and some are white.”

“That minds me of one night when Father Flynn dropped in to dine,” said Miss O’Kelly——’twas he had the wooden leg, you remember, Nora, dear—and he and Phelim sat so late that I wint in with fresh candles. ‘I call that good whiskey,’ says the father, as I came in. ‘Good whiskey?’ exclaimed Phelim, ‘did ever you see any whiskey that was *bad*.’ ‘Now that you mintion it,’ says his riverince, ‘I never did ; but I’ve seen some that was scarce.’ ‘Another bottle, Aunt Molly,’ says Phelim, ‘his riverince has a hollow leg.’ When I came back with the bottle they were talking to a little, wild gossoon from the hills. He was barefooted, bare-headed, and only one suspinder was between him and the police. ‘Is your mother bad?’ asked his riverince. ‘Dochtor says she’ll die afore mornin’,’ says the gossoon. ‘Will you lind me a horse, Phelim?’ asked his riverince. ‘You ride a horse, with that leg!’ says Phelim. ‘No, I’ll drive you, in the cart ;’ and he went off to the stables. In five minutes he came back with the dog-cart and the gray mare. His riverince got up, with the aid of a chair, the little gossoon climbed up behind, and the gravel flew as the gray mare started. They wint a matter of ten rods and then I saw the lamps again. They had turned, and they stopped before the porch—the gray mare on her haunches. ‘Phelim,’ I says, ‘what ails you; you’ve a light hand whin your sober.’ His riverince leaned over and whispered——‘the oil cruet, Miss Molly, and don’t let the gossoon see it.’ I wint in, came

out with the cruet in a paper, and handed it to him. 'All right, Phelim,' he says, and the gray mare started. At six in the mornin' I heard the gravel crunch, and I wint to the door. There stood the gray mare, her head down, and her tail bobbin'. 'You've over-driven her, Phelim,' says I. 'Perhaps,' says he, 'but I knew you were sittin' up for me. The curse of Ireland,' says he, 'is that her women sit up for her men.' 'How is the poor woman?' I says. 'She's dead,' says Phelim; 'Father Flynn is waiting for the neighbors to come.' 'And the little gossoon?' says I. Phelim leaned down from the dog-cart; 'Aunt Molly,' says he, 'we can't afford to keep what we have already, can we?' 'No,' says I. 'Thin,' says Phelim, 'we can just as well afford to keep one more; so I told him to come to us, after the funeral.'"

"I don't quite follow that reasoning," said the earl.

"I am more sure than ever, that I should like Phelim," said the cardinal. "Why do you not have him on?"

"He's six foot three," explained Miss O'Kelly; "the yacht wouldn't fit him. He couldn't stand up, below. There is six foot seven between decks, but the electric lights project four inches. Then the beds—there isn't one more than six foot six. We had Phelim on board and tried him. He stayed one night. 'Aunt Molly,' he said, in the mornin', 'Nora has a beautiful boat, plenty of towels, and a good cook. I should like to go with you, but I'm scared. I kept awake last night, with my knees drawn up, and all went well, but if ever I fall asleep and straighten out, I'll kick the rudder out of her.' We couldn't have Phelim aboard, your imminence; he'd cancel the marine insurance."

While Miss O'Kelly had been running on, the cardinal had been politely listening. He had also been discreetly observing. He had the attribute of politicians and ecclesiastics—he could exercise all his senses together. While he was smiling at Miss O'Kelly he had seen Lady Nora take from the gold vase one of the scarlet roses, press it, for an instant, to her lips and then, under cover of the table, pass it to the earl. He had seen the earl slowly lift the rose to his face, feigning to scent it while he kissed it. He had

seen quick glances, quivering lips that half whispered, half kissed; he had seen the wireless telegraphy of love flashing messages which youth thinks are in cipher, known only to the sender and the recipient; and he, while laughing, had tapped the wire and read the correspondence.

"It is all over," he said to himself. "They are in love. The little naked boy with the bow has hit them both."

Promptly at nine, Piatro announced the barca. The cardinal made his adieus. "My lord," he said, to the earl, "if you are for the shore, I should be honored by your company."

"Thank you," said the earl, "but I ordered my gondola at ten."

Lady Nora and the earl stood watching the cardinal's barca as it sped toward Venice. It was soon lost in the night. Lady Nora's hand rested upon the rail. The earl covered it with his own. She did not move.

"Have you bought the cup, Bobby," she asked.

"Not yet," he answered, "but I shall have it. The treasury is closed for the annual cleaning."

"When you bring it," she said, "you will find me here. I should like you to give it me on the Tara. There is your gondola light. Aunt Molly seems to be asleep in her chair. You need not wake her to say good-night."

"I sha'n't," said the earl.

Her hand still rested upon the rail—his hand still covered hers. She was gazing across the harbor at the countless lights of Venice. The warm night breeze from the lagoon dimpled the waters of the harbor until the reflected lights began to tremble. There was no sound, save the tinkle of the water against the side and the faint cry of a gondolier, in the distance.

"Bobby," said Lady Nora, finally, "it is nice to be here, just you and I."

He made a quick motion to take her in his arms, but she started back. "No, no," she said, "not yet; not till you earn me. There may be many a slip 'twixt the cup and"—she put her fingers to her lips.

Miss O'Kelly's chin fell upon her topazes so sharply that she awakened with a start.

"Nora, darlin'," she cried, looking about her.

"Here I am," said Lady Nora, coming into the light.

"Ah," said her aunt, "and Lord Robert, too. I thought he had gone. I must have had forty winks."

"I was only waiting," said the earl, "to bid you good-night."

"An Irishman," said Miss O'Kelly, "would have taken advantage of me slumbers, and would have kissed me hand."

"An Englishman will do it when you are awake," said the earl.

"That's nice," said Miss O'Kelly; "run away home now, and get your beauty-sleep."

VI

DURING the following week the cardinal was so occupied with his poor that he nearly forgot his rich. He saw the yacht whenever he took his barca at the mola, and once, when he was crossing the Rialto, he caught a glimpse of Lady Nora and her aunt, coming up the canal in their gondola.

As for the earl, he haunted St. Mark's. Many times each day he went to the treasury only to find it locked. The sacristan could give him no comfort. "Perhaps tomorrow, my lord," he would say when the earl put his customary question; "it is the annual cleaning, and sometimes a jewel needs resetting, an embroidery to be repaired—all this takes time—perhaps tomorrow. Shall I uncover the Palo d'Oro, my lord, or light up the alabaster column; they are both very fine?" And the earl would turn on his heel and leave the church, only to come back in an hour to repeat his question and receive his answer.

One day the earl spoke out—"Tomasso," he said, "you are not a rich man, I take it?"

"My lord," replied Tomasso, "I am inordinately poor. Are you about to tempt me?"

The earl hesitated, blushed, and fumbled in his pocket. He drew out a handful of notes.

"Take these," he said, "and open the treasury."

"Alas, my lord," said Tomasso, "my virtue is but a battered thing, but I must keep it. I have no key."

The earl went out and wandered through the arcades. He came upon Lady Nora and Miss O'Kelly. They were looking at Testolini's shop-windows. Lady Nora greeted him with a nod—Miss O'Kelly with animation.

"I'm havin' a struggle with me conscience," she said.

So was the earl.

"Do ye see that butterfly?" continued Miss O'Kelly, putting her finger against the glass; "it's marked 200 lire, and that's £8. I priced one in Dublin, just like it, and it was £300. They don't know the value of diamonds in Italy. I've £10 that I got from Phelim yesterday, in a letter. He says there's been an Englishman at the Kildare Club for three weeks, who thought he could play piquet. Phelim is travellin' on the Continent. Now, the question in me mind is, shall I pay Father Flynn the £10 I promised him, a year ago Easter, or shall I buy the butterfly? It would look illigant, Nora, dear, with my blue bengaline."

Lady Nora laughed. "I am sure, Aunt Molly," she said, "that Phelim would rather you bought the butterfly. I'll take care of your subscription to Father Flynn."

With an exclamation of joy, Miss O'Kelly ran into the shop.

"Nora," said the earl, "the treasury is still closed."

"Oh," said Lady Nora, "why do you remind me of such tiresome things as the treasury? Didn't you hear Aunt Molly say that Phelim is on the continent? I had a wire from him this morning. Read it; it's quite Irish."

She handed the earl a telegram.

"Shall I read it?" he asked.

"Of course," she answered.

He read—"I'm richer, but no shorter. Is there a hotel in Venice big enough to take me in? Wire answer.—Phelim."

"Will you send this reply for me?" she asked, when the earl had read Phelim's telegram.

"To be sure I will," he said.

"How many words are there?" she asked. "I'll pay for it."

Thus compelled, the earl read her answer—"Come, rich or poor, long or short, come; Nora."

The earl went off with the telegram, thinking.

The next afternoon the earl came out of the church—his fifth visit since ten o'clock—and there, near the fountain, were Lady Nora and her aunt. The earl marked them from the church steps. There was no mistaking Miss O'Kelly's green parasol.

This time Lady Nora met him with animation. She even came toward him, her face wreathed in smiles.

"Phelim has come!" she exclaimed.

"Quite happy—I'm sure," said the earl. "He's prompt, isn't he?"

"Yes," said Lady Nora, "he's always prompt. He doesn't lose shirt-studs, and he never dawdles."

"Ah!" said the earl.

"Here he comes!" exclaimed Lady Nora, and she began to wave her handkerchief.

The earl turned and saw, coming from the corner by the clock-tower, a man. He had the shoulders of Hercules, the waist of Apollo, the legs of Mercury. When he came closer, hat in hand, the earl saw that he had curling chestnut locks, a beard that caressed his chin, brown eyes, and white teeth, for he was smiling.

"Nora," he cried, as he came within distance, "your friend the cardinal is a good one. He puts on no side. He had me up on the balcony, opened your letter, took out the check, and read the letter before even he looked at the stamped paper. When a man gets a check in a letter and reads the letter before he looks at the check, he shows breedin'."

"The Earl of Vauxhall," said Lady Nora, "I present Mr. Phelim Blake."

The two men nodded; the earl, guardedly; Phelim, with a smile.

"I think, my lord," said Phelim, "that you are not in Venice for her antiquities. No more am I. I arrived this mornin' and I've been all over the place already. I was just thinkin' that time might hang. Twice a day I've to go out to the yacht to propose to Nora. Durin' the intervals we might have a crack at piquet."

The earl was embarrassed. He was not accustomed to such frankness. He was embarrassed also by the six feet three of Phelim. He, himself, was only six feet.

"I do not know piquet," he said.

"Ah," said Phelim, "it cost me much to learn what I know of it, and I will

gladly impart that little for the pleasure of your companionship. I will play you for love."

The earl took counsel with himself—"So long as he is playing piquet with me," he said to himself, "so long he cannot be making love to Nora."

"How long will it take me to learn the game?" he asked.

"As long," answered Phelim, "as you have ready money. When you begin to give due bills you have begun to grasp the rudiments of the game."

"Then," said the earl, "I shall be an apt pupil, for I shall give an I. O. U. the first time I lose."

"In piquet," said Phelim, squaring himself, and placing the index finger of his right hand in his left hand, after the manner of the didactic, "the great thing is the discard, and your discard should be governed by two considerations—first, to better your own hand, and second, to cripple your opponent's. Your moderate player never thinks of this latter consideration. His only thought is to better his own hand. He never discards an ace. The mere size of it dazzles him, and he will keep aces and discard tens, forgetting that you cannot have a sequence of more than four without a ten, and that you can have one of seven without the ace, and that a king is as good as an ace, if the latter is in the discard. I am speakin' now," continued Phelim, "of the beginner. Let us suppose one who has spent £1,000 on the game, and is presumed to have learned something for his money. His fault is apt to be that he sacrifices too much that he may count cards. I grant you that you cannot count sixty or ninety if your opponent has cards, but you may, if cards are tied. When I was a beginner I used to see Colonel Mellish make discards, on the mere chance of tyin' the cards, that seemed to me simply reckless. I soon discovered, however, that they were merely scientific. One more thing—always remember that there is no average card in a piquet pack. The average is half-way between the ten-spot and the knave. Now, what are the chances of the junior hand discardin' a ten and drawin' a higher card? In the Kildare Club they are understood to be 23 to 1 against, although Colonel Mellish claims they are 25 to 1. The colonel is

an authority, but I think he is a trifle pessimistic. He——"

"There, Phelim," said Lady Nora, "I think that is enough for the first lesson. We dine at eight. If Lord Vauxhall has nothing better to do perhaps he will come with you."

"We'll dine on deck, Phelim, dear," said Miss O'Kelly. "You won't have to go below."

VII

THE next morning the earl went to the church, as usual. He had not slept well. The advent of Phelim had set him to thinking. Here was a rival; and a dangerous one. He admitted this grudgingly, for an Englishman is slow to see a rival in a foreigner, and who so foreign as an Irishman?

At dinner, on the yacht, the night before, Phelim had been much in evidence. His six feet three had impressed the earl's six feet. Phelim had been well dressed. "Confound him," thought the earl, "he goes to Poole, or Johns & Pegg. Why doesn't he get his clothes at home?" Then Phelim had talked much, and he had talked well. He had told stories at which the earl had been compelled to laugh. He had related experiences of his home-life, of the peasants, the priests, the clubs, hunting and shooting; his brief stay in Parliament; what he had seen in Venice during the last few days, and, when dinner was over, Lady Nora, who had been all attention, said: "Sing for us, Phelim," and they had gone below, Phelim stooping to save his head; and he had struck those mysterious chords upon the piano, by way of prelude, that silence talk, that put the world far away, that set the men to glancing at the women, and the women to glancing at the floor and making sure of their handkerchiefs, and then—he had sung.

How can one describe a song? As well attempt to paint a perfume.

When Phelim finished singing Miss O'Kelly went over and kissed him, and Lady Nora went away, her eyes glistening.

The earl remembered all these things as he went up the aisle. He had passed that way five times each day for nine

days. He came to the door of the treasury, thinking, not of Nora, but of Phelim—and the door was open.

He went in. The gorgeous color of the place stopped him, just inside the door. He saw the brodered vestments upon which gold was the mere background; jacinths were the stamens of the flowers, and pierced diamonds were the dewdrops on their leaves; he saw the chalices and patens of amethyst and jade, the crucifixes of beaten gold, in which rubies were set solid, as if they had been floated on the molten metal; he saw the seven-light candelabrum, the bobèches of which were sliced emeralds, and then his eyes, groping in this wilderness of beauty, lighted on the turquoise cup.

"My God!" he exclaimed, "she is right. She is selling herself for the most beautiful thing in the world. To steal it is a crime like Cromwell's—too great to be punished," and he put out his hand.

Then, with the cup and Nora within his reach, he heard a still, small voice, and his hand fell.

He began to argue with his conscience. "Who owns this cup?" he asked. "No one. The cardinal said it had been stolen. He said no one could sell it because no one could give title. Why, then, is it not mine as well as anyone's? If I take it, whom do I wrong? Great men have never let trifles of right and wrong disturb their conduct. Who would ever have won a battle if he had taken thought of the widows? Who would ever have attained any great thing if he had not despised small things?" and he put out his hand again; and then came surging into his mind the provisions of that code which birth, associations, his school life, and, most of all, his mother, had taught him. What would they say and do at his clubs? Where, in all the world, could he hide himself, if he did this thing? He turned and fled, and, running down the church steps, he came face to face with Lady Nora and Phelim. They were laughing gayly; but, when they saw the earl's face, their laughter ceased.

"Have you seen a ghost, my lord?" asked Phelim.

The earl did not answer; he did not even hear. He stood gazing at Lady Nora. For one brief moment, when he

stood before the cup, he had questioned whether a woman who would impose such a condition could be worth winning; and now, before her, her beauty overwhelmed him. He forgot Phelim; he forgot the passers-by; he forgot everything, except the woman he loved—the woman he had lost.

"Nora," he said, "I give you back your promise. I cannot give you the cup."

The color left her cheeks and her hands flew up to her heart—she gazed at him with love and pity in her eyes, and then, suddenly, her cheeks flamed, her white teeth pressed her lower lip, her little foot stamped upon the pavement.

"Very well," she said, "I regret having given you so much trouble;" and she went toward the landing. She took three steps and then turned. The two men stood as she had left them.

"Phelim," she said, smiling, "*you* would do something for me, if I were to ask you, would you not?"

"Try me," said Phelim. "Would you like the campanile for a paper-weight?"

"No," she said, "not that, but something else. Come here."

He went to her, and she whispered in his ear.

"I'll bring it you in half an hour, aboard the yacht," said Phelim, and he started across the Piazza.

Lady Nora went on toward the landing. The earl stood watching her. She did not look back. The earl looked up at the clock-tower. "In half an hour," he said to himself, "he will bring it to her, aboard the yacht;" and he turned and re-entered the church. He went up the aisle, nodded to the sacristan, entered the treasury, took the turquoise cup, came out with it in his hand, nodded again to the sacristan, went down the steps, crossed the Piazza, ran down the landing-stairs, and jumped into a gondola.

"To the English yacht!" he cried.

He looked at his watch. "It seems," he said to himself, "that one can join the criminal classes in about six minutes. I've twenty-four the start of Phelim."

They came alongside the Tara, and the earl sprang up the ladder.

"Lady Nora?" he asked of the quartermaster.

"She is below, my lord. She has just come aboard, and she left orders to show you down, my lord."

"Me?" exclaimed the earl.

"She didn't name you, my lord;" said the quartermaster, "what she said was—'a gentleman will come on board soon; show him below.'"

The earl speculated a moment as to whether he were still a gentleman, and then went down the companion-way. He came to the saloon. The door was open. He looked in. Lady Nora was seated at the piano, but her hands were clasped in her lap. Her head was bent and the earl noticed, for the thousandth time, how the hair clustered in her neck and framed the little, close-set ear. He saw the pure outlines of her shoulders; beneath the bench, he saw her foot in its white shoe; he saw, or felt, he could not have told you which, that here was the one woman in all this great world. To love her was a distinction. To sin for her was a dispensation. To achieve her was a coronation.

He tapped on the door. The girl did not turn, but she put her hands on the keys quickly, as if ashamed to have them found idle.

"Ah, Phelim," she said, "you are more than prompt; you never keep one waiting," and she began to play very softly.

The earl was embarrassed. Despite his crime, he still had breeding left him, and he felt compelled to make his presence known. He knocked again.

"Don't interrupt me, Phelim," she said; "this is my swan-song; listen;" and she began to sing. She sang bravely, at first, with her head held high, and then, suddenly, her voice began to falter.

"Ah, Phelim, dear," she said, "I've lost my love; I've lost my love;" and she put her hands to her face and fell to sobbing.

"Nora!" said the earl. It was the first word he had spoken, and she raised her head, startled.

"Here is the cup, Nora," he said.

She sprang to her feet and turned to him, tears on her cheeks, but a light in her eyes such as he had never seen.

"Oh, my love," she cried, "I should have known you'd bring it."

"Yes," he said, "you should have known."



Drawn by Maxfield Parrish.

Lady Nora and the Cardinal in St. Marks.

She stood, blushing, radiant, eager, waiting.

He stood in the doorway, pale, quiet, his arms at his side, the cup in his hand.

"Nora," he said, "I've brought you the cup, but I do not dare to give it to you. I stole it."

"What?" she cried, running toward him. She stopped suddenly and began to laugh—a pitiful little laugh, pitched in an unnatural key. "You shouldn't frighten me like that, Bobby," she said; "it isn't fair."

"It is true," said the earl; "I am a thief."

She looked at him and saw that he was speaking the truth.

"No," she cried, "'tis I am the thief, not you. The cardinal warned me that I was compelling you to this, and I laughed at him. I thought that you would achieve the cup, if you cared for me; that you would render some service to the State and claim it as your reward—that you would make a fortune, and buy it—that you would make friends at the Vatican—that you would build churches, found hospitals, that even the Holy Father might ask you to name something within his gift—I thought of a thousand schemes, such as one reads of—but I never thought you would take it. No, no; I never thought that."

"Nora," said the earl, "I didn't know how to do any of those things, and I didn't have time to learn."

"I would have waited for you, always," she said.

"I didn't know that," said the earl.

"I hoped you didn't," said Lady Nora. "Come!" and she sprang through the door. The earl followed her. They ran up the companion-way, across the deck, down the boarding-stairs. The earl's gondola was waiting.

"To the mola in five minutes," cried Lady Nora to the poppe, "and you shall be rich."

They went into the little cabin. The earl still held the cup in his hand. They sat far apart—each longing to comfort the other—each afraid to speak. Between them was a great gulf fixed—the gulf of sin and shame.

Half-way to the landing, they passed Phelim's gondola, making for the yacht.

The cabin hid them and he passed in silence.

"I sent him for some bon-bons," said Lady Nora. "I did it to make you jealous."

They reached the mola in less than five minutes and Lady Nora tossed her purse to the oarsmen, and sprang out.

"Put the cup under your coat," she said. The earl obeyed. He had stolen it openly. He brought it back hidden. They crossed the Piazza as rapidly as they dared, and entered the church. The sacristan greeted them with a smile and led the way to the treasury.

"They haven't missed it yet," whispered Lady Nora.

The sacristan unlocked the outer and the inner door, bowed, and left them.

Lady Nora seized the cup and ran to its accustomed shelf. She had her hand outstretched to replace it, when she uttered a cry.

"What is it?" exclaimed the earl.

She did not answer, but she pointed, and the earl, looking where she pointed, saw, on the shelf—the turquoise cup.

They stared at the cup on the shelf—at the cup in Lady Nora's hand—and at each other—dumfounded.

They heard a limping step on the pavement and the cardinal came in. His face was very grave, but his voice was very gentle.

"My children," he said, "I prayed God that you would bring back the cup, but, *mea culpa*, I lacked faith, and dared not risk the original. Would God let Nora Blake's granddaughter make shipwreck? The cup you have, my child, is but silver-gilt and glass, but it may serve, some other day, to remind you of this day. Look at it when your pride struggles with your heart. Perhaps the sight of it may strengthen you. Take it, not as the present of a cardinal, or an archbishop, but as the wedding-gift of an old man who once was young, and once knew Nora Blake."

"A wedding-gift?" exclaimed Lady Nora. "What man would ever marry such a wretch as I?"

"Nora!" cried the earl; and he held out his arms.

"My pigeons are waiting for me," said the cardinal; and he went away, limping.

A FORGOTTEN PILGRIMAGE

By Ernest C. Peixotto

WITH THE AUTHOR'S DRAWINGS

IN the southwest of France, between the broad valley where the Dordogne rolls its smiling waters and that in which the Lot describes its long meanders, stretches a great arid plateau—a plain of rocky *débris*, riddled with holes and crevices—monotonous, sad, devoid of vegetation except for here and there a stunted oak, a pale birch-tree or bunches of wild thyme and heather. A strange plateau whose sole water-courses are underground rivers, only to be seen at the risk of one's life by descending into deep caverns, some nearly three hundred feet deep.

This rocky waste is called the Causse de Gramat. It is quite devoid of human habitation—here a little farm-house and there a primitive village, and if you asked how much the land was worth, you would be answered, “Oh, about two francs a dog's run!” Its silence is that of the desert, save toward evening, when the stillness is broken by a long far-away rumbling. This sound, strange as the country itself, is produced by the moving about of countless flocks of tawny-colored sheep, with manes like lions, who graze among the little patches of stubbly grass, carrying at their necks the *eskilllo*—a heavy, cracked bell with a wild and uncouth note.

The horizon of the Causse is boundless. Now and then a dolmen is encountered

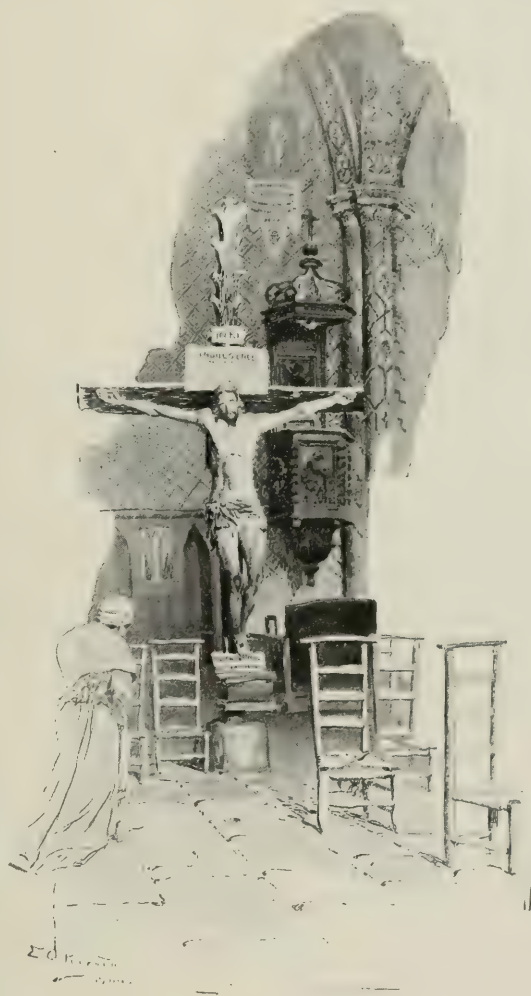
and makes us think, as the evening shadows thicken, that white-bearded Druids will still meet here, and in the pale light of the moon offer their sacrifices and sing their psalms.

Suddenly, without a warning, in the midst of this wilderness, a chasm yawns at our feet—a huge cañon opens in the granite rock, and a picture without a parallel is presented to our astonished eyes. Far below us is a shaded valley, verdant with soft grasses and wooded with sycamores and beeches—the quiet valley of Rocamadour, so deep and so narrow that only the sun of midday penetrates to its green fields, while its trees grow tall and slender in their effort to reach the life-giving rays.

It is impossible to describe the suddenness of the transition, the surprise of this unforeseen oasis after the

barren stretches and the rocky reaches of the upper Causse. A river, the rippling Alzon, winds its long curves through this smiling valley, disappearing a moment under the briar-bushes, only to appear again farther on near the tall poplars and the dainty birches. But great cliffs hem in this charming Eden, and one precipitous rock, larger than all the rest, turns its scarred and battered face toward the rising sun.

Midway up its rugged sides clings a



Crucifix in the Church of St. Sauveur.

mass of masonry, square, buttressed, with steep slate roofs—more a fortress than a church—the shrine of St. Amadour. No railroad's shriek, no tourist's caravan,

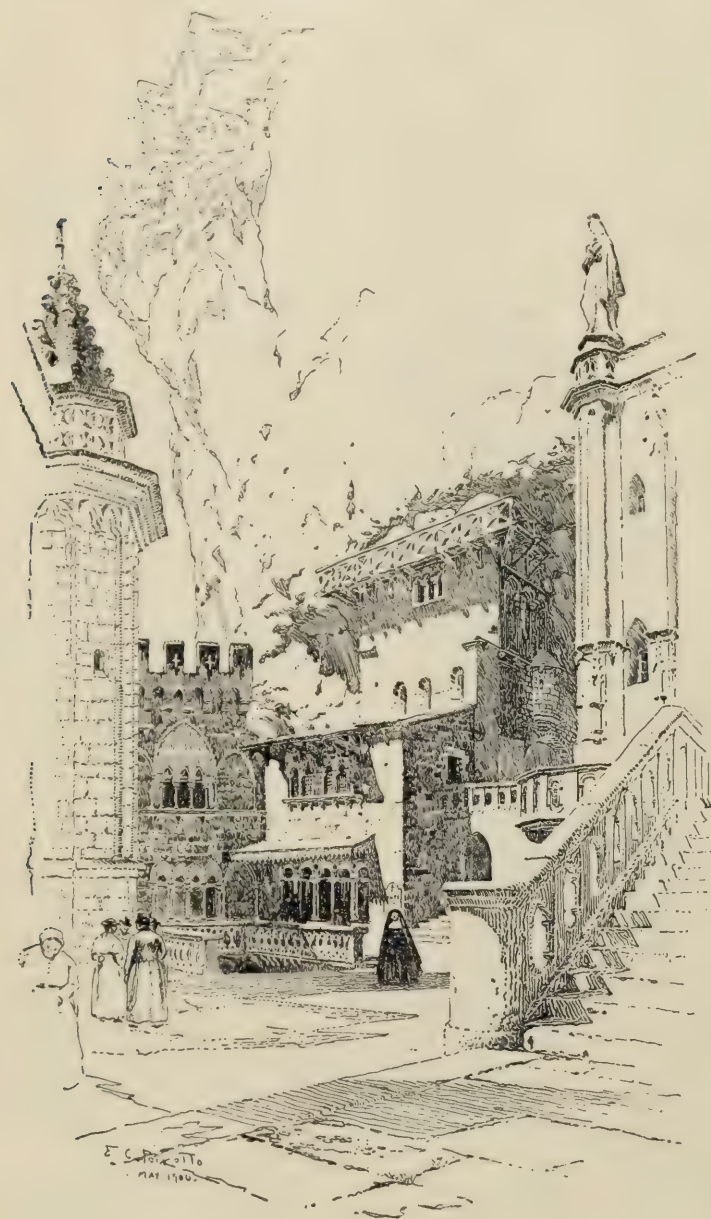
even now, in our own generation, much has been done to restore its ancient grandeur.

A long, winding road gradually descends and brings us down from the level of the upper plateau to the village, which hugs the great rocks under the very foundation-stones of the sanctuaries. This road ends under a huge sycamore, whose base is encircled by a broad stone seat and whose spreading branches shelter a mossy stone crucifix. Here, in this little *place*, overlooking the valley, the peasants gather in the cool of the afternoon, when the frowning mountains cast their long shadow far down over the valley. Here, too, is the blacksmith, and here we may see the patient oxen shod. We enter the town through a fortified gate—one of the four which still span the road—nay and once were its means of defence—and then find ourselves in the single village street, so narrow that two wagons could not pass, though such a necessity never arises in Rocamadour! A few little shops, a so-called café, a couple of comfortable hostelries contribute all the life there is in the little town.

Midway between the two outer gates rises a broad stone staircase, which leads to the sanctuaries above. Many penitents climb all these two hundred steps on their knees repeating an "Ave" at each

genuflexion. We saw a party of six, five women and a man, doing this pious duty; the women kneeling, but the man, too old and stiff to bend the knee, could but stand and join in the responses.

A turn at the top of the stairs, and we pass between rows of shops in which holy mementoes and souvenirs are sold. Now we find ourselves before a great Gothic doorway, with before it a group of beggars. A massive oaken double door, studded with huge nails and strengthened with bands of wrought iron, opens and



The Chapels.

come to break the stillness of this far-away sanctuary, and its secret is to-day known only to the humble peasants who come to climb its holy stairs and bend the knee before the black virgin.

This is Rocamadour, the oldest and once the most venerated pilgrimage in all of France, visited by St. Louis himself and many of his royal successors. By them its altars were enriched and its chapels built, and pilgrims came in thousands to participate in its miracles. But succeeding ages saw its glory fade, though



Drawn by E. C. Peixotto.

Rocamadour.

gives access to a second staircase, which tunnels its way under the dark foundation arches of one of the largest buildings. Venders of rosaries and crucifixes sit upon the steps, knitting or talking to the pilgrims as they toil upward. A burst of light, a peep of blue sky above our heads, and we find ourselves in the *parvis*, surrounded on all sides by chapels.

Before ten, a chorus of ringing bells fills the air, echoed by the bare cliffs on the opposite side of the cañon and the echo is thrown back, only to be caught up again by a lustier ringing. The deep bells of the sanctuaries are chorded by the higher, clearer notes of the chiming from the nunnery. The sisters in long black gowns descend the narrow path, the women in the village stop their work and begin climbing the long steps, muttering an "ave maria," and fingering their rosaries. The beggars take their accustomed places, arrange the placards about their necks, and jingle a *sou* in their tin cup as we pass. The bells swell in chorus and the rocks of the overhanging cliffs grumble back the tones. White-capped peasants, bent double with age, old men in short blue blouses, young women in ribboned bonnets, brothers in long black gowns, and sisters in their flowing veils, enter the open door of the sanctuary, and disappear in the darkness.

The bells cease their chiming. The great doors are closed, and there falls a hushed silence as the last vibrating murmur of the ringing ceases.

The beadle in his gorgeous costume of scarlet and gold paces back and forth on the upper balustrade—a guardian of peace, and the poor dog with his tail between his legs, who would follow his master to the very altar's foot, is hunted away by a gesture and a half-suppressed "*va-t-en*."

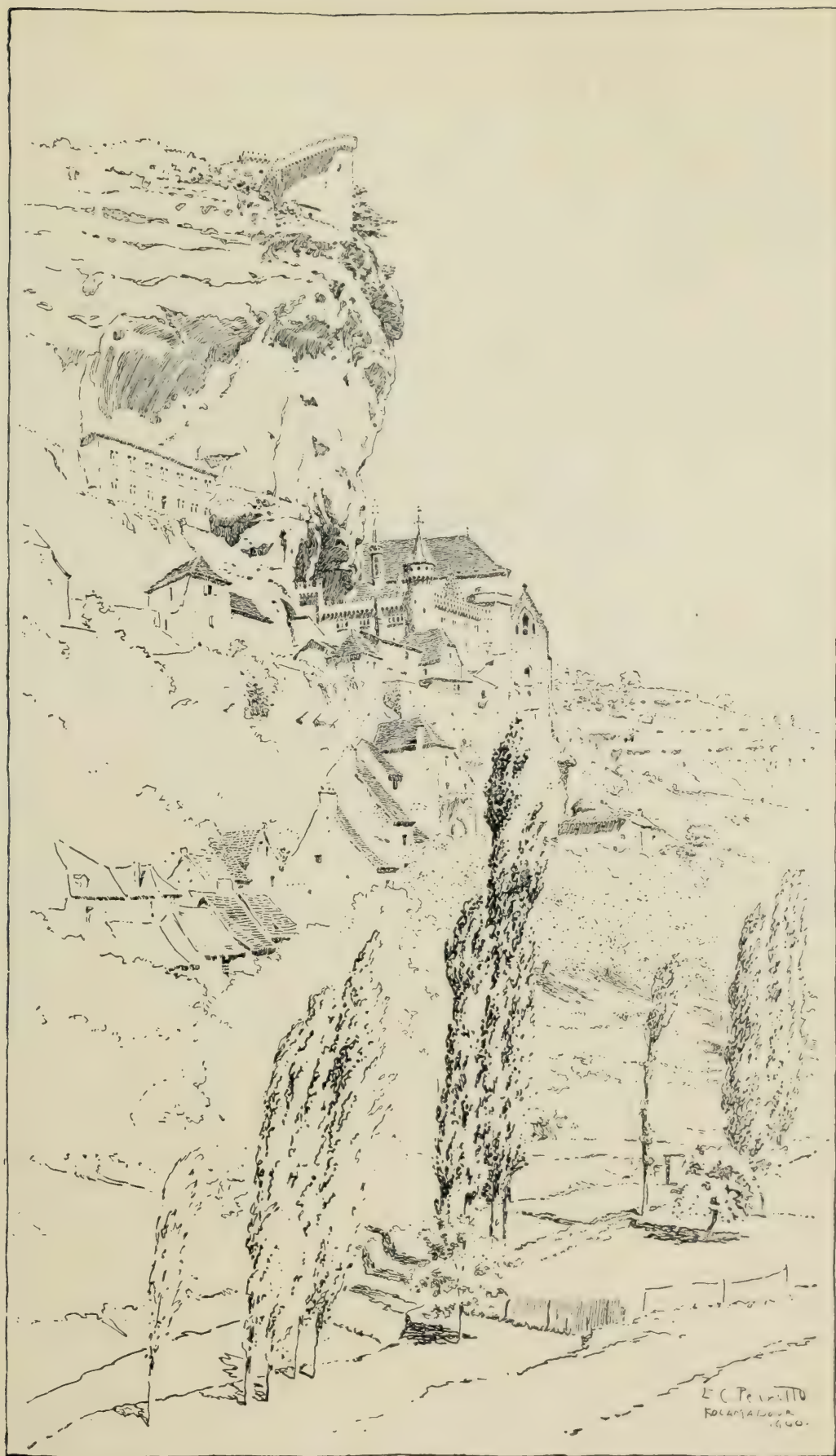
I glanced about me at the chapels of the *parvis*, which form an irregular rectangle, their entrances on different levels. In front and up a short flight of steps is the chapel of the Virgin—a square Gothic edifice, whose corner is adorned with a delicate tourelle, surmounted by a large figure of the Virgin. Near the entrance, painted on the exterior wall, is a strange old Dance of Death, and near it, and before entering the sanctuary, the peasants remove their hats and sing a quaint old *cantique*. The rough granite rocks form the entire west wall of the Virgin Chapel, and lighted candles of all sizes (the votive offerings of the pilgrims) are placed flaring against the uncut stone. The interior is full of mystery—dimly lighted and strangely disfigured



Procession Descending the Great Staircase on Ascension Day.

by the irregularities of the jagged rock. The decorations add to the mystic effect—rich and deep in color, with much ornament and gilding. High above the altar, enshrined in a canopy of gilt bronze, is the miracle-working statue of the Virgin and Child, magnificently clothed, and said to have been carved in the first century by St. Amador or Zaccheus who founded the sanctuary.

From this chapel a small door gives ac-



Drawn by E. C. Peixotto.

Rocamadour from the River Alzon.

cess to the church of St. Sauveur, the great square pile which is so conspicuous when seen at a distance. Its interior is grandly spacious and decorated with mementoes of the visits of many royal personages—St. Louis, Charles IV., Louis XI., and others. Below this church, cut in the rock, is another church of equal dimensions, the Chapel of St. Amadour.

And now the voices in the church join in an anthem, the doors are thrown wide open and a contented God-fearing people form in groups as they come out. The gossips of the village vend their bit of news, the sisters speak a word of encouragement to the mothers, the brothers talk to their flock in merry groups or pause to bless a newly bought rosary or religious memento. I noticed among these chaplains, one, conspicuous by his round, good-humored face and merry, dancing eyes, who seemed always surrounded by an eager group of devoted listeners. With his arm about one boy and his hand upon another's head, Monsieur Bonhomme (for so was he aptly named) was quite the ideal picture of a spiritual father. And soon little by little the place resumed its wonted peaceful quietude.

A long dark passage leads us from the *parvis* to a strongly fortified gate, strengthened with all of feudal military art—crenellations, *machicoulis*, portcullis, and draw-bridge. The soldiers in the château above could reach the defences of this gate by means of a stairway of more than two hundred steps cut in the living rock without being seen by the enemy. They could thus bear aid in the defence of the sanctuaries and of the treasures which they contained during the long wars of the Middle Ages, when the whole country was infested with roving bands of lawless sol-

diers. To-day the stairs are only used by the brothers, descending from the clergy-house above by the aid of flickering candles, to repeat their matins and vespers.

In front of the great gateway ascends the *Chemin de la Croix*, a long zigzag road with, at each turning, one of the fourteen stations, in the form of a little chapel, while at the end, on top of the great cliff, is a mighty wooden cross.

We are now on a level with the old château, the present residence of the chaplains, and recently remodelled. It still retains, however, an ancient square tower and the old battlements. We may climb these latter to the *Chemin de Ronde*, and enjoy the magnificent panorama that spreads out at our feet. In three directions stretch the undulations of the interminable Causse, wilderness upon wilderness, cut here and there with long lines of stone fences. But as I looked over the fourth side, I caught my breath at the fearful drop into the valley below, and a cold, nervous shiver ran up my spine. I recall but one similar sensation, and that was when I peeped over the overhanging side of the Leaning Tower of Pisa. The eye becomes dizzy as it plunges down to the roofs of Spanish tile and chimney-pots far below—down, down into the fertile valley winding like a soft green river between its rocky walls, disappearing at the east as at the west in an abrupt turning of its course. Here on the battlements one may dream of times gone by when the Sword went hand in hand with the Book and Belief was Strife. Now peace of conscience only reigns, and the low voices of the brothers come to us chanting the vespers, as the sun creeps behind the plateau throwing over the valley his long forth-reaching shadows in a last embrace.



THE LAST OF THE FAIRY WANDS

By William Henry Bishop

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JESSIE WILLCOX SMITH

THE good old fairy stories, which you and I have got over believing in, but which I trust we still like to hear the pleasant rhythmic movement of—those traditional fairy stories all agree in one certain thing: the wonderful changes described in them are produced by the aid of a magic wand. Thus, for example, in "Cinderella," the good fairy touches with her wand the shabby dress of the little kitchen-maid, and it is changed into a lovely ball-costume; she touches the pumpkin and it becomes a splendid carriage. In the "Sleeping Beauty" the fairy touches all the moving things in the palace and they go to sleep, not to wake up till the end of the hundred years, and she touches the shrubbery and it becomes a thicket, so close that nothing can get through it to interrupt the sleep of the Princess.

Mrs. Tilbury had been reading to her elder son the two above-named stories. Have I said that she was a young mother, attractive in her looks and lively and genial in her ways? No? Then it is a good

place to say it here and now. This elder son, too, although he had a long name, Jefferson Tilbury, was a nice little chap, only five his last birthday, not long past, whereas the younger son, "Russy," or Russell, was but two and a half.

Mrs. Tilbury, then, had been reading those stories to her boy, probably for the twentieth time, when all at once, that morning, the "wand" idea seemed to take hold of him in an uncommonly practical way. If wands were a good thing for fairies to have why would they not be a good thing for him to have? And he said:

"Oh, mamma dear, I wish *we* had a wand."

"So do I," responded his mother genially; "what lots of nice things *we* would do with it."

Then they commenced to plan some of the things they would do with it. It was to bring in to "Jeffy" an indefinite number of new **toys** and some extraordinary changes in **his** old ones. His mother said

she would touch the large rug in the dining-room, which was pretty well worn, and have that renewed, and the same thing for the curtains in her bed-room. And she would have the antique Willard clock down at Swanzig's store. All this would be for her birthday, which was quite close at hand.

"And then—what *are* we thinking of, Jeffy?"—she continued, "we would get some nice new clothes the very first thing for those poor little McSwale boys that come to see Rose, the nurse-girl, and some coal for their mother. Things take such a lot of money, you know, and we don't always have enough for everything. And we must not forget Papa. We would touch that battered old dictionary that he doesn't care about, and get him the set of Macaulay's Works he is so anxious for."

After reflecting awhile, "Will you buy *me* a wand?" asked Jeffy, shyly.

"I'll see about it," said his mother, smiling at the quaint little idea, and attaching no great importance to it.

"Do they have them at Whoopley's?" he pursued, earnestly.

"I don't know; perhaps they do. It's a very large store, and I suppose they would be as likely to have them there as anywhere," she replied, in that putting-off way that parents sometimes have with their children. She was one of those who said she did not believe in dispelling the pleasant illusions of childhood any earlier than was necessary, and this serious little notion still made her smile with its comicality.

Now, as all children know, there is a great deal of hope in that vague answer, "I'll see about it." Sometimes something comes of it, and again there does not, but, at any rate, it is a thousand times better than a square refusal. Yet, at the best, it is apt to mean a long delay, and Jefferson Tilbury was a youthful person very much averse to waiting.

That afternoon, therefore, when his mother had gone out to make some visits, he managed to slip away from Rose, the young nurse-girl, who had him and "Russy" in charge, and he shortly appeared within the portal of the great department store of Whoopleys, proudly clutching a savings-bank in his hand. A

great bustle of the usual shopping people were passing in and out of the entrance and the swinging doors clapped together behind them. In spite of this, the charming blonde head of Jeffy, and his sturdy small figure drew considerable attention. He was rather embarrassed at all the bustle, yet wore upon his face a frank smile, full of anticipation. The majestic floor-walker bent down to learn his errand.

"I want a wan'," said Jeffy.

The floor-keeper had the request repeated several times over, but in vain.

"I want to change some things for mamma's birthday day. I want a wan'," said Jeffy.

The grand floor-walker could make nothing of it, but by no means on that account gave himself up for beaten. Waving him on, after the manner of floor-walkers, he called down the aisle, "Show the gentleman the o-on-g department," and then turned away to pilot gallantly a stout lady who was inquiring for furniture and looked prosperous enough to buy out half the stock.

They took Jeffy into the music department, close by, under the impression, from the chief's order, that he might want something like a popular ballad. They had them all there, marked down to the lowest prices. He came out of there dissatisfied, and repeated his demand for a "wand" to several employees in the main aisle, and to some passing customers.


"Candy?" suggested a young girl, coming out from behind the bargain counter devoted that day to remnants of silk.

Jeffy's face beamed upon this: candy was, apparently, always in order, and he could pursue his more serious mission afterward. He was led to the soda-water counter, where he sipped down a large glass of strawberry; then he ranged up alongside the confectionery counter, and selected, with much deliberation, enough of its contents to make a good-sized packet. It is most probable that, in the innocence of his heart, he thought these were being given to him in pure hospitality, as he was used to being very kindly treated on all sides, but the attendant took his savings-bank in a business-like way and rattled out of it the amount of his purchases. The entire capital of the bank, thus disclosed to view, was seen to consist of a silver



Drawn by Jessie Willcox Smith.

"Oh, mamma dear, I wish *we* had a wand."—Page 697.



NECK TI
50%

quarter, given for not waking up Papa too early in the morning by unseemly hubbub, two ten-cent pieces, earned at the rate of two cents per day for neatness in dressing, several nickels, and lastly a couple of flat buttons, slipped in by Russy, who had most incorrect notions on the subject of finance and banking.

This being over, his uncertainties and wanderings began anew. "Go up in the alligator," he said, pointing to the elevator, as he saw it slip by mysteriously in its metal cage. A cash-girl was going up that way, and she took him along, but she brought him back again apparently without matters being cleared up at all. She was dressed in a dark pinafore, and seemed to be chewing gum.

"What's yer name? Where d'yer live?" she asked, but he would not answer these commonplace questions.

"Who's yer father? and what does he do?" she went on in the same blunt line of inquiries.

Though these inquiries seemed no more relevant than the former ones to the matter of finding a fairy-wand on sale, Jeffy chose to reply to the second of them. He said his father was a perseffer, in the Sign-Ticket School, and went to factory-meetin's every Monday night.

"Aw, a professor in the Scientific School, is he? and he goes to—what?" The faculty meetings, as

"I want a wan'," said Jeffy.

—Page 698.

he intended to say, were beyond her. "Well, yah better run home ; I guess yer Mommer wants yah."

"Aw, he's no good," she continued, turning him over to a grown-up sister she had at the glove-counter. "Here, you take him, Mame. I got to hurry back with me change."

But this young woman seemed to recollect him. "I think I've seen him come in here before," said she to an attendant at the stationery-counter. "Yes, it's the little blond-headed boy that was in here once with his mother, a good while ago, and lay down on the floor in the middle of all the people, and kicked and screamed, 'cause he didn't want to go home, and she didn't know what to do with him."

"My ! I hope he won't do that now," responded the stationery-lady, alarmed, and, inspired by a happy thought, she came around from behind her counter in her turn, and queried, "Toys ?—a drum ?—a gun ?—Want the toy department ?"

This was an idea, again, that Jeffy accepted with alacrity ; it was both interesting in itself, and might lead to something. With his guide he got into the elevator again—the "alligator" went down, it seemed, as well as up—and they descended to the toy department in the basement.

He had a wide space here to wander over, and he made the most of it, searching as he went. His

He sipped down a large glass of strawberry.
—Page 698.



JESSIE WILCOX SMITH



eyes rested lingeringly on the whips, on the base-ball bats, on the golf-sticks, and hockey-sticks, but the resemblance was really very slight in all these to what he wanted.

By some chance his glance caught upon a patent gas-lighter, at the edge of the house-furnishing department, and this seemed, at last, to exactly meet his wishes and fill the bill. It was a long, metallic holder, with a taper, or a jet of spirit-flame at one end, kept burning for the proper display of the device to customers. The fairies' wands generally had a star at the end, but there were some, too, that, according to the pictures, seemed to end in a little flame; hence, Jeffy argued, if any wand were kept for sale at Whoopley's this must be it.

He seized it, said he would buy it, and produced his savings-bank for payment. The salesman, examining the ticket, found that the price of it was \$1.29, whereas the bank now contained less than forty cents. He also had misgivings about entering into business dealings to any extent with so small a child; and he refused the article. But Jeffy was set upon it, clung to it with both hands, and burst into tears when an attempt was made to take it away from him. A very lively scene was in prospect when a deliverer appeared.

This was an acquaintance under the form of Miss Alicia Page, a bright, impulsive young woman, a

He made the most of it, searching as he went.
—Page 701.

great admirer and well-wisher of his family, and particularly of his mother, of whom she had been a schoolmate at Smith College. Fresh and blooming from a rapid walk in the sharp air, she had dashed in to make a few purchases, and found herself in that part of the store by the merest chance.

"Why, Jeffy," she exclaimed, "what is the matter? Why, you poor little thing, what are you doing here?"

She drew him along with her, the sales-people letting them take the gas-lighter away, upon a significant nod from her, and she found them a quiet place in the shoe department, where they sat down on a comfortable bench.

"Why do you want the gas-lighter, little sweetheart?" she asked. "Such things are only for grown-up people; you couldn't have any fun out of it. And it is dangerous and might burn you."

Her persistent treatment of it as a gas-lighter, and not a wand, weakened his confidence in it, and he was already half willing to abandon it. She had as much difficulty in understanding him and his plan as had the floor-walker and the others, but presently it broke on her. He had come to buy a magic wand, such as they used in "Cinjerella" and the "Sleepy Beauty," so as he "could touch lots of things with it and turn them into other things."

Walked home beside her . . . with the greatest pride.—Page 704.



"And what would you like to touch, and change into other things?"

"My broked lead soldiers, and make 'bout a hundred more French and Crush-ems [Alicia knew that he meant Russians], and my wooden horse and fix his lost-off head. And some preserved squinches [quinces], and some clome [cologne] on my handkerchief, and cure Russy if he gets the hoofin'-cough, and some new clothes for Jimmie McSwale."

"Yes, those poor McSwale children; something ought to be done for them," murmured Alicia.

"And that awful nice clock what Mamma wants for her birthday day, at—with"—he seemed very uncertain on that point—"swansin."

"Oh, your mother would like that Willard clock down at Swanzig's, would she?" She made shrewd mental note of that; she particularly wanted to give Mrs. Tilbury a present that would be pleasing to her this year, and there was *one* point settled.

She entered into Jeffy's design with a zest. "I will help, I will see what I can do," said she. "You wait for me here; don't stir from the bench, and I'll be back in a minute."

Hurrying here and there in the great store she succeeded in getting a slim stick, colored blue, from which she had a banner removed for her purpose. Then she found a bright tinsel star of the kind used in the decoration of Christmas-trees. She had the star fastened to the end of the stick with a long tack, and with this quickly improvised wand, returned to her young friend.

Jeffy's eyes fairly sparkled with delight when he saw it, and an adorable smile overspread his countenance. Yes, that seemed to be the real thing; it was exactly the way the fairies had them, in the books. He took the star-tipped wand and walked home beside her, looking up in her face with the greatest pride and content.

It so happened that just as he entered the gate the little McSwale's were coming out, from a visit to Rose, who was not at home—being just then engaged in an alarmed chase all over the neighborhood for himself, her missing charge.

Jeffy slipped up behind Jimmy Mc-

Swale, to see at once how the wand was going to work. He picked out the most ragged places in his clothing, and touched them very stealthily as he supposed. But Jimmy McSwale wheeled around, and thinking himself attacked and that a fencing match was wanted—since it was a favorite part of Jeffy's fun to make such attacks on people—caught up a small stick at random, and affected to cross swords in true military fashion. They cut and thrust at each other with great vigor, and then the McSwale boy—he was about twice Jeffy's age—made believe to be too hard pressed, and ran and vaulted over the low fence. He reached back and lifted his brother, Johnny McSwale, over after him, and the two were off so quick that in their rapid flight you could not see whether the magic touch had changed the appearance of their clothing or not.

As soon as he was within the house Jeffy made straight for the dining-room, and tapped the wand upon the well-worn rug, then upon the large, old dictionary; then he gave a light touch with it to his small dog "Peter," whom he wanted to turn into a fine mastiff, like the Scatterbury's. But quite before the effect could be observed in these cases either, his mother imperatively summoned him up-stairs to her sitting-room, and Alicia, too: she wanted to know what they had been doing and where they were arriving from together in this way.

Alicia, with much smiling between the two, told her the story, and they had to express themselves in French and German and other mysterious ways, the best they could, so the little fellow would not know they were talking about him. Meanwhile he made repeated dives at the curtains his mother had said she wanted to replace, and dusted them vigorously with his wand. Not being hurried now, he had plenty of time to observe the effect; his exclamations of discontent and grief were so loud as to interrupt the conversation.

"Mamma, I've hit 'em, and then I've hit 'em another again," said he, "and they don't do nuffin; they only change to stay just the same way."

His mother called him to her, and covered him with kisses, of which he did not know the reason.



Drawn by Jessie Willcox Smith.

Tapped the wand upon the well-worn rug.—Page 704.



"I should say it was a perfectly good wand, Jeffy."

"O dear! so they don't," said she, and as if in dreamy reflection: "Well, I don't know, let me take it, perhaps it needs a longer time; they may not work exactly on the instant. The story does not say, does it? that Cinderella's kitchen-dress was turned into a ball-gown the minute it was touched. It was probably ready in time for the ball, or it may have been all arranged two or three days before."

"It's a shame," began Alicia. "*Il faut absolument lui dire.*" That's the way they used their French to say, "We really must tell him."

But she kept on smiling, and did not do it; she would not do anything yet to undeceive the boy, who had such entire confidence in his story-books. On the contrary, indeed, she said:

"They may not make them as well now as they used to in old times, and they may be a good deal slower to act. Most things now are made by machines, you know, and the hand-made things were better."

"Oh," said the new fairy boy, beginning to see a ray of consolation.

"I should say it was a perfectly good wand, Jeffy," she went on, taking it in her hand, "and a great deal may come of it yet."

Thus comforted and reconciled to delay, Jeffy gave his wand plenty to do. In the next week or ten days, and especially as the novelty wore off, it got such active employment that the star had to be replaced twice, and then had a very lopsided look, and the stick was broken and had to be tied together with twine. It had

the look of a wand that some wicked fairies had got hold of and vented their spite on.

Now you may think it all ended here, and there was nothing to this than what has been told. But, if so, you are greatly mistaken; in reality the wand proved a potent one. Such a strange and magical one was it, that we ought to send an account of it to the Society for Psychical Research. It did the most remarkable things. For, not later than Mamma's birthday, besides Jeffy's toy-closet being filled up in an overflowing way—and although there was no new range in the kitchen, but only a set of new fire-bricks, which made it go ever so much better, and although

Papa had to wait for his set of Macaulay till his own birthday, several months off—still there appeared in the dining-room, on that very day, mind you! a new rug, a beauty! And the new bed-room curtains were equally good; and Mamma got the Willard clock she had sighed for, from Swanzig's; and the McSwale boys appeared—Johnny in such shiny shoes that they made your eyes twinkle, and Jimmy in the best suit of clothes he had ever had in his life. The effect of this latter was so good that it got the before-named Jimmy a place as an errand boy in a large business house. And who shall say it is not likely that they are all going to live happy ever after?





Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

Sue saw the change in his manner.—Page 712.

THE FORTUNES OF OLIVER HORN

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH

ILLUSTRATION BY WALTER APPLETON CLARK

CHAPTER III

THE OPEN-AIR DRAWING-ROOMS OF KENNEDY SQUARE

IF in the long summer days Kennedy Square was haunted by the idle and the weary, in the cool summer nights it was filled with the joyous and the young. Then were its dimly lighted paths alive with the tread of flying feet, and its shadowy benches gay with the music of happy voices.

With the going down of the sun, the doors and windows of all the houses fronting the Square were thrown wide to welcome the fresh night-air, laden with the perfume of magnolia, jasmine, and sweet-smelling box. The sidewalks were sprinkled, and the whole street watered from curb to curb, to cool its sun-baked cobbles. Easy-chairs and cushions were brought out and placed on the clean steps of the porches, and the wide piazzas covered with squares of china matting to make ready for the guests of the evening.

These guests would begin to gather as soon as the twilight settled; the young girls in their pretty muslin frocks and ribbons, the young men in white ducksuits and straw hats. They thronged the cool, well-swept paths, chattered in bunches under the big trees, or settled like birds on the stone seats and benches. Every few minutes some new group, fresh from their tea-tables, would emerge from one of the houses, poise like a flock of pigeons on the top step, listen to the guiding sound of the distant laughter, and then swoop down in mad frolic, alighting in the midst of the main covey, under the big sycamores. Then roused at the signal of some male bird in a straw hat, or in answer to the call of some bare-headed songstress from across the Square, the whole covey would swoop low under the trees and out one of the rickety gates, settling, in their

flight, on the stone steps of a neighbor's porch, where their chatter and pipings would last far into the night.

It was extraordinary how, from year to year, these young birds and even the old ones remembered the best perches about the Square. On Colonel Clayton's ample portico, big enough to shelter half a dozen covies behind its honeysuckles—both young and old would settle side by side; the younger bevy hovering about the Judge's blue-eyed daughter—a bird so blithe and of so free a wing, that the flock always followed wherever she alighted. While on Judge Bowman's wide veranda only a few old cocks from the club could be found, and not infrequently, some rare birds from out of town perched about a table alive with the clink of glass and rattle of crushed ice.

Next the church, on old Mrs. Pancoast's portico, with its tall Corinthian columns—Mr. Pancoast was the archdeacon of the Noah's ark church—one or two old grandmothers and a grave old owl of a family doctor were sure to fill the rocking-chairs. As for Richard Horn's marble steps they were never free from stray young couples who flew in to rest on Malachi's chairs and cushions. Sometimes only one bird and her mate would be tucked away in the shadow of the doorway; sometimes only an old pair, like Mrs. Horn and Richard, would occupy its corners.

These porticos and stone door-steps were really the open-air drawing-rooms of Kennedy Square in the soft summer nights. Here ices were served and cool drinks—sherbets for the young and juleps and sherry cobbles for the old. At the Horn house, on great occasions, as when some big melon that had lain for days on the cool cellar floor was cut (it was worth a day's journey to see Malachi cut a melon), the guests would not only crowd the steps, but all the hall and half up the slender staircase, where they would sit with plates

in their laps, the young men serving their respective sweethearts.

This open-air night life had gone on since Kennedy Square began ; each door-step had its *habitués* and each veranda its traditions. There was, in fact, but one single porch facing its stately trees whereon no flocks of birds, old or young, ever alighted, and that belonged to Peter Skimmerton—the meanest man in town—who in a fit of parsimony over candles, so the girls said, had bared his porch of every protecting vine and had placed opposite his door-step a glaring street gas-lamp—a monstrous and never-to-be-forgotten affront.

And yet, free and easy as the life was, no strange male bird from any other neighborhood ever settled down on any one of these roosts until his pedigree had been thoroughly investigated, no matter how fine might be his plumage or how ambitious his soarings. No premeditated discourtesy ever initialed this exclusiveness and none was ever intended. Kennedy Square did not know the blood of the strange male bird—that was all—and not knowing it they could not trust him. And it would have been useless for him to try to disguise his antecedents—especially if he came from their own State—or any State south of it. His record could be as easily reached and could be as clearly read as a title deed. Even the servants knew. Often they acted as Clerk of the Rolls.

“Dat Mister Jawlins, did you ask ’bout?” Malachi would say. “Why you know whar he comes f’om. He’s one o’ dem Anne Rundle Jawlinses. He do look mighty peart an’ dey do say he’s mighty rich, but he can’t fool Malachi. I knowed his gran’pa,” and that wise and politic ducky, with the honor of the house before his eyes, would shake his head knowingly and with such an ominous look, that had you not known the only crime of the poor grandfather to have been marriage with his overseer’s daughter—a very worthy woman, by the way—instead of with some lady of quality, you would have supposed he had added the sin of murder to the crime of low birth. On the other hand, had you asked Malachi about some young aristocrat who had forgotten to count his toddies the night

before, that Defender of the Faith would have replied :

“Lawd bress ye ! Co’s e dese young gemmens like to frolic—an’ dey do git dat way sometimes—tain’t nuthin’. Dem Dorseys was allers like dat—” the very tones of his voice carrying such convictions of the young man’s respectability that you would have felt safe in keeping a place at your table for the delinquent, despite your knowledge of his habits.

This general intimacy between the young people, and this absolute faith of their elders in the quality of family blood, was one of the reasons why every man about Kennedy Square was to be trusted with every other man’s sister, and why every mother gave the latch-key to every other mother’s son, and why it made no difference whether the young people came home early or late, so that they all came home when the others did. If there were love-making—and of course there was love-making—it was of the old-fashioned, boy-and-girl kind, with keepsakes and pledges and long walks in the afternoons and whispered secrets at the merry-makings. Never anything else. Woe betide the swain who forgot himself ever so slightly—there was no night-key for him after that, nor would any bevy of girls on any front steps in town ever look his way again when he passed—and to their credit be it said, few of the young men either. From that day on the offender became a pariah. He had committed the unpardonable sin.

As for these young men, this life with the girls was all the life they knew. There were fishing parties, of course, at the “Falls” when the gudgeons were biting ; and picnics in the woods, and there were oyster roasts in winter, and watermelon parties in summer—but the girls must be present, too. For in those simple days there were no special clubs with easy-chairs and convenient little tables loaded with drinkables and smokables—none for the young Olivers, and certainly none for the women. There was, to be sure, in every Southern city an old mausoleum of a club—sometimes two—each more desolate than the other—haunted by gouty old parties and *bon-vivants* ; but the young men never passed through their doors except on some call of ur-

gency. When a man was old enough to be admitted to the club there was no young damosel on Malachi's steps, or any other steps, who would care a rap about him. *His* day was done.

For these were the days in which the woman ruled in court and council—championed by loyal retainers who strove hourly to do her bidding. Even the gray-haired men would tell you over their wine of some rare woman whom they had known in their youth, and who was still their standard of all that was gentle and gracious, and for whom they would claim a charm of manner and stately comeliness that—"my dear sir, not only illumined her drawing-room but conferred distinction on the commonwealth."

"Mrs. Tilghman's mother, were you talking about?" Colonel Clayton or Richard Horn, or some other old resident would ask. "I remember her perfectly. We have rarely had a more adorable woman, sir. She was a vision of beauty, and the pride of our State for years."

Should some shadow have settled upon any one of these homes—shadows of drunkenness, or love of play, or shattered brain, or worse—the men and women bore the sorrow in gentleness and patience and still loved on and suffered and loved and suffered again, hoping against hope. But no dry briefs were ever permitted to play a part, dividing heart and hearth. Kennedy Square would have looked askance had such things been suggested or even mentioned in its presence, and the dames would have lowered their voices in discussing them. Even the men would have passed with unlifted hats either party to such shame.

Because of this loyalty to womankind and this reverence for the home—a reverence which began with the mother-love and radiated to every sister they knew—no woman of quality ever earned her own bread while there was an able-bodied man of her blood above ground to earn it for her. Nor could there be any disgrace so lasting, even to the third and fourth generation, as the stigma an outraged community would place upon the renegade who refused her aid and comfort. An unprogressive, quixotic life if

you will—this life of the woman sitting with folded hands—a life without growth and higher education and lofty responsibilities and God-given rights—but oh! the sweet mothers that it gave us, and the lovely, tender, soft-voiced girls, and the sweetness, the wholesomeness, the cleanliness, the loyalty of it all.

With the coming of summer, then, each white marble step of the Horn mansion, under Malachi's care, shone like a china plate.

"Can't hab dese yere young ladies spile dere clean frocks on Malachi's steps—no, sah," he would say. "Marse Oliver'd rar' an' pitch tur'ble."

There were especial reasons this year for these extra touches of rag and brush. Malachi knew "de signs" too well to be deceived. Pretty Sue Clayton, with her soft eyes and the mass of ringlets that framed her face, had now completely taken possession of Oliver's heart, and the old servant already had been appointed chief of the postal service—two letters a day sometimes with all the visits in between.

This love-affair, which had begun in the winter, was not yet of so serious a nature as to cause distress or unhappiness to either one of their respective houses, nor had it reached a point where suicide or an elopement were all that was left. It was, in truth, but a few months old, and so far the banns had not been published. Within the last few weeks Miss Sue had been persuaded "to wait for him—" that was all. She had not, it is true, burdened her gay young heart with the number of years of her patience. She and Oliver were sweethearts—that was enough for them both. As proof of it, was she not wearing about her neck at the very moment a chain which he had fashioned for her out of cherry-stones; and had she not given him in return one of those same ringlets, and had she not tied it with a blue ribbon herself? And above all—and what could be more conclusive—had she not taken her hair down to do it, and let him select the very tress that pleased him best?—and was not this curl, at that very moment, concealed in a pill-box and safely hidden in his unlocked bureau-drawer, where his mother saw it with a smile the last time she put away his linen? This love-affair was com-

mon gossip around Kennedy Square, as were the love-affairs of all the other birds that had paired that summer. Had you had any doubts about it, you would only have had to ask any old Malachi, or Hannah, or Juno. They could have given you every detail of any affair, descanting upon all its joys and its sorrows.

Dear girls of the long ago, what crimes some of you have to answer for! At least one of you must remember how my own thumb was cut into slits over these same cherry-stones, and why the ends of your ringlets were tucked away in a miniature box in my drawer, with the pressed flowers and signet-ring, and the rest of it. And you could if you would recall a waiting promise made to me years and years ago. And the wedding! Surely you have not forgotten that. I was there, you remember—but not as the groom.

On this particular evening then, the old servant's front porch was in spotless condition—steps, knocker, and round silver knobs.

Sue and Oliver sat on the top step, having stolen across from the Clayton porch on some pretended errand. Sue's chin was in her hand, and Oliver sat beside her pouring out his heart as he had never done before. He had realized long ago that she could never understand his wanting to be a painter as Miss Clendenning had done and so he had never referred to it since the night of the musical, when he had raced across the Square to tell her of his talk with the little lady. Sue, as he remembered afterward, had listened abstractedly. She would have preferred at the time his running in to talk about herself rather than about his queer ambitions. She was no more interested now.

"Ollie, what does your father say about all this?" she finally asked in a perfunctory way. "Will he be willing for you to be a painter?" It bored her to listen to Oliver's enthusiastic talk about light and shade, and color and perspective, and what Mr. Crocker had said and what Mr. Crocker was doing, and what Mr. Crocker's last portrait was like. She was sure that nobody else around Kennedy Square talked of such things or had such curious ambitions. They shocked her as much as Oliver's wearing some outlandish clothes

would have done—making him conspicuous and, perhaps, an object of ridicule.

"Father's all right, Sue. He's always right," Oliver answered. "He believes in Mr. Crocker, just as he believes in a lot of things that a good many people around here don't understand. He believes the time will come when they will value his pictures, and be proud to own them. But I don't care who owns mine. I just want the fun of painting them. Just think of what a man can do with a few tubes of color, a brush and a bit of canvas. So I don't care if they never buy what I paint. I can get along somehow, just as Mr. Crocker does. He's poor, but just see how happy he is. Why, when he does a good thing he's nothing but a boy, he's so glad about it. I always know how his work has gone when I see his face."

"But, Ollie, he's so shabby, and his daughter gives music lessons. Nobody *thinks* of inviting her anywhere." Sue's eyes were shut tight, with an expression of assumed contempt, and her little nose was straight up.

"Yes—but that doesn't hurt his pictures, Sue." There was a slight trace of impatience in Oliver's tone.

"Well, perhaps it doesn't—but you don't want to be like him. I wouldn't like to see you, Ollie, going about with a picture under your arm that everybody knew you had painted yourself. And suppose that they would want to buy your pictures? How would you feel now to be taking other people's *money* for things you had painted?"

The boy caught his breath. It seemed useless to pursue the talk with Sue. She evidently had no sympathy with his aspirations.

"No—but I wish I could paint as he does," he answered, mechanically.

Sue saw the change in his manner. She realized, too, that she had hurt him in some way. She drew nearer and put her hand on his arm.

"Why, you can, Ollie. You can do anything you want to; Miss Lavinia told me so." The little witch was mistress of one art—that of holding her lover—but that was an art of which all the girls about Kennedy Square approved.

"No, I can't," he answered, forgetting in the caressing touch of her hand the

tribute to his ability, and delighted that she was once more in sympathy with him. "Mother wouldn't think of my being an artist. She doesn't understand how I feel about it, and Miss Lavinia, somehow, doesn't seem to be favorable to it either. I've talked to her lots of times—she was more encouraging at first, but she doesn't seem to like the idea now. I've been hoping she'd fix it so I could speak to mother about it. Now she tells me I had better wait. I can't see why. Miss Lavinia knows what an artist's life can be, for she knew plenty of painters when she was in London with her father, and she loves pictures, too, and is a good judge—nobody here any better. She told me only a week ago how much one of these Englishmen was paid for a little thing as big as your hand, but I've forgotten the amount. I don't see why I can't paint as well as those fellows. Do you know, Sue, I'm beginning to think that about half the people in Kennedy Square are asleep? They really don't seem to think there is anything respectable but the law. If they are right, how about all the men who painted the great pictures and built all the cathedrals, or the men who wrote all the poems and histories? Mother, of course, wants me to be a lawyer. Because I'm fitted for it?—not a bit of it! Simply because father was one before me and his father before him, and Uncle John Tilghman another, and so on back to the deluge."

Sue drew away a little and turned her head toward the Square as if in search of someone. Oliver noticed the movement and his heart sank again. He saw but too clearly how little impression the story of his ambitions had made upon her. Then the thought flashed into his mind that he might have offended her in some way clashing against her traditions and her prejudices as he had done. He drew closer and laid his hand on hers.

"Little girl," he said in a softened tone, "I can't make you unhappy, too. Mother is enough for me to worry about—I haven't talked it all out to you before, but don't you get a wrong idea of what I'm going to do—" and he looked up into her face and tightened his hold upon her fingers.

The girl allowed his hand to remain an

instant, then quickly withdrew her own and started up. Coyness is sometimes fear in the timid heart that is stepping into the charmed circle for the first time.

"There goes Ella Dorsey and Jack—" she cried, springing down the steps. "Ella! El—la!" and an answering halloo came back, and the two started from Malachi's steps and raced up the street to join their young friends.

CHAPTER IV

"AN OLD-FASHIONED MORTGAGE"

PRETTY Sue Clayton with her ringlets and rosy cheeks had not been Oliver's only listener.

His mother had been sitting inside the drawing-room, just beside the open window. She had spoken to Sue and Oliver when they first mounted the steps, and had begged them both to come in, but they must have forgotten her presence. Unintentionally, therefore, she had heard every word of the conversation. Her old fears rushed over her again with renewed force. She had never for a moment supposed that Oliver wanted to be a painter—a man like Mr. Crocker! Now at last she understood his real object in talking to Lavinia the night of the musical.

"Richard," she called softly to her husband sitting in the adjoining room, in the chair that Malachi, in accordance with the old custom, had with his sweeping bow made ready for him. The inventor had been there since tea was over, lying back in his chair, his head resting on his hand. He had had one of his thoughtful days, worrying over some detail of his machine, still incomplete. The new device he had told her of with such glee had failed, as had the others. The motor was still incomplete.

"Richard," she repeated.

"Yes, my dear," he answered, in his gentle voice. He had not heard her at first.

"Bring your chair over here."

The inventor rose instantly and crossing the room took a seat beside her, his hand finding hers in the dark.

"What is this you have been saying to Oliver about artists being great men?" she asked. "He's got a new idea in his

head now—he wants to be a painter. I've thought for some time that Mr. Crocker was not a proper person for him to be so much with. He has evidently worked on the boy's imagination until he has determined to give up the law and study art."

"How do you know?"

"I've just heard him tell Sue Clayton so. All he wants now is my consent—he says he has yours."

The inventor paused, and gently smoothed his wife's fingers with his own.

"And you would not give it?" he inquired.

"How could I? It would ruin him—don't you know it?" There was a slight tinge of annoyance in her voice—not one of fault-finding, but rather of anxiety.

"That depends, my dear, on how well he could succeed," he answered, gently.

"Why, Richard!" She withdrew her hand quickly from his caressing touch, and looked at him in undisguised astonishment. "What has his *succeeding* to do with it? Surely you cannot be in earnest? I am willing he should do anything to make his living, but not that. No one we know has ever been a painter. It is neither respectable nor profitable. You see what a dreadful existence Mr. Crocker leads—hardly an associate in town, and no acquaintances for his daughter, and he's been painting ever since he was a boy. Oliver could not earn a penny at such work."

"Money is not everything, my dear, nor social recognition. There are many things I would value more."

"What are they?" She was facing him now, her brows knit, a marked antagonism in her voice.

"Good manners and good taste, Sallie, and kindly consideration for another's feelings," he answered. He spoke calmly and kindly, as was his custom. He had lived almost all his life with this high-strung Sallie Horn, whose eyes flashed now and then as they had done in the old days when he won her hand. He knew every side of her temperament. "Good manners, and good taste"—he repeated, as if wishing to emphasize his thoughts—"Oliver has all of these, and he has, besides, loyalty to his friends. He never speaks of Mr. Crocker but with affection, and I love to hear him. That man is an artist of great talent, and yet it seems to be the fashion in this town

to ridicule him. If Ollie has any gifts which would fit him to be a painter, I should be delighted to see him one. It is a profession despised now, as are many others, but it is the profession of a gentleman, for all they say, and a noble one!" Then he stopped and said, thoughtfully, as if communing with himself—"I wish he could be a painter. Since Gilbert Stuart's time we have had so few men of whom we can boast. This country will one day be proud to honor her artists."

Mrs. Horn sank back in her chair. She felt the hopelessness of all further discussion with her husband. "He would not have talked this way ten years ago," she said to herself. "Everything has gone wrong since he left the law." But to her husband she said:

"You always measure everything by your hopes, Richard, and you never look at the practical side of anything. Ollie is old enough to begin to think how he will earn his bread. I see all at once how hopeless it is for us to try and make a lawyer of him—his heart is not in it. I have come little by little to the conclusion that what he wants most is hard work, and he wants it right away just as soon as we can find something for him to do—*something with his hands*, if necessary, not something full of dreams and imaginings," and her voice rose in its earnestness. "I am getting more and more anxious about him every day," she added, suddenly controlling herself, "and when you encourage him in foolish vagaries you only make it harder for me, dear," and her voice softened and broke with emotion.

"He ought to have gone into the laboratory, Sallie," Richard added quickly, on a reflective tone—laying his hand on her shoulder as he noticed the change of voice—"just as I wanted him to do when he left school. There is a future for scientific men in this country which you do not see—a future which few around me seem to see. Great changes are coming, not only in science, but in the arts and in all useful knowledge. If Ollie can add to the brilliancy of this future by becoming a brilliant painter, able to help educate those about him, there could be no higher calling for him. Three things are coming, my dear—perhaps four." The inventor had risen from his

seat and stood beside her, his eyes turned away into the dark as if he were addressing some unseen person. "The superseding of steam, aerial locomotion, and the education of the common people, black and white. One other may come—the freeing of the slaves—but the others are sure. Science, not money, nor family traditions, nor questions of birth, will shape the destinies of the country. We may not live to see it, but Oliver will, and I want him to be where he can help on the movement. You were opposed to his becoming a scientist, and I feel assured made a mistake. Don't stand in his way again, dear."

"Yes, Richard, I was opposed to it, because I did not want him to waste his time over all sorts of foolish experiments, which would certainly—" She did not finish the sentence. Her anxiety had not yet gone as far as that. With a quick gesture she rose from her chair, and drawing her white gossamer shawl about her shoulders—left the room and walked out onto the front steps, followed by Richard.

If the inventor heard the thrust he did not reply. He would not argue with his wife over it. She had never seen the value of what he was striving for, but she would in time he knew.

"Yes, I think it is cooler out here," was all he said, as he placed a cushion to soften her seat on the threshold. When he had arranged another pillow behind her back and hunted round the dark parlor for a stool for her feet, he found a chair for himself and sat down beside her. She thanked him, but her thoughts were evidently far away. She was weighing in her mind what must be her next move if Oliver persisted in this new departure. Richard broke the silence.

"I haven't told you of the good offer I've had for the farm, Sallie."

"No, but we're not going to sell it, of course." She was leaning back against the jamb of the door as she spoke, the shawl hanging loose, her delicate white hands in her lap. It was an idle answer to an idle question, for her mind was still with Oliver.

"Well, I hadn't thought of doing so until to-day," he answered slowly, "but I had a notice from the bank that they

must call in the mortgage, and so I thought I might as well sell the whole place, pay off the debt and use the balance for——"

"Sell the farm, Richard?" It was her hand now that sought his, and with a firm grasp as if she would restrain him then and there in his purpose.

"Yes, I can get several thousand dollars over and above the mortgage and I need the money, Sallie. It will only be a temporary matter—" and he smoothed her arm tenderly, speaking as a lover of long standing might do who is less absorbed with the caress than with the subject under discussion. "The motor will be ready in a few weeks—as soon as the new batteries are finished. Then, my dear, you won't have to curtail your expenses as you have done." His voice was full of hope now, a smile lighting his face as he thought of all the pleasure and comfort his success would bring her.

"But you said that same thing when you were working on the steam-valve, for which you put that very mortgage on the farm, and now that's all gone and——"

"The failure of the steam-valve, as I have always told you, was due to my carelessness, Sallie. I should have patented it sooner. They are making enormous sums on it, I hear, and are using my cut-off, and I think dishonestly. But the motor has been protected at every new step that I have taken. My first patent of August 13, 1856, supersedes all others, and cannot be shaken. Now, my dear, don't worry about it—you have never known me to fail, and I won't now. Besides, you forget my successes, Sallie—the turbine water-wheel and the others. It will all come right."

"*It will never come right.*" She had risen from her seat and was standing over him, both hands on his shoulders, her eyes looking down into his, her voice trembling. "Oh, Richard, Richard! Give up this life of dreams you are living, and go back to your law-office. You always succeeded in the law. This new career of yours is ruining us. I can economize, dear, just as I have always done," she added, with another sudden change of tone, bending over him and slipping her hand caressingly into his. "I will do everything to help you. I did not mean to be cross a

moment ago. I was worried about Oliver's talk. I have been silent so long—I must speak. Don't be angry, dear, but you must keep the farm. I will go myself and see about the mortgage at the bank—we cannot—we *must not*, go on this way—we will have nothing left."

He patted her arm again in his gentle way—not to calm her fears, he knew so well she was all wrong, but to quiet the nerves that he thought unstrung.

"But I need this extra money for some improvements which I——"

"Yes, I know you *think* so, but you don't, Richard, you don't. For Heaven's sake, throw the motor out into the street, and be done with it. It will ruin us all if things goes on as they have done."

The inventor raised his eyes quickly. He had never seen her so disturbed in all their married life. She had never spoken in this way before.

"Don't excite yourself, Sallie," he said gravely, and with a certain air of authority in his manner. "You'll bring on one of your headaches—it will all come right. Come, my dear, let us go into the house. People are passing, and will wonder."

She followed him back into the drawing-room, his hand still held fast in hers.

"Promise me one thing," she said, stopping at the door and looking up into his eyes, "and I won't say another word. Please do nothing more about the farm unless you let me know. Let me think first how I can help. It will all come out right, as you say, but it will be because we will make it come right, dear." She drew his face down toward her with one hand and kissed him tenderly on his cheek. Then she bade him good-night and resumed her seat by the window, to watch for Oliver's return.

Try as she would, she could not banish her fears. The news of Richard's intention to call in the loan had sent a shudder through her heart such as she had never before experienced, for that which she had dreaded had now come to pass. Loyal as she had always been to her husband, and proud as she was of his genius and accomplishments, and sympathetic as they were in all else that their lives touched upon, her keen, penetrating mind had long since divined the principal fault that lay at the bottom of her husband's genius.

She saw that the weak point in his make-up was not his inventive quality, but his inability to realize any practical results from his inventions when perfected. She saw, too, with equal certainty how rapidly their already slender means were being daily depleted in costly experiments—many of which were abandoned as soon as tried, and she knew full well that the end was but a question of time. Even when he had abandoned the law, and had exchanged his office near the Court-house for his shop in the back-yard, and had given his library to his young students, she had not despaired; she still had faith in his genius.

She had first become uneasy when one of his most brilliant ventures—the new steam cut-off, over which he had spent thousands of dollars—had failed to reimburse him because he had not patented it in time. When this catastrophe was followed by his losing every dollar of his interest in the improved cotton-gin, because of his generosity to a brother inventor, her uneasiness had become the keenest anxiety. And now here was this new motor, in which he seemed more absorbed than in any other of his inventions. This was to plunge them into still greater difficulties and jeopardize even the farm.

Richard had not been disturbed by it all. Serene and hopeful always, the money question had counted for nothing with him. His compensation lay in the fact that his theories had been proved true. Moreover, there were, he knew, other inventions ahead, and more important discoveries to be made. If money were necessary, these new inventions would supply it. Such indifference to practical questions was an agony to one of her temperament, burdened, too, as she was by the thought of their increasing daily expenses, the magnitude of which Richard never seemed to appreciate.

And yet until to-night, when Richard had made his announcement about the mortgage she had made no protest, uttered no word of censure. Neither had any jar or discord ever disturbed the sweet harmony of their home life. And she had only behaved as any other wife in Kennedy Square would have done in like circumstances. Remonstrances against a husband's business methods were never

made in the best families. In his own house Richard was master. So she had suffered on and held her peace, while Richard walked on with his head in the clouds unconscious of her doubts. The situation must now be met, and she determined to face it with all her might. "The farm shall not be sacrificed, if I can help it," she kept repeating to herself, "any economy would be better than that disaster."

When at last the shock of the news of the threatened disaster had passed, and she had regained her customary composure, she decided to act at once and at headquarters, outside of Richard's help or knowledge. She would send for Colonel Clayton, one of the directors of the bank, in the morning, and see what could be done to postpone for a time the bank's action. This would give her time to think what next could best be done to save the property. This settled in her mind, she gave herself up to the more important and pressing need of the moment—the dissuading of Oliver from this new act of folly.

At the end of an hour she was still sitting by the drawing-room window, straining her eyes across the Square, noting every figure that passed into the radiance of the moonlight, her mind becoming clearer as her indomitable will, which had never failed her in domestic crises, began to assert itself.

When her eye fell at last upon her son, he was walking with swinging gait up the long path across the Square, whistling as he came, his straw hat tilted on one side, his short coat flying free. He had taken Sue home, and the two had sat on her father's steps in the moonlight long after the other boys and girls had scattered to their homes. The Colonel had come in while they were talking, and had bade them good-night and gone up to bed.

Girl as she was, Sue already possessed that subtle power of unconscious coquetry which has distinguished all the other Sue Claytons of all the other Kennedy Squares the South over since the days of Pocahontas. She had kept Oliver's mind away from the subject that engrossed him, and on herself; and when, at last, standing between the big columns of the portico she had waved her hand, good-

night, and had gained his promise to stop in the morning on his way to the office, for just another word, she felt sure that his every thought was of her. Then she had closed the big front door—she was the last person in the house awake—and tripped upstairs, not lighting her candle until she had peeped through her shutters, and had found him standing on the other side of the street looking toward the house. He made a handsome picture of a lover, as he stood in the moonlight, and Sue smiled complacently to herself at the delicate attention paid her, but Oliver's eyes, the scribe is ashamed to say, were not fixed on the particular pair of green blinds that concealed his sweetheart, certainly not with any desire to break through their privacy. One of the unforgivable sins—nay, one of the impossible sins—about Kennedy Square, would have been to have recognized a lady who looked, even during the daytime, out from a bedroom window, much less at night. That was why Sue did not open her blinds.

Nor, indeed, was Oliver occupied with the question of Sue's blinds at all. He had for the moment in fact, completely forgotten the existence of his lady-love, and was occupied studying the wonderful effect of the white light of the moon flooding with its radiance the columns and roof of the Clayton house, the dark magnolias silhouetted against the flight of steps and the indigo-blue of the sky. He had already formulated in his mind the palette with which he would paint it, and had decided that the magnolias were blue-black and not green, and the steps greenish-white. He had, furthermore, determined to make an outline of it in the daylight, and talk to Mr. Crocker about it. Sue's eyes, which but a moment before had so charmed him, no longer lingered in his memory—nor even in any one of the far corners of his head and heart. It was only when her light flashed up that he awoke to the realization of what he was doing, and even this breach of good manners was forgotten by him in his delight over the effect which the red glow of the candle gave to the whole composition.

With the picture clearly stamped upon his brain, he turned and ran across the Square, and in another moment he had thrown his mother a kiss through the win-

dow, and rushing inside had caught her in his arms.

"Poor motherkins—and you all alone," he cried. "Why, I thought you and father had gone to bed long ago."

"No, son—I was waiting for you." He laid his fresh young face against hers, insisting that she must go to bed at once; helping her upstairs awkwardly, laughing as he went—telling her she was the sweetest girl he ever knew and his best sweetheart—kissing her pale cheeks as they climbed the steps together.

She had determined, as she sat by the window, to talk to him of what she had overheard him say to Sue, and of her anxiety over Richard's revelations, but his joyous kiss had robbed her of the power. She would wait for another time—she said to herself—not to-night, when he was so happy.

"Anybody at Sue's, Ollie?" she asked, lighting his candle.

"Only the boys and girls—Tom Pitts, Charley Bowman, Nellie Talbot, and one or two others. The Colonel came in just before I left."

"But the Colonel will be home to-morrow, will he not?" she asked quickly, as if something forgotten had been suddenly remembered.

"Yes—think so—" answered Oliver, taking off his coat and hanging it over the chair—"because he was just up from Pongateague. He and Major Pitts got thirty-seven woodcock in two days. Tom wants me to go down with him some day next week."

A shade of anxiety crossed the mother's face.

"What did you tell him, son?" She moved a chair nearer the bureau and sat down to watch him undress, as she had always done since the day she first tucked him into his crib.

"Oh, I said I would ask you." He was loosening his cravat as he spoke, his chin thrown up, the light of the candle falling over his well-knit shoulders and chest outlined through his white shirt.

"Better not go, Ollie—you've been away so much lately."

"Oh, dearie," he protested in a tone as a child would have done, "what does a day or two matter? Now, be a darling old mother and let me go. Tom has a gun

for me, and Mr. Talbot is going to lend us his red setter. Tom's sister is going and so are her cousins. Just think, now, I haven't had a day in the country for a coon's age." His arms were round her neck now. He seemed happier over the excuse to caress her than anxious about her possible refusal.

She loosened one of his hands and laid it on her cheek.

"No holidays, son? Why you had two last week, when you all went out to Stemmer's Run," she said, looking up into his face, his hand still in hers.

"Yes, but that was fishing!" He was standing over her now laughing, his arms outstretched, teetering an imaginary rod in his hands.

"And the week before, when you spent the day at Uncle Tilghman's?" she inquired, smiling sadly at him, but with the light of an ill-concealed admiration on her face.

"Ah, but mother, I went to see the Lely! That's an education. Oh, that portrait of the lady in pink!" He was serious now, looking straight down into her eyes—talking with his hands, one thumb in air as if it were a bit of charcoal and he was outlining the Lely on an equally real canvas. "Such color, mother—such an exquisite poise of the head and sweep to the shoulder—" and the thumb described a curve in the air as if following every turn of Lely's brush.

Her eyes followed his gestures—she loved his enthusiasm, although she wished now it had been about something else.

"And you don't get any education out of the Judge's law books?"

"No, I wish I did." The joyous look on his face was gone—his hand had fallen to his side. "It gets to be more of a muddle every day—" and then he added, with the illogical reasoning of youth—"all the lawyers that ever lived couldn't paint a picture like the Lely."

Mrs. Horn closed her eyes. It was on her tongue to tell him she knew what was in his heart, but she stopped; no, not to-night, she said firmly to herself, and shut her lips tight—a way she had of bracing her nerves in such emergencies.

Oliver in turn saw the expression of anxiety that crossed his mother's face and the thin drawn line of the lips. One word

from her and he would have poured out his heart. Then some shadow that crossed her face silenced him. "No, not to-night—" he said to himself. "She has been sitting up for me and is tired—I'll tell her to-morrow."

"Don't go with Tom Pitts, my son. I'd rather you'd stay; I don't want you to go this time. Perhaps a little later—" and a slight shiver went through her as she rose from her chair and moved toward him.

He made no protest. Her final word was always law to him—not because she dominated him, but because his nature was always to be in harmony with the thing he loved. Because, too, underneath it all was that quality of tenderness to all women old and young, which forbade him to cause one of them pain. Almost unconsciously to himself he had gone through a process by which from having yielded her the obedience of a child, he now surrendered his pleasures to her when the old feeling of maternal dominance still controlled her in her attitude to him. She did not recognize the difference, and he had but half perceived it, but the difference had already transformed him from a boy into a man, though with unrecognized powers of stability as yet. In obeying his mother, then at twenty-two, or even in meeting the whims and conceits of his sweethearts, this quality of tenderness to the woman was always uppermost in his heart. The surrender of a moment's pleasure seemed so little to him compared to the expression of pain he could see across their faces. He had so much to make him happy—what mattered it if out of a life so full he should give up any one thing to please his mother or any one of them.

Patting him on the cheek and kissing him on the neck, as she had so often done when some sudden wave of affection overwhelmed her, she bade him good-night at last.

Once outside in the old-fashioned hall, she stopped for a moment, her eyes fixed on the floor, the light from the hall-lamp shining on her silver hair and the shawl about her shoulders, and said slowly to herself, as if counting each word:

"What—can I do—to save this boy—from—himself?"

CHAPTER V

A MESSAGE OF IMPORTANCE

RICHARD, when he waked, made no allusion to the mortgage nor to their talk of the night before, nor could Mrs. Horn see that the inventor had given it further thought. He came in to breakfast with his usual serenity of mien, kissed her gallantly on the cheek—in all their married life this dear old gentleman had never forgotten this breakfast kiss—and taking his seat opposite her, he picked up the new *Scientific Review*, just in by the morning mail, and began cutting the leaves. She tried to draw him into conversation by asking him when the note on the mortgage was due, but his mind was doubtless absorbed by some problem suggested by the *Review* before him, for without answering—he, of course, had not heard her—he left the table, excusing himself for a moment, opened a book on his library table studying it leisurely, only resuming his seat when Malachi gently touched his elbow and said:

"Coffee purty nigh done sp'ilt, Marse Richard."

With his breakfast half eaten, and with that far-away look in his eyes which his wife knew so well, Richard picked up his letters and walking to the closet, took down his long red calico gown, slipped it over his coat and with a loving pat on his wife's shoulder as he passed, and with the request that no one but Nathan should see him that morning, he made his way through the damp brick-paved back yard to the green door of his "li'l" room.

Mrs. Horn watched his retreating figure from the window—his head bent, his soft hair stirred by the morning air, falling about his shoulders. His serenity; his air of abstraction; of being wrapped in the clouds as it were—borne aloft by the power of a thought altogether beyond her, baffled her as it always did. She could not follow his flights when he was in one of these uplifted moods. She could only watch and wait until he returned again to the common ground of their daily love and companionship.

Brushing a quick tear from her eyes with an impatient sigh, she directed Mala-

chi to go to Oliver's room and tell him he must get up at once, as she wanted him to carry a message of importance. She had herself rapped at her son's door as she passed on her way down-stairs, and Malachi had already paid two visits to the same portal—one with Oliver's shoes and one on his own account. He had seen his mistress's anxiety, and knowing that his young master had come in late the night before, had mistaken the cause, charging Mrs. Horn's perturbation to Oliver's account. The only response Oliver had made to either of his warnings had been a smothered yawn and a protest at being called at daylight. On his third visit Malachi was more insistent, the hall clock by that time having struck nine.

"Ain't you out'en dat bed yit, Marse Oliver? Dis yere's de third time I been yere. Better git up; yo' ma's gittin' onres'less."

"Coming, Mally. Tell mother I'll be down right away," called Oliver, springing out of bed. Malachi stepped softly down stairs again, bowed low to his mistress and with a perfectly straight face said:

"He's mos' ready, mistis. Jes'a-breshin' ob his ha'r when I opened de do'. Spec' Marse Oliver over slep' hisse'f, or maybe nobody ain't call him——"

He could not bear to hear the boy scolded. He had begun to shield his young master when he carried him on his shoulder, and he would still shade the truth for him whenever he considered necessity required it.

When Oliver at last came down-stairs it was by means of the handrail as a slide, a dash through the hall and a bound into the breakfast-room, followed by a joyous good-morning, meeting his mother's "How could you be so late, my boy," without any defence of his conduct, putting one hand under her chin and the other around her neck, and kissing her where her white hair parted over her forehead.

Malachi waited an instant, breathing freer when he found that his statement regarding Oliver's toilet passed muster, and then shuffled off to the kitchen for hot waffles and certain other comforting viands that Aunt Hannah, the cook, had kept hot for her young master, Malachi's several reports having confirmed her sus-

pitions that Oliver, as usual, would be half an hour late.

"What a morning, motherkins," Oliver cried. "Such a sky, all china-blue and white. Oh, you just ought to see how fine the old church looms up behind the trees. I'm going to paint that some day, from my window. Dad had his breakfast?" and he glanced at the empty seat and plate. "Sausage, eh? Mally, got any for me?" and he dragged up his chair beside her, talking all the time as he spread his napkin and drew the dishes toward him.

He was so full of his own buoyant happiness, that he never once noticed her anxious face. She did not check his enthusiasm. This breakfast hour alone with her boy—he was almost always later than Richard—was the happiest of the day. But her heart was too heavy this morning to enjoy it. Instead of listening with her smile of quiet satisfaction, answering him now and then with a gayety of humor which matched his own, she was conscious only of the waiting for an opportunity to break into his talk without jarring upon his mood. At last, with a hesitating emphasis that would have alarmed anyone less wrapped in his own content than her son, she said:

"Ollie, when you finish your breakfast I want you, on your way to Judge Ellicott's office, to stop at Colonel Clayton's and ask him to be good enough to come and see me as soon as he can on a little matter of business. Tell him I will keep him but a minute. If you hurry, my son, you'll catch him before he leaves the house."

The die was cast now. She had taken her first step without Richard's hand to guide her. It was pain to do it—the more exquisite because she loved to turn to him for guidance or relief, to feel the sense of his protection. Heretofore he had helped her in every domestic emergency, his soft, gentle hand soothing and quieting her, when troubles arose. She had wavered during the night between her duty to her family in saving the farm, and her duty to her husband in preserving unbroken the tie of loyal dependence that had always bound them together. Many emotions had shaken her as she lay awake, her eyes fixed on the flutings in the canopy of the high-post bedstead which the night-lamp faintly illumined, Richard

asleep beside her, dreaming doubtless of cogs and pulleys and for the hundredth time of his finding the one connecting link needed to complete the circle of his success.

But before the day had broken her keen, penetrating mind had cut through the fog of her doubts. Richard, for all his urgent need of money to perfect his new motor, should not be allowed to sacrifice the only piece of landed property which they possessed, except the roof that sheltered them all. The farm saved, she would give her attention to Oliver's future career. On one point her mind was firmly made up—he should never, in spite of what his father said, become a painter.

Oliver hurried through his breakfast, cut short Malachi's second relay of waffles to the great disappointment of that excellent servitor, and with his mother's message for the moment firmly fixed in his mind, tilted his hat on one side of his head and started across Kennedy Square, whistling as he went.

Mrs. Horn moved her seat to the window and looked out upon the brick-paved yard. The door of the shop was shut. Richard was already at work, for a thin curl of blue smoke was rising from the chimney. As she sat looking out upon the tulip-tree and the ivy-covered wall beyond a strange, unaccountable sense of loneliness new in her experience came over her. But with this sense of utter isolation the lines about her mouth only settled more firmly with the thought, and the anxious look that had filled her eyes changed to one of determination.

"Nobody can help," she said to herself with a sigh. "I must do it all myself;" and picking up her basket of keys she mounted slowly to her room.

Once outside the front door, with the fresh, clear air stirring to a silver-white the leaves of the maples, the birds singing in the branches and the sky glistening overhead, one of those sudden changes of mood to which our young hero was subject swept over him. The picture of the mother whom he loved and whose face had filled his thoughts, by some shifting of the gray matter of this young gentleman's brain had suddenly become replaced by another.

Pretty Sue Clayton, her black eyes snapping with fun, her hand so soon to be outstretched in welcome, was now the dominating figure in his mental horizon. Even the Sir Peter Lely and the woodcock shooting with Tom Pitts, and all the other fancies that had filled his brain had become things of the past as he thought of Sue's greeting. For the time being this black-eyed little witch with the ringlets about her face had complete possession of him.

He had not, it is true, thought of her for five consecutive minutes since he had bidden her good-night ten hours ago; and he would, I am quite sure, have forgotten even his promise to see her this morning had not his mother's message made his going to her house imperative. And yet, now that the prospect of having a glimpse of her face was really assured, he could hardly wait until he reached her side.

He really had nothing new to tell Sue—nothing that had bubbled up fresh from the depths of his heart over-night. Indeed, had that unexplored portion of this young gentleman's anatomy been searched with a dark lantern, it can safely be said that not the slightest suggestion of this fair innamorata's form or lineaments would have been found lurking in any one of its recesses. Furthermore, I can state positively—and I knew this young gentleman quite well at the time—that it was not Sue at all that he longed for at this precise moment, even though he hurried to meet her. It was more the *woman in her*—the something that satisfied his inner nature when he was with her—her coy touches of confidence, her artless outbursts of admiration, looking up in his face as she spoke, the dimples playing about the corners of her mouth. He revelled in all those subtle flatteries and cajoleries, and in all the arts to please of which she was past mistress. He loved to believe her—she intended that he should—when she told him how different he was from anybody about Kennedy Square, and how nobody swam or rode or danced as he did; nor wore their hair so becomingly, nor their clothes—especially the gray jacket buttoned up close under the chin; nor their hair, nor carried themselves as they walked, nor—

Why go on? We all know exactly how she said it, and how sincere she seemed,

and how we believed it all (and do now, some of us), and how blissful it was to sit beside her and hear her voice and know that this most adorable of women really believed that the very sun itself rose and set in our own adorable person.

Because of all this and of many other things with which we have nothing to do, our young hero saw only Sue's eyes when that maiden, who had been watching for him at the library window, laid her hand on the lapel of his coat in her coaxing way. No wonder he had forgotten everything which his mother had asked him to do. I can forgive him under the circumstances—and so can you. Soft hands are very beguiling, sometimes—and soft eyes—Well! It is a good many years ago, but there are some things that none of us *ever* forget.

Blinded by her fascinations it is not at all astonishing that long before Oliver regained his senses the Colonel had left the house for the day. The distinguished gentleman would, of course, have waited the young prince's pleasure in his library, had he known of his errand. But since the Colonel had unfortunately gone, there was nothing here for our Oliver to do but to remain where he was until noon—this was Sue's way out of the difficulty—and then to catch the Colonel at the bank where he could always be found between twelve and one o'clock.

But by the time that Oliver reached the bank the Colonel had gone to the club where he always lunched, and where he would have been too happy, no doubt—being the most courteous of colonels, etc., etc., “if his dear young friend had only sent him word,” etc.

All this our breathless young Mercury—Oliver never walked when he could run—learned from old Mr. Stiger, the cashier, who punched him in the ribs at the end of every sentence in which he conveyed the disappointing information, calling him “Creeps,” at short intervals, and roaring with laughter at the boy's account of the causes leading up to his missing the Colonel.

“Gone to the club, Creeps, don't I tell you (—punch in the ribs—); gone to get a little sip of Madeira and a little bit of canvas-back (—punch over the heart—), and a little—oh, I tell you, you young

dog—” (this punch straight on the breast-bone)—“you ought to be a bank director—you hear!—a big fat bank director, and own a big house up in the square, if you want to enjoy yourself—and have a pretty daughter—Oh, you young rascal!” This last punch bent Oliver double, and was followed by an outburst of uncontrollable laughter.

These punchings and outbursts had gone on since the days that Oliver was in short trousers and Stiger was superintendent of the Sunday-school which the boy had attended in his early years—Stiger was still superintendent and of the same school—cashiers had to have certificates of character in those days. A smooth-shaven, round-headed old fellow was this same cashier, with two little dabs of side whiskers, a pair of eyes that twinkled behind a pair of gold spectacles, and a bald head kept polished by the constant mopping of a red silk handkerchief. His costume in the bank was a black alpaca coat and high black satin stock, which grabbed him tight around the neck, and held in place the two points of his white collar struggling to be free. Across his waist-line was a square of cloth. This, in summer, replaced his waistcoat, and, in winter, protected it from being rubbed into holes by constant contact with the edge of the counter.

His intimacy with Oliver dated from one hot Sunday morning years before, when Oliver had broken in upon the old gentleman's long prayers by sundry scrapings of his wee finger-nails down the whitewashed wall of the school-room, producing a blood-cooling and most irreverent sound, much to the discomfort of the inmates.

“Who made that noise?” asked Mr. Stiger, when the amen was reached.

“Me, sir.”

“What for?”

“To get cool. It makes creeps go down my back.”

From that day the old cashier had never called Oliver anything but “Creeps.”

Oliver in a spirit of playful revenge made caricatures of his prosecutor in these later years, enlarging his ears, puffing out his cheeks and dressing him up in impossible clothes. These sketches he would mail to the cashier as anonymous communica-

tions, always stopping at the bank the next day to see how Stiger enjoyed them. He generally found them tacked up over the cashier's desk. Some of them were still there when the old man died.

Carried away by the warm greetings of his old friend, and the hearty, whole-souled spirit of companionship inherent in the man—a spirit always dear to Oliver—he not only stayed to make another caricature of the old fellow, over which the original laughed until the tears ran down his fat cheeks, but until all the old sketches were once more taken from the drawer or examined on the wall and laughed at over again, the cashier praising him for his cleverness and predicting all kinds of honors and distinctions for him when his talents became recognized. It was just the atmosphere of general approval in which our young hero loved to bask, and the hours again slipped away and three o'clock came and went and his mother's message was still undelivered. This fact was not impressed upon him by the moon-faced clock that hung over Mr. Stiger's desk—time made no difference to Oliver—but by the cashier himself, who began stuffing the big books into a great safe built into the wall, preparatory to locking it with a key that would have opened the gate of a walled town, and which the old gentleman took home with him every night and hung on a nail by his bed.

Thus it came to pass that the half hour had struck before Oliver mounted the steps of the Chesapeake Club in search of the elusive Colonel.

The fat, mahogany-colored porter, who sat all day in the doorway of the club, dozing in his lobster-shell bath-chair, answered his next inquiry. This ancient relic, who always boasted that no gentleman member of the club, dead or alive, could pass him without being recognized, listened to Oliver's request with a certain lifeless air—a manner always shown to strangers—and shuffled away to the reading-room to find the Colonel.

The occupant of this bath-chair was not only one of the characters of the club but one of the characters of the town. He was a squat, broken-kneed old darky, with white eyebrows arching over big brass spectacles, a flat nose, and two keen,

restless monkey eyes. His hands, like those of many negroes of his age, were long and shrivelled, the palms wrinkled as the inside of a turkey's foot and of the same color and texture. His two feet, always in evidence, rested on their heels, and were generally encased in carpet slippers—shoes were out of the question owing to his life-long habit of storing inside his own person the drainings of the decanters, an idiosyncrasy which produced a form of gout that only carpet slippers alleviated. In his earlier life he had carried General Washington around in his arms, had waited on Henry Clay, and had been body-servant to Lafayette, besides holding the horses of half the generals of the War of 1812—at least, he said so, and no man of his color dared contradict him.

The years of service of this guardian of the front door dated back to the time when the old furniture of Colonel Ralph Coston, together with many of the portraits covering the walls, and the silver chafing-dishes lining the side-board, had come into the possession of the club through that gentleman's last will and testament. Coston was the most beloved of all the epicures of his time, and his famous terrapin-stew—one of the marvellous delicacies of the period—had been cooked in these same chafing-dishes. The mahogany-colored Cerberus had been Coston's slave as well as butler, and still belonged to the estate. It was eminently proper, therefore, that he should still maintain his position at the club as long as his feet held out.

While he was gone in search of the Colonel, Oliver occupied himself in examining one of the old English sporting prints that ornamented the side-walls of the bare, uncarpeted, dismal hall. It was the second time that he had entered these sacred doors—few men of his own age had ever done as much. He had stopped there once before in search of his father, when his mother had been taken suddenly ill. He recalled again the curious spiral staircase at the end of the hall where his father had met him and which had impressed him so at the time. He could see, too, the open closet out of which Mr. Horn had taken his overcoat, and which was now half filled with hats and coats.

From the desolate, uninviting hall,

Oliver passed into the large meeting-room of the club fronting the street, now filled with members, many of whom had dropped in for half an hour after dinner on their way back to their offices. Of these some of the older and more sedate men, like Judge Bowman and Mr. Pancoast, were playing chess; others were seated about the small tables, reading, sipping toddies, or chatting together. A few of the younger bloods, men of forty or thereabouts, were standing by the uncurtained windows watching the belles of the town in their flounced dresses and wide leghorn hats, out for an afternoon visit or promenade. Among these men Oliver recognized Howard Thom, son of the Chief Justice, poor as a church mouse and fifty years of age if a day. Oliver was not surprised to find him craning his neck at the window. He remembered the story they told of this perennial beau—of how he had been in love with every woman in and around Kennedy Square, from Miss Clendenning down to the latest débutante, and of how he would tell you over his first toddy that he had sown his wild oats and was about to settle down for life, and over his last—the sixth, or seventh, or eighth—that the most adorable woman in town, after a life devoted to her service, had thrown him over, and that henceforth all that was left to him was a load of buckshot and six feet of earth.

Our hero bowed to those of the members he knew, and wheeling around one of the clumsy mahogany chairs into position, sat down to await the arrival of Colonel Clayton.

Meanwhile his eyes wandered over the desolate room with its leather-covered chairs and sofas and big marble mantel bare of every ornament but another moon-faced clock—a duplicate of the one at the bank—and two bronze candelabra flanking each end, and then on the portraits of the dead and gone members which relieved the sombre walls—one in a plum-colored coat with hair tied in a queue being no other than his own ancestor. He wondered to himself where lay the charm and power to attract in a place so colorless, and he thought, as was his habit with all interiors, how different he would want it to be if he ever became a

member. His fresh young nature revolted at the dinginess and bareness of the surroundings. He couldn't understand why the men came here and what could be the fascination of sitting round these cold tables talking by the hour when there was so much happiness outside—so much of light and air and sunshine free to everybody.

He was, moreover, a little constrained and uncomfortable. There was none of the welcome of Mr. Crocker's studio about this place, nor any of the comforting companionship of the jolly old cashier, who made the minutes fly as if they had wings; and that, too, in a musty old bank far more uninviting even than the club. He remembered his mother's message now—and he remembered her face and the anxious expression—as we always remember duties when we are uncomfortable. He meant to run every step of the way home as soon as the Colonel dismissed him, and tell her how it had all happened, and how sorry he was, and what a stupid he had been, and she would forgive him as she had a hundred times before.

As he sat absorbed in these thoughts his attention was attracted by a conversation at the adjoining table between that daredevil cross-country rider, Tom Gunning of Ann Arundel, old General McTavish of the Mexican War, and Billy Taylor the exquisite. Gunning was in his brown corduroys and hunting-boots. He always wore them when he came to town, even when dining with his friends. He had them on now, the boots being specially in evidence, one being hooked over the chair on which he sat and within a foot of Oliver's elbow. None of these peculiarities, however, made the slightest difference in Kennedy Square, so far as Gunning's social position was concerned—Tom's mother having been a Carroll and his grandfather once Governor of the State.

The distinguished cross-country rider was telling General McTavish, immaculate in black wig, blue coat, pepper-and-salt trousers and patent-leather shoes, and red-faced Billy Talbot, of an adventure that he, Gunning, had had the night before while driving home to his plantation. Billy's costume was in marked contrast to those of the other two—it was his second change

that day. At this precise moment he was upholstered in peg-top, checker-board trousers, bob-tail Piccadilly coat and a one-inch brim straw hat, all of the latest English pattern. Everything, in fact, that Billy possessed was English, from a rimless monocle decorating his left eye, down to the animated door-mat of a skye-terrier that followed at his heels.

Oliver saw from the way in which McTavish leaned over the table, protecting the tray with his two arms, that he was in command of the decanter, and that the duty of alleviating the thirst of his companions had devolved upon the General. Billy Talbot sat with his hat tipped back on his head, his chin resting on his abbreviated cane, his eyes fixed on Gunning. Both McTavish and Talbot were listening intently to the cross-country rider's story.

"And you say you were sober, Gunning?" Oliver heard the General ask, with a scrutinizing look at Tom. Not with any humorous intent—more with the manner of a presiding officer at a court-martial, determined to learn the facts.

"As a clock, General. The first thing I knew the mare shied and I came pretty near landing in the dirt. He was lyin', I tell you, right across the road. Not lengthwise, but straight across it. If it hadn't been for Kitty I would have run him down. I got out and held on to the reins, and there he was, sir, stretched out as drunk as a lord, flat on his back and sound asleep. I saw right away that he was a gentleman, and I tied the mare to a tree, picked him up with the greatest care, laid him on the side of the road, put his hat under his head and made him as comfortable as I could, when, by George, sir! I hadn't any more than got back to my buggy, when bang! went a ball within a foot of my head!"

The General ceased repointing the waxed ends of his dyed mustache with his lemon-colored kid gloves, and leaned back in his chair.

"Fired at you, sir?" The General had served both at Chapultepec and Buena Vista, and was an authority where gunpowder was concerned.

"That's just what he did. Came near takin' the top of my head off! Hadn't been so dark he would have done it."

"Good God! you don't tell me so!"

said the General, mopping his lips with his perfumed handkerchief. "Were you armed, Gunning?"

"No, sir, I was entirely at his mercy and absolutely defenceless. Well, I grabbed the reins to quiet the mare and then I hollered out—'What the devil do you mean, sir, by tryin' to blow the top of my head off?' I could see now that he had raised himself up on his elbow and was lookin' at me in a way I did not like."

"'What do you mean by disturbin' my rest, sir,' he called back."

"'Well, but my dear sir, you were lyin' in the middle of the road and might have been run over.'"

"'It's none of your business where I lie,' he hollered back. 'I go to sleep where I damn please, sir. I consider it a very great liberty.'"

"'I beg your pardon, sir,' I said. 'I did not intend any trespass—' I was walkin' toward him now. I did not want him to shoot again."

"'That's sufficient, sir,' he said. 'No gentleman can do more.' There's my hand, sir. Allow me, sir, to offer you a drink. If you will roll me over, you will find my flask in my coat-tail pocket.'"

"Well, I rolled him over, took a drink and then I brought the mare alongside, helped him in and drove him home to my house. He was a most delightful gentleman. Didn't leave my place until four o'clock in the mornin'. He lives about fifteen miles below me. He told me his name was Toffington. Do you happen to know him, Taylor?" said Gunning, turning to Billy.

"Toffington, Toffington," said Billy, dropping his eye-glasses with a movement of his eyebrow. He had listened to the story without the slightest comment. "No, Tom, unless he is one of those lower county men. There was a fellow I met in London last year—" (Billy pronounced it "larst yarh," to Oliver's infinite amusement) "with some such name as that. He and I went over to Kew Gardens with the Duke of —."

Gunning instantly turned around and faced the General again, much to Oliver's regret, who would have loved above all things to hear Billy descant on his English experiences—they being the never-ending jokes around Kennedy Square.

"Do you, General, know anybody named Toffington?" asked Tom.

"No, Gunning—but here comes Clayton, he knows everybody in the State that is worth knowing. What you have told me is most extraordinary—most extraordinary, Gunning. It only goes to show how necessary it is for every man to be prepared for emergencies of this kind. You should never go unarmed, sir. You had a very narrow escape—a *very* narrow escape, Gunning. Here, Clayton—come over here."

Oliver pulled his face into long lines to hide his laughter, when his eye rested on the Colonel walking toward him.

The Colonel, evidently, did not hear McTavish's call. His mind was occupied with something much more important. He had been finishing a game of whist upstairs, and the mahogany-colored Cerberus had not dared to disturb him until the hand was played out. The fact that young Oliver Horn had called to see him at such an hour and in such a place had greatly disturbed him. He felt sure that something out of the ordinary had happened.

"My dear boy," he cried, as Oliver rose to meet him, "I have this instant heard you were here, or I should never have kept you waiting a moment. Nothing serious—nothing at home?"

"Oh, no, Colonel. Only a word from mother, sir. I missed you at the bank and Mr. Stiger thought that I might better come here," and he delivered his mother's message in a low voice and resumed his seat again.

The Colonel, now that his mind was at rest, dropped into a chair, stroked his goatee with his thumb and forefinger, and ran over in his mind the sum of his engagements.

"Tell your dear mother," he said, "that I will do myself the honor of calling upon her on my way home late this afternoon. Nothing will give me greater pleasure. Now stay awhile with me and let me order something for you, my boy," and he beckoned to one of the brown-coated servants who had entered the room with a fresh tray for the Gunning table.

"No, thank you, Colonel; I ought not to stop," Oliver replied in an apologetic way, as he rose from his seat. "I really ought to go back and tell mother," and with a grasp of Clayton's hand and a bow to one or two men in the room who were watching his movements, the Colonel following him to the outer door, Oliver took himself off, as was the duty of one so young and so entirely out of place among a collection of men all so knowing and distinguished.

(To be continued.)

SEA-FOG

THERE is a ghost that walks the sea to-night!

I marked him in the twilight, hovering

Beyond the marshes; a gray, misshaped Thing
To chill the very soul with nameless fright.

And as a flock of startled birds takes wing

Before the fowler, so, in sudden flight,

I saw the fisher-boats from left and right
Hurrying to harbor; and I heard the ring
Of warning bells, and then the beacon hurled

Its javelin of fire into the dark

And made a space of refuge for who saw.

Whereon, my own being safe, the outer world

Passed from my thought. Alas, the narrow arc

On Life's full round that tightened heartstrings draw!

AN OLD VIRGINIA SUNDAY

By Thomas Nelson Page

ILLUSTRATIONS BY B. WEST CLINEDINST



HERE is an idea prevalent that the strict observance of the Sabbath was almost wholly confined to the North. Nothing could be more erroneous. "The Blue Laws" of Connecticut, surviving as a proverb for hardness, have impressed the popular mind and fixed an idea which was, however, not absolutely accurate. As severe as those enactments were, they were scarcely more rigorous, wherever the observance of Sunday was concerned, than those under which the Colony of Virginia was established and developed. Attendance on Divine service was as strictly enforced, and abstinence from all secular employment as rigidly enjoined. It was a church-going time. Religion engrossed the energies of the people. Participation in worship was the law, and whoever failed in it was a law-breaker and was dealt with accordingly. Later on, that is, prior to the Revolution, came a certain laxness—the reflex of the taut-strung bow—when the fox-hunting, cockfighting parsons were inducted into the livings; but as the causes were temporary, the main cause being the political appointment by an absentee metropolitan, so the effect was not permanent. It was out of these conditions that the Hanover Presbytery sprang, under the influence of Patrick Henry's model, the eloquent "Parson Davies," later the president of Princeton College. Indeed, while some of the English parsons who have made the time notorious, were dicing and drinking and fighting, the laity were standing stanchly for the old customs, and were making the saddling upon them of such miscreants one of the charges in their indictment against the Government "at home." They withstood innovation. They kept the faith. They built churches which still stand to-day as memorials of their piety and churchmanship. Among the finest architectural relics of the colo-

nial period are the massive brick churches throughout Tidewater Virginia, some of them now towering in a wilderness, like that on Carter's Creek, near the Rappahannock. It is possible that pride, too, entered into the motive at times, for it is related that old Mrs. Carter, of Corotomon, whose family built the church on Carter's Creek, when she came to die, directed that she should be buried under the aisle on the side where the poor sat, that they might walk over her in her death, who had carried herself so loftily in her life.

"President" Nelson, of the King's Council, who owned the land in Hanover on which the mansion described in this paper was built two generations later, always spread a table on Sunday, at his home in York, to entertain the congregation that attended the church there.

Lists of the vestries have been published, and every student of the history of that time must be struck by the number of those who became noted in the great revolutionary struggle. The rolls of the great conventions were almost made up from the vestry-lists.

Having achieved independence, these same churchmen disestablished the Church. Mr. Madison said that the clergy having so largely taken the English side had made the Church so unpopular that the churchmen felt it necessary to disestablish it to save it. Their feeling is illustrated by the story told by Bishop Meade of the old gentleman in his cocked hat and ruffles who, during the fight over the disestablishment measure, was approached by a lobbyist with an inquiry as to how he would vote.

He said he should vote for the bill; for he was of opinion that every man should have the right to choose his own road to heaven; but he was very sure that a gentleman would always take the Episcopal way.

Even the drastic measure of disestablish-

ment hardly saved the Church; and the first bishops, Madison and Moore, had a hard struggle to build up the waste places.

Then came the iron bishop, Meade, who saw the task before him clearly, and went about it with an irresistible resolution. A man of remarkable intellect, of unquestioned piety, and of iron will, he took the Church in Virginia in his strong grasp and moulded it to suit himself. He was the supreme dictator among the Episcopalians of the State, and stamped his impress indelibly on their thought and life. He was a Spartan in habit and a Calvinist in creed. He asked no one to do what he would not do himself; but few could endure without acute suffering what was merely a spur to his energy and an inspiration to his zeal.

The writer remembers him in his early childhood, when the Bishop came on his Episcopal visitation to stay with his relatives in Hanover. His place beside his wife's grave was railed in and reserved in their lot at the Old Fork Church, which used to give us youngsters a grewsome feeling before we knew how close to Life is Death. I have since seen the archbishops of both the Roman and Anglican communions, and have seen the House of American Bishops in procession; but I have never seen any prelate received with the homage that this stern head of the Virginia Church had from his people.* And this he did by the sheer force of his intellect and character. In the old parlor at "Oakland" an engraving of him in his episcopal robes hung beside the engraving of St. Peter preaching, one of Queen Victoria in her coronation robes, and one of the Washington family.

The boys of the household of the preceding generation had gone to school to him, and recited their Latin with their jackets off, and the entire connection still took the law and the gospel from him, on all mooted points.

He was married in Hanover, and arriving the day before that set for the wedding, and finding the clergyman in attendance, he declined to wait, and the bride assenting they stood up and were married

that evening. No one gainsaid him. He preached a stern gospel and lived it.

Horse-racing, cards, the theatre, and dancing were all banned as equally wicked. The observance of Sunday was enforced as a cardinal doctrine.

It was in a family established in the doctrines of the Church as expounded by this virile divine that the writer was reared. As to the keeping of the Sabbath this rearing was after the strictest sect of our religion. Religion entered into the life as I have never known it do anywhere else. Instead of being stowed away in a corner or laid up for use on Sunday, it was always at hand, and became a part, and a very obvious part, of the daily life. Nor was it a religion softened and emasculated to suit the delicate fancies of modern diletanteism. It was the religion of the grim evangelical divines of the last century. This world was only "a vale of misery," through which we had to walk with fear and trembling so as to reach in safety the other world where true Life begins. The Bible was the literal word of God, and the only admissible question on any point was what the Bible said. No man took from it even if somewhat was added to it by Calvinistic exegesis. It is related that the wife of the old churchman of York who used to spread his table to entertain the whole congregation, on coming from church one Sunday called her maid to come and help her off with her dress, as she "had heard so much about hell and damnation she did not feel as if she would cool off before Christmas." The style had not changed in a hundred years. The lurid glare of fire was pictured from the pulpit, denounced against all mankind; but it was tempered by the soft musings of the psalmist in hours of hope, and the gentle sayings of the Saviour as he yearned over a fallen world. These, though hardly understood beside the terrific interpretation of the old divines, were somehow clung to and believed in. Fast days were kept as regularly as Sundays.

The family life was so religious in the week that it was necessary to have Sunday quite completely given up to devotion to distinguish it. Family prayers—with a hymn sung by the whole family—were always had twice a day, and after the beginning of the war, when the President

* At General Cocke's they kept a carriage which was known as "the bishop's coach" and was only used when the bishop came.



Drawn by B. West Clinedinst.

Came in about the time of the second lesson to hear the sermon.—Page 734.

of the Confederacy in a proclamation asked for special prayers every day for the soldiers, they were held also at one o'clock, a custom which has been kept up in the household ever since, though someone characterized it as a Mohammedan custom. Whenever a clergyman came to the house he was always asked to have prayers before he left. Thus, occasionally "prayers" were had four times a day.

Our uncle, Colonel Nelson, was the master, and always read prayers if he was at home. In his absence they were read by the next in seniority. The first sound in the morning was his vigorous call to prayers, and then his sonorous voice as he read out the hymn. He always had prayers for his servants before they went to the fields in the morning, and later on he always drew up his men and read prayers to his battalion. This Virginian churchman was a stout Cromwellian who prayed with his sword in his hand and fought with a prayer on his lips. He was known during the War as "Old Ironsides."

The rule for the youngsters was "no butter" unless we got to prayers, a persuasive ordinance; for "dry bread" is dry indeed to a youthful palate. The singing of the hymn, however, served a double purpose: it gave us notice and granted us some minutes of grace. It had another and more permanent effect—it taught us insensibly the hymns.

A wayfarer passing through the country on some business, was directed to "Oakland" to spend the night. He was detained for a day or two by bad weather, and after he went away he told someone that he had been to a curious place, an old bachelor's home where twenty people sat down at table and where when they were not eating they were praying.

We were brought up on the Bible, our regular duty being the reading of the lessons for the day, a grounding which we little appreciated at the time. Sunday was absolutely given up by the elders to the worship of God. In preparation for it our playthings, never very numerous, were put away, and the reading of secular books was discontinued Saturday night. After thirty years I can recall the lorn emptiness of my Sunday pockets. We were not allowed to "play" or "do" anything on Sunday; our sole "recreation"—a word

which has always had an unpleasant sound for me since—being a walk. It should be said that the resourcefulness of the juvenile mind was not infrequently equal to the emergency, and avoiding the forbidden line of games, we occasionally substituted not less interesting entertainments. Those Sunday afternoons sometimes witnessed boxing and wrestling matches, "clod battles," and other athletic exercises which were not reported at the house.

Our reading was carefully looked after and guarded, all our "week-day books" being prohibited and our reading being confined to "Sunday books." Prominent among these were Mrs. Sherwood's works, beginning with "Henry Milner," "Little Henry and his Bearer," and "The Fairchild Family," the latter a grim and terrifying collection of moral teachings. One of these I well remember was an account of an excursion on which the father took little Harry and Lucy, after a quarrel, to see hanging on a gibbet the body of a man who had killed his brother.

The writer was nearly thirty years old before he ever saw a lady read a novel on Sunday, and such is the effect of early training that he never sees one so engaged now without its raising doubts, at least, as to her social standing.

The churches, Trinity and "The Old Fork," were four and ten miles off, respectively, and service was held in them on alternate Sundays.

"The Old Fork," amid its immemorial oaks, is one of the old colonial churches, built of brick with the glazed "headers" which, mellowed by the years, give that soft gray color so pleasing in old structures, and with fine, simple lines that render a building dignified and impressive.

The road to the Fork Church was at that time bordered by the plantations of gentle-folk, well cultivated and, prior to the close of the war, supporting a large population. It followed the ridge for miles. Now there are scarcely three places left in the hands of their original owners, and the country is almost entirely grown up. But the writer has had occasion to know that their influence has not perished from the earth. Their sons have gone out into many lands, stout soldiers of the cross, and fighters for the principles of their fathers.

We always went to church irrespective



Drawn by B. West Clinchist.

Before the minister entered there was usually a buzz of conversation throughout the church. — Page 734.



Special prayers every day for the soldiers.—Page 730.

of the weather, or—what was more remarkable—of the roads, unless, indeed, the weather was so surpassingly bad that there was no possibility of the preacher himself attending. When we stayed at home, we had the service and a sermon, for our elders believed in making us to hear sermons.

This, however, was on rare occasions. If the Fork Church road was exceptionally bad, a standard that can only be appreciated by those who have travelled in winter that bottomless stretch of clay hills and Serbonian mud, an extra pair of horses or mules were hitched on in front and we



The old Virginian always "shaped up" and attended church on Sunday.—Page 737.

went with four in hand, or with a postilion. This, so far from being a hardship to us youngsters, was in fact generally a pleasure; for the gathering at church had a social side to it. We saw our friends, and sometimes even strangers were there. No one who has not lived in a back-country

neighborhood can appreciate the interest that a stranger excites. I can remember casual strangers that I saw at church during my boyhood better than I now can notables that I have seen in later years. The church in the country fills a larger place in the life of the people than it does

in town. It was and still is the centre of the life in St. Martin's Parish, in Hanover.

On arriving at church each gentleman had his own place, generally "a swinging limb," at which to tie his horse, quite as much as he had his seat in church, and it would have been quite as much a breach of decorum to take one as to usurp the other. This was a matter of strict and necessary etiquette; for there were certain families who never were on time, just as there were others who were always on time. Indeed, occasionally this variance was the case in the same family, for I remember a discussion in which one gentleman charged another with always having been late for church, while the latter declared that he had never been too late for church in his life.

The ladies always went "into church" immediately on arrival; the older gentlemen as soon as the clergyman entered the chancel; the younger gentlemen at the first sound of his voice; and those of the plainer people who were not Episcopalians came in about the time of the second lesson, their object being—inscrutably as we thought—to hear the sermon.

In church the men sat on one side the aisle, the ladies on the other.

Before the minister entered there was usually a buzz of conversation throughout the church, and after service there was quite a levee in the aisle. I remember once Colonel Nelson, the senior warden, as the hum of conversation before service grew too loud, rose in his seat and said, quietly, "The Lord is in His holy temple, let all the earth keep silence before Him." The hubbub ceased.

The organ was in the gallery over the entrance, and as the chants were sung a number of the men used to turn their backs on the pulpit and leaning against the back of the pew gaze up at the choir.

The choir led the singing, but the whole congregation sang. When I can first remember, the hymns were "lined out," two lines at a time, and as there were a number of the older ladies who preferred their own deliberate pace to any "time" that the younger portion who composed the choir could set, the result was sometimes amazing. But there were many fresh voices, and the singing was hearty and inspiring. The writer remembers one old

gentleman, Mr. Noel, who always used to sing with his eyes shut fast, even though he was standing up, a peculiarity which possibly explained his keeping them also shut when he was sitting during the sermon. I remember to have essayed the same convenient practice; but my seniors were not to be deceived, I was poked up and made to open my eyes.

The pulpit was high up on the wall, and an interesting event in the exercises was when the clergyman, after the service, left the chancel and went to the vestry-room to exchange his surplice for his gown and bands—for no one then preached in a surplice. The gown that I first remember, during and soon after the war, was a venerable garment, and our rector was very tall and spare. I can see him now as he used to come striding up the aisle, his gown flying and fluttering behind him in a way wonderful to behold. We knew that he carried half concealed his sermon, and it was an anxious moment, for the pulpit was too high for us to see it after he reached that exalted perch, and on the glimpse we caught as he passed by depended our gauge of the thickness of his manuscript and the length of time it would take him to deliver it. It was usually dishearteningly thick.

One of our preachers having on an occasion broken through a bridge as he was travelling through the parish, an old gentleman was asking what injury he had suffered.

"None," said his informant, "except that his sermons all got wet."

"Oh," said the old gentleman, "they will get dry again."

The preaching was of the old-fashioned kind, largely hortatory, very loud and very long, and was divided into almost as many heads as the sermons of the Duke of Argyle's dominie. But, however many heads, there was one point in all; the fiery condemnation of the wicked and the felicity of those who escaped. Learning, eloquence, and zeal were piled up on this perennial theme. I early made the discovery that duration of time is not at all measured by its passage, but that an hour may be many times as long under some circumstances as under others, and that of all the means to lengthen time a sermon is perhaps the most effective.



A Sunday Afternoon Nap.

It was, however, when taken with the surrounding life effective preaching, and all the young girls and nearly all the young men early became members of the church.

After church, Hospitality had its claim even on Piety, and everyone invited everyone else to "stop by" and take dinner, the rule being not to accept an invitation given only at the plantation gate. This was a custom that was highly appreciated by us juniors, for it gave us a day out with our friends and furnished us the coveted opportunity to ride strange horses to water. The horses of St. Martin's parish "went to water" often on Sundays.

The dinner was always cold, but it was so good that after thirty years we of St. Martin's have a penchant for a cold dinner on the first day of the week.

In the afternoon, unless we reached home too late, we had to learn the collect and a hymn, and "say" the catechism, an exercise which I appreciate more highly now than I did then.

The days were undoubtedly very long, and would have been very wearisome to

us youngsters had we not recognized the inexorable necessity of yielding, as to any other divine decree. We do not complain of the law of gravitation or kick against the pricks of the laws of age and decay. When we are ready to submit, the work of submission is already half accomplished.

Reading and reflection have satisfied the writer that this extreme Sabbatarianism is not enjoined by the New Dispensation, and has not been taught by the general Church. The Sabbatarianism of our people was a result of the tide of Puritanism which swept over the country of our fathers a few centuries before, being based on the Old Testament dispensation and in protest against whatever the Catholic Church taught or allowed. The extreme type that it took in Virginia was a form of repudiation of the laxness of the ante-Revolutionary period, and of the free thought of the post-Revolutionary time following the French Revolution.

Men had to take sides, and they took them.

However hard the old regimen was, and



Drawn by B. West Clinedinst.

Each gentleman had his own place, generally "a swinging limb," at which to tie his horse.—Page 734.

the writer cannot deny that he is glad to have escaped from its severities, yet he is satisfied that in the main its effect was excellent. For one thing, it taught the habit of obedience and of reverence; for another, that of self-denial. No one can deny himself in obedience to a sense of duty without being a gainer thereby.

Men from time to time tax the hardness of their early training with their aversion to attending church. But I rarely hear them credit their virtues to their training. The writer's observation is that those who have been trained to go to church, in the main continue to do so in after-life. If there are any who were not brought up to attend church, they did not come from Hanover. The old Virginian in "The Barton Experiment," however low he sank during the week, always "shaped up," put on a clean shirt, and attended church on Sunday, because his mother had brought him up to do it.

Moreover, there was something that came from that direct recognition of God, and that sturdy determination to do one's

duty as it was understood, that gave a "body" to the character not so commonly found nowadays.

But however rigorous was the life, we who underwent it look back to it now with only affection. It was clean and pure and stimulating. In a measure it still exists, though tempered by the softening influence of freer thought, the currents of which have reached even that retired haven.

Most of the old homes that once bordered the Fork Church road have passed away; but happily a few of them still remain. The old Fork Church, with its generations of worshippers sleeping in the shade of its oaks and cedars, still stands as a sanctuary for those who were reared in its teachings.

One cannot leave the dust and turmoil of the city and spend a Sunday there without feeling that he has climbed to a higher level and breathed a rarer air. It is as if he has taken a plunge into a cool and limpid spring. He comes away refreshed and stimulated.

WHEN THE SNOW FALLS IN THE ADIRONDACKS

By John R. Spears

ILLUSTRATIONS DRAWN BY JULES GUÉRIN FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

WHILE the moist lands of the fields and the edges of the creeks were ablaze with the balm and the cardinal flowers, and the most striking displays of golden-rod, purple asters, and black-eyed Susans were yet to come, a signal announcing the approach of winter was seen in the air around the borders of the Adirondack wilderness.

For months the swallows had been rearing their families in tiny mud houses, hung under the eaves of the old barns, and in sod-roofed dugouts in the slip-banks. The young had been fed and trained until the youngest fledglings were a-wing, and the whole feathered community was able to go swooping at will, hither and yon, over fields and wood-lots wholly care free. In

all the world no purer or sweeter air, nor safer resort, could be found than that in which these swallows were passing their days, and yet, on August 4th, their wise old leaders, warned by storm-signals unknown to the human race, gathered the scattered clans in one great flock, and for eleven days trained them all to fly together. For hours at a stretch, day after day, they swooped and swirled, high and low, in a cloud, that at times, and especially toward sundown, resembled, not a little, the black tornado of the plains.

Then, beginning on August 15th, a cyclone came grinding its way up from the torrid zone. As the rainfall slowly increased, and the wind grew steadily in power, the swallows, with unfaltering flight,

rose to the lowering clouds. And there they remained, flying swiftly to and fro on the breath of the gale, until lost to view in the gloom and murk of night.

For sixty hours the storm raged with fury, and then it fled away, leaving the air as buoyant as in June. But the swallows did not come back to their homes. They had migrated to escape the rigors of winter!

A month later the woodchucks, that had been scampering about the meadows with dragging bellies, or sitting up on their haunches to look for relentless boys and dogs, suddenly disappeared altogether, though the aftermath was as sweet and nourishing as the grass of June. They, too, had foreseen the winter and had curled up in their tiny caves below the frost-line.

A month later still came a winter signal, that even man could read. On October 16th the rain fell in varying but unceasing torrents all day long. It was a rain that invited the hardy lover of nature to walk across the fields, if only to see the mosses and red-combed lichens swell and brighten under the influence of their abundant drink. But at five o'clock in the afternoon the wind whipped around to the northwest, and a moment later the rain gust grew white with driven snow.

This snow fell for only half an hour, and when it was done no trace of it could be found, save for a trifle of melting mush in the lee of logs and stumps, but it was the first blast of the Adirondack winter, and it was a foretaste of the storms that began on November 9th, and came thereafter, at decreasing intervals, until the days were upon us wherein snow might fall with scarcely an hour's interval for a week at a stretch. And it is when the snow-storms seem never-ending that one who is prepared to face them finds the days too short; when one feels a hearty pity for city friends cooped up in overheated offices or hanging to the straps in the sloppy, nauseating trolley-cars.

At a casual glance—to the tenderfoot—the Adirondack snow-storms are all alike. Each is a disintegrating, shivering shroud over a lifeless landscape. But as one learns to see the variations in, and the beauties of, the storms, their power to fascinate grows irresistibly. The snow-storm of November 9th came with howling

blasts. The wind rose to sixty miles an hour, in some of its fiercest moments, and its varying speeds gathered the snow into vertical waves that fled away like the scud of a cyclone. And when the gusts drove through the groves that are found on the crests of hill-tops and along the overlooking borderlands of the streams, the snow boomed out in commingling clouds, like the smoke of an old-time broadside.

To one who had learned to look closer still, there was a curious scene at every fence built athwart the course of the gale; for from under every bottom rail or board the snow came spurting, instead of flowing—came in such swift pulse-beats from the heart of the storm that no one could count them. It is a sight to stir the blood of a Viking.

Then the narrow ridges that lay across the path of the gale gave another picture. Those that presented precipitous sides to the blast were especially notable to the unaccustomed spectator, for there the wind struck the slanting face, and bounding up, it hurled the snow in a frozen spray and spoondrift, far into the air. To see this picture at its best one must stand on the very edge of the ridge, and look along its length, though that is a post that will, when the scene is best worth seeing, test one's strength as well as hardihood. For the power of a winter gale on an open ridge, a thousand feet above sea-level, is something astounding to one who has never faced it.

Equally interesting, if less striking, was the snowfall beginning on the night of November 24th. The storm came from the northwest, and the air, though it moved with moderate speed, showed a weight that was due to an unusual load of moisture. Indeed we looked for rain, although the ground had been covered from view with snow for more than a week; but as night came on, the flakes began to fall—large, soft flakes that filled the air like a monstrous fog, and clung fast wherever they touched.

This was a snow-storm to draw the lover of nature to the forest rather than the open ridges, but at night it presented one feature in the field that may be called startling. In crossing the meadows and pastures, toward a favorite corner of the forest, at eight o'clock at night, we observed

long, dark, and distinct shadows on the southerly side of every fence-post, stump, and tree. They were as plainly marked as the shadows cast by the moon on a clear night in its first quarter, and at sight of them we turned to the north to look for the aurora borealis, although the wet snow was steadily falling from the heavily clouded sky. But no trace of an electrical display was to be seen. Next an attempt was made to trace the shadows to the moon, even though they were on the southerly side of the fence-posts and tree-trunks, but, of course, no such connection could be made. Finally we got down and felt of the snow where the shadows lay, and that solved the mystery. There was really no shadow. The wind from the north was, as said, moderate, and the snow was clinging. Wherever a flake landed it remained. The weather side of each post or tree-trunk was covered with the snow, but the opposite side was bare and black, while the old snow in the lee of each obstruction showed dark and shadow-like by contrast with the newly fallen snow beside it.

All night long this clinging snow fell in masses; and it continued to cling, though the wind rose to half a moderate gale—say twenty miles an hour, at one time. Then at daylight the wind died down, the snowfall ceased, and by eight o'clock the clouds had disappeared, revealing a scene that stirred even the most ignorant and stupid laborer of the region to enthusiasm.

Every limb and twig and tiny bud was loaded with the utmost burden of snow it seemed able to carry, and the whole forest side drooped in wondrous curves.

And when the broad picture afforded by a forest-covered mountain-side was examined in detail the wonder and delight grew together. For then it was seen that every tree bore its burden with a grace that was all its own.

Most striking of all was the yellow birch. For the long, slender limbs of the last summer's growth were in every case so close together, and so well interlaced, that they caught and held the wet snow in deep, broad masses; and because these limbs were so long and slender they were in every case drooped lower and bent in rounder and more beautiful curves, than those of any other tree. The whole moun-

tain-side was festooned and tasselled by the graceful birches.

And yet it is a question whether the birches were not more striking because of their profusion, rather than because the individual trees were more beautiful than the individual hemlocks. A curious feature of the broad picture was in the fact that the drooping of the leafless trees brought into view the evergreens, of which the most conspicuous, in our well-culled forests, are the hemlocks. And so, while one would gaze at the tassels and festoons formed at the mountain-side by the birches, his eyes saw also the scattered hemlocks rising between. In summer, the hemlock, with its feathery plumes waving in the sunlit breeze, is beyond doubt our most beautiful tree; and now, with every graceful length curved to the weight of snow, and its leaves showing a shade of green that was deepened by contrast with the crystal-white burden, the picture was one to swell the heart.

And then there were the spear-headed spruces, tipped as if with white quartz; the rock maples, with their trunks as sturdy as the granite boulders grasped between their roots; and the well-divided elms with limbs that seemed to sway in the sunlight, though no wind was blowing; and the beeches, with their salmon-colored leaves silenced, for once, by their white, wet blanket; and the white-trunked poplars, and the thick-topped thorn apples, and the red-barked cherries—each of these, after a few moments' study, could be as readily distinguished by its figure under its unusual burden, as by the texture of its bark.

Still another open feature of this wonderful snowfall must be mentioned. The ridges on the southwest corner of the wilderness (where these notes were written), trend east and west as a rule, and a mile and a half north of the home of the writer, on the west of Canada Creek, is found the dividing ridge between the waters that flow into the Hudson and those that flow into Lake Ontario. These ridges lay square across the path of the snow-storm, and the tree-covered crests interrupted the flow of the gale, especially when at its highest speed, with a result of novel beauty. For the snow-laden wind was thrown into eddies, as it passed these

crests, and so a double quantity of snow was dropped on the limbs of the trees just a-lee of the hill-top. Indeed so much snow fell there that it was piled up in huge masses on other trees as well as on the yellow birches, and so there was seen on the lee of every one of these hills a line of true aerial snow-drifts—a line of drifts that were in some cases nearly two feet deep, held high above the earth.

But that was a picture seen with more pleasure from a distance than close at hand, for the trees groaned aloud under the unwonted burden. The weight was too great to be borne in many cases; it searched out the weaker limbs and joints, and tore them away, leaving many a fair tree-top ragged and even utterly ruined.

As it happened the weather grew warm by day, after this snowfall, and then grew cold by night, for nearly a week. So the snow melted and gathered in icy balls at every twig, and about every bud. Every shrub and tree was dotted—the whole forest side was flecked over with tiny spots of white, and when looking at any copse or wood-lot the wanderer seemed to view it through an open-laced curtain of nature's weaving.

When seen from within the forest the clinging snow-storm afforded many other features of interest. We had noticed with pleasure the opening vistas in the forest, as the leaves fell, and now, with equal pleasure, we found ourselves shut in by the growing white foliage of snow. While sitting on a log during the night this snow came we could see the vistas shorten, and in the day storms we have seen a similar shortening, though not in such a swift degree. It was a singular experience to see the forest closing in around us in that fashion.

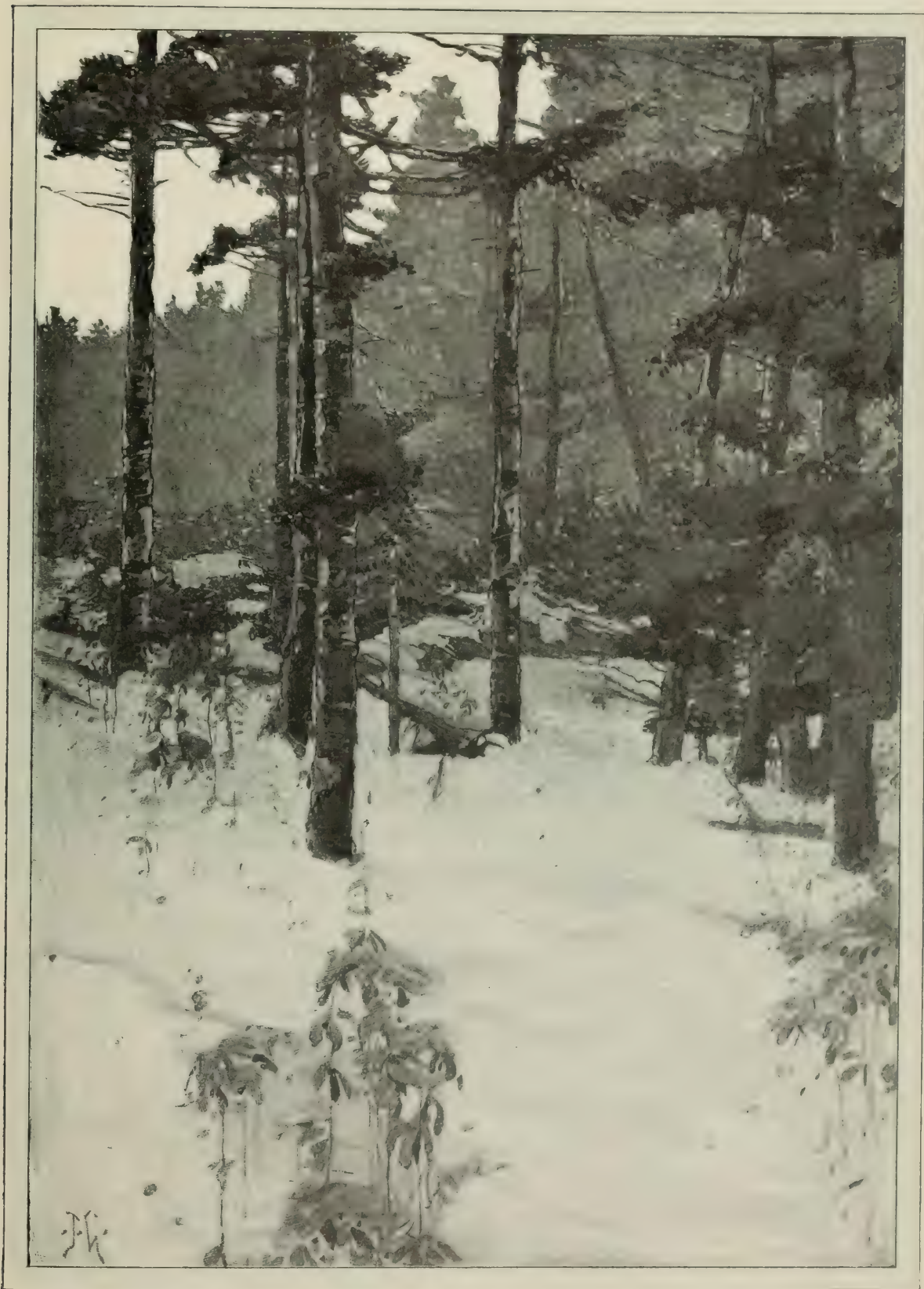
A walk through the forest while the snow is on the trees shows many a slender tree bent down to the ground. Cherries and soft maples suffer badly, but the birches more frequently than all other trees combined. A young birch is a most persistent tree. Though it be rooted in an uncultured forest, it will reach up, thread-shaped, with only a tiny tuft of foliage at the top, till it secures a full share of sunlight. One thinks of sunshine, by the way, as something of a free gift, but the young trees have to work for it. So slender is the support of the

birches while they work and wait, that the clinging snows of winter gather in their bush-tops and literally weigh them to the ground, and many an aspiring birch dies in the struggle. A few straighten up; a still smaller number survive by sending up new shoots—limbs that start near the ground and become in time veritable tree-trunks. The stroller can find these hieroglyphic tales of old-time snow-storms in every square mile of the Adirondacks; and there are many other hieroglyphic stories there for him who can read them.

Fresh snow is almost always notably whiter than that which has lain even on the widest, cleanest fields for a day, but one storm of the winter was a marked departure from this general rule. It came on January 7th. On looking away toward the more distant hills, during our afternoon walk, we noticed that they seemed to be obscured by a bluish mist; or, rather, that the hills showed a blue shade through a thin intervening mist. The sky was wholly overcast with clouds that showed no peculiarity, but the color of the mist called for a closer observation, and then it was seen that tiny flakes of snow were falling at wide intervals, but steadily. The mist was a thin veiling of snow borne on a breeze that was travelling perhaps ten miles an hour.

These snow-storms, if storms they may be called, are common enough. On many days of the winter the tiny flakes fall at relatively wide intervals all day long, but it was observed that on this day the haze of the snowfall was of a more decided or darker blue than usual. For the ordinary thin snowfall throws a gray-blue haze—a haze that is a blue tint, while this was of a shade of blue. From looking at the hills we turned to look at the surface of the old snow near at hand. The view was now startling, for the fresh snow had gathered in thin drifts, wherever obstructions were found, and these drifts were so nearly black that the crust of the old snow looked crystal white by contrast!

Very quickly a handful was gathered for examination under a pocket magnifying-glass, because the amateur observer of nature is apt to see things that are not there, and must needs be cautious. But this time the eye was not deceived. A sooty, fibrous, black dust was mingled with



Drawn by Jules Guérin from a photograph.

Snow in the Wilderness.



All night long this clinging snow fell in masses.—Page 739.

the snow, and it blackened the hand and soiled a white handkerchief.

At first consideration we supposed the black dust was real soot, for the chimney of a forest-destroying wood-alcohol factory was to be found a mile away up-wind. But because this chimney had not blackened the snow in any previous storm of the winter we walked cross lots until well to windward of the thing ; and we found the black snow on all sides of the chimney and for five miles up-wind from it. In fact the black snow was seen and talked about by the unobservant people of the country-side on fifty square miles of land—meadows and woods.

On the following morning (January 8th) the black snow was as much as an inch deep at the drifts, and there was a barely susceptible film of it even on wind-swept knobs.

A cupful of it was melted. The water was completely covered over with a greasy, black film that clung to the sides of the cup, when the water was agitated—a film that was not washed off by further applications of clear water, though soap removed it.

A month later, when the snow was two feet deeper than on January 7th, we found the black layer of snow on digging down for it. An old woodsman, while talking about this rare phenomenon, told us he had seen one storm of light-blue snow.

“It looked like indigo water,” he said.

Another variety is the storm of tiny round pellets. They are always wind-full and cold, and the pellets are gathered in charges that smite the bare skin almost like bird-shot. In fact, even the teamsters, whose work compels them to face every variety of weather, sometimes show bleeding skins after enduring one of these storms for half a day. No fiercer blasts are known to the region than these, and yet the stroller may find a walk over the ridges and through the forests exceedingly pleasant, if he will prepare himself properly. With a fur cap drawn down over the ears, and a fur coat with a wide collar to turn up to shield the side of the face, one may walk across even the fiercest of these gales in comfort, save as he may possibly be uncomfortably warm in his furs. And a walk in that kind of a storm is of all idle wanderings to be most

commended. For the pride one feels in defying the elements at their worst, and in overcoming the various ills encountered, is more than a sufficient reward; to the tenderfoot, or the man from the city, it is joy enough to go forth into any gale that sends the natives cowering to the kitchen stove.

There are other kinds of snow-storms than those that have been in part described. The truth is, that soon after I had begun making notes on the storms, from day to day, it dawned on me that no two storms of the winter were alike. At any rate there was something new or different to note in each one observed, and what was at first something like a study, became at length a most fascinating pursuit.

The most wonderful snow-storms of all

that may be seen every winter in the Adirondacks, are those that prevail when the sky is cloudless. Of these there are several varieties. Every week or two we would see what looked like a fog form about the distant hills, and then come drifting across the creek valley. Doubtless it was a real snow-laden cloud that had been drifting along until it struck our level (1,300 feet above the sea) in the Adirondacks, when the conditions became favorable for the release of its feathery burden. We saw these clouds fill the air with flakes that were driven along almost horizontally by a strong gale, although the tops of our old hemlocks and spruces rose into the clear air and unobstructed sunlight above the highest level of the snow-producing air-stratum. We even saw the snow so thick in the air about us that the



Every limb and twig and tiny bud was loaded with the utmost burden of snow.—Page 739



Precisely like the lip formed on a huge wave.—Page 746.

trunks of trees, six feet above the earth, were not visible, although the tree-tops could be seen, and the sun shone down through the shallow storm with strength enough to cast distinct shadows. We have stood on a quiet, sun-lit hill-top, and looked down into a valley less than a hundred feet below us, where a snow-storm was raging with violence, and the temperature was frigid.

There is one other kind of snow-squall to be seen under a cloudless sky that is still more impressive. On December 27th the air was warm and still at three o'clock in the afternoon—notably warm and absolutely motionless. It was such an unusual condition of the weather that I walked into the yard, at the sunny side of the house, to listen for the call of a blue jay or other winter resident. But five minutes later, while standing motionless and gazing over the creek bottom, a chilling damp breath struck the face, and at that instant several big snow-flakes appeared in the air right before my eyes. The invisible moisture in the air suddenly took material, visible form as snow-flakes. To have been present at the birth of a snow-flake—that were an honor to be sought by patient devotion to nature. In my own observations it was unique.

From the wonders and beauties of snow-storms one turns naturally to those of snow-drifts, even though some snow-storms form no drifts, and monstrous drifts are formed on days when not a flake of snow falls from the sky. When well clothed in furs, it is interesting to watch the growth of certain kinds of snow-drifts. A convenient place is found in a cutting where a road is worn deep into the side of a hill, or into a ridge lying athwart the course of the gales. For one may there be sheltered from the blast while facing, near at hand, the accumulating flakes.

On a good drift-making day the snow comes, not in the star-shaped flakes that look so pretty when portrayed on a page of the dictionary, but in small pellets. These pellets are in shape like tiny white foot-balls, usually, and they come rolling and tumbling down-wind as if they had been “kicked for fair” by the half-back gods of the gale! And yet while they roll and tumble and bound, they find lodging-places, and as the idler gazes he sees them pile up in a wall on the crest of the road cut. Higher and higher grows the pile, forming at first a vertical wall, but before this has risen three inches it is seen to overhang the gulch. Though round and easily rolled these pellets in some way fit



Drum on by J. J. Guérin from a photograph

The sunlight on the snow reveals the topography of the flat meadow.

The cloud-like effects of the drifts are also shown.



A Rocky Ridge Swept Bare by the Wind.

to each other as bricks would until the overhang is perhaps a fifth as great as the elevation of the wall and then, marvellous and impossible as it would seem to the unaccustomed observer, a lip forms on the crest of the wall, and soon it begins to droop and hang down. Wider and longer it grows; farther and farther it droops, until its shape is precisely like the lip formed on a huge wave when it breaks on a shoal-water beach. Lips that are ten feet wide, and hang down three feet, clear of all, though but six or eight inches thick where they join the chin of the wall, are not uncommon. By what magic is it that these frozen, oblong pellets, that go bounding along as merrily as foot-balls, form into such a shape as that? Of course, if the storm continues, a time usually comes when the lips break off because of their growing weight. And then no new lip forms to replace the lost one. The snow merely drops over into the lee of the wall and gradually fills the cutting.

Another curious feature of these lips is seen when they do not fall. A thaw may come—often does come—and spread a hardened skin over the lip to hold it in

place. So well does this skin hold that the lip retains its form while subsequent snows bury it, and when spring comes, if the lip overhangs a brook or creek, the loose snow may be melted and washed away until the lip reappears. But a more curious feature still of these lips is seen when they are formed late in the season. For then the warm weather and rains send water down through them to form numberless little icicles on the underside, and also on the chin and throat behind and below—a sort of beard on the lip that is not to be forgotten once it is seen.

The drifting, as well as the drift, was found interesting. In a dry gale, while the air was fog-thick with the snow, the flakes showed a mockery of life as they scudded along the crust; or dodged in behind shrub and tree-trunk, as if hiding from eager pursuers; or joined in such mad waltzes, where outlying barns and other buildings obstructed their way, that a walk across the fields was a stirring experience. One might have seen with pleasure the scurrying of the snow, while gazing through his home windows on that day; a peculiarity of form on the weather side



The Head of Lake "Tear of the Clouds" in Midwinter.
(Drawn from a photograph. Copyright by S. R. Stoddard, Glens Falls, N. Y.)

of my own house created a whirl in the wind that actually bored a hole three feet deep by fifteen inches in diameter in a big drift that had gathered there during the southeast storm.

In lesser drifting gales two features must strike every observer. When looking up-wind toward a clear ridge, in a steady wind, the flow of snow-flakes over the crest is wonderfully like the flow of frothed water over rifts in a bank-full stream; and when gazing there, when the wind is low but gusty, there is something to make one shiver in the way the white flakes come creeping and crawling on the crust.

And then the marked contrast in the aspects of the landscape when looking up-wind and down-wind is not to be forgotten. For up-wind such objects as trees and shrubs stand out black and clear cut, if at all within the range of vision, but there is only a wide, dizzy blur when looking down the gale.

Most striking of all, however, is the effect of walking one of the harsh drifting days from the crest of an open ridge down into a swamp thick-grown with balsams and other evergreens. For on the ridge

the stroller must lean far over to the gale, lest he be driven before it, while a fair look into the face of it will make him literally weep and gasp for breath. But once he is within the shelter of the swamp, the turmoil, and the strain, and the hurry and the worry are gone. The driven snowflake drops over the tree-tops and floats down, rocking to and fro, in the motionless air. Even the sounds of the gale come to the ear hushed and from afar. It is a haven of rest and peace—a contrast well appreciated by those who have, in old times, been distracted by the infernal din of the City Hall terminus of elevated train and bridge-trolley traffic, and then have been transported to a place where they could look upon the earth as God made it.

After the drifting and the larger drifts, the most beautiful feature of the winter scenery is found in the forms assumed by light snowfalls on the crust that forms over the level meadows. By January 1st the snow is usually deep enough to cover the stubble and the smaller weeds far out of sight. Then the inevitable thaw, followed by freezing weather, forms a crust that is usually strong enough to bear a



They caught and held the wet snow in deep, broad masses.—Page 739.

man's weight, and on this comes a fall of light snow—enough, perhaps, to cover the underlying snow an inch deep, everywhere, if it could be spread in an even layer. But never is it spread evenly. On the contrary the wind, whether gentle or strong, gathers it in tiny, undulating waves, and in thin, frayed-out masses and in long, feathery plumes. Let the lover of Nature go to a field like that, when the sky is partly covered with cirrus clouds, and then look from the clouds to the drifted snow, and from the drifted snow to the clouds. For every form of cirrus cloud the sky affords will be found reproduced on the snow-crust. The snow-figures are tiny by comparison, and they are also heavier and clumsier; but the resemblance is so complete that we often wonder if the cirrus clouds are not formed by cloud particles drifting along over some mesa or table-land of air up there in the sky.

Less striking but still to be noted is the effect of the snow in bringing out the contours of fields and ridges. A snow-storm

that partly obscures the most distant hills brings sharply into view, curiously enough, every gulch and indentation of the wood-covered mountain across the creek—brings to view indentations that could not be discovered with field-glasses, in summer. And when the cleared hillsides and the fields have been covered and crusted over, the light of the sun, if one will observe its effects during the entire day, will reveal every knoll and hollow and inequality of every kind. Indeed, we have seen with amazement the tracks of harvesters' wheels shown, though overlaid with snow more than a foot deep.

One of the most surprising features of our winter was the fog of February 2d. From daylight until near nine o'clock the air was almost motionless (there was a slow drift from southeast), and the thermometer stood at 5° F. Yet a heavy fog was seen on the hills as daylight came, and within half an hour it had spread over the valley.

There was no change in my thermom-

eter while this fog lasted. The most careful examination possible was given to the fog particles, because we thought it impossible for water to be suspended in the air in that temperature without being frozen into some form of hail or snow. But the texture of the fog, so far as we could see it, did not differ from warm weather fogs. While it lasted a white frost gathered rapidly over the trees and other objects exposed to it, including the clothing of the observers. We could see the frost grow in thickness on the limbs of the shrubs, and it kept falling off the limbs as they became overweighted.

Near nine o'clock, for no observed reason, this fog suddenly turned to snow that filled the air for perhaps five minutes. Then it was gone and the sun came out bright and warm.

It would be a pleasure to write of the ever-changing aspects of the winter sky. The little snow-clouds, "big as a ten-acre lot," that chase each other in swift succession across the mountains as rain-squalls chase each other across the torrid zone, are a source of endless delight. The beams of the sun that pierce through what seems to be an unbroken vault of leaden clouds add the joy of a surprise to the pleasure of seeing the hills illuminated till they flash the light back as if mirror-covered. And there are fleeting scenes—pictures that remain for seconds only. On one day, while I was standing on a hill-top that gives a commanding view, the sun suddenly broke through the cloud vault in a series or row of holes; a row of the prolonged beams, such as one sees when the sun is said to be "drawing water," radiated from the hidden centre. And the clouds through which the beams were projected were moving so swiftly that for one brief moment those rays re-

volved like the spokes of a gigantic rimless wheel.

But words fail when the glories of the skies are to be described; nor can brush and paint portray them.

It was while the summer heats were driving even the most greedy men of business from the towns to the wilderness, that the swallows bade us remember that winter was coming. On February 3d, while the snow was seven feet deep on the highest of our forest-covered mountains, and growing deeper; and the ice was three feet thick on some of our ponds and growing thicker; and the fiercest gales and the coldest nights of the season were yet to come, we heard the first signal and promise that summer was to return to us. The sun had climbed so high that when the clouds cleared themselves away altogether, and the wind died down until not a breath was stirring, the snow on the southern roof-slopes began to melt and run down in streams of water. There was no resisting the invitation thus afforded to come out to breathe the warm air, and with one accord we all gathered on the sun-lit side of the house. There we stopped to gaze in silence at the wondrous purity of the blue-vaulted sky, and then from the dry limb of an old dead tree down on the flats came the downy woodpecker's prolonged, musical, rolling drum-call for his sweetheart. For months he had been living alone, as we had observed. And whether there were snow-storms or rain, bitter cold days or those of thawing sunlight, he had been seemingly contented to shift for himself alone. But here was a sun-lit day of a different quality—a texture of the air that told him of a time that was coming though yet far away—and his heart bade him call for one to share his joy.

THE STRANGER WITHIN THEIR GATES

By Eleanor Stuart

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. GLACKENS

I

A HOT wind from Marrazine rattled the window-shutters until they sounded as if the breezes were playing backgammon and the mignonette breathed upon the garden until its dim corners were sweet. In one of these the Mayor, M. Jouance; the priest, Père Péroult; and the autocrat, Madame de Bau; took coffee together daily. They took offence nearly as often, but there is little else doing in Vitourac.

"Of course, this is a very great honor," Madame de Bau said, filling the cups. "When one thinks of it," here she looked at the Mayor with malice, "it seems disproportionate to the size of our town."

"If Madame says so," he replied, much depressed.

"But I do not despair," she continued, "with my inventive force and the town treasury."

"But Madame——"

"The Town Treasury, I repeat——"

"But Madame!"

Another voice entered protest, the voice of Père Péroult.

Throwing herself back in her chair, Madame de Bau presented the very picture of graceful martyrdom. "Let these creatures have their say," she reflected, "it is all they get out of me."

Then the priest spoke hastily, "Advancing the wrong pawn," as they say in Vitourac.

"Receive this actor privately, Madame, as you receive us. Otherwise, one but makes work for one's self."

"When have I spared myself work?" she inquired, plaintively. "Never for the Church in Vitourac."

"Madame needs all her strength for the Church's business," he answered, suavely.

"Here is her letter," she declared. "The great Rols is coming. Other towns make fêtes for him; consequently, other towns must pay for them."

Searching in her reticule she brought to light a blue note, whose envelope was ornamented with a gold and ostentatious coronet. Its perfume triumphed over the scent of mignonette and the odor of coffee.

"Read it to us," she commanded, and Père Péroult took the blue letter from her white hand.

Adjusting his eyeglasses and clearing his throat, he read loudly, as if in the cathedral itself.

"MY DEAR MADAME DE BAU: I hope you are well, because I count on your energies for M. Rols's success at Britours. We picked him up—dear creature—at Vevey. He is wonderful, but d'Arbois says he thinks he mentioned him in a letter to you. He is as good-natured as he is beautiful and knows—simply everything. D'Arbois is crazy about him and I cannot tell you how I shall miss him as a companion. He is so intelligent that he understands perfectly that he is out of condition, appreciates that he is too fat, with a thinning tendency to the hair. Such fearfully telling points these, aren't they? I am sure that Vitourac is the place for him to improve."

"Vitourac will not help the hair," the Mayor interrupted, sadly. "I began to moult at twenty-five; I am now——"

"Perfectly bald," Madame said, hastily; her age and the Mayor's were the same.

The priest resumed his reading:

"I tell you frankly that we could put him in no one's care but yours. You will understand him, which is a comfort. His cleverness is extraordinary. You will be devoted to him and he will quite forget

"Your friend.

"LÉONIE D'ARBOIS.

"P. S.—If you are willing to receive him, wire me. He will start within a week for the South."

Père Péroult looked wise, then he smiled, saying: "This M. Rols cannot be so very



Adjusting his eyeglasses and clearing his throat, he read loudly, as if in the cathedral itself.—Page 750.

attractive, after all, or d'Arbois would be jealous of him with Madame."

"Perhaps," Madame said, hopefully, "he is deeply attached to some other lady. There are some other ladies in France besides la Comtesse d'Arbois!"

"Public subscription is the thing," she continued, boldly. "Your societies may suffer a little in consequence, Père Péroult; but they will suffer in a good cause, which is very Christian. And, after all, that is what they claim themselves to be. For instance, I will withdraw my annual subscription to the Proselytes' Fund in favor of a sum to entertain the stranger within our gates."

The Mayor winked over the rim of his cup and Père Péroult laughed outright. With him a joke was a joke, although he were impaled on the point of it.

"I shall have no expense about the band," M. Jouance said, anxiously, "except a place for them to practise. Of course you will expect the train to be met by a band of music. M. Rols will wish it, I am sure, and a national song gives style to one's welcome."

"In other words the Marseillaise gives an air to the arrival," Père Péroult suggested, mildly.

"You must engage me the suite de luxe at l'Hôtel Prudhomme," Madame said next, "and I count on the public to pay the cost of it. Whatever those rooms

amount to, I look to Vitourac to foot the bill. Oh, yes, Pérout, for hundreds of years this town has honored saints, venerated virgins, given generously to the good God, but an artist is coming, the idol of France, the mouthpiece of a divine art; it is God's will that we honor him, too. I assure you of this and wish you to write me a proclamation."

"Of what, Madame?"

"Of M. Rols's near advent, of a need for funds."

II

THE details of M. Rols's greeting from the town of Vitourac were still in air when the three friends separated. A public subscription was agreed upon, however, Madame de Bau further deciding not to telegraph Madame la Comtesse until Père Péroult's proclamation be issued and the fund become a fact.

"And then," she cried to M. Jouance, across the garden wall, "let us telegraph mildly. Just to say I will receive him, individually. No hint of flags, or the town band, or your speech of welcome. Then *his* speech will be a real impromptu; you think so, Père Péroult?"

Père Péroult thought so immediately. It was growing toward supper-time and any difference of opinion would mean delay, and a man who fasts much eats

much when not fasting. And the Mayor thought so as soon as he, for the speech of welcome might be prepared in the next week, while its reply must be the child of a moment. Speaking on the spur of the moment is a sharp experience!

When Madame was left alone in her garden she repeopled it from the "Rôles of Rols," a book purchased upon her last Parisian visit; when she crushed a nightly entrance into le Théâtre Humain, the meek de Bau following her through its thronged lobby, her wrap upon his arm, and his foot, not infrequently, upon the frilled train of some cherished frock. That he had since been treading the Elysian fields did not detract from the joyous advent of M. Rols in Vitourac, whose voice now echoed in the perfumed silence of Madame's garden. Although forty is the alleged limit of susceptibility, Madame was keenly susceptible at forty-five.

"Opportunity comes—eventually," she murmured, comfortably, moving toward the house.

Her evening meal had been quickly consumed, darkness hid the mignonette which added its odor impartially to day or night, a golden moon glittered through young locust-trees, and toward the high road, the water in Vitours river-bed seemed talking in its sleep. The Mayor emerged from the charmed stillness of a Southern night, ideas in his head and words upon his tongue.

"Madame," he cried, "our proclamation has been upon the walls of the Salle de Luxe but twenty minutes and already two Americans have subscribed 200 francs each."

"Well they may," Madame replied, loftily, "in return for Lafayette."

"And my plans are perfecting every moment."

"Your plans," Madame interrupted, coldly.

"Our plans," the Mayor corrected, hastily. "The hotel's proprietor, M. Pou, promises us a breakfast, free of fee, Madame, and the season's delicacies. And if you permit the band to practise in your garden we can receive M. Rols within five days at small expense and with most lavish appearance."

"Which was my idea from the first," Madame declared, tartly, for the Mayor was beginning to be prominent indeed.

"I have thought," he resumed, helping himself to anisette, without invitation; "I have thought of a touching and inexpensive ceremony, one in which all Vitourac will have an interest. I am sure it will delight you, Madame de Bau, and give our newspapers something to write of besides the eternal dog-show at Britours.

"If M. Rols plays at Britours, which must be his object in coming to Vitourac,

no one will be thinking of dogs, M. Jouance."

"Quite so, Madame, but my ceremony is superb—inexpensive, but rich in effect. Upon M. Rols's arrival in Vitourac, when his luggage has been identified and the citizens of Vitourac have collected, when your greetings have passed and civic host and city's guest have embraced, what then, Madame?"

"It is impossible to say," she cried, with keen interest.

"The ceremony! A man, a representative of Vitourac—but not its Mayor—will tender upon a pillow (which may afterward serve as a sofa-cushion, Madame, and upon which the Vitourac arms must be embroidered), a man will tender this pillow to M. Rols. For the keys of our town will rest upon it. Superb privilege! the keys of Vitourac, which suit



He then paid the full sum of 500 francs into my palm.—Page 753.



The crowd's tendency to congest at the exact point where hung the proclamation.—Page 754.

the occasion perfectly, although unfitted to any lock now in use."

"Where did you get them?" Madame inquired, suspiciously.

"They have lain in the Hôtel de Ville since the walls of our town gave place to perfume factories."

"I approve their use," she declared, judicially.

But he had to be recalled from the plan's crisis, as it were, to the sending of telegrams to Madame la Comtesse. These plans were so matured that they must be completed by the date of arrival, or lay their inventors under a load of public scorn. After another thimbleful of anisette, Madame de Bau determined to telegraph M. Rols also, in the care of la Comtesse, "Please name day of arrival at earliest convenience, by wire to Madame de Bau."

M. Jouance was about departing with the messages in his pocket, when Père Péroult entered through the casement, eagerness showing upon a face that was red and moist with the haste he had made.

"Madame! Jouance!! The subscription grows apace. Bardrolie, the Jew rose-grower, drove to the Salle de Luxe for absinthe. Seeing the proclamation—which is a work of art those who

read it are kind enough to declare—seeing my proclamation, I say to you that he took a wallet from his pocket, a wallet never previously known to Vitourac, and stuffed with money. 'Who is treasurer?' he cried, 'and where is he?' Rather than miss his contribution I unanimously—that is, by one vote, my own—elected myself treasurer, with *pro tem.* as a mental reservation. He then paid the full sum of 500 francs into my palm, saying that M. Rols had given him as much pleasure as had alcohol itself, and in his turn he felt it a duty to pay for the entertainment of a man who had so ably entertained him."

"The Jews are a just people," Madame said, patronizingly.

"They are public-spirited," the Mayor observed, with bright eyes, as Père Péroult counted out the money.

"And others have signed the list for all sorts of sums," he continued, "for the news of M. Rols's coming has gone through the town like an influenza."

At Madame's command, Père Péroult seated himself near the anisette, tracing the arms of Vitourac upon brown paper. She left him with M. Jouance, to return with a square of azure silk to cover the ceremonial cushion, and to which the good father transferred a figure, at the first



A father, with seven daughters, attempted the purchase of seats.

glance likely to be mistaken for opera-glasses. Upon explanation, it was found to be a representation of the city's towers, besieged in 1420 and defended by all public speakers (in Vitourac) ever since that date.

For crest, a weary leopard balanced the Suzerain's sword upon his lower jaw, also dangling an olive branch from his limp right paw. The motto read: "If peace come not with honor, give the sword."

Madame began the embroidery of this design, in black. Azure and black are Vitourac's colors.

III

PÈRE PÉROULT was incorrigibly benevolent. He rose while the night shower was still falling, that he might pray for the success of Rols's visit to Vitourac, although the expense of it threatened the resources of town charity. Mass said and breakfast eaten, he turned his long steps to the Salle de Luxe, where visitors taking the waters step in to read yesterday's *Figaro*, or today's *Vitourac Vitesse*. His attention, however, was absorbed by his own writing on the wall, to which the glances of many others were eagerly directed. Subscribers seemed paying as gladly as they signed, judging from the crowd's tendency to congregate at the exact point where hung the proclamation.

A father, with seven daughters, attempted the purchase of seats upon a visionary grandstand which, he insisted, must be built in the railway station yard. He explained, with passionate gesture and loud voice, that it was impossible for him to allow his daughters to see M. Rols in the plays that actor habitually produced.

"I am willing," he explained, plaintively, to Père Péroult, who happened to stand next him; "I am willing to pay any sum for my daughters to see M. Rols off the train, but I cannot permit them to see him on the stage."

"And yet, monsieur," Péroult rejoined, civilly, "the train is the faster—conveyance."

Leaving an outraged parent to consider the flippancy of the Second Estate, Père Péroult hurried to Allerac, the builder. The idea of a grandstand was working on him to such extent that he wished to engage labor to work on it.

"May the good God bless you!" Péroult cried, sighting the builder in his tiny garden. "Have you ever made a grand-stand?"

"Against the devil, as my Father knows."

"I refer to a structure of boards," Péroult said.

"Like the dais in Britours, whence one sees Easter processions?"

"Yes, Allerac, like that."

"I made it."

"Make another, and we will also make money."

"And how?"

"This Rols," here the priest sank his voice to the pitch of mystery, "is the emotion of Vitourac. The visitors will pay money to see him off the train. They say so. You have heard that he comes here. My friend, we shall realize on any contrivance providing the people with a chance of seeing him."

Allerac agreed, after deliberation, securing his share of the profits, one-fifth, above the price of the lumber.

"Inclusive," Péroult said, firmly.

"Exclusive," the builder answered.

"Inconclusive," the priest declared, walking slowly toward the gate.

"Oh, I submit, my Father," the builder cried, cheerfully. "Free grace makes the Church hard in its other bargains, but I submit. Who permits us to raise this structure?" he demanded, suddenly.

"The good God," Pérout announced, stoutly. "Erect it by night, the night before Rols's arrival. When the authorities tell us to remove it, we will do so, because we shall have finished with it."

"Religion does not mar the intelligence," Allerac concluded, as the priest left his garden.

The good Father's next visit was to Madame de Bau, who was already at her second breakfast, surrounded by all that was notable in the feminine world of Vitourac. Even a priest feels intrusive when he happens upon so great a number of eager women. They seemed to him exotic, unapproachable, as he watched them from behind the hedge, wondering that they do not speak one at a time, as men. When he discovered that they iterate rather than discuss, he endorsed their method of concerted statement as time-saving.

"Good-morning, mesdames," he said, entering the garden.

"You are just in time to read these ladies an amusing item," Madame de Bau replied, with a stately nod. "It is in the *Figaro*." She handed him the paper.

Turning to face the frilled flock, he noticed that Rols's advent had stimulated display in dress. Best hats were submitted to the sun's glare, and silks had rustled through the dust. He read from the paper in his hand: "M. Rols, of le Théâtre Humain, has left Paris without leaving his address. This may be a coincidence, or merely the occasion of his annual holiday. There is much secrecy about his new play. But we hope he will not presume upon his personal success in presenting next season's piece."

"Isn't it to be known that he comes to Vitourac?" the ladies cried, dismayed.

"I hope so," Madame de Bau answered.

Everyone else hoped so, aloud and at great length; they began to hope aloud at the very same moment.

"Have you come to a decision?" Père Pérout asked, in the next lull.



"M. Rols is the debtor of the costuming house I represent."—Page 756.

As everyone replied simultaneously he was unable to learn, although he felt his question had been fully answered. He departed twenty minutes later, persuaded of Paul's wisdom in denying these ladies speech in his church; in fact, he felt personal gratitude to the great apostle. To the ladies, also, he felt a passing thankfulness; they had booked seats on the grandstand.

IV

Two more days passed swiftly in preparation, M. Rols telegraphing Madame de Bau that he would arrive upon a day which suited her arrangements perfectly, the sixth day after the first letter of Madame la Comtesse d'Arbois, who had lately written her friends in Vitourac a further description of their prospective guest. "He is light in build and full of

style," she wrote, "his eyes express great intelligence, and his mustache is too droll for anything."

"He is just letting it grow, I suppose," Madame de Bau said.

The morning of the third day brought a gratifying development—the Paris papers were ringing with M. Rols's visit to Vitourac. Of course they were a day old when they reached the South, but the prominence the town had achieved yesterday warmed the pride of its citizens to-day. The tactful exaggeration of the splendor of M. Rols's reception was a matter for rejoicing even to the visitors; the very children felt themselves honored in their birthplace.

One editor was visited with a fascinating fancy. He said that M. Rols had been so touched with the hospitality preparing for him, that he had caused six exquisite thermometers to be made as presents for the six ladies of the committee of reception. He had chosen thermometers as a tribute to Vitourac's even temperature.

Père Péroult, having sold all his seats upon the grandstand, allowed seats upon the laps of adults to be purchased for children. Permits were issued at five francs each, and their sale was as rapid as could be desired. In the course of a few hours all Vitourac's children were provided for, and many incorrigible bachelors learned with alarm that a Gustave, Susanne, Jules, or Didie would perch upon the knee of celibacy during the oration of the Mayor and the subsequent ceremonial. No complaints were received from spinsters, as they are ever pleased to masquerade as matrons. Although the subscription in the Salle de Luxe grew momentarily, the church's finance had never been so good.

The night-train puffed into Vitourac station thirty-six hours before the fête. A young man alighted from it, asking for the office of the Vitourac *Vitesse*. He entered it and addressed the editor as if he were an ordinary being; now this editor was the Napoleon of the press in the judgment of Vitours, and such familiarity annoyed him.

"I have come from Paris," the traveller said, finally, "and I wish very much

to find out with whom M. Rols is to stay while here."

"He stays," this editor replied with haughtiness, "at the Hôtel Prudhomme, in the *suite de luxe*, all expenses paid by Vitourac. Good-evening."

"Has he no special friend here?"

"Madame de Bau is his personal entertainer, as you might have seen in yesterday's *Vitesse*."

"Thank you," the stranger said, departing.

By means of frequent inquiry, he found his way to the house of Madame de Bau, who was plainly visible in her white gown at the open window, embroidering the leopard's left paw in the Vitourac arms. He advanced on the gravel to within a few paces. "Madame de Bau?" he inquired.

Although she started, her voice was quite steady in reply.

"I understand that M. Rols is to be here in Vitourac and that you are better informed of his design in coming here than—than others."

Madame de Bau nodded assent to this pleasing proposition. "I believe so," she rejoined, grandly.

The traveller continued in the accent that essays sympathy and shows hypocrisy: "M. Rols is the debtor of the costuming house I represent, and its debtor to a considerable degree."

"Does he allow your claim?" Madame inquired.

"He leaves Paris, but does not leave his address. Such journeys are called evasions."

"I should prefer to hear the name M. Rols gives them. Great fame is more annoying to the really sensitive than insolvency. He escapes publicity in flight."

"I agree with you in that, Madame. But may I show you his note?"

The traveller drew from his pocket a paper of official appearance, and Madame read the signature of Banastre Rols upon a debtor's note. The date mentioned as the day of payment being that, the traveller declared, of M. Rols's departure from Paris.

"The whole civilized world knows what train brings M. Rols to Vitourac," he said, simply; "he will be arrested on that train for 1,500 francs. I cannot act except as

I am ordered, but I thought it merely kind to stop your preparations for a fête, as its principal cause could not attend in person."

"Give me that note," Madame cried, angrily.

"Only if you pay for it, Madame."

"If I give you your money at noon tomorrow, will you be gone by night?"

a drama of emotion, another that she should never forget her voice, a third pronounced her wonderful, and a fourth told her effectiveness in full. "We have subscribed the 1,500 francs," she said.

"Could you not have taken some of the money already subscribed?" the Prefect cried to his wife.

She was deeply shocked, rang for aro-



Vitourac had never before been the scene of such a splendid fête.—Page 758.

"Assuredly, Madame."

"Then, begone now."

The traveller turned obligingly, and his slight figure was soon but a vague shape in the night's shadow. As for Madame, she cared but little; 1,500 francs could be collected before another noon. There were telephones in Vitourac, besides wealth and enthusiasm.

V

EVERYONE knew M. Rols's predicament before second breakfast on the day following. Madame de Bau called the reception committee to a meeting at 10.15, when she gave them their coffee and her view of the situation. Her manner was convincing, but her words eluded the memories of those whose hearts she had stirred and whose pockets she had lightened. One member said that her face was

matic ammonia, and assumed the look of martyrdom which is ever effective in controversial matrimony. When she grew stronger he was assured that such a course would be dishonesty. He was thus silenced.

But Madame de Bau had nothing of all this with which to contend. The noon sun fell fiercely upon her gay garden and upon its walk, where the mica specks glittered like paillettes. The breeze grew fresher and the trees gave no shade; lizards, green and supine, stretched upon heated stones in the courtyard, which was at last crossed by the overnight visitor.

"Admission free?" he inquired, with insolence.

"Quite free," Madame answered, stiffly; "but observe I prepay your return."

She handed him the bank-notes, which he counted with care and a moistened forefinger.

"How came M. Rols to visit Vitourac?" he asked again, folding up his money.

"Through Madame la Comtesse d'Arbois. His dear friend is M. le Comte."

"Madame d'Arbois the fancier, the dog fancier? I read of her dogs in the papers."

"Dogs are her passion."

Madame de Bau could not relinquish an opportunity of conversation. To enlighten even a bill-collector upon the hobbies of a countess is a pleasant educational enterprise, it reflects social glory upon the teacher.

"Her dogs are like her human friends," she said, slowly; "they are more than animals with names, they are personalities. I am the only other person in Vitourac who shares these appreciations with her. During the lifetime of my own pet, le Prince Zulu, her caniche, Orizaba, wrote to us almost daily. I recall that she possessed a visiting card with the d'Arbois arms upon it, and studied daily tasks like a real child. This dog gave and received gifts at New Year, telegraphing her state of health in her own name when absent from her mistress, who also gave her a weekly allowance of six sous. 'The Humanization of the Canine' is the name of her book, in whose composition I was somewhat concerned. Should you care for a copy it may be procured at Dufu's for two francs."

"Thank you," the visitor said, civilly, rising to take leave. Madame rang the telephone-bell as he again crossed the court.

"Numero deux, Vitourac," she said. "Hola, Madame la Prefecte, Madame de Bau is speaking."

In another moment the Prefect's wife was within earshot and Madame de Bau in full tide of successful narration.

"He gave me no trouble," she concluded.

"But did he give a receipt?" the Prefect's wife demanded.

"Most certainly," Madame de Bau rejoined, while a scared pallor spread over her face.

The Prefect's wife declared herself satisfied. "You must excuse my coming to the telephone in my petticoats," she said.

"Don't apologize," Madame de Bau

answered, graciously. "Except that you tell me, I never should have noticed it," which was incontestably true.

Even a telephone cannot damage the manners of France.

Madame de Bau rushed to the desk in alarm, but Rols' note for 1,500 francs lay upon it. Sighing with relief she resumed her good opinion of herself as a business woman. When good fortune is with us it is difficult to distinguish it from good abilities.

VI

MADAME DE BAU greeted *the* day at dawn, glancing at the Varac hills, upon whose summit the sun prints his official announcement of morning in red ink. She had no anxiety about the weather, for at that season the rain falls only at night, and she sought sleep again with speed, for a night without it is said to add a year to one's appearance. When she woke again it was time to dress. The agitations of her toilet were greater than those of a bride. The exact amount of powder to be worn upon one's nose without detection, the exact amount of strain to be placed upon one's belt without destruction, and the exact amount of cordiality to be infused into one's greeting without vulgar demonstration, were problems which forced themselves upon her busy mind.

But at last the horses pranced in the courtyard and the stream of pedestrians to the grandstand thickened without the gates, be vies solidified, becoming a crowd, the growing crowd became a throng. Madame de Bau fixed a final pin in her veil, descending to meet the Mayor and Prefect with admirable calm, but she adored the stir in Vitourac.

"You have your handkerchief?" she inquired of the Mayor.

"I have a supply," he replied, pulling four from the pocket of a new frock coat, for when he mopped his brow the deaf Prefect was to obey the dumb signal by presenting the keys upon their cushion. He moved forward involuntarily at sight of them, while Madame felt assured that her rehearsals would bear fruit in prompt performance. She acknowledged that Vitourac had never before been the scene



The train stopped and the band began.—Page 460.

of such a splendid fête, the street to the station was filled with strangers, and harvesting wagons were drawn up along its sides. Their horses fed from bags tied to the tails of these carts, and patient peasants from the back of Vitours province waited the opportunity to see a Parisian personage. No coign of observation was neglected, girls and boys stripped off their shoes to stand in the basin of the marketplace fountain. In the general enthusiasm and good-nature, Madame de Bau was cheered from all sides, she was happy, gracious, elaborate in dress and manner. The brightness of life blinded her; she imagined her first conversation with M. Rols in a sort of ecstasy.

"Has M. Rols accepted Britours's invitation to be present at its dog show?" Père Péroult asked when his friends had gained the station-yard.

"We are not yet informed," the Mayor replied, fussily. "Such details arrange themselves."

"They are giving out handbills announcing his presence there," the priest said, pointing to the men who were pressing bits of yellow paper upon the passers-by. Père Péroult was working hard himself. The grandstand being packed, Allerac was explaining its construction with a voice of thunder to the father of

the seven daughters, who failed to see Péroult's importance in this celebration.

"He is not in the confidence of the authorities," he exclaimed. "He did not even know that this stand was to be erected. I asked him myself, and he made no reply, upon the very day that you engaged labor to work on it."

The seven souls of the seven daughters were on fire with expectation and desire to see the great romantic actor whom one applauded nightly had one the blest lot of matrimony. "Wedlock is the price of admission to plays of interest," they agreed. Madame de Bau scanned them with scorn, she felt sure that no rival could compete with her for M. Rols's favor.

The sun beat down upon the waiting throng, and presently, far in the faultless blue, one caught sight of a floating film, like a lady's veil. It vanished and others came, while from the north one heard the shrill voice of progress, the whistle of an engine. It was followed by the rumble of heavy wheels, rolling up grade to Vitourac station. The Vitesse Méridionale was come at last.

The Mayor cleared his throat and swallowed a surreptitious troche, the Prefect began his watch for handkerchiefs with the keenness of a terrier alert for a ball.

Madame de Bau felt her heart knocking against her satin corsage.

"Ah!" she cried, "this suspense is interminable!"

The train stopped and the band began. Reporters stepped from the "wagon lit," fountain-pens in hand and telegraph blanks over the heart, *i.e.*, in the breast pocket. A fresh consignment of strangers was merged in the moving mass, in which they were soon lost after struggling to the platform. The reception committee formed a triangle, with strained smiles of welcome upon their faces and excitement surging in their souls. The grandstand thrilled in sympathy.

Madame de Bau exclaimed in surprise: "There is Gabriel, the d'Arbois valet. He doubtless identifies M. Rols's luggage. Beautiful dramatic instinct! M. Rols wishes to be the last to leave the train, that his welcome may not be marred in all this crowding."

Gabriel drew forth a tiny box from the luggage van; it was two feet in length and eighteen inches across, bearing upon one end this legend, "M. Rols, D'Arboisinage," which last name is of the d'Arbois château.

Barking now sounded from the luggage van, imperative and persistent barking, and Gabriel returned to the van's opening to receive a poodle into his arms. The dog was a chenille caniche, chestnut colored, and straining toward the platform from a chain of pure silver.

"It is the actor's animal. It is his dear dog. Behold a great man's pet," everyone cried at once. Children ran forward to slip garlands under his collar, and Gabriel turned again and again in a slow circle, trying to bow to each towns-fellow who praised the poodle.

"It was proper of d'Arbois to send his own man," the Prefect murmured to the Mayor, "but I should hardly think Rols would send a friend's servant to care for his dog."

"I have not time to gossip about our guest," the Mayor responded, stiffly. "I must greet him. It is evidently customary to get upon the train and bring these celebrities off."

The Prefect stepped into the vestibule of the American carriage, the Mayor following, at which moment Gabriel sighted Madame de Bau.

He made way for himself by means of his elbows, shoving to right and left, and at last gaining Madame's side.

"Were you sent as guide to M. Rols?" she said, graciously.

"Yes, Madame. He was much trouble in travel, but he is all right at home, I assure you."

Madame de Bau glared at the author of this insolence, the five other ladies of reception followed her lead.

"He is full of tricks," Gabriel continued, without observing the six scathing stares. "For instance, give the paw now! See, ladies, he gives the paw!"

Two ecstatic children shook the poodle's paw, while Madame looked about her as in a dream.

"You identified his luggage?" she demanded.

"Yes, Madame. He travelled in the van with it himself."

"To what does celebrity amount?" Madame exclaimed, seeking to fill a pause with a little oratory. "One foregoes comfort rather than endure the blaze of publicity. Celebrity has its smart, success its agony."

Such fine language superadded to a great event affected the committee strongly.

The boom and hissing of the air-breaks of the Vitesse Meridionale now ceased and it began to move away over the single track of steel which glitters to the sea.

"Where is the Mayor?" Madame screamed; "where is the Prefect? where is M. Rols?"

The town officials descended from the last carriage, from which a guard threatened them with his key.

"Only my M. Rols was upon the train," Gabriel said, politely; "but I know the great one was expected here, from the papers."

"Your M. Rols? Who is he?"

Gabriel pointed proudly to the poodle. "Madame la Comtesse laughed to think her dog and the great player would arrive together, Madame. She thought so great a person might enjoy a little coincidence. She bought *our* M. Rols a new box for his collars, his soap and brushes. 'He must appear well,' she said. He had also fifty francs to buy his namesake flowers."

Madame de Bau pushed Gabriel farther from the committee. "When Madame

d'Arbois wrote me of M. Rols, did she mean *that*?" she gasped, pointing to the modish caniche-maron, whose pink velvet tongue curled up as he yawned at her.

"She did, Madame."

"When a telegram arrived signed 'M. Rols,' did it mean *him*?"

Madame again pointed, Gabriel bowed in assent.

"When she wrote of M. Rols's success at Britours did she mean—*that*?" She now pointed a trembling finger at the advertisement of the Britours dog-show which hung upon the station's wall.

Gabriel looked at her with pity, but responded with firmness. "She did, Madame."

"Then never ask me to live in Vitourac again," she cried, sobbing aloud under cover of the band.

VIII

THE population of Vitourac is determined and consistent, as its Mayor has remarked very frequently—in public. Having agreed upon a fête it did not cavil as to a cause, but turned the Rols carnival into a general rejoicing. Madame de Bau drove home in a victoria filled with flowers. She looked very foolish, and probably felt so.

Père Péroutl was accused—by the Ég-

lise Évangélique—of having fostered faith in the coming celebrity that he might augment church finance. But he was exonerated by the father of seven daughters, who proved him to be guiltless and outside the confidence of the authorities, by the grandstand incident in the Salle de Luxe. Then Père Péroutl explained the singular mistake and the Mayor took great pleasure in criticising his manner in addressing the profane. "The civic public is not his congregation," he said, jealously. "Péroutl was not at home with it, as I should have been."

The poodle took first prize at Britours and none of the Salle de Luxe subscribers asked for their money again, but where the proclamation had been hung there appeared, in a week's time, this telegram :

"Sorry not to be at your great demonstration. Did not know I was expected. Thanks for honor conferred. Was without newspapers off Heligoland in Ron-del's yacht "High C." Again thanks.

"ROLS."

The reception committee never alludes to the sum of 1,500 francs, nor does Rols, but Madame de Bau realized on that great actor's note for the amount, selling it at an autograph auction for a price that gave her satisfaction.



Madame again pointed, Gabriel bowed in assent.

THE POINT OF VIEW

L YING open on the table was a bound volume of an illustrated paper. An old volume it must have been, for it was open to a cartoon by an artist whose pictures years ago ceased to appear in the public prints. This picture represented a lot of negroes under some bitter experience of discipline, with burning houses near by, and the gist of it was that order was again in course of establishment in the South. Probably the Force Bill was pending at that time and this cartoon was in support of it. But what the picture suggested, as I saw it, was the great change in the Northern sentiment that had come to pass since it was drawn. Worse things happen to individual negroes nowadays, than happened then. There were no burnings at the stake twenty years ago. Interest in the Southern negroes is as keen as ever. There never was a deeper sense of responsibility about them and their future than there is now. Money was never given more freely, nor thought and work spent more lavishly than now in their behalf; and yet such a cartoon as that that caught my eye would express nowadays no sentiment that has an important following. For while there is solicitude ever so keen about the negro's moral and economic welfare, the idea of securing to him political ascendancy against the will and the interest of the white men that are his neighbors is moribund, if not dead. And why has that idea passed into such obvious decline? Because the country at large has come slowly to the conclusion that the hope of the South is in white-man's government; that where two races clash, it is to the interest of both that the abler shall prevail; that under negro domination the South would go down, and civilization would be retarded, and that under white man's government it will prosper, and the negroes prosper with it.

That, in a general way, is why the wisest friends of the Southern negro talk no more of Force Bills, and bestow little thought on the negro's right to vote and hold office, but bend all their efforts to the attempt to teach him morals, skill in handicrafts, thrift and

Good will to
Men.

responsibility. They have gone back to first principles. First, they say, he must learn to take care of himself, and to climb the difficult ladder that leads to self-reliance and independence. A government in which personal and property rights are secure and under which energy, enterprise, and self-denial are reasonably sure of their rewards is necessary to his advancement. There is far better hope that such a government will result in the South from the labors of white men than from the political activity of negroes. Therefore let the white man govern for the present and the negro take such advantage as he may of the order that surrounds him.

There is a great deal of novelty about this growing American appreciation of order. Liberty was what the Fathers fought for when they won independence, and Liberty was the watchword of the nation for a hundred years afterward. Liberty—"Liberty and Union one and inseparable"—was the war cry in our great civil conflict. Liberty is still a word infinitely dear to every true American, but experience seems to be qualifying our definition of it. It used to mean self-government, and equality and fraternity followed after it naturally as part of the same mental process. In that sense it is still our ideal, for all peoples as well as for ourselves, but our theories as to its attainment seem to have been gradually modified. We have come to think a great deal about order, and to suspect that the liberty which includes self-government has a price, and that those who cannot pay that price must wait for it until they can. That price is order; such a degree of order as will make it possible for civilization to advance. We have begun to doubt whether liberty is at all times, for all men of all races, a panacea for all political ills. We have begun to discriminate. We hold liberty in our own gift, and refuse, as we look toward the Philippines, to bestow it in full measure. "They are not ripe for it yet," we say. "They are still children in the world's great family; we will give them for the present personal freedom and order, with more to follow, but full liberty and in-

dependence all at once, we dare not grant." And then we wonder not a little if we are doing right.

As to that, heaven knows; but certainly we are doing our best. "Peace on Earth, good will to men," are sentiments so closely associated that we may not separate them. Though sometimes our anxiety to make peace prevail may cause our good will to be questioned, we may certainly insist—however doubtful of the comprehensiveness of our own wisdom—that our obligations as promoters and conservators of the world's peace are far too grave to be neglected in the interest of our reputation for mere goodness. As human parents we often show our love for our children in ways distasteful to them, and if by reason of strength and capacity we have come as a nation to stand in a parental relation to some of Earth's children that are not of our breed, our good will toward them is not to be impugned because we decline to treat them in all respects as though they were competent and responsible adults. The parental relation is new to us as a nation. We are green hands at it. The rule we have best known and practised has been, "Give every man a chance and let him do his best with it." Nowadays we have to modify that maxim so that it reads: "Give every man as much opportunity as he seems competent to handle, and if necessary help, and even constrain, him to handle it." We may make mistakes. Undoubtedly we have made mistakes and shall make many more. But our hopes for success, both for ourselves and those we try to guide, need not falter as long as our purposes square with the Golden Rule. So long as we say to our step-children, and are sincere in saying it, "Do thus and so, accept this or that plan, for your own profit and our honor," we shall be in the right path, and may hope to blunder through to a good end. When we say, "Do thus and so for *our* profit and because we are stronger than you" we shall have strayed into a path that our feet should never have trod, and turned our backs shamefully on that ideal of liberty to which we were born.

NOT long ago I heard a distinguished physician—a man of many years' experience as city medical examiner, and quite as noted for his keen humor as for his skill as a practitioner—say: "When I retire, I mean to amuse myself with writing a book

which will contain some rather startling truths. I am afraid, though, that it will not be much more than an amusement, and will do little real good; for I shall not be able to keep a touch of humor from creeping in every now and then, and this will prevent ninety-nine readers out of a hundred taking any of it seriously."

I was reminded of Oscar Wilde's "Only the dull are taken seriously."

Why is it that humor should be so suspicious, as it undoubtedly is, to the average Anglo-Saxon? We Americans, in particular, are supposed to possess quite a racial sense of humor; yet most of us are terribly prone to suspect that, when a man says a thing epigrammatically, he does not quite mean what he says. How explain this apparent inconsistency?

One explanation might be sought in the general human—and by no means distinctively Anglo-Saxon—tendency sharply to classify men according to their more salient qualities. We instinctively assign specialties to our fellow-mortals. Let but a man emerge from the vulgar throng with a resounding success in any line, and we straightway hang that success round his neck, as a label, ready ever afterward to predisprize what he may attempt in any other line. Hector Berlioz once said that a composer who had won fame with a symphony had best give up all hope of succeeding with an opera; all the world have already classed (*parqué*) him as a symphonist, and it was well known that no true symphonist could write a fine opera—Mozart and Beethoven to the contrary notwithstanding. The late Professor Bowen, the metaphysician of Harvard University, was once heard to opine that what had, for years, most stood in the way of Schopenhauer's recognition in Germany was his admirable prose style. "Everybody thought that a man who wrote as well as that could not possibly be a philosopher!"

Now, few mental qualities are taken by the public at large to be more sharply classifying than humor. Let a man but be recognized as a humorist, and small hope has he of being accepted as anything else. Few actors have had a more penetrating power of pathos than the late William Warren, of the Boston Museum; but he was best known to the public as a comedian, his assigned "specialty" was the Morton farce; the result was that unthinking play-goers—the thinking play-goer is a rarity—imagined that everything he did

The Distrust of Humor.

must be funny, and his finest pathetic moments in serious parts were too often greeted with a stupid guffaw. Mark Twain has complained to friends that his reputation as a humorist stood terribly in the way of people's believing that he ever meant what he said. The philosopher of Hartford is but a funny man to too many readers, and the deep humanity of his philosophy recognized, for the most part, only by critics of insight.

Still, though the tendency to assign "specialties" to men according to their more salient qualities, and to set corresponding limits to what shall be accepted as valuable in their doings, is broadly human, surely we Anglo-Saxons have outstripped most of the rest of the world in regarding humor as incompatible with seriousness of purpose. Strange that this should be true of so intrinsically humorous a race as ours! The trouble probably is that we too often misappreciate the true quality and function of humor, to the extent of valuing only its laughter-provoking side. It seems to be only the thinkers among us who recognize its underlying and uneliminable seriousness, and appreciate that the possession of that sense for the incongruous, which is the heart and soul of humor, is the surest guaranty of a man's seeing things in their true relations. What debarred Victor Hugo, for instance, from supreme greatness as a poet? Nothing but a well-nigh total lack of humor, rendering him blind to all true philosophic and emotional proportion. Wit he had, and poetic energy; mainsprings galore, as many and strong as any poet who ever wrote; but the balance-wheel of humor was denied him, and it is only by the French—who have, for the most part, as little humor

as he—that he is confidently placed in the front rank.

If anyone doubt the very general distrust of the inherent seriousness in humor here in America, let him but look at—it were cruel to ask him to read—the ostensibly serious authors whose works have the largest sales in this country. For it is just these ostensibly serious writers who are taken with the most grim seriousness by our average reading public. Perhaps it were hardly fair to bring up the portentous Martin Farquhar Tupper in this connection now; his day is pretty well past. But take Hall Caine, whose books are positively devoured; a man whose lack of humor is so complete that he can be taken seriously only by those who are in the same ill case, or by the far larger mass who have never thought of exercising their sense of humor, save for fun. It is not too much to say that the enormous success with the general public of writers of the Hall Caine stamp—not to mention some earnest essayist of overwhelming dulness—has been largely, if not chiefly, owing to precisely their lack of humor. They, as it were, advertise their seriousness; it is "down on the bills," and people can read them with the comfortable assurance that their dignity runs no risk of being compromised by a smile. But let the author smile himself, and his hold upon a serious public is lost. The serious humorist and the humorous philosopher can speak intelligently only to the *élite* of readers, whose nature is so nobly serious in itself that they can afford to dispense with the trappings and the suits of earnestness; who know how to distinguish between humor and levity, and see the unfathomable *néant* that underlies dulness.

THE FIELD OF ART

ART SOCIETIES AND SOCIETIES OF ARTISTS

I

MUCH precious thought and time go yearly to the management of art societies: and this calls forth many disparaging remarks to the effect that there are too many of these societies; that the artist-world does not husband its forces; and that something like consolidation is the remedy. It is noticeable that the persons from whom these criticisms have come are not the persons immediately interested in the societies. When the great number of the societies is alluded to, as, for instance, in New York, it is not one of the men devoted to their management who complains—it is the outsider, the business man who thinks that it is unbusiness-like for the artists to divide up their forces in this extreme way. Business men are always thinking for artists. They assume, naturally, that artists want just that which they, the business men, would want. It does not strike a business man, even him who is fond of fine art and addicted more or less to the society of artists—it does not strike him that there are other causes for the existence of an art society than the holding of a business-like exhibition once a year. Or, if he is reminded that the due influence of the artists upon the political organizations and the financial world can only be made good by means of joint action, his conviction is strong that such influence would be better secured, such joint action much more powerful, if the societies were to be merged in one powerful Union of Interests.

It is not merely as a union of interests that the societies appeal to the artists; and in that fact lies the objection to the business man's theory as above set forth. There are a score of separate objects to be gained—a score of separate dreams to be realized, a score of ambitions more or less worthy, more or less noble, more or less important to the whole community as well as to the smaller community of men devoted to art; and every one

of these dreams, of these interests, of these ambitions might, under certain conditions, become the *raison d'être* of a society.

II

1. The artists wish to talk things over among themselves; and the more serious and strenuous of them have but little time for that traditional chat of the studios of which we hear so much, and which, for good and evil, has indeed done much to make the modern artist what he is. They need very much the opportunity of discussing artistic topics, sometimes in twos and threes in corners of the rooms, sometimes in meetings of thirty or sixty men. Nor is it to be supposed that the debate in the large meeting is of little value, even where there are but few men who can talk readily on their feet, and those few are monologuists to a fatiguing extent, as sometimes happens; that is not the last word of the discussion by any means! After such a debate the minds of the men present are primed for further meditation and for further and more tranquil private discussion, and that is the true result of these meetings. The critical talk which follows such a meeting and continues until men part at the corner of the street, two hours later, is often the best part of it; and it is something which could hardly be replaced by any other conditions were those meetings once abolished.

2. The artists want better and more intimate knowledge of the feelings of their possible employers, of the public bodies or the rich men from whom important orders are to be had; and for this purpose they wish to mix with others than artists and, on certain occasions at least, to have such communication in a way more intimate than ordinary private society gives, more close to the subject at issue than the social clubs can give, more frequent than the ordinary meetings of acquaintances can be in a vast modern civic community. In this sense, the Society becomes an exchange; the more valuable that ideas as well as material interests are concerned.

3. The artists, if they are painters, need better pigments than they are now able to get; not that the general run of colors and the like supplied to them by the dealers are of inferior make and are no longer trustworthy, but because some most precious and costly colors are absolutely unknown to the world of trade, and can only be purchased at first hand and under special conditions of care and watchfulness. An Industrial Union might care for such things as this: but some society, without taking that hard and repulsive name, might do the needed work.

4. The artists want to see precious natural materials guarded, preserved, watched, that they may be utilized in good time. A well-known expert, in the Dictionary of Architecture and Building, (Vol. III., article Stone), says that commercial interests will not tend to save the splendid blocks and boulders of alabaster and porphyry, quartz and agate. "Beautiful masses of clear Rose Quartz go to the making of road materials or abrasives. . . . Such are neglected simply because the material cannot be quarried by the ton;" or, as the writer goes on to say, a permanent business built up by extracting and shipping it. Well! the artists require that other than commercial considerations shall govern the supply of such precious material; and if they have not learned to demand it, that is merely a voiceless condition from which the right society would save them.

5. The artists, if they are sculptors, require some place of deposit for the plaster casts of the larger original models. In those plaster casts are preserved the essential thoughts of the artist. These casts, if kept safely, in no matter what fire-proof shed, would serve for decades as a valuable lesson to the successors and intellectual heirs of each sculptor, as well as memoranda of importance to himself. This place of accessible safe-deposit might be brought into successful existence by a society in which the Industrial Union should be modified by the Museum idea.

6. The artists require good models, male and female; and such a recognition of the comparative worth and importance of the model to art that the matter shall not be relegated to silence and, as it were, ignored; the public being supposed to believe that the painter and modeller of the nude does so without any intimacy with the unclothed living body.

7. The artists, if they are architects, or working in connection with architecture, need ready access to such memoranda, photographic or other, as may be obtainable of all modern buildings of interest, and of those applied and decorative sculptures, those mural paintings, which go to make the buildings more worthy. This access they need especially because of the lack in this modern world of natural and normal evolution. There is so much too much of separate work; every man for himself, with no guide but the easily obtained plates and photographs of old work—everybody studying ancient detail, from which he borrows too freely and much too directly.

8. The artists, if they are makers of furniture, silverware, textiles, and bookbindings, or workers in any admittedly artistic industry, require even more than their fellows such aid and comfort, such help from their contemporaries in other lands than their own. They have their claims to be thought artists and to live and think as artists do—claims which have lain in abeyance merely because sculptor and painter have come up in the social world and have obtained a place like that of the professional man—claims which in their turn have been admitted by the modern world. Now the most inaccessible piece of knowledge will be found that which belongs to wholly modern work in pottery, glass, mosaic, metal-work, and the like. The young artistic industries of the United States are the least known of all; nor can the most ardent student of such things name the men or the localities.

9. The artists want exhibitions like those of the Burlington Fine Arts Club, in which one subject at a time is treated exhaustively, in a tranquil little show which will not attract the larger public. The latest Burlington exhibition was limited to work in wrought steel. Once, the subject taken was Rembrandt's etchings; and then Francis Seymour Haden prepared the catalogue with, as introduction, that memorable analysis of those etchings which are generally classed as Rembrandt's. Once it was bookbinding; and from this and from the first above-named show, as from others, noble folio books of illustration have grown.

10. The artists want exhibitions of sketches: summer studies by the landscapists; figure studies by the mural painters; wax models in small by sculptors. It is one of

the serious needs of younger men that they should learn how their seniors are doing their work; nor are the seniors generally adverse to showing some part of their preparation. The annual shows of the New York Architectural League give evidence as to that.

II. The artists want all the seceders and all the come-outers, and all the protestors and the prescribers of new or admired old ways of seeing nature and painting thoughts about nature—all of them—to hold their exhibitions too, and prove their worth.

III

So much of what the artist needs from his fellows and from a chosen part of the non-artist community. There is also the question of what the community at large needs and which certain art societies may render. Owing to the condition of public affairs in the United States, where the important posts in municipal or State affairs are seldom filled by men of much cultivation, or of even such intelligence as appertains to mercantile, legal, or manufacturing business carried on in other than a small way, a peculiar direction has been given to the numerous American attempts at refinement and improvement in public matters. The commission, composed wholly or in large part of men not in public office, takes on an importance which it could hardly possess in a highly organized and much governed and policed community. Boston has an art commission; Chicago has an art commission. New York's art commission consists of four men *ex-officio*, viz.: the Mayor and the heads of three incorporated institutions of fine art and learning, and three artists and three non-artist citizens appointed by the Mayor from a list furnished by a certain artistic association. Each of these city commissions is the offspring of art societies: no one of them would have existed but for the constantly applied and always strenuous and eager suggestion of associations of artists and "laymen" interested in art. The duty of these art commissions is indeed negative rather than positive; they deal with keeping out of the streets and squares, parks and parkways, all works of art thought to be unworthy. In no instance has the commission obtained or assumed such public state that it has "hearings" and listens to arguments pro and con of invited or volunteering citizens: and yet this would

seem to be peculiarly desirable now that the tendency in city government is toward the supplanting of bodies of men, "Boards" of parks, of public works and the like, by single-headed public offices. Commissions will be as timid in art as they have been thought in war. Their business will be to show all the boldness they have in the selection of the artists who are to do any piece of public work; and for that purpose it is obviously requisite that the members of such commissions shall be other than amiable and unconvinced men, other than those of whom we have so many in our social life, who are strong in kindliness, in sympathy, in good fellowship, and in public virtue, but weak in the power to discriminate, and timid when it comes to saying No. And for all these reasons the selection of the members of such a public art commission, which is indeed the very foundation and origin of its status and power, should be largely controlled by the art societies.

IV

HERE again the opponent of the modern tendency toward many and diverse art societies will be heard to say that such influence could be brought so much more forcibly to bear if the artists and their trusted allies were combined in one great association. This is the ground of the forcible-seeming arguments on that side of the question, and it is here that those arguments may best be considered.

And first the reader must recall the well-known fact that membership in one society does not debar membership in another. The Fine Arts Federation of New York, alluded to above as the association from which sprang the New York Art Commission, is a league of eleven art societies; but the Federation in itself is nothing but a council of delegates, dealing with a few duties which are definitely defined and described. Now, many a delegate out of the whole number of sixty-six belongs to four, five, or six of the constituent societies. There are, indeed, certain limits to membership; and yet for all the restrictions there are some men who might belong to every society in the whole list of eleven, and there are few who would not find it feasible to belong to four or five.

Hence arises a curious sense of uniformity of interest and even uniformity of aim. The opinion of any one society, taken at a late hour

in the evening, taken as a kind of snap judgment after a brief discussion, may indeed be totally different from the opinion similarly obtained from another society; but there are accommodations and second thoughts; and no matter what the public may think, there are no more reasonably minded men than the artists and their allies; nowhere is it easier to have votes rescinded and ignored and the deliberate second thought of the association prevail. It was eminently a good thought to establish the Fine Arts Federation (and for the urgency of its presentation to the artist-world let us all thank the man whose name should be remembered in connection with it, George Louis Heins); the Fine Arts Federation has proved its immense value, and may be of vastly greater service yet if the need should come and should find a strong and well-chosen body of delegates in the Federation. But no one familiar with the Federation has dreamed of doing away, by its means, with the separate societies themselves. Those who sit as delegates in the meetings of the Federation know too well what a power for good are the separate societies, even the smallest ones; they having each its own point of view, and one so clear and easily differentiated that any individual artist or layman, A. B., or Y. Z., sitting in the rooms of one society, becomes almost a different man from that which he was, three days before, in the meeting of another association.

V

THE community has need of still other societies which artists and the allies of artists must conduct. Let us continue our numbering—omitting the F. A. F., as it is fondly called, because that is a congress only.

12. There is wanted in each urban community a society to undertake what the "Arts and Crafts" may be thought to strive for, in London or in Boston. This is to keep on teaching the lesson that there is no designer but the maker. The rightly designed gas fixture is not to be drawn on paper in one quiet room and then cast, drawn, hammered, chased, bronzed, put together in a series of

rooms full of workmen doing each his little piece of the work. He who will make *the whole* of a silver pocket-flask, from the first sketch on an envelope to the object ready for delivery, is to be encouraged in every way. And hand-work, in contradistinction to machinery, is to be insisted on, with the most severe and most exact regulations as to what and how much aid from mechanical devices is to be accepted.

13. There are wanted societies to undertake what the Municipal Arts Society used to try to do in New York; to raise money in considerable sums, and expend it in the direct purchase or ordering of important works of fine art for the public buildings and the public places of the city. The society above named was able to do this well and honorably in two cases. Two important groups of works of art exist, and should exist forever, which would never have been but for that organization. There is, however, the need of gaining such and so strong a hold upon the community that its membership shall be large, or wealthy, or both. Twenty thousand a year might be had from 2,000 members, or from 500: the only question is the practical one—How do you mean to beat up recruits?

14. There is need of societies to undertake business of Municipal Art, in the recently accepted, popular sense; and although this may be done very largely by societies which are wholly non-artistic (for what need of architects to insist upon broad streets and sunshine, frequent and thorough cleaning, or decent street-signs and street-lamps?), yet the artist's world is soon found to touch the city-reformer's world, and they must consent to be accepted as mutually dependent. There is, then, the possible society of purely artistic aims, made up of men who are convinced that the one important thing is the separate—the individual and unique—work of fine art, and that this is as likely to appear amid the crowded and black streets of an ill-kept and seemingly unsanitary old town, as in the most carefully policed modern capital. There is also the society as described in 13. And each of these will be purely a society of artists and friends of artists.

RUSSELL STURGIS.

AP
2
S3295
v.30

Scribner's magazine

**PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET**

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY
